

# SUFFRAGISTS WHO HAVE INVADDED THE WESTERN STATES



Left to right are: Miss Rose Winslow, Miss Lucy Burns, Miss Doris Stevens, Miss Ruth Noyes, Miss Anna McCue, Miss Jane Pincus and Mrs. Jessie Hardy Stubbs. These women are the "war squad" of the Congressional Union for Woman Suffrage who have left Washington to work in the equal suffrage states. They will appeal to their voting sisters to withhold their support from the Democrats, because of the attitude of the present administration toward equal suffrage. Misses Winslow and Burns are to establish headquarters in San Francisco, Misses Stevens and Noyes in Denver, Miss McCue in Seattle, Miss Pincus in Phoenix, Arizona, and Mrs. Stubbs in Portland, Oregon.

## JAPS BEAT GERMANS

### Night Attack Repulsed With Comparatively Small Loss.

#### Inlanders Proceed Without Further Diplomatic Controversy; Consul Instructed to Leave.

Tokio—It is officially announced that German infantry at Tsing Tau delivered a night attack Monday against the Japanese, but were repulsed. The Germans had 48 killed and the Japanese five killed and eight wounded. The cannonading on land and sea in the vicinity of Tsing Tau continues. Four Japanese shells hit the German boat Hita, which retired into the inner harbor after an exchange of shots.

Pekin—Without further diplomatic controversy, the Japanese are proceeding along the railway to Tsi Nan. Their troops at Kei Hsien, who occupied the station there, have been reinforced. The Chinese have not withdrawn from the line, but are not opposing the Japanese march. One Chinese was killed by the Japanese when they took over the Kei Hsien station.

The Chinese foreign office proposed to Japan that China assume control of the railway line which is owned by Germans, expel all German employees from the district and guarantee that there will be no further transfer of the road until the war is ended. The Japanese have contended that it was necessary for them to occupy the railroad, as otherwise it would be used by the Germans for the transportation of war supplies for Tsing Tau.

The American State department, upon the advice of the American minister to China, Dr. Paul Samuel Reinsch, who arrived in Pekin Wednesday, has instructed Willy R. Peck, the American consul at Tsing Tau, to withdraw from the Kiau Chau district. The legation sent the message by wireless.

### English Aid Belgians in Defending City of Antwerp

London—The Morning Post's English correspondent in Antwerp makes the following statement: "The Belgian field artillery is co-operating effectively with our heavy artillery. Our infantry is entrenched on the narrow bank of the Nethe, opposite the main German forces. Two German attempts to cross the river have been smothered by our artillery."

The dispatch is the first intimation that English forces have gone to Antwerp and are co-operating with the Belgians in the defense of that city. A dispatch to the Central News from Antwerp says: "The Germans have been repulsed. They asked for a two-hour armistice to bury their dead but Belgians refused to comply."

"The Belgians have destroyed all the bridges over the river Nethe. The Germans unsuccessfully attempted to rebuild the bridges."

A dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph from the Hague says: "Refugees arriving here from Antwerp say that the position of the Belgian forces is excellent and that the German advance has been steadily checked. The forts are admirably resisting the heavy German artillery fire."

### Man Is Killed by Slap.

Dixon, Ill.—James Sinn, a druggist, of Morrison, and manager of the Morrison baseball team, was held to the Whiteside county grand jury a few days ago for murder. During the ball game between the Morrison and Charlotte, Ia., teams, Dorsey Palmer, who was intoxicated, mistreated a young son of Sinn's and Sinn slapped him with his open hand, fracturing his windpipe. Palmer fell from the seats to the ground and lay there during the 13-minute game. His death was discovered at the close of the game.

### \$10,000 Resort Destroyed.

Aberdeen, Wash.—The Pacific Beach hotel, located at Pacific Beach, a fashionable summer resort, 16 miles west of here, owned by Carl Cooper, was burned to the ground Sunday morning, with a loss of approximately \$10,000. The place was insured to the amount of \$7500. The fire, which started soon after 6 a. m., in the second story of the building, enveloped the entire hotel in flames within a few minutes. Mrs. Prince Oscar suffered an attack of heart trouble, but, beyond that, it is said that all members of the imperial family are well.

### 100,000 Horses Wanted.

St. Louis—An order for 4500 cavalry horses and mules was placed with local dealers by representatives of the French government here. This was the largest order for army horses received here since the Boer war. This order, which is to be filled within the next ten days, will cost France approximately \$750,000. Representatives of the French government, who made the purchase, declared they would remain here six weeks and were authorized to buy 100,000 horses at an expenditure of about \$12,000,000.

### Prince Adalbert Lives.

Berlin—Stories appearing in the foreign press asserting that Prince Adalbert, the third son of Emperor William, had died in Brussels, are declared to be untrue. Prince Adalbert is in the naval service, and when last heard of was acting as navigation officer aboard the dreadnaught Prussia. Prince Joachim has been wounded and Prince Oscar suffered an attack of heart trouble, but, beyond that, it is said that all members of the imperial family are well.

## Bombardment Near Antwerp Renewed With Vigor

London—A Central News dispatch from Antwerp Thursday says: "The Germans again bombarded Alost and set the town afire. Fierce fighting is raging at various points along the whole line."

The official statement of the Belgian general staff, as received here from Antwerp, says: "A vigorous German bombardment of Forts Woelhem, Wavre and St. Catherine, which was continued throughout the night, abated at 8 o'clock in the morning. The assault did not succeed in silencing the guns of the Belgian forts nor in any way lowering the morale of the garrisons of the forts."

"At no point did the German infantry dare to move against our first lines of defense. Only one attempt was directed against Forts Liezele and Bresdonk. Our troops, holding positions between these works, allowed the enemy to advance until they were within close range, when the artillery and infantry, working in a remarkable combination, showered the attacking column with a hail of projectiles and bullets, which threw their ranks into disorder and compelled a hasty retreat. This attempt cost the Germans dearly and was not repeated. In short, the events of the day confirm the confidence of the Belgians in the power of resistance of their natural redoubt."

## European War Hurts Republic of Panama, Too

Panama—Like nearly all the Central and West Coast South American countries, Panama is suffering from the effects of the European conflict. The situation here is aggravated, it is declared, by a lack of financial surplus, and it has been found necessary to propose the discharge of many government employees and the stoppage of practically all of the public work.

There is no immediate possibility of securing additional revenue from import duties. Under treaty agreements with the United States the republic cannot increase duties beyond the 15 per cent which is already imposed. Ever since the outbreak of the European war imports have steadily declined, those from Europe having almost disappeared, while imports from the United States and other neutral countries have not increased sufficiently to make up the deficit.

Recently Ernesto T. Lefevre, secretary of foreign affairs and one of the president's trusted advisers, stated that a general reduction of government salaries was in contemplation. This, however, he said, cannot be done without the sanction of the national assembly. A measure is said to be in preparation for this purpose.

Considerable dissatisfaction is manifested in commercial circles over the determination of the administration to carry to completion the proposed National exposition. It is pointed out that the immediate abandonment of this project would materially aid in straightening out the country's finances and probably would make unnecessary the borrowing of a considerable sum at high interest.

## Mine Is Thought Wine.

Rome—Details of the destruction of a fishing boat off Rimini by a floating mine show that the fishermen mistook the mine for a wine cask, which they sought to recover. Throwing out a line, they drew the supposed cask toward them and when it touched their craft an explosion occurred. The boat was blown to pieces and all the nine men were killed. Members of other fishing crews in the vicinity were wounded by flying splinters. Experts say that hundreds of mines from Austria are floating towards Italy.

## Crush English, Says Kaiser.

London—The Times Thursday says that it is able to give from a trustworthy source the text of an order issued by Emperor William to his army on August 19. It follows: "It is my royal and imperial command that you concentrate your energies for the immediate present upon the single purpose, and that is that you address all your skill and all the valor of my soldiers to exterminate first the treacherous English and walk over General French's contemptible little army."

## German Ships Captured.

London—The admiralty announces that the British cruiser Cumberland has captured off the Cameroons river in West Africa the Hamburg-American liner Amfried and the following merchant steamers: The Max Brock, Kenaps, Amisnek, Paul Woermann, Erwin Woermann, Henrieta Woermann, Aline Woermann, Hans Woermann and the Janete Woermann. All were in good order and most of them contained general cargoes and considerable quantities of coal. The European crews have been removed as prisoners.

## Lipton Hospital Ship at Havre.

Havre—Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht Erin, which has been transformed into a hospital ship, has arrived here. On board the Erin were the Duchess of Westminster and several nurses.

## GERMANS RECEDING

### Well-Entrenched Center Holds Firm in Undecided Battle.

Paris—Thursday was the 19th day of continued hard fighting along the 50-mile front from the Somme to the Moselle and yet there is no definite indication that the historic battle is nearing a finish. There are, however, evidences that the Germans are receding before a forcible and sustained pushing from the allied armies, especially on their western and eastern wings, while the center, where the Germans are more strongly entrenched than at any other point with heavy artillery, remains almost stationary.

It is generally concluded by French military men that some important move must soon be made by the Germans, who have found it impossible to stem the advance of the allies, though they offered the sternest and most desperate resistance, sacrificing thousands of men daily.

The German wings appear to be folding back on the center, leaving them some loophole for a backward movement by way of Rethel. The Germans' main supply base at Juiville, which is protected by heavy troops, as it is absolutely essential that this place shall be held for the revictualing of the German armies in Northeastern France, appears to be placed in a somewhat precarious situation with its single line of railroad.

The line of battle has changed considerably since the beginning of the actual contact between the two great armies, whose numbers and real positions it is not permitted to make public. The front now presents sinuous windings, loops inward and outward at various points in a country which everywhere is wonderfully adapted to defense.

## Fireworks Plant Blows Up; Five People Killed

Chicago—H. B. Thearle, president of the Pain Fireworks Display company of America, was killed here with four of his employees in an explosion and fire which destroyed the company's plant.

John Costello, office boy, thrown through a door into an alley, may die. Firemen thought that several bodies might be under the debris in the flooded basement.

The first explosion occurred in the steel and concrete vaults of the Pain building, in which \$5000 worth of fireworks were stored. The vaults were supposed to be fireproof and to be able to withstand any explosion. The vaults were blown to atoms. Adjoining office buildings were shaken and damaged. Many persons were injured by broken glass and by being trampled.

The explosion, it was thought, might have been caused by a spark from wiring which Johnson, the electrician, was adjusting.

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# NEWS OF THE WEEK

## General Resume of Important Events Throughout the World.

Experts estimate Germany's daily war cost at \$5,000,000.

It is declared that Australia is mobilizing an army to aid Great Britain.

Mrs. Adams has been appointed assistant United States attorney at San Francisco.

Canadian troops have embarked for England to aid the British in the European war.

Harry Thaw has leased an estate in Manchester, N. H., where he will spend the winter.

Two unidentified victims of the wrecked steamer Leggett were ordered buried at Newport, Oregon.

The Montenegrins are within artillery range of the Sarajevo, the capital of the Austrian province of Bosnia.

The will of Mrs. Frank Leslie, wife of the late publisher, bequeaths \$2,000,000 to the cause of woman suffrage.

Noting the success of aviation in the European war, Uncle Sam is said to be increasing the efficiency of the U. S. aviation service.

Twenty Eastern Star delegates and members were injured when a platform in Kansas City collapsed, precipitating 400 persons.

The 38th German casualty list made public contains 8900 names. It includes 2000 major generals, one killed and two wounded.

A resident of Maugebe, who had been made prisoner but later escaped, states that Maugebe was three-quarters burned by the Germans.

Italy is ready to make a protest to Turkey against the abolition of the capitulations at Constantinople, according to a Rome dispatch to the Havas agency.

By order of the military commander of the province of Brandenburg, Germany, the Vorwaerts, organ of the Social Democratic party, has suspended publication indefinitely.

The Dardanelles have been closed to navigation, according to a dispatch from Constantinople to the Reuter Telegram company, London. The duration of the closure is not stated.

News from Petrograd indicates that within a week a new Russian army, 1,000,000 strong will join the present armies in Poland and Galicia for "Russia's principal attack on Germany."

It is officially announced at Vienna, according to Rome dispatches to the Exchange Telegraph company, of London, the Austro-Hungary army concentrated at Craacow numbers 2,500,000.

A German bulletin is said to have been the cause of the death of Prince Adalbert, the German emperor's third son, also, it was found that other German officers died from a similar cause.

A report received from Munich estimated 2,000,000 men, and women are idle in Germany, and that the number of unemployed is increasing daily. A lack of raw material, it is said, is the cause.

The London war information bureau has made it known that Indian troops were landed in France last Friday. The point of landing was not revealed, but it is presumed that the troops disembarked at Marseilles.

It is officially announced by Austria-Hungary, says a dispatch from Rome to the Havas agency, that General Von Auffenberg, commanding the first Austrian army, is ill. It is said the general has contracted cholera.

The historic annual banquet held by the New York chamber of commerce, has been postponed on account of the war, and the president of the chamber year after year to submit all disputes that cannot be settled diplomatically to an international commission of five members for investigation during a period of at least one year, during which hostilities may not be commenced.

A Petrograd dispatch to the Exchange Telegraph company, London, states that the Russian moratorium has been extended for a month.

A dispatch from Rome asserts that the minister of the interior has announced that 15 new cases of cholera were discovered in the Budapest military hospital.

The operators of a German Zeppelin dirigible dropped a bomb into a schoolhouse at Bielostok, Russia, killing the children, according to a dispatch from Petrograd. Eleven children were reported killed by the bomb.

On the anniversary of Sedan, according to a story published in the London Daily News, the people of Berlin hung out bunting everywhere, but Emperor William ordered its removal, on the ground that it was premature.

The American embassy building in Paris was severely shaken by the explosion of one of the bombs dropped into that city Sunday from a German aeroplane. Ambassador Herrick reported the incident to the State department by cable without comment. The State department will take no action on the report.

# The Governor's Lady

## A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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### CHAPTER I

Daniel Slade sat reading the evening newspaper in the handsomely appointed library of his spacious home. To all intents he was a man at peace with the world. He had money and power. He had advanced from a penniless miner to a millionaire figure in the business world. At fifty his were the fruits of a well-spent, energetic life. Handsome and immaculate in his perfectly tailored evening clothes, he fitted into the beautiful room with its rich tapestries and oriental rugs with all the ease and naturalness of a man born to culture and wealth.

Every now and then his eyes wandered from his newspaper to the figure of his wife sitting at the other side of the richly carved table. The tiny, unimposing little woman in her badly cut, dun-colored gown was the one incongruous detail in the room. She was like a shabby little prairie flower suddenly transplanted to a conservatory where brilliant orchids and lovely roses bloomed all about her, her faint little fragrance overpowered by their heavy sweetness—her delicate loveliness completely submerged by the very contrast with the radiant beauty of her surroundings.

To Slade's critical eyes, the dowdy little figure, with the work basket in her lap and her head bent over the stocking she was contentedly darning, was an actual eyesore. He had fitted up a magnificent home that would have made a perfect setting for a princess, and his wife's appearance had not changed a particle from the days when they lived in a tumble-down cottage and he worked in the mines in his shirtsleeves. With the getting of vast amounts of money he had acquired a veneer of manners and tastes that at times failed to conceal the rough and brutal instincts of the real man. His social horizon was enlarging, but within it his wife seemed to find no place. He wanted, beyond this and everything, to climb the political tree and pick the fruits thereof. His wife seemed not to know that there was such a thing as a political tree to climb. With herself, her husband and her work she was contented and happy.

The wives of other men of his position were social queens noted for their beautiful gowns, their entertaining and their clever wit. He alone was shackled to a woman he would have been ashamed to introduce to his friends. Only he was tied to a wife he could not force either by pleading or argument to enter into the life which meant so much to him. Tonight as he rehearsed in his mind his many unsuccessful efforts to make Mary advance and take an interest in his life as it was now, rebellion surged in his heart. He had struggled year after year to attain his present standing, his present position in the world, and Mary, the one loved thing of his life, insisted on hanging like a millstone around his neck.

Why, oh, why, couldn't the woman progress? Why hadn't she developed as he had done? Why was she complacently sitting there satisfied to remain just as she had been twenty

years ago, hopelessly behind the times? And if she wouldn't advance—why should he consent to be held back by her? If she wouldn't go on with him—he would leave her behind. The thought and the resultant decision had their birth suddenly but positively in the man's mind. He would make one more argument, one last appeal. If Mary wouldn't meet him half way, Mary could stay behind with her everlasting darning and her eternal knitting. She could wash and cook and sew, if she liked, but she couldn't do it in his mansion.

But Daniel Slade was no more uncomfortable at having her there than Mary Slade was at being obliged to live in this great, elegant house, with its crowds of servants and its routine, absolutely foreign and well-nigh hateful to her. She knew she didn't fit into her surroundings. She realized her own inferiority. Her attempts to look natural and feel comfortable were pathetic. She felt lost without the task of overseeing the Monday's

washing. She was heart-broken because she couldn't personally superintend the making of Dan's coffee. Her life was incomplete because a hired cook made the bread that was served on the table and because Dan never seemed to miss the evenly brown loaves that had been her special pride in the old days.

Mary Slade was as commonplace as a cup of boiled tea. She was a plain, ordinary, everyday woman, who loved a simple, unpretentious life, with the neighbors dropping in for a word or two, exchanging recipes for muffins and debating the proper way to season a stew.

There was neither charm nor comfort for her in the vista of rooms opening out from the spacious library. The brocade chairs were straight and didn't rock. They were high-posted and stilted compared to her own low-seated little rocker in the cottage. When she sat back in them, stiff and awkwardly, her feet didn't even reach the floor, but dangled restlessly above the priceless rug that was one of her husband's newest purchases.

All big crises in life are the result of trifles. It took the mere incident to crystallize Slade's thought into action. Mary had picked up a portion of the paper after it had dropped from her husband's hands. She started to read the printed page with all the serious importance of a little child trying to do something very big and grown-up.

Suddenly her eyes lighted with pleasure and a tender smile of pride and delight illuminated her features. In turning the pages she had suddenly discovered a picture of her husband, under which she read a simple but significant line: "Daniel S. Slade, a Possible Governor."

"Oh, Dan," she cried, happily, "isn't this a fine picture of you. I could almost imagine it was going to speak to me."

Then she paused a little wistfully and doubtfully before she asked: "But do you really want to be governor?"

"Want to be?" Slade caught his breath as he repeated her question.

"Want to be—when every aim and ambition the last few years had been made in the one direction, toward the one longed-for goal—political power! Want to be—when years before he had turned his eyes on the governor's chair and had been battling grimly, silently, persistently toward that end ever since! Want to be—when that was his one ambition, the one thing he had yet to achieve!"

He sighed wearily to himself. That Mary could ask that question was the best proof of how irrevocably they had drifted apart. Living in the same house with him, eating at the same table, day after day at his side, the little woman knew no more of his real self or his ambitions than the merest stranger.

"It's a nice story about yer, Dan," Mary went on, all unconscious of the struggle going on just a few feet away from her—the struggle between the heart of a man that calls out to the companion of his youth, the sharer of his joys and struggles and the brain of a man that demands the glory of power and the fulfillment of ambition.

"But, Dan," questioned Mary's gentle little voice, "who's The Governor's Lady?"

"His wife, of course," snapped Slade. "What does it say about you?"

He reached over and took the paper from her hands, leaned forward eagerly toward the light and frowned as he read: "Should Daniel S. Slade, the examiner, ex-town marshal, ex-sheriff, ex-United States marshal, and boom and multimillionaire, arrive, it will be interesting to see the governor's lady dusting the gubernatorial chair—probably the only occupation congenial to this kind-hearted and plain little woman."

"Dusting the gubernatorial chair," Slade repeated mockingly, cut to the quick by this public allusion to his wife's plainness and lack of social graces. That simple little phrase, stinging as it was brief, was as a match flame to dry timber. It was all that was necessary to bring the hot rage surging through him to the boiling point. The sweetness of the little woman's expression, the tenderness of her eyes whenever they rested upon him, the plaintive softness of her voice meant nothing to him then. Through angry eyes he saw only the lack of smartness in her somber brown dress, only the note of absurdity she struck amid the exquisite surroundings of the room he had furnished for her. He thought of nothing but the sorry spectacle she would make at a brilliant dinner or smart function where beautiful women in fashionable chiffons chatted freely and easily of men and things in the progress of the nation.

"This is some of Wesley Merritt's tin-horn tooting writing!" growled Slade. "D—n his dirty work!"

As her husband muttered to himself, Mary had calmly resumed her endless mending of socks, long years of thrift and saving making it impossible for her to throw away even a well-worn pair in spite of the fact that the need for repairing had long since passed.

"Say, haven't you got any clothes, Mary? Haven't you any of the things other women wear at night—silk or lace or ruffles or—whatever they are?"

"Yes, I've got 'em," Mary replied, indifferently, "but it's too cold to wear 'em, and those silk stockings you told me to buy—I can't wear them, either—they tickle my toes. Satin slippers made me uncomfortable, and—" she finished with a bubbling little laugh, "I guess I wasn't made for those things, Dan, dear. I'm too much of a home body."

Her very self-satisfied complacency nettled her questioner. The very sight of the darning needs in her fingers maddened him.

"Good God, Mary," he exclaimed, "can't you ever stop this endless mending? Haven't I begged you, day and night, not to mend my socks. I won't wear socks all over darns—they're uncomfortable."

Just a suggestion of a smile played around Mary Slade's sweet mouth as she answered:

"They're yours, Dan. It's the only thing left that I can do for you—now. I can't bear to see strangers touch your things—" and her voice trailed off in a wistful sigh, a sigh which might on any other occasion have made its appeal to the earnest-faced man now gazing at her so grimly.

The lightness of her tone showed how little she realized the seriousness



"This is Some of Wesley Merritt's Tin-Horn Tooting Writing."

of the situation—how little she understood how inadequately she was filling her position as his wife. She loved her husband with the devotion of a slave and the reverence of a worshiper at a shrine, but, like many another good woman, she wanted to show her affection in her own way and not in his. Because she wanted to do for him with her hands, she turned a deaf ear to his pleas that she use her head. She wanted her husband to be happy and comfortable, but she wanted to make him happy and comfortable according to her own ideas of what ought to make a man satisfied. She had seen him rise gradually at first and then by leaps and bounds. Now that he had become wealthy and successful she wanted to decide for him that he ought to let well enough alone. To her it seemed foolish to bother about being governor, absurd for him to fret about the way she dressed and did things.

So, for awhile they sat in silence and the fire dying down left the room chilly, so chilly that Mary started up to get a shawl. Halfway to the door, she was peremptorily called back by her husband, who, ringing for a maid, dispatched her for the wrap, while Mary, humiliated and with something of the air of a martyr, went sitting back to the big, uncomfortable chair to resume the mending that was such an irritation to her husband.

"Why can't you learn to be waited on, Mary?" her husband asked, not unkindly. "Other women do."

"I'm slow—slow and old-fashioned," the woman answered, quietly, but with an air which plainly showed that she was perfectly satisfied with herself and that she thought he ought to be.

"I've never been with women who knew how to do these things. You didn't know any such people until lately. I don't want to know them," she concluded with an engagingly confiding smile.

"But I can't go everywhere always alone," Slade expostulated. "A man's wife ought to go with him and meet the right kind of people—otherwise he's an outsider. What do you think I built this house for? I don't work in the mines any longer with my hands. I've got to use my head. I don't drink. I don't smoke. I don't dissipate—keep yachts and horses—or women. A man's got to do something. I'm going into public life, and I want to entertain here. You'd have me sit back and take it easy—and—rust!"

"You deserve everything you've got, Dan," answered Mrs. Slade, inconsequentially, entirely losing the point of his tirade. "You struggled like a dog. Nobody knows, only you and me. We've been through it together."

"Well," demanded Slade eagerly and hopefully, "why don't you march along with me, Mary?"

His wife turned to him earnestly. For a moment Dan Slade thought the woman he loved was about to rise to the occasion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Humor.

Once upon a time in the Adirondacks, or the Maine woods, or where you will, a deer was accosted by a hunter.

"Can you direct me to my hotel?" asked the latter civilly. The deer died laughing.

"Pardon my discourtesy, but the humor of me being mistaken for a guide is too much!" protested the beast with its last breath.

It is not always easy for a rite to work both ways without hardship.—Puck.

Certain of it.

Sandy was being entertained at a Boho restaurant, London, and the dinner consisted of rich and fanciful dishes.

"Well," he was asked, "what will you have next?"

"Ah!" replied Sandy, thoughtfully. "I think I'll hev indigestion!"