



Madero Addressing the Troops; General Orozco at His Right and Garibaldi at His Left.

GREAT COMBINE IS HARD HIT

STANDARD OIL MUST DISSOLVE

Supreme Court Declares Big Trust Is Unlawful.

Judges of One Opinion—Government's Attack on Giant Monopoly Upheld on Every Point.

Washington, May 16.—The Standard Oil company of New Jersey and its subsidiary corporations were declared by the Supreme court of the United States to be a conspiracy and combination in restraint of trade.

It was otherwise held to be monopolizing interstate commerce in violation of the Sherman anti-trust law. The dissolution of the combination was ordered to take place within six months.

Thus ended the tremendous struggle on the part of the government to put down, by authority of law, a combination which is held to be a menace to the industrial and economic advancement of the entire country.

At the same time the court interpreted the Sherman anti-trust law so as to limit its application to acts of "undue" restraint of trade and not "every" restraint of trade.

It was on this point that the only discordant note was heard in the court. Justice Harlan dissented, holding that cases already decided by the court had determined—once for all—that the word "undue" or "unreasonable" or similar words were not in the statute.

He declared that the reasoning of the court in arriving at its finding was, in effect, legislation which belonged in every instance to congress and not to the courts.

Ever since the decree in this case in the lower court, the United States Circuit court for the eastern district of Missouri, was announced, hope has been expressed by the "business world" that the law would be modified so as not to interfere with what was designated as "honest business."

To-night that section of the opinion calling for the use of the rule of reason in applying the law is regarded in many quarters as an answer to the prayers of the "business world."

The defendants named besides the Standard Oil and its subsidiary corporations are: John D. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, Henry M. Flagler, John D. Archbold, Oliver H. Payne, Henry H. Rogers, and Charles M. Pratt.

Masacres Menaces Jews.
Kiev, Russia, May 15.—Rumors of a threatened massacre of Jews are being circulated here. It is reported that the Jews have divided the city into districts for organized self defense. The government issued a proclamation saying that it would suppress any disorder with a firm hand. Today's papers report that an agitation for a massacre of Jews is perceptible at Kiev, where many Jews are reported to be selling their property and preparing for flight.

Guaymas Is Left to Fate.
Guaymas, Mex., May 16.—The Mexican government is abandoning all claims to the rebels and concentrating its troops in Mexico City in expectation of an attack on the capital. Colonel Diaz, commanding the garrison that evacuated Agua Prieta last week, arrived here last night and today began embarking his force of 500 men on a steamship. He will proceed to Manzanillo, thence over the Tehuantepec road to Mexico City. Only 125 federal troops remain in Guaymas, not counting the 600 brought in by Gov. Torres.

Man Who Sold Self, Dies.
Chicago—Charles Kittrick, who sold his "body and soul" to seven nurses at the National Maternity hospital, died there last night. Kittrick was suffering from a peculiar form of locomotor ataxia, and by the terms of the bill of sale of his body, the corpse will be used for clinical study. Kittrick sold himself for \$7 and used the money to pay the last bill he owed—his room rent. Record of the sale was filed with the county recorder.

Train Left to Save Home.
Chillicothe, Mo.—Leaving his engine on an eastbound Washash passenger train, Charles Miller, an engineer, led a party of 50 passengers to the burning home of Miss Saisy Whittaker, near the track west of here, and extinguished the flames, probably saving the lives of Miss Whittaker and her aged mother, who were asleep on the second floor of the house.

FLIES 100 MILES PER HOUR.

American Aviator Breaks Record for Speed in Aeroplane.

Rheims—Speed records, with and without a passenger, were twice beaten here in remarkable monoplane flights. A speed of more than 160 kilometers (99.5 miles) an hour was attained in the first flight by the American aviator, Henry E. Weyman. He started from Mourmelon with Count Robillard as a passenger. A strong wind, almost amounting to a gale, caused the machine to plunge in a terrifying manner with wild sweeps, the height constantly varying from 30 to 300 feet.

Later Lieutenant Fequent, in a new monoplane, Lieutenant Biey acting as observation officer, made a flight over the same course under same conditions. This flight was without interruption and the distance was completed in 10 minutes and 20 seconds, a speed of 162 kilometers (100.7 miles) maintained.

PHONE RATES HIT.

Companies Cannot Charge Different Rates for Same Service.

Washington, D. C.—A policy pursued generally by telephone companies received a blow when the Interstate Commerce commission, in a decision made public today held that "as between subscribers to a telephone service who are similarly situated, nothing but a difference in the service rendered or the facilities furnished can justify a difference in the charges exacted."

The decision was in the case of William D. Shoemaker, of Drummond, Md., against the Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone company, the first telephone case considered by the commission since congress placed telephone companies under the commission's jurisdiction.

Shoemaker declined to sign a residence telephone contract presented because the charge demanded—the regular Washington rate—was materially higher than paid for the same service by 27 neighbors in Drummond who had contracted with the company when it operated the now abandoned exchange at Drummond.

Navy Tries Gyroscopes.

New York—The Navy department is installing on one of the fleetest vessels of the eighth division one of Elmer A. Sperry's gyroscope compasses for the purpose of giving the invention an exhaustive trial. The department also is preparing to install on one of the torpedo boat destroyers one of the Sperry heavy gyroscopes for the purpose of testing the ability of the invention to keep the boat on an even keel. The gyroscope compass weighs only a few pounds. The gyroscope that is expected to keep vessels stable on the high seas weighs several tons.

Federals Quit Hermosillo.

Hermosillo, Mex., May 16.—Hermosillo, the capital of the state of Sonora, was evacuated today by the federal troops. The rebels advancing on Hermosillo evidently were not expecting the federal evacuation, and Governor Torres and his troops reached Coahuila, beyond the scene of rebel activity in this vicinity without having been attacked. The evacuation of Hermosillo leaves a federal garrison marooned in Nogales and hopelessly cut off. This is now the only federal force in all Sonora.

Millions Cannot Save Son.

Chicago—James A. Patten, who has given a fortune to aid in the fight against tuberculosis, was dealt a second blow by the scourge in the death of his son, Thomas Beveridge Patten, 17 years of age. Mr. Patten's brother, George Patten, died last September of the same disease that took his son. It was shortly after the death of Mr. Patten's brother that he announced his gift in furtherance of science's war against the dread disease. It was a gift of \$250,000, presented to the Northwestern University.

Coal Issue Stirs City.

Seattle, Wash.—To arouse the country to the importance of immediate settlement of the Alaska coal land question, it was voted by the joint Alaska committees representing the Seattle Commercial club, the Arctic club, the Rotary club, the Chamber of Commerce and the Washington chapter of the American Mining congress to appoint a committee to arrange for a mass meeting to be held in Seattle at an early date.

Zelaya's Friend Is Dead.

Mexico City—Dr. Jose Madriz, who was placed in the presidential chair of Nicaragua by Jose Santos Zelaya, when he was forced to flee, died here of Bright's disease. Dr. Madriz came to Mexico City when he was forced to leave his country by Estrada.

Forests Burn in East.

Ridgway, Pa.—Forest fires in Lycoming, Potter, Cameron, Elk and McKean counties are burning fiercely. Already the damage is estimated at over \$1,000,000.

JUAREZ TAKEN BY INSURRECTOS

General Navarro Captured, With Many Prisoners.

Many Federal Soldiers, After Surrender, Enlist in Rebel Army—Plundering Follows Fight.

Ciudad Juarez, May 11.—This little bullet-riddled city tonight is the provisional capital of Mexico and Francisco I. Madero, Jr., provisional president, and his staff have taken complete possession, after winning the bloodiest battle of the Mexican revolution.

In a corner room of the barracks, which for two days he held against the terrific fire of the rebels, sits General Juan J. Navarro, the Federal commander, a captive, having surrendered with almost his entire garrison of several hundred men, after a heavy loss in killed and wounded. His sallow face is sunken, his head is bowed and he does not talk, for the bitter sting of defeat has disheartened him.

In contrast, in another part of the little town is F. I. Madero, Jr., the conqueror, surrounded by members of his family and his staff of officers, joyous, exultant and flushed with victory, yet ready to make peace, they say, with the Mexican government if it will deal frankly and sincerely with the revolutionists and "without such vague promises" as President Diaz' manifesto contains.

In hotel lobbies, store fronts and hallways, the improvised hospitals of the battlefield, are scores of wounded, attended by a host of physicians and nurses from El Paso, who have volunteered medical relief. The floors of the Porfirio Diaz hotel, where 30 wounded lie groaning tonight, are covered with blood and gore-soaked clothing.

"The fortunes of war," mumbled an insurrecto soldier in Spanish tonight, as he stood with tears in his eyes over the body of a dead Federal soldier whom he had known for years.

The dead are being buried tonight. The Federal dead are said to number nearly 50, while the rebel dead number about 15, with a total wounded of 150. The total number lost probably never will be known, as deserters were many and the dead have been buried quickly. The Associated Press correspondent counted seven dead Federals in the barracks late this afternoon. Among the dead were Colonel Tambor and Captain Sachudo, the former the man who recently taunted the rebels as cowards.

The actual surrender of the town by General Navarro took place at about 1 o'clock, General Navarro giving his sword to Colonel Garibaldi, of the insurrecto army, after the rebels had completely surrounded the barracks and threatened to annihilate the garrison within. His eyes dimmed as he surrendered, but Colonel Garibaldi, with a handshake that bespoke his sincere admiration for the brave fight the Federal leader had made, assured him every courtesy.

Nicaraguan President Flies.

Colon, May 11.—Definite information reached here today that Juan Estrada, president of Nicaragua, has resigned the presidency, and rumors say he is a fugitive, vainly seeking escape from his own country. A proclamation announcing the governmental change was issued at Granada, the capital of the department of Granada. Vice President Diaz was designated by Estrada as his successor. The resignation came as the result of a clash with General Luis Mena, minister of war in his cabinet.

Empire Festival Opens.

London, May 13.—The festival of Empire, a combination of an industrial exhibition with pageantry illustrative of the striking periods and episodes in the history of the different parts of the British empire, was opened at Crystal Palace today by King George and Queen Mary. It was the first public ceremony of their majesties since the court mourning for King Edward ended, and the first of a long series of functions which promise to make the coronation season memorable.

Death Wins Over Union.

Philadelphia—Driven to despair over the efforts of fellow workmen to force him to join a union, Ernest Hebling, an employe of the Baldwin Locomotive works, shot and killed himself. In a letter to his wife he said: "I can no longer endure the efforts of my fellow workmen to force me into joining the union. I do not believe in unionism, and they are making my life so miserable that I cannot bear it any longer. So good-bye."



SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York bachelor club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Junior O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger ring in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. During his walk to the country house he met the young woman in gray, whom he had seen leaving his bachelor's club. Her auto had broken down, he fixed it. By a ruse she "lost" him. Maitland, on reaching home, stepped into a trap, making the safe containing his jewels. She apparently took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anist, half-hypnotized. Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Dan Anist, sought by police of the world, appeared on the scene. Maitland, on being mistaken for him, met the girl outside the house and they sped on to New York in her auto. He had the jewels and she promised to meet him that day. Maitland received a "Mr. Smith," introducing himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was followed by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anist himself and he secured the jewels. Anist, who was Maitland's double, masqueraded as the latter. The girl kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the jewels, after falling in love at first sight. They were to meet again in the future. Maitland revived and regretted missing his engagement. Anist, masquerading as Maitland, narrowly avoided capture through mysterious tip. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned gems, being discovered on return. Maitland without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice expostulating. Anist, disguised as Maitland, told her his real identity and realizing himself tricked tried to wring from her the location of Maitland's apartments during his absence. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland started for home. He found Anist in the girl in his rooms. Again he overcame the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Not quite," Maitland contradicted, brusquely, wearying of the complication. "You say you met me on the stoop here. At what o'clock?"

"One," he yeh takes me to lunch at Eugene's."

"Ah! When did I leave you?"

"I leaves yeh there at two."

"Well, O'Hagan will testify that he left me in these rooms, in dressing gown and slippers, at about one. At four he found me on this divan, bound and gagged, by courtesy of your friend, Mr. Anist. Now, when was I with you in Harlem?"

"At seven o'clock, to the minute, yeh comes—"

"Never mind. At ten minutes to seven I took a cab from here to the Primordial club, where I dined at seven precisely."

"And what's more," interposed the cabman, eagerly, "I took yer there, sir."

"Thank you. Furthermore, sleuth, you say that you followed me around town from seven o'clock until—"

"I said—"

"No matter. I didn't leave the Primordial until a quarter to eleven. But all this aside, as I understand it, you are asserting that, having given you all this trouble today, and knowing that you were after me, I deliberately hopped into a cab 15 minutes ago, came up Fifth avenue at such breakneck speed that this officer thought it was a runaway, and finally jumped out and ran upstairs here to fire a revolver three times for no purpose whatsoever beyond bringing you gentlemen about my ears?"

Hickey's jaw sagged. The cabby ostentatiously covered his mouth with a huge red paw and made choking noises.

"Pass it up, sarge, pass it up," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Shut yer trap," snapped the detective. "I know what I'm doing. This crook's clever all right, but I got the kibosh on him this time. Lemme alone." He squared his shoulders, blustering to save his face. "I don't know why yeh done it—"

"Then I'll tell you," Maitland cut in, crisply. "If you'll be good enough to listen." And concisely narrated the events of the past 24 hours, beginning at the moment when he had discovered Anist in Maitland Manor. Save that he substituted himself for the man who had escaped from Higgins and eliminated all mention of the gray girl, his statement was exact and convincing. As he came down to the moment when he had called up on the Bartholdi and heard mysterious sounds by indicating the receiver that he dangled useless from the telephone, even Hickey was staggered.

But not beaten. When Maitland ceased speaking the detective smiled superiority to such invention. "Very pretty," he commented. "Yeh can tell it all to the magistrate to-morrow morning. Meantime yeh'll have time to think up a yarn explainin' how it come that a crook like Anist made three attempts in one day to steal some jewels, 'nd didn't get 'em. Where were they all this time?"

"In safe-keeping," Maitland lied, manfully, with a furtive glance toward the alcove.

"Whose?" pursued Mr. Hickey, truculently.

"Mine," with equanimity. "Seriously—sleuth!—are you trying to make a charge against me of stealing my own property?"

"Yeh done it for a blind. 'Nd that's enough. Officer, take this man to the station; I'll make the complaint." The policeman hesitated, and at this juncture O'Hagan put in an appearance, lugging a heavy brown-paper bundle.

"Beg pardon, Mither Maitland, sarge."

"Well, O'Hagan?"

"The crowd at the dure, sarge, is dispersed," the janitor reported. "A couple av cops kem along an' fanned 'em. They're askin' for the two av yees," with a careless nod to the policeman and detective.

"Yeh heard what I said," Hickey answered the officer's look.



The Detective Stepped Forward and Unlocked the Handcuffs.

"I'm thinking," O'Hagan pursued, calmly ignoring the presence of the outsiders, "that these do be the soot that domped thafe av the worruld stole off yeh the day, sarge. A la-ad brought ut at ayeveleen o'clock, sarge, vid particular rayquest that ut be dalyivered to yeh at once. The paper's tore, an'—"

"O'Hagan," Maitland ordered sharply, "undo that parcel. I think I can satisfy you now, sleuth. What kind of a suit did your luncheon acquaintance wear?"

"Gray."

"An' here ut is," O'Hagan announced, arraying the clothing upon a chair. "Ivry down' thing, aven down to the socks. And a note for yeh, sarge."

As he shook out the folds of the coat a square white envelope dropped to the floor; the janitor retrieved and offered it to his employer.

"Dear Mr. Maitland," he read aloud; "As you will probably surmise, my motive in thus restoring to you a portion of your property is not altogether uninfluenced by personal and selfish considerations. In brief, I wish to discover whether or not you are to be at home to-night. If not, I shall take pleasure in calling; if the contrary, I shall feel that in justice to myself I must forego the pleasure of improving an acquaintance begun under auspices so unfavorable. In either case, permit me to thank you for the use of your wardrobe—which, quaintly enough, has outlived its usefulness to me; a fat-headed detective named Hickey will tell you why—and to extend to you expression of my highest consideration. Believe me, I am anxiously yours, Daniel Anist"—Signed, added Hickey mechanically, his face working.

"Satisfied, sleuth?"

By way of reply, but ungraciously, the detective stepped forward and unlocked the handcuffs.

Maitland stood erect, smiling. "Thank you very much, sleuth. I shan't forget you. O'Hagan," tossing the janitor the keys from his desk, "you'll find some—ah—lemon-juice and root-beer in the buffet. This officer and his friends will no doubt join you in a friendly drink downstairs. Cabby, I want a word with you. . . . Good morning, gentlemen. Good morning, sleuth."

And he showed them the door. "I shall be at your service, officer," he called over the janitor's shoulder, "at any time to-morrow morning. If not here, O'Hagan will tell you where to find me. And, O'Hagan!" The janitor fell back. "Keep them at least an hour," Maitland told him guardedly. "And say nothing."

The Irishman pledged his discretion by a silent look. Maitland turned back to the cabby.

"You did me a good turn, just now," he began.

"Don't mention it, sir; I've carried you henton before this evenin', and—excuse my sayin' so—I never ad a fare as tipped 'n'udsmore. It's a real pleasure, sir, to be of service."

"Thank you," returned Maitland, eyeing him in speculative wait. "I wonder—"

The man was a rough, burly Englishman of one of the most intelligent, if not intellectual, kind; the British cabby, as a type, has few superiors for sheer quickness of wit and understanding. This man had been sharpened and tempered by his contact with American conditions. His eyes were shrewd, his face honest if weary-beaten, his attitude respectful.

"I've another use for you to-night," Maitland decided, "if you are at liberty and—discreet?" The final word was a question, flung over his shoulder as he turned toward the escurtore.

"Yes, sir," said the man thoughtfully. "I allus can drive, sir, even when I'm drinkin' 'ardest and can't see nothink."

"Yes? You've been drinking to-night?" Maitland smiled quirkily, standing at the small writing-desk and extracting a roll of bills from a concealed drawer.

"I'm fair blind, sir."

"Very well," Maitland turned and extended his hand, and despite his proffered affliction, the cabby's eyes bulged as he appreciated the size of the bill.

"My word!" he gasped, stowing it away in the cavernous depths of a trousers pocket.

"You will wait outside," said Maitland, "until I come out or—er—send somebody for you to take wherever directed. Oh, that's all right—not another word!"

The door closed behind the overwhelmed night hawk, and the latch clicked loudly. For a space Maitland stood in the hallway, troubled, apprehensive, heart strangely oppressed, vision clouded by the memory of the girl as he had seen her only a few minutes since; as she had stood beneath the chandelier, after acting upon her primary clear-headed impulse to give her rescuer the aid of the light.

He seemed to recall very clearly her slight figure, swaying, a-quiet with fright and solicitude—care for him!—her face, sensitive and sweet beneath its ruddy crown of hair, that of a child waking from evil dreams, her eyes seeking his with their dumb message of appeal and of . . . He dared not name what else.

Forlorn, pitiful, little figure! Odd it seemed that he should fear to face her again, alone, that he should linger reluctant to cross the threshold of his study, mistrustful and afraid alike of himself and of her—a thief.

For what should he say to her, other than the words that voiced the hunger of his heart? Yet if he spoke . . . words such as those to—to a thief . . . what would be the end of it all?

What did it matter? Surely he, who knew the world wherein he lived and moved and had his being, knew bitter well the worth of his verdicts. The world might go hang, for all he cared. At least his life was his own, whether to make or to mar, and he had not to answer for it to any power this side of the gates of darkness. And if by any act of his the world should be given a man and a woman in

exchange for a thief and an idler, perhaps in the final reckoning his life might not be accounted altogether wasted.

He set back his shoulders and inspired deeply, eyes lightening; and stepped into the study, resolved.

"Miss—" he called huskily; and stopped, reminded that not yet did he even know her name.

"It is safe now," he amended, more clearly and steadily, "to come out, if you will."

He heard no response. The long gleaming folds of the portieres hung motionless. Still, a sharp and staccato clatter of hoofs that had risen in the street, might have drowned her voice.

"If you please—" he said again, loudly.

The silence sang sibilant in his ears; and he grew conscious of a sense of anxiety and fear stifling in its intensity.

At length, striding forward, with a swift gesture he flung the hangings aside.

CHAPTER XII.
On Reconsideration.
Gently but with decision Sergt. Hickey set his face against the allurements of his fellow-officers. He was tired, he affirmed with a weary nod; the lateness of the hour rendered him quite indisposed for convivial dalliance. Even the sight of O'Hagan, seduction incarnated, in the vestibule, a bottle under either arm, clutching a box of cigars jealously with both hands, failed to move the temperate soul.

"Nah," he waved temptation aside with a gesture of finality. "I don't guess I'll take nothin' to-night, thanks. G'night all."

And, wheeling, shaped a course for Broadway.

The early morning air breathed chill but grateful to his fevered brow. Oddly enough, in view of the fact that he had indulged in no very violent exercise, he found himself perspiring profusely. Now and again he saw fit to remove, removing his hat and utilizing a large soiled bandana with grim abandon.

At such times his face would be upturned, eyes trained upon the dim infinities beyond the pale moon-splitten sky. And he would sigh profoundly—not the furnace sigh of a lover thinking of his mistress, but the heartfelt and moving sigh of the man of years and care, who has drunk deep of that cup of bitterness called Unappreciated Genius.

Then, tucking the clammy bandana into a hip pocket, and withdrawing his yearning gaze from the heavens, would struggle on, with a funeral countenance as the outward and visible manifestation of a mind burdened with mundane concerns; such as (one might shrewdly surmise) that autographed portrait of a deputy commissioner of police which the detective's lynx-like eyes had discovered on Maitland's escurtore, unhappily, toward the close of their conference, or, possibly, the mighty processes of departmental law, with its attendant annoyances of charges preferred, hearings before an obviously prejudiced yet high-principled martinet, reprimands and rulings, reductions in rank, "breaking;" transfers; or—yet a third possibility—with the prevailing rate of wage as contrasted between detective and "sidewalk-pounder," and the cost of living as contrasted between Manhattan, on the one hand, and Jamaica, Bronxville, or St. George, Staten Island, on the other.

A dimly-lighted side-entrance presently loomed invitingly in the sergeant's path. He glanced up, something surprised to find himself on Sixth avenue; then, bowed with the fatigue of a busy day, turned aside, entering a dingy back room separated from the bar proper (at that illicit hour) by a curtain of green baize. A number of tables whose sloopy imitation rosewood tops shone dimly in the murky gaslight, were set about, here and there, for the accommodation of a herd of sleepy-eyed, case-hardened habitués.

Into a vacant chair beside one of these the detective dropped, and familiarly requested the lantern-jawed waiter, who presently bustled to his side, to "Back me up a tub of suds, George. . . . Nah," in response to a concerned query, "I ain't feelin' 'up to much to-night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALL MATTER OF PROPINQUITY

It is the Event Near at Hand That Counts Most in Everything.

The death of hundreds of people in a distant part of the country from where we live hardly arouses more than passing interest, and the more or less sudden taking away of thousands of lives in some far remote land evokes no more than a word of sympathy from those a long distance away. But the single death near at hand, the funeral across the street, makes the strongest possible mark on the mind.

Propinquity, in that as in everything else, is what counts. The death in the family cuts into the heart for years. If accompanied by details that make it a horror, the shock often remains with the survivors to the end of their own lives. If the lost relative has met a violent death, by accident or otherwise, the anguish of those left behind is all the more poignant and enduring. Worst of all, and most lasting in its effect upon the survivors, is the

death where unexpected financial distress or ruin follows the loss of the family head. It is a wretched home circle for many a year when the chief is taken away, leaving only debts, with no property, not even a little insurance policy, behind.

Sure to Please.
"A birthday present for your son, eh? And he is pretty hard to please, madam?"

"Indeed he is," replied the fond mother. "And I do want to please him so!"

"What age is he, madam?" the clerk inquired.

"He will be just 16."

A triumphant smile illumined the visage of the salesman.

"Then, madam, give him this," he said.

And he laid before the woman a magnificent case of crinson Russia leather containing a horse-hide strap and a dozen exquisitely fine razors.