been singing songs in and out among

traordinary abandon.

Frenchman, Carpentier:

snatches it back again as though he

has committed the unpardonable sin

"The Glory of England."

As we sit awaiting the event he

opens out to me all the mysteries of

Bombardier Wells. It is a strange

A Sensitive Gathering.

sensitive. That is the first impression

iminary episodes. A young English-

man Braddock is matched against a

Frenchman Verger. The former slow-

gularly

The spirit of the gathering is sin-

decorous and unexpectedly

It comes in one of the pre-

"I mean boxing contest," he says with an air of asking my forgiveness

tunes. A Mexican girl is carrying off strength continually because fed both

up, though arrivals continue for an- for less than a month, and already has other hour. The cafe-au-lait musicians a membership of 450, with a nightly sing haunting part songs, and play with attendance of about one-third that a keener verve their negroid, their Ar- number. At four o'clock in the morngentine, their Brazilian music. One ing Murray's is still pulsing with life. learns how the Tango is danced at The Lotus, in Garrick-street, which Buenos Ayres and the maxixe farther keeps earlier hours (the festivitles are

Half the company are dancing now; closes at four) is also only a few that seductively perfect floor. Three o'clock—and the revels are at their several others on the same lines.

When Boxing Laurels Passed

the tables, addressing himself now to one party, now to another, taunting them, cajoling them; the orchestra has tempted half-a-dozen couples on to the floor with an exuberant negroid air, and now it begins the inevitable tango and now it begins the inevitable tango and now it begins the inevitable tango and infectious, flows on, growing in strength continually because fed both REFUGEE NUNS AND PRIESTS DRIVEN FROM MEXICAN



Mother Superior Anastiasia Gorostiaza of the Order of Virgin Mary.

Reading From Left to Right: Sisters Astora Cubillo, Eugenio Garia, Zabel Quizuain; Father Jose Garcia; Mother Superior Anastiasia Gorostiaza; Sisters Ana Cidi, Clementina Legasa, and Celerina Oraz.

These nuns and this priest were forced out of Chihuahua, Mexico, by Gen. Francisco Villa, commander of the rebels that captured the city. Their valuables were taken from them; their churches and convent looted. These photographs were taken by W. H. Durborough, the Daily Advertiser's staff photographer, at El Paso, the day the refugees reached safety on the soil of the United States.

JOSHING THE ARTIST.

[Detroit Free Press.] As a certain young artist of New York sat upon his stool one day in the Adirondacks, doing a bit of "mountain stuff," there approached him from the real a native, evidently with ideas of his own touching art.

'Did you ever try photography?" asked the newcomer. "No," was the curt response of the

young artist, who continued to work. "It's a good deal quicker," suggested the native.

'I suppose it is," sulkily assented the painter, with another dab of the brush. "And," the native added, with a dash of malice. "a rood deal more like the

NIGHTLY REVELS IN WEST END CLUBS

Two in the Morning Gaiety That Is Growing Rapidly in the British Capital.

Supper, Drink and Dance, at and large cigars. Which the Moneyed of All Classes Are Seen.

There was a time in modern English in the great hall where the crowds history when the night-bird was without honor-a rather disreputable creahall song, but not nice in a drawing- is concerned for the proprieties, and and at the stroke of the hour the Two-in-the-morning courage might be all very well (for other people), but two-in-the-morning pleasure was only excuable at a ball.

The institution of the night club is beginning to change all that, writes a was gone inrough in detail. Three sailors were to hind the captain, two the first member of the London Daily News this world of which I know nothing, mate, two the second mate. Wallace staff who is in touch with West End for I have come to my first boxing was among those told off to bind the captain, but refused, and went off on his watch, thinking, he said, that the mutiny night life of London is developing a fight but to see what it means and would really never come off. Still, he did swiftly. Things have happened in the to understand the psychology of the not tell the captain; and when, next past few months that are going to crowd. My neighbor's mind is full of leave a permanent mark on the social one oppressive thought-the triumphthrough, he took a passive part in it. He habits of the moneyed set, and may ant advent of France into the boxing

New Impression.

A visit to one of the really smart name after name of wonderful young radius. Even if he knows his Paris or land is bound up with his Brussels, he will get some surprising new impressions.

Having found the necessary friend who is a night club member, he will probably take a taxi at, say, Charing Cross half an hour before midnight home-bound theatregoers, into one of its smaller eastern tributaries. Before the cab has come to a standstill, the door is whisked open by an overpowering person in a gold-laced uniform.

Behind the Red Curtains. The stately portals of the club (there is no other term for such doors) roll back magically as the new arrivals step across the pavement, though the glass panels seem to be entirely obscured by secret-looking curtains, which suggest the idea of intimacy and exclusiveness. Yet the doors only give on to a lobby, where the visitor has to be "signed on" and the member pay a visitor's en trance fee. The club foyer lies beyond again, through a second pair of crimson-veiled swing doors.

Formality ends when these doors are passed. You are free of the club for the night, and if your friend has a full purse (for visitors cannot pay), there s nothing to prevent the enjoyment of luxurious supper, with subsequent entertainment till five in the morn-

A Perfect Dancing Floor. A richly-carpeted staircase winds down to the main hall of the club-a pillared and oak-panelled room some 30 yards long and twenty wide, twothirds of the space being set out with small tables and one-third laid with a particularly perfect dancing floor. The tables have little, shaded lamps, and a rose-pink glow suffuses the whole saloon, except where strings of orange and ruby glow-lamps cast a richer

light. Less than a score of men and women are seated at the tables. It is only a quarter to twelve, much too early for most people to turn up. The only things captain has the lives of the men and the that distinguish the club from an orsafety of the ship in his hand, and he dinary cafe at the same hour are this must be obeyed." "That's so," said the scanty attendance and the vacant scanty attendance and the vacant space of the dancing floor. But inain is responsible for the ship and men. quiry shows that everyone of the small tables next to this vacant space has been engaged, and the head waiter is a terrible affair for him to have such says, "Oh, we shan't be busy for near The Revelry Begins.

At midnight the orchestra, compos so young. May I go over and say a few caste muscians, strolls in. It strikes words to them?" The marshal nodded, up a Viennese waltz, and just one The marshal nodded, up a Viennese waltz, and just one to hash up for supper, and that there and the last thing the Spectator saw as couple take the floor. The girl is a he left the court-room was a wistful, young French actress, with strange, gentle face confronting two rows of coun- dark eyes and straw-colored hair "Did you ever hear the men complain tenances suddenly grown even more boy- drawn straight back from the forehead ish and pathetically attentive. They and twisted, just above the nape of the might have been a young men's Bible neck, into a coil about the size of a class in a mission Sunday school, and five-shilling piece. The man is a the high seas. It is a queer world, and will reappear again and again through the night. And now the night-birds begin

arrive in couples and parties. appear to belong to any and every class except the class that works with ts hands. There are old men and English lads just beginning to "see life," beautiful girls, women incredibly plain, smart, middle-aged men-abouttown, Jewish youths, stage favorites ist, but that of a photo-player. And with signs of grease-paint still on their her lelsure hours are more often spent faces, magnificent foreign women in in the open air under a California sunthe prime of life, ugly little aged shine, riding or driving than in a som-When You Expected Pistachio Ice, rougs. Everybody is in evening dress, ber, book-lined library.

from Pencils Whittled Like a Needle, good had or indifferent: that is the good, bad, or indifferent; that is the Everybody smokes and every-

> pagne. The character of the music is chang-ing. A comical little half-caste has sombrero.

From England to France How Wells Lost to Carpentier. A. G. Gardiner, editor of the Lon- ly wears down his opponent and findon Daily News, and one of the most powerful writers in English journal-down. Verger struggles to his feet as

practically over by two and the club

closes at four) is also only a few

with drizzle and the smell of infinite A Chorus of Protest. oranges, the crowd is gathered silent, There is another note of the same expectant, hopeless. There is no ad-mission for them, there where the sort when the chief event of the night approaches. Carpentier is the first to leap the ropes-a young fellow of lights stream out so brightly and where the motors come up in cease-less procession with elderly gentlepleasing address, with the face of an artist rather than that of the pugilist. He throws his smiles here and there men in evening dress and opera hats among the spectators as he catches the eye of friends. His air is com-Inside, the building hums with excited conversation in French and posed and confident, without any sug-English. Through it all runs the one gestion of bravado. "Doesn't look much like a man who was in a mine theme of the coming fight. No, not "fight." They do not call it that. The amiable gentleman who sits beside me in the great hall where the crowds smiles uneasily, and betrays to the rise tier above tier to the ceiling, practiced eye of my neighbor the signs catches himself tripping over the of nervousness. And he makes a mistake that is resented by the gathfatal word. He is engaged in the ature indeed, good enough in a music- "profession" in a northern town and ering. The battle was to begin at ten, young Frenchman, having been welwhen he lets slip the word "fight" he

ism, contributes a vivid pen picture the refree counts "nine." He is down of the recent heavyweight boxing again, but rises limp and pitiably only of the recent heavyweight to meet the same fate. "Stop it," "stop championship bout, when the English champion Wells went down before the it" comes the cry from all round. "This is not sport." And the referee Outside, in the wide spaces around bows to the protest, and the match is ovent Garden, where the air is thick over

OUR PRECISE ARTIST.



THINGS WERE NEVER DULL WITHHIM.

comed by Lord Lonsdale, stands in his corner waiting for his opponent. But there is unaccountable delay in Wells' preparations. Five minutes pass, and still he sits in his corner surrounded by his helpers. Ten minutes, and he is still bandaging his hands, and Carpentier stands in his corner eyeing him coolly and philocophically. The crowd can stand it no longer. This is an offence against "good form," and LOOKS BOOKISH BUT PLAYS from every quarter there comes chorus of indignant protest.

In the Hands of a Fury. Wells rises. The signal is given and the two men advance from their corners. The Englishman towers over his rival, but there is a certain unsteadiness in his gart compared with the supple self-possession of the other They shake hands, step back to get into position, then launch themselves at each other. There is hardly a moment of doubt. Carpentier has struck Wells a frightful blow over the heart and as they unclose and step back the Englishman's chest is seen to be livid. They close again. There is a moment of suspense, but not of doubt. for Wells seems helpless in the hands of this fury, and before one can well say that the contest has begun the Englishman falls like a tower, full length on his back, his face crimson. "One." "two," "three." He rolls painfully to his side. "Four," "five." But why count? It is all over, and the place rings with shouts of Gallie triumph and Carpentier, cool and

smiling, is hoisted on the shoulders of his seconds and there sits receiving the homage of the multitude. A Broken Idol. And in the corner is his handiwork. He had risen half a minute before a fine spectacle of a vigorous English man. And now he sits like a wreck his head rolling helpless from side to side, his seconds fanning him, massaging him, pouring water over him. And when at length he staggers t his feet and endeavors to address the

crowd he finds how little pity the

world has for the defeated. He is a broken idol and they have no more use for him, and do not want any explanations. I cannot hear what he says amidst the hubbub, but as he turns heavily and gets over the ropes see the mark of a frightful blow upon his face. And so he vanishes. And out in the street the great crowd still stands in the drizzling rain watching the light that streams from the windows and asking eagerly for news from within. There the blow, so swift and staggering, has fallen like a thunderbolt. "Ichabod" is written on every face and is the depressing theme of every tongue. But perhaps the glory of England is to be found elsewhere than at the National Sporting Club, and in safer keeping than that of Bombardier Wells.

The Knockout. I have spoken of the promptitude with which the spectators resented the extremes of brutality. That is point which fairness compels one to record. But the "knockout" exhibition cannot be other than brutal, and the spectacle of Wells as he lay a helpless log on the floor, or reeled to his corner, was a spectacle that can only leave a sense of disgust. Boxing as a science is a fine recreation; but as a fewer elderly gentlemen in evening science it is judged not by the knock- dress within. The conclusion seems out, but on points, just as the kin- irresistible. The boxing contest, in dred science of fending is. Wells spite of the delicate verbal propriety would have been beaten just as cer- of my neighbor, is a prize fight as intainly last night without the knockout as he was with it; but if the Sayers and the Benicia Boy. It is a contest had been decided on points pity that we allow these things to there would have 'een no crowd out- wear gentlemanly aliases.

What the honors of the floor. The girl with by the cosmopolitan spirit of the new the straw-colored hair dances with ex-Most of the bigger clubs are of At ten minutes to one there is a mushroom growth. Murray's, in Beak irruption of new comers—girls and men —and the place shows signs of filling successful of them all—has been open

> Peps is the name bestowed upon new scientific preparation put up into tabloid or pastille form, which provides an entirely new and effective treatment for coughs, colds and lung and throat troubles generally.

> Did it never occur to you as peculiar that when you have a cough or a cold. or any chest trouble, you should apply medicine—not to your lungs, but to your stomach?

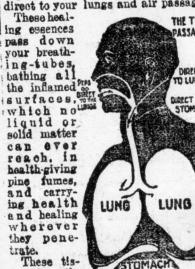
Look at it the other way round. Suppose you suffered from some stomach complaint—indigestion or ulceration.
How strange you would think it if you were asked to take a medicine which had to be breathed in, and which went not to your stomach, but to your lungs and breathing passages?

There is no connection between the stomach and the lungs (see diagram below), and when for a cold or a cough or any chest complaint you take some medicine, such as liquid cough mixtures, syrups, lozenges, which go-not to your lungs, but to your stomach—

you are wasting time.

Peps—this newest remedy for coughs, colds, and lung troubles—go to the lungs and breathing-tubes direct. Peps are really pine fumes and certain highly beneficial medicina extracts specially prepared by a new scientific process and then condensed into tableid form. It is like making a

breathable gas solid!
You put a "Pep" on your tongue and let it dissolve. As it does so the healing essences it contains turn into vapor, and you BREATHE them direct to your lungs and air passages



sue-strengthening, pleasant fumes, so liberated from the dissolving Pep, are not only healing in their operation, they are antiseptic. They kill the germs of consumption, catarrh, and those many and varied throat and lung troubles so common to-day. Peps fumes-like the fumes from nature's Pine woods-ge direct to the lungs and chest, and give instant relief to colds, tightness, bronchitis, etc. In short, Peps bring pine

forest air to your home! You have a nasty night cough? Take a Pep before going to bed-your cough will not trouble you! Your lungs are a little weak, and going from the warm house into the cold air outside makes you cough? Just before going out put a Pep in your mouth—there will be no coughing! Your throat feels "stuffed up," your chest feels tight, and your breathing troublesome? Peps will put

matters right for you very quickly. Peps, while gradually turning to vapor as soon as put into the mouth, will retain their goodness indefinitely if kept dry. Each little Peps pastille is packed in an air-tight wrapping, which is easily removed, and they are packed in neat tin pocket boxes. They are not sticky (the minister or public speaker can carry a few loose in the vest pocket); they do not spoil the appetite and ruin the digestion, like cough syrups and mixtures do; andthey DO cure coughs, colds and lung

trouble! Just as the out-door treatment for consumption-the "breathing" treatment-is now admitted to be the only rational treatment, so the "Peps" treatment for colds and lung trouble is the only rational home treatment.

Peps cure catarrh, coughs, bronchitis, sore throat, tightness or aching across the chest, difficulty in breath ing, night cough, hoarseness, asthma, laryngitis, smoker's throat, etc. Best for children because free from opium, morphine, or any poison.

All druggists and stores sell Peps at 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25. Should your dealer be out of stock, order direct (post paid) from Peps Co., Dupont St., Toronto, or 52 Princess St., Winnipeg.

FREE TRIAL.-The proprie tors wish this great discovery to be widely appreciated, and have decided to offer a free trial packet to all persons who would like to test this unique remedy. Cut out this article, write across it the name of this paper, and mail it to Peps Co., Toronto, or 52 Princess Street, Winnipeg, enclosing 1 cent stamp to pay for return postage. A free trial packet of Peps will be mailed you by return. If you have a friend suffering from a cough, cold, or any throat or lung trouble, hand this on.

side in the drizzling rain and far controvertibly as that between Tom

"Mutiny On High Seas"

By "Spectator" in the Outlook.

'Autility on the high "seas"-what rolling, thrilling phrase it is! The Specone side, and the white haired United States marshal and his deputies 04 guard. The hearing was before the district court commissioner in a seaboard city, and the mutinous crew had been arrested on board ship at the Lewes breakwater, at the entrance of Delaware Bay. and brought up by the revenue cutter. The hearing would decide whether they should be discharged or held for future

trial. Mutinies are rare nowadays. Short, stout, and self-important, the cook of the Manga Reva sat high in the

vacant Jury-box, facing the mutineers. Below him the gray-haired, haggardfaced captain, and the first mate, with a mouth like a steel trap, sat with one of the owners of the brig. Before the commissioner's desk the district attorney and the counsel for the defence were backed by the British and Norwegian consuls, by counsel for the owners. Beside the Spectator, at the side of the room reserved for special visitors, a pleasant faced little lady in deep black, with black veil, regarded the prisoners with overflowing sympathy. "My husband worked for sailors for years, at the Seamen's Rest," she said to the Spectator, them can't understand English, and don't know what ships they are joining Very likely they were all shipped drunk, by what might be coming, and meet it with some boarding-house keeper who had intinite caution and resource. He was taken all their money. No one knows especially careful as to calling anyone what sailors have to go through, and most of them are tender-hearted and will

do anything for people who are kind to Reva sailed?" The Spectator himself was surprised at the poyishness of the crew. One was nineteen, a Norwegian, black-eyed, oliveskinned, and altogether unlike the Vikings. He was Ingwald Andersen, though, and couldn't speak anything but Scandinavian, There were four Andersens, all Norwegian, and none of them related. The cabin boy looked like a dwarf Jap, but turned out to be a Chilean Antone Belaski by name. One old, whitebearded prisoner had followed the sea for forty-three years. One young Australian was that dreaded thing, a 'sea lawyer." He and the rest did not seem, any of them, a day over thirty, and most of them looked like youths of the working class, ao more dangerous or romantic than any boilershop or shipyard could furnish.

Second Mate's Story. Nevertheless, mutiny it had been, on the testimony of the second mate, the cook, and one of the crew who made a clean breast of it when called to the stand. The authorities had not been asserting that he had given the men "full sure about the second mate, a seriouslooking Norwegian named Snobohm, and he was in custody along with the crew. But when he was called to the stand, his story was straightforward and convinc- was no use for lime-juice. He had shipped as second mate of the brig for a "deep-water voyage" from Philadelphia to San Francisco, around the Horn. The crew had come on in de- repiled, consideringly; "not ever a word. tachments, many of them drunk. The But afterward they complained all the cook was drunk the night they sailed while." down the bay; the first mate was drunk, and pulled one man out of his berth and "I don't know, sir, except that they abused him; the captain was drunk or took turns in cooking." sick, and spent all the first day "calling down' the men. No, he never saw the how many deep-sea voyages he had captain strike any sallor-not during the made, and exactly how the thirty years whole voyage. Yes, the captain may of his sea-going life had been filled, the have kicked the men now and then The cook replied, dryly; men got no breakfast the first day out, but they had coffee at five in the morn-ing. After that they were kept too busy never on land, the barnacles would be Politics, from Baked Potatoes for to eat until two in the afternoon. He did growing on me." nct remember that this had happened "There's no danger of barnacles grow-again. But the men complained often of ing on you!" said the cross-examiner. not having enough water Two buckets a feelingly, and everybody laughed as Otto day were allowed to the crew. They came left the stand. to the cook's galley and drank the brack-

ish water there. Some said that they

they were tight, and I couldn't walk." Later they handcuffed the officers, put chackles on their feet, kept guard over them by day, and locked them in their cabins by night. Three men, one of them an Andersen, took watch and watch weird Graeae whom Perseus saw with one eye between them. There was alback again towards the Capes, Snobohm cause he thought it "a wrong and fool-

ish thing, and told the crew so," but on the direct question, "Were you ever on a voyage where the men were treated so day. The men had all signed the articles gravely and emphatically, "Never." A "Comic Relief." The cook, Otto Tongier who came next, was what might be called, in stage parlance, a "comic relief." Stout, shrewd, and very much on the side of constituted authority, he made the cross-examination o diverting at times that the crew grinned as well as the crowd. The counsel and I know how these boys are starved for the mutineers, and the consuls who and beaten and used like dogs. Most of sat behind him, consulted frequently during the cross-examination, and each time the cook would visibly stiffen himself for

> runk, for some reason "Were you drunk the day the Manga 'No. sir,' emphatically

"You had been drinking, had you not?" "I had had a drink." "More than one drink?" "Well, ves sir." "Were you not drunk, then?" "No, sir! I was under liquor." "Was the mate drunk that day?"

'No. sir.' "Had he been drinking?" "Perhaps, sir." "But not drunk?" 'He had a little on him, sir.' "Was the captain drunk?" "Had he been drinking?"

'He could walk, sir." "Did you ever see the captain affected n any way by liquor?" "I have a doubt, sir, about when he fell down the steps, from top to bottom. The rest of them all said he was in But his head was cut, and he

might have been sick." The cross-examiner worked hard, He mopped his brow. The cook stood firm, and plenty" by the captain's orders: that he usually had enough left from dinner were plenty of potatoes and that there

of the food?" was asked. "Not before the mutiny, sir," the cook

"About what?" As a last shot, when the lawyer asked

"I said thirty years off and on, sir. If

Plotting the Mutiny. But when the one man among the crev were going to drink salt water, they were who turned state's evidence, a young so thirsty.

Scotch sallor named Wallace, came on the

was gone through in detail. Three sailors morning, the mutineers carried the thing The "Spectator" in the Outlook gives mate said that he came off watch at the following graphic description of a the following graphic description of a cries aft. He ran there, and found the wanted it off his mind, and to tell the wanted it off hi first mate down and his hands bound, the truth." His dark, bony, harsh-lined young aptain with his head cut, a prisoner, and he cook bound, with blood running over his face. "Four men grabbed hold of me," opposing to the cross-examination a cerbis face. "Four men grabbed hold of me," truth," His dark, bony, harsn-nned young aptain with his head cut, a prisoner, and face was set and dour, and he wiped the night clubs that have sprung up recently in the heart of the West End young Englishmen to sleep. And as he would be a revelation to the man who have put wonderful young Englishmen to sleep. And as he would be a revelation to the man would be a revelation to the man who have put wonderful young Englishmen to sleep. And as he would be a revelation to the man would be a revelation to the man who have put wonderful young Englishmen to sleep. And as he would be a revelation to the man who have put wonderful young Englishmen to sleep. And as he would be a revelation to the man who have put wonderful young Englishmen to sleep. And as he would be a reveal to the man who have put wonderful young Englishmen to sleep. And as he would be a reveal to the man would be a reveal to the man who have put wonderful young Englishmen to sleep. And as he would be a reveal to the man who have put wonderful young Englishmen to sleep. And as he would be a reveal to the wonderful young Englishmen to sleep. And as he would be a reveal to the wonderful young Englishmen to sleep. And as he would be a reveal to the wonderful young Englishmen to sleep. aptain with his head cut, a prisoner, and face was set and dour, and he wiped the tator found himself looking for Israel tator for Israel tator found himself looking for Israel tator found hisrael tator found himself looking for Israel tator found himself they tied me, arms and feet, with ropes; knew them, were dragged out of him. Rejuctantly but steadily he went over and picked them out, till seven stood up and confronted him, sullen and wretched

Wallace did not, however, know the about on armed guard, handing the cap- names of many of his fellow-mutineers. tain's revolver from one to the other Ir came out that neither the captain nor and five minutes later pass out of the when they changed guard-like the three the mate knew the names of all the glare of Regent street, thronged with crew, and that they did not know each ways a guard on the captain, who navigated the ship first toward Fayal, then other's names—a strange testimony to that company had ever sailed with each other before, save possibly the captain Second mate cabin boy, crew, all met for the first time for this deep-sea voyage on the sailing but never heard them read, nor could badly as on this?" the mate answered half of them understand English at all The majority never had been on a deepsea voyage before in their lives, and did not even know beforehand what ship they were joining or where they were bound. The captain said only six were of any value as seamen. Yet they had chosen the three oldest of their number as leaders, and had carried a successful mutiny almost to the end. If the captain had not managed to slip a note to the pilot at the breakwater, they might have come into port at the pistol's point and scattered, and none been the wiser until it was too late. But the captain, with all his weakness, was too clever for

them.

The hearing ran its course, and the twenty-two men were remanded for trial the second mate only being allowed his freedom. "It is as clear a case of mutiny as I ever saw.' said the owner's counsel to the Spectator. "If they had steered their own course to a foreign port, it might even cross the line to piracy. Justiflable? Mutiny is never justifiable in a legal way. No treatment of the crew can be regarded as a legal plea for mutiny. Well, if the captain should Self-defence? be about to kill a sailor, the sailor could, individually, exercise the right of self-defence and kill the captain. But concerted mutiny would not be justified even if one of the sallors were killed. The owner, who stood behind him; "the cap-This captain has been in our employ twenty-seven years and no complaint. It thing happen under him. The crew has ly an hour." some villainous fellows in it, too."

"But they are such ignorant, helpless nen," said the little lady in black, "and in the main of cafe-au-lait, they were acknowledged mutineers on Cuban, flat-faced and yellow. they that go down to the sea in ships are a mystery to the landsman no matter how much he reads John Masefield.

SEZ THE OFFICE GROUCH.

From Hot Gravy on Potato Salad, from a "No Smoking" Notice After We Have Lit a Fresh Cigar, from Gentle Strolls With Athletic Girls, from Gentle Breakfast and Votes for Anti-Suffraglsts from Stewed Rhubarb at Dessert from Pencils Whittled Like a Needle, from Onions in Cottage Cheese, Jokes About Hoboken and Matches in Your body drinks, from lager beer to cham- the Coat Pocket, and from Green Suspenders on the Front Seat of a Mauve Motor Car-

The Mutiny, the second plofting of the mutiny in the forecastle GREAT GUNS, DELIVER US!



PAULINE BUSH. She doesn't seem to have been born to work, but to think. And her natural recreation corner would seem to be a couch in a big library filled with "high-

brow" books But this girl's vocation is not that of bookworm or a scientist or an art-

western parts that are shown under the brand of the Golden Seal No. 1 And quite often, she appears on the screen in a flannel shirtwaist, open at neck, a riding skirt of corduroy and a