A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—(Continued).

"Oh, Ida, can you lend me a clean collar?" she asked, in a stage whisper, and with a giggle which was intended to invite question; but, as Ida had asked none, Isabel said, with another giggle: "You've heard me speak of George Powler?"

Ida looked doubtful: Isabel had mentioned so many men, generally by their Christian names, who were supposed to be smitten by her, that Ida, often listening, gently enough to the foolish girl's confidences, not seldom got mixed.

"The one who went to South Australia," Isabel went on, with an affectation of coy shyness. "We used to see a great deal of him—at least, he used to call before he went away; and though there really was nothing serious between us, of course—But one doesn't like to speak of these things, even to one's bosom friend. But he's downstairs just now. I just had time to run up, and he actually almost saw me on the scales! Yes, this one will do: you always have such good starched collars, and yet you have always lived in the country! I must be quick and hurry down; men do so hate to be kept waiting, don't they? You'll come down presently, won't you, Ida? I'm sure you'll like him; he's so steady; and it's a very good business. Of course, as I said, nothing definite has passed between us, but—"

She giggled and simpered significantly; and Ida, trying to force herself to take some interest, fastened the collar for Isabel, and gently and with much tact persuaded that inartistic young lady to discard a huge crimson bow which she had stuck on her dress with disastrous results. When, some little time after, Ida went down to the drawing-room, she found that the visitor was like most of those who came to Laburnum Villa, a very worthy person, no doubt, but uninteresting and commonplace. This Mr. George Powler was a heavy thick-set man, approaching middle age, with the air of a prosperous merchant, and with a somewhat shy and awkward manner; it seemed to Ida that he looked rather bored as he sat on one of the stiff, uncomfortable chairs, with the mother and daughter "engaging him in conversation," as they would have called it. His shyness and awkwardness were intensified by the entrance of the tall, graceful girl in her black dress, and he rose to receive the introduction with a startled kind of nervousness, which was reasonable enough, for the young women with whom he associated were not dowered until Ida's very particular graces and refinement.

Ida bowed to him, made some remark about the weather, and went over with a book to the sofa with the broken spring and promptly forgot his existence. But her indifference was not reciprocated, the man was painfully aware of her presence, and after endeavoring to carry on the conversation with Isabel grew absent-minded and incoherent, and presently, as if he could not help himself, got up and, edging miserably to the sofa, sat down, and tried to talk.

Ida closed her book, and, as in duty bound, was civil to him, though not perhaps as civil as she would have been to a man of her own age and class; but Mr. George Powler, no doubt encouraged by her gentleness, sanity, and perfect self-possession, realizing none too common in the class to which he belonged grew less nervous, and, to his own amazement, found himself talking pretty quite easily to this distinguished-looking young lady, who, a cultured of the drawing-room, had struck him with awe. With increased courtesiness and kindness, Ida had asked him some question about South Australia, and he was led to talk of his life there, and to describe the country.

Ida found her thoughts wandering after a few minutes, and grew absent-minded; but Mrs. George Powler was furnished on this topic, and was delighted with the opportunity of the beautiful and stately listener, and did not notice that she was rewarded by inattention; did not notice also that Mrs. Heron was looking disconsolately and drumming pettishly, and that Isabel's face wore an expression of jealousy and resentment. The fact was, that the poor man had quite forgotten the other young woman and the other young woman knew it.

Sullen after silence, Mrs. Heron, absent-mindedness, she felt rather than saw that something was the matter, and he got him in the middle of one of Mr. George Powler's finest, but badly constructed sentences, and, long-suffering lover to Isabel, suddenly asked her to play something.

Isabel flushed.

"Oh, you had better sing," she said; "Mr. Powler would like that better, I'm sure."

"Oh, yes, please do!" pleaded the man; and Ida, trying to conceal her weariness and distaste, went to the piano and sang the cheerful song she knew.

Her acquiescence was unfortunate in its effect, for it complicated Mr. George Powler's bosom. The lady which her face and voice had wrought, he pressed her to sing again, but this time with his large head and badly groomed head, and was enthusiastic in his praise; and seemed so disappointed when she refused, that he seconded her appeal to Isabel with unobviously forced politeness.

Isabel went to the piano, but she was at no time a very brilliant performer, and the poor girl was upset by Ida's success, and was nervous and confused. The blow fell in the middle of one of these indecent drawing-room pieces which seem especially arranged for the torture of those who are cursed or cursed with musical taste.

The conversation naturally flagged and languished under these circumstances, and Mr. George Powler presently rose to take his leave. He was not asked to remain to dinner though Mrs. Heron had intended inviting him, and had made secret and furtive preparations. He shook hands with Ida with marked empressement and nervous shyness, and seemed as if he could scarcely tear himself away.

When he had gone the mother and daughter sat bolt upright in their chairs and stared before them in a pregnant silence; and Ida, wondering what was the matter, was about to leave the room, when Mrs. Heron said in a hard, thin voice:

"One moment, Ida, if you please."

Ida paused at the door with her book in her hand, startled from her dreaminess by the woman's tone and manner.

"You had better close the door, Ida. I should not like the servants to overhear what it is my duty to say to you."

Ida closed the door, and stood expectantly, and Mrs. Heron continued:

"I trust I am not one to find fault unnecessarily. I know it is the duty of a Christian to be patient and long-suffering; but there is a limit to one's endurance, and I regret to say that you have passed that limit. I should not be fulfilling my duty to a young person who is under my charge if I refrained from pointing out to you that your conduct, since you have been under our roof, has been reprehensible and disgraceful."

Ida was too amazed for a moment to realize the full significance of the spiteful speech; and then, as it gradually dawned upon her, the blood rose to her face and an indignant protest rose to her lips; but she checked it, and merely repeated the objectionable phrase.

"Yes, disgraceful," said Mrs. Heron. "I am sorry to be compelled to use such a word to a young girl and to one in your position; and I do not think you make matters better by pretending not to know what I mean."

"It is no pretence, Mrs. Heron," said Ida, quite calmly. "I do not in the least know what you mean."

"Then I'll tell you," retorted Mrs. Heron, with a dark red fury. "You are one of the most heartless flirts I ever knew."

Ida felt an almost irresistible desire to laugh; she had been tired when she came in, Mr. George Powler's attentions had made her still more weary, and the sight of the two women seated bolt upright and evidently boiling over with anger, was full of a grotesque humor which affected her hysterically. She managed to stifle the laugh, and looked at them patiently and calmly as she stood by the mantelpiece with one arm resting on the shelf. The graceful ease and grace of her attitude increased Mrs. Heron's irritation; her thin lips trembled and her eyes grew red.

"Oh, I am not blind," she said. "I've been quite aware of your conduct for some time past; but I have refrained from speaking to you because, as I say, you are under my roof and I did not wish to hurt your feelings—though I am sure you have had very little regard for ours. I have been greatly deceived in you, Ida. I thought when you came that you were a quiet, well-conducted young woman, and I could scarcely believe my eyes when I first saw that I was mistaken, and that your quietness was only slyness. I suppose you didn't think I saw that you were trying to entrap my poor boy; but a mother's eyes are sharp, and a mother will protect her own at any cost. Oh, you need not try to stare me out of countenance, or to put on that surprised and innocent look. You may have been able to deceive me once, but you can't now. I've been watching you, and I've seen with my own eyes your carryings on."

"Mrs. Heron—" began Ida, very quietly; but Mrs. Heron tore on with breathless vehemence.

"I suppose you only did it for young amusement; I don't suppose you thought there would be any good in it, that his father would allow Joseph to make a fool of himself as to throw himself away upon a girl without any means, but it's all the more shameful. You succeeded very well; you've turned the poor boy's head and made him miserable. It's to be hoped that it will stop there, and that he won't be driven to drink or desperate courses, as some young men are. Of course, you'll say that you never meant anything of the kind. I'm quite prepared for that; you can be plausible enough when you like, with that quiet, catlike manner of yours."

Ida had passed beyond the laughing stage by this time; her face was pale, her eyes flashing; but she was able to say, with an appearance of calm:

"You are quite right, Mrs. Heron; I have no hesitation in saying that I did not wish your son to pay me any attention, much less—Oh, do you not see how ridiculous it is?" she broke out, indignantly, and with a little desperate laugh.

Mrs. Heron's face flamed.

"I don't know what you mean by ridiculous," she snapped. "I should say Joseph was quite good enough a match for you; and I've no doubt you think so, though you pretend to sneer at him."

"Let me assure you, Mrs. Heron, that I have never thought of your son as a possible husband," said Ida. "His attentions to me are more than unwelcome—and he knows it."

"Oh! then you admit that the poor boy is in love with you, that he has told you? You see, you can't deceive me. I knew it. I wonder you aren't ashamed of yourself; at any rate, having caused trouble in the house, I wonder you stay, that you haven't shame enough to refrain from flirting before our very eyes, with the first man that appears."

Ida stared at her in amazement, too angry for the moment to permit of resentment.

"What is this you accuse me of?" she asked. "Oh, pray, pray, do not be so unreasonable, so unjust!"

Mrs. Heron wagged her head, as one who is not to be deceived by any affectation of innocence.

"No, thank you, Ida," she exclaimed. "That won't do for me. We've seen it with our own eyes, haven't we, Isabel?"

Isabel took out her handkerchief, and began to whimper.

"I should never have thought it of you, Ida," she sobbed. "And with George, too! And I'd only just told you that—that there had been things between us. I think you might have left him alone."

Ida was half distracted.

"But you really cannot mean it!" she pleaded. "I have done nothing, said nothing. You surely do not complain of his speaking to me, of his being simply civil and polite. Heaven knows I had no desire to exchange a word with him. I would not have come down if Isabel had not asked me, and I had thought you would have considered it rude of me to remain upstairs. Oh, what can I say to convince you that you are mistaken, that I never have a thought to this gentleman—I forget his name; that I do not care if I never see him again, and that—Isabel, surely you do not think me capable of the vulgarity, the stupidity, with which your mother charges me!"

Isabel's sobs and sobs only grew louder, and her demonstrative misery worked Mrs. Heron to a higher pitch of resentment and virtuous indignation.

"That is right, Isabel, do not answer her. It is all pretence and deceit on her part. She knows very well that she was doing her best to attract his attention, smiling and making eyes at him, just as she has caught poor Joseph."

Ida's slight frame sprang erect, her face grew crimson and her eyes flashed with a just wrath which could no longer be suppressed.

"I think you must be mad," she said in a low voice. "Indeed you must be mad, or you would not insult me in this way. If I were guilty of the conduct of which you accuse me, I should not be fit to live, should not be fit to remain in any respectable house."

"You are guilty," retorted Mrs. Heron. "And as to your being fit to remain under this roof—and it was a respectable and happy one until you came—you are the best judge. I shall inform your cousin John of what has passed—it is my duty to do so—and he shall decide whether you are to remain, a firebrand, and a disturber of the peace of a Christian household. It is my duty to protect my poor boy."

At that moment the hall door was opened and closed, and the "poor boy," after shuffling about in the hall for a moment or two, opened the drawing-room door. His hat was on the back of his head, one end of his collar was unfastened, his face was flushed, and there was mud on his coat, as, if he had fallen—which he had. He lurched into the room with a tipsy leer, and nodded to them with that affectation of extreme sobriety which is unfortunately assumed by the individual who is hopelessly intoxicated. Mrs. Heron rose with outstretched hands.

"Oh, Joseph, are you ill? My poor boy?"

"Ill?" he repeated, with a hiccough. "No, I'm not ill. Yes, I am, though; it's mental worry, it's a arrased cart!" he looked at Ida and shook his head reproachfully. "She knows, but she don't care—But whatsh the matter?" he broke off, staring at Isabel, who was still struggling with her sniffs and sobs. "Whatsh up? Whatsh Isabel cryin' for? Ida been cryin' too? Look here, I won't shtand that. If they've bin ill-treating you, Ida, my dear, you shay so, and I'll know the reashon why. You come to me, my dear."

He lurched towards Ida, and as she drew back with a shudder of horror and loathing, Isabel and his mother caught the wretched young man by the arm, and with series of a arm and commiseration, endeavored to soothe him.

"Don't speak to her, don't think of her; she's not worth it!" said Mrs. Heron. "She's not worth any sensibly man's thoughts, least of all a man like you, Joe Cosh. You are ill, you must come to bed."

Major-General Sir Charles Ferguson, Bart., who is commander of the Fifth Division of the Expeditionary Force.

"Stuff an' nonsh," he hiccoughed, as he struggled feebly with them, and cast enamoured and would-be fascinating glances at Ida's white and scared face. "She's a shplendid girl; she's a good girl; best gal I know, and she an' I understand one another; twin shoulsh. We've kept our secret from you, mother, but the time has come the time has come to reveal the truth. I love Ida. It's no good your frowning at me like that; I shay, I love Ida."

CHAPTER XXXV.

At this point John Heron's ring and knock were heard at the door; with a cry of terror, the unfortunate mother succeeded in dragging the feebly struggling Joseph out of the room with Isabel's assistance, hustled and pushed him up the stairs before his father was let in. At a time Mrs. Heron came down again, and Ida heard her and her husband talking together—you couldn't whisper in one room of Laburnum Villa without being heard in another one—and presently the drawing-room door opened and John Heron entered; Ida had waited, for she had expected him. He was red and swollen with pomposity and resentment, though he assumed a "more-to-sorrow-than-anger" air, and threw a deeply grieved tone into his harsh, raucous voice.

"I am deeply grieved and shocked, Ida," he began, "to hear from my wife so deplorable an account of your conduct. I am not so unwise as to look for gratitude in this world, but I did not think you would repay our kindness and consideration by attempting to wreck the happiness of a quiet and godly home. Of course, I make all allowances for your youthfulness; I am aware that in the station of life from which we rescued you, the spiritual and the religious were entirely absent; but I had hopes that our precept, and, I may say, example, the influence of a deeply religious family—" by this time his voice had sid into the usual whine and growl which it assumed in the pulpit, and Ida, notwithstanding her wretchedness, again felt an almost irresistible desire to laugh.

"Please tell me, Cousin John, what it is I have done, what it is you complain of?" she broke in.

Angered by the interruption, for there is nothing a man like John Heron hates worse, he snapped out:

"You have been trying to snare the affections of my son; you have cast lascivious eyes at the stranger within our gates."

The blood rushed to Ida's face; then she laughed outright, the laugh of desperation, for, indeed, she despaired of convincing these stupid people of her innocence. The laugh naturally exasperated John Heron, and his aunt face grew pallid for an instant.

"I understand!" he said. "You treat our remonstrances with scorn, you scoff at our rebuke."

"Yes; I am afraid I can't help it. Come in, John," said Ida. "I am sorry that you should think me so wicked and so dangerous, and, I quite agree with Isabel and her mother that if I am as bad as they say, I am not fit to live in a respectable house and with decent people. It would be useless for me to assure you that you are all ridiculously mistaken."

My wife and daughter saw with their own eyes. I am informed that my son is at this very moment in bed, prostrated by your heartless conduct; you have trifled with that most delicate and sacred of things, a human heart. Go to your chamber, Ida, and there I trust you will seek repentance on your knees."

There was silence for a moment; then Ida said, very quietly:

"Have you anything more to say to me?"

"Not to-night," said John stolidly. "I am wearied with well-doing. I have been preaching, calling sinners, like myself, to a better life. To-morrow I will speak with you again, I will endeavor to snatch a brand from the burning."

"Good-night," said Ida. She paused with her hand on the door. "Cousin John, you came to me when I was in great trouble; you offered me a home when I was homeless; I think you have been so kind as you knew how to be, and I want to thank you. I daresay it is my fault that I have not got on better with you all. I am not so bad as you think—but we will say no more about that. I do not want you to consider me ungrateful; for indeed I am grateful for the shelter you have given me, and I shall always remember that you came to my aid when I was in sore need. Will you please ask my cousin and Isabel to forgive me for having unintentionally caused them so much trouble? Good-night."

"Good-night," said John Heron grimly. "I should be comforted if I could think that you were speaking from your heart; but I fear that you are not—I fear that you are not. Oh, may that heart be melted! may you be brought to see the peril of your evil ways!"

(To be continued.)

PLEASE LEAVE THE GATE AJAR.

As the western sun was setting upon a forest old
Its rays shone on a lassie and touched her hair with gold,
Just a little woodland willow rose, yet one of rarest worth,
A father's treasure, his only joy on earth.

He came from work that moment and took her in his arms,
"You're tired sweetheart, it's growing late——"
"Let me play a little longer," she answered, "then I'll come,
But daddy, promise you won't close the gate."

Chorus:

"Please leave the gate ajar, Dad,
For I'm coming soon, you see;
I'm sure you recall how mamma
Would leave it ajar for me.
I'm such a little girlie,
You know I can't reach so far,
I'll come when my games are over,
So please leave the gate ajar."

While the little girl was waiting one evening for her dad,
His men came through the forest with faces grave and sad
"Lass, your father wants to see you, we'll take you right to him,"
They gently told her, while their eyes grew dim.

"Within an hour," he whispered, "they say I've got to go,"
"Take me," she cried. "No, Nell, it is too far."
Then she said: "When you see mamma just say I'm coming soon,
But don't forget to leave the gate ajar."

Thousands of women in Germany have been thrown out of work on account of their employers being called to war.

HOME

Cookies, Rolls, Bread.

Sugar Cookies.—Two pounds sugar, one cupful butter, one egg, one cupful clabbered cream, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful vanilla extract, one teaspoonful lemon extract, one teaspoonful baking powder; flour to roll soft. Mix as for cake, beating soda into the cream until it foams. Roll as soft as possible and sprinkle sugar over the top and bake in very slow oven. If the dough is allowed to stand fifteen minutes before rolled and the board and rolling pin are well floured they can be handled much softer than would be imagined and a better cooky will result.

Jumbles.—One cupful butter, two cupful milk, one-half teaspoonful vanilla, flour to roll. Sift sugar over top and bake in a moderate oven.

Parker House Rolls.—Grate two large potatoes, add one tablespoon sugar, one teaspoon salt and one and one-half pints boiling water. Stir until smooth like starch. Soak one yeast cake in a half cup of lukewarm water. When dissolved, add to potato mixture after it is cool. Let this stand one day and one night. In the morning take one pint of this mixture, add one pint of lukewarm water, two large tablespoons of lard melted, two teaspoons of salt, one-half cup of sugar and flour to make a soft dough. Let this rise about three hours, or until three times its bulk. Let rise again until bulk is trebled. Work down again, then knead on board, roll with rolling pin and cut into rounds with a biscuit cutter. Press through centre with back of silver knife, butter one-half with melted butter and fold over like a pocket book. Let rise until light and bake fifteen minutes in moderate oven. This will make two and one-half dozen rolls.

Coffee Bread.—Two pounds light bread sponge, four ounces melted butter, yolks of four eggs, four ounces sugar, one-half cup milk, flour enough to make a soft dough, too soft for bread; one cup of raisins or currants, if desired. Mix and beat well and let stand one-half to one hour before baking. This makes two square cake pans. Put on the brushed tops melted butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon when the dough is about half raised. Bake in a moderate oven twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Entire Wheat Bread. — One and one-half pints of lukewarm water, one cake of yeast and flour. Dissolve yeast in water and make a light sponge. Let rise three hours, add one teaspoon salt, one heaping tablespoon shortening melted, two tablespoons molasses. Stiffer with whole wheat flour until it is stiff enough to work on board without sticking. Let stand three hours, or until double in milk. Make into loaves, let rise to top of pan and bake one hour.

Graham Bread.—Make a light sponge with one cake of yeast, one and one-half pints of lukewarm water and white flour. Let rise overnight and add one-half graham and one-half white flour to make it stiff enough to knead. Knead well and let rise three to four hours. The graham flour makes it slower to rise than when all white is used. Knead again and make into loaves and let rise to top of pan. If the pans are well greased with melted fat and the loaf is turned over in this it will not be necessary to grease bread any further. Bake in a slow oven an hour to an hour and a quarter.

Brown Nut Bread.—One cup of white flour, two cups graham flour, one and one-half cups sweet milk, one cup sugar, one teaspoon baking powder, one teaspoon salt, one-half cup nutmeats. Mix thoroughly and bake one hour in a very slow oven.

White Nut Bread.—Two eggs, one cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, one heaping tablespoon of butter, two cups flour, one-half cup chopped nut meats, two heaping teaspoons baking powder, level teaspoon of cinnamon, a little nutmeg. Mix equal sugar and butter until smooth, add spices and nuts, then milk and flour alternately. Beat well and bake in slow oven forty-five to fifty minutes.

Household Hints.

Dip French fried potatoes in cornmeal before frying.

Soap should be bought in quantities; remove the wrapper and allow it to dry.

To remove ink from the fingers, dampen a sulphur match and rub the stains.

If cream proves too thin to whip, add the white of an egg before beginning to whip.

If the zinc lining of a refrigerator looks shabby it can be enameled and made look like new.

The efficient housekeeper knows that sharp knives save time, patience and give better results than dull ones.

Use a little ammonia in water to wash white paint, but no soap. This has the advantage of not dulling the surface.

In using washing soda it should always be dissolved in hot water before adding to the clothes.

Soiled satin slippers may be dyed with the ordinary powdered dyes, mixed with gasoline. Apply with a clean sponge.

After frying onions pour a little vinegar into the frying pan, let it get hot, and it will remove all smell from the pan.

Many people know how sausages burst when fried, but if they are dipped in boiling water first they will fry quite whole.

If you are caught in the rain and the color comes off your coat on to your blouse, put the blouse to soak in milk over night.

Try using a brick for an ironing stand, and you will find that the irons will retain their heat much longer than when the stand is used.

If, by any chance, a room is filled with smoke, open all the windows at once and wave a towel wet in vinegar and hot water around the room.

Put lard into a basin and pour boiling water over it. Allow to get cold, then pour off the water and repeat the process three times. The lard can then be used for making cold cream.

You can prevent a steamed pudding from becoming heavy by putting a cloth over the steamer before placing the lid on. This prevents the moisture from settling and making the pudding soggy.

GERMAN SAVANTS AS WAR CRITICS.

By Chas. M. Bice, Denver, Colo.

Recently there has appeared in the U.S. a carefully prepared publication, signed by Germany's well-known scientists and professors in her leading colleges, presenting Germany's reasons for going to war, and intended to counteract the prevailing belief here, that the Kaiser is alone responsible.

This pedagogic effort of the self-styled savants of Germany has been met by a British aggregation of men equally noted and learned, and far more calm and deliberate, who, unlike the Germans, have not scorned to look into public documents, records, and declarations of Germany's leading civic officers, and who riddled the claims made that the Kaiser is a very mild and child-like creature, loving peace and domesticity, and, above all, hating war and discord with Christ-like innocence.

If the case as made in this publication is the best these vaunted scientists are capable of presenting on behalf of Germany, then surely she has suffered tremendously since the beginning of the war in her reputation as a seat of wisdom and the abode of scientific inquiry into the truth of things.

A more slip-shod, superficial investigaiton could scarcely be imagined, and yet it is precisely the German teachers of to-day, who, they imagine they are allaying suspicion and preparing the American mind to accept what they have to offer, are producing a most determined opposition on this side of the water, and so far have utterly failed to change American public opinion in the slightest degree.

They offer no evidence and cite no recognized facts in support of their contentions, much less is there any thing produced of a philosophical character or a critical examination of recent occurrences. Logic seems to be a thing unknown to these so-called savants; but rhetoric is their strong card. The statements of the Allies are thrust aside without ceremony as unbelievable by them, simply because they are made by the Allies. No reputation is deemed necessary, the assumption being that the Germans alone are capable of telling the truth and that all that comes from elsewhere is false and unworthy of belief. The moral aspect of things is completely eclipsed by the wave of patriotism that has swept over Germany.

They call their production an "Appeal to the Civilized World," published by 93 German savants, and bears the names of her most distinguished scientists, such as Haeckel, Euchen, Humperdinck, Sudermann, and many others.

The appeal is discreditable to the intelligence of these men, and indicates that while it was probably signed by the men whose names it bears, very little attention has been given to it by most of them.

The English in which it is expressed is highly unique and grotesque, indicating that it was not the product of the combined efforts of those whose names are subscribed to it, but, rather, the composition of some crack-brained enthusiast who has succeeded in securing the signatures probably by false representations of what it contained.

One example must suffice, but from it the rest can be judged. Here it is:—"The iron mouth of events has proved the untruth of the factitious German defeats, consequently misrepresentation and calumny are all the more eagerly at work." But the logic of the appeal is no less conspicuous by its absence, as witness the following extract:—"It is not true that we trespassed on a neutral Belgium. It has been proved that France and England had resolved on such a trespass, and it has likewise been proved that Belgium had agreed to their doing so. It would have been suicide on our part not to have been beforehand."

Thus in the first sentence is found a denial of the very thing they admit in the last sentence. These men, wise above their generation, are contented with making unsupported assertions and offer no proof whatever that England and France were about to trespass upon Belgian soil, with Belgian consent. It would not be a trespass to do so if Belgium consented.

But suppose England and France had in contemplation such a flagrant act as claimed (but not proved), it would be no justification for Germany to violate the terms of a treaty which she had solemnly signed. How shocking to religion and good morals to assume that anybody was going to commit rape, and murder Belgian neutrality Germany has a right to be first at the bloody orgies. These moral teachers form the Fatherland might better fall back upon the highwayman's argument used by the German Chancellor, that he preferred to follow the law of military necessity than that laid down in a "mere scrap of paper," otherwise known as a treaty.

We are next informed by these 93 men of light and learning from the land of beer, that "were it not for German Militarism civilization would long since have been extirpated."

We would ask these savants what kind of a civilization is it that requires such a force? England has never found it necessary for such purposes, nor has France, nor the United States, nor any other civilized nation.

The German brand of civilization alluded to must be of a different kind from that which grows and flourishes elsewhere. If it cannot subsist without being propped up by the sword, the sooner it dies and disappears the better for humankind. But this is not the kind of German ethics or German philosophy as evidenced in the writings of her great masters, but a hideous variety put forth by her Chancellors and her Kaisers for the deception and to justify the acts of frightfulness and brutality in the eyes of the world. But the world will decline to be deceived by any one except those who want to be deceived.

"Have faith in us," the appeal concludes, "and await the end." After their disastrous failure to justify their high-handed outrages at a time when it is a crime to suspend judgment until the end. We know these so-called scientific men will cling to their teachings, for to do so is to admit that they were wrong, and they would be promptly expelled from their chairs. If this appeal to American professors could have done more to strengthen their cause than if they had kept silent and allowed the world to form conclusions from the facts which conditions are even now presenting.

TOMMY'S WAY.

Comical Experience of English Private Prisoner at German Dest...

They were lean and ragged, and they had a way in the town of begging for a few cigarettes, which they said they got no blooming tobacco in Germany.

Around their camp there was always a crowd of curious people, gazing at them with admiration. Nothing pleased the French crowd so much as to see a cool, cool Paris boy in difficulties, says the St. Louis Republic. They have many French girls, but they are never cheerful and seldom in a hurry, and are cool. They seem to take life to keenly to get much excitement as they come.

There was no such thing about these Tommies, they were prisoners, but they had been in South Africa, and were quite content to be in Germany.

"And one, pal," said one of them to another, "They have got us, but what they can't know which way we got through the wire to get to Holland."

They learned the French language by jabber, as they went along, and the admirers, mildly curious, enjoying the fun, listened, nudged each other, and thought anything that was said was bad.

The told me that when they came up to Mons with the Guards they were sent back to the battle because the ammunition was too slow. A slip of paper was found in the pockets written to base for the 1[illegible] ...

"Funny thing," one of them said, "we can't know what they mean, but they know what we mean. Do you know, Bill, we had a lot of grub, we had with us, and money, rations, and all that. But the people, they gave us more than we could carry away. So we are going to have a good smoke, and we are coming home, and making a fire and we'll put up a tent and still making cigarettes, and we wanted anything else, we generally did, you know, we just sort of food that we liked. Tastes more than money, they know their way in it. Wish we had a staff in it."

Financier. The [illegible] ...

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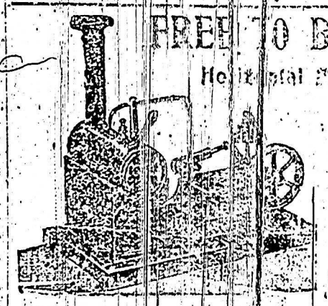

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