POOR DOCUMENT

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THE OTHER SIDE by Virginia Mitchell Wheat.

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From somewhere near about a clock struck the hours in long even tones, and further down Broadway silvery chimes rang out from a lofty spire in happy medley with the clanging street cars that rushed to and fro laden with festive crowds of gayly dressed folk.

It was the week before Christmas and the Great White Way was in holiday attire. Bathed in a light whose intensity rivalled the noonday sun, the rich gleam of the snowy streets, the soft sparkle of tiny flakes that, catching the iridescent lights from the brilliant show windows, floated like gleaming jewels in the air, the bright, laughing faces and daintily gowned women, the well groomed air of the fashionably dressed men, all lent to the glamor of the scene, and beneath its enchantment and the witchery of the gladsome season rich and poor, high and low, jogged and jostled along in the endless tide of brotherhood.

Out of the murky shadows that marked the disappearance of the deserted side streets the tall, shabby figure of a girl emerged, hesitated for an instant as the first shaft of white light fell full upon her, then stepped back quickly into the shadows again. Furtively she glanced behind her. The street seemed deserted but for a couple who, in that blessed state of felicity where the whole world counts as naught, were coming up the other side, apparently engrossed with each other. Nevertheless the girl slipped into the blacker shadow of a doorway until they had passed on and rounded the corner into Broadway. Then after peering again into the baffling darkness and listening intently for a moment she ventured forth once more and falteringly, stealthily advanced toward the searching light of the great thoroughfare.

Her eyes glanced constantly from right to left from beneath the thick, dingy veil that, drawn over a tousled Tam o' Shanter hat and under her chin, was fastened at the back in pitiful imitation of the fashionable manner that veils were being worn. Its gray-green color effectually hid the features beneath and lent discordant contrast to the faded blue dress and tan coat of ancient cut that failed, with all its unloveliness, to hide the grace and poise of a figure that a duchess might have envied. Tattered red mittens covered her hands and high laced skating boots—doubtless the cast-off finery of some wealthy pet of fashion—enveloped a foot that, in spite of its shabbiness, seemed small and well turned.

With head averted sharply from the light that streamed from the shop window on the corner, the girl hurried past and swung into the endless procession, and incongruous as her figure seemed it melted directly into the moving throng, the countless numbers of which afforded a seclusion denied by the quieter street she had left.

Once fairly adrift on the tide a degree of security returned to her, and she, too, began to feel the festive spirit in the air. The sound of jest and laughter fell pithily on her ready ear. The beauty and life about brought the same eager light to her eye as to those who swung their well filled purses in close proximity to her empty pockets. Yet withal this, apparently growing oblivious of danger, not for an instant did her vigilance forsake her.

More than once when she had halted with others to gaze on the magnificence displayed in the shop windows a head here and there would turn sharply at a more than usually insistent jostle, and invariably the suspicious eye would rest on her and scan her searchingly and the little space about her would widen almost imperceptibly. Instinctively she would feel the gaze upon her, bear it unflinchingly for a bit, and then, apparently still unseeing, would move on to another group before some other attraction, where often the experience would be repeated.

Once only did she enter a store. Midway in a block her quick eye descried [illegible] above the moving crowd the [illegible] of one of New York's "finest." A few steps brought her to a shop that she knew to have a second entrance on the side street. Stepping quickly inside she passed swiftly through with neither a look to the right nor the left, around to the side entrance and out into the shadowy street, which she crossed before returning to Broadway.

This manoeuvre left the "finest" still leisurely swinging his club and reviewing with discriminating eyes the crowd before him safely in the rear, and she resumed her erratic journey with a sigh of relief.

Again, she stopped in front of a florist's; an automobile was drawn up to the curb and a figure inside attracted her attention. It was a man—a handsome man in evening dress and he was buying roses, American Beauties, with a reckless disregard of expense. She watched him as he selected each flower with exquisite care, and she waited while the florist laid them with tender elaborateness in the long box prepared for them. Then the man paid the bill and came out.

His quick, nervous eye detected the girl and, with the perception of a connoisseur, he noted the straight, lithe figure and the well turned foot in the shabby boot. Her mean attire seemed to add to his satisfaction, and for an instant he hesitated while the girl, her heart beating tumultuously, regretted sharply the boldness with which she had thus risked detection.

Passing on to the waiting automobile he placed the box of flowers on a seat and returned to where the girl stood, still seemingly absorbed in the beauties within.

Pausing just behind her shoulder he tried to distinguish the features beneath the baffling veil, but the angle of her head was unfortunate. Glancing again at the small, shapely foot, the well squared shoulders and the finely poised head, his indecision was gone.

"You seem very fond of flowers," said his smooth, suave tones behind her.

She started quickly, then nodded.

"Let me get you some," he said softly. "Tell me, what do you like best?"

She did not answer.

"You need not hesitate," the man continued. "I am very fond of flowers myself, and I like to give them to others who love them."

The girl remained mute, but the man smiled understandingly. "Come in," he urged, "and pick out all you want."

The girl shook her head protestingly and glanced significantly at her dress. The man laughed softly.

"You are all alike," he said; then in a lower tone, "What do clothes count for, anyway? I would wager that beneath that troublesome veil are charms that would set at naught all the glamor that clothes could lend. Will you let me see?"

He moved closer and touched her lightly on the arm.

She shook her head and moved away, but not abruptly. Quick to perceive it the man persisted.

"This is the season of fairies and sprites. Come with me, Cinderella, and I'll take you into Fairyland. With a dainty silk gown in place of this, a pretty crown instead of that Tam o' Shanter and a slipper to grace that little foot you will be a princess indeed. Will you come?" The girl turned slowly away.

"Wait for your flowers," urged the man.

The girl shook her head and moved on again.

Signalling his chauffeur to follow, the man took his place beside her.

"Why are you so mysterious?" he murmured, caressingly. "Is it to add to my enchantment? Are you some fairy in disguise that fears some dreadful spell will fall upon us both if you break that magic silence? What spell could be more fatal to me than the one you are weaving now?

"Will you not lift your veil and look at me for a single instant?—or stay—I will tell you! Come with me and I will take you to a fairy godmother. She will transform you into the beautiful princess you were intended to be, and then you will let me see you!"

Putting his hand on her arm he attempted to guide her into a secluded side street, but she turned back quickly. "No, no, no!" she murmured under her breath. "I cannot. Some one might see!"

"Who?" he asked sharply. "Are you married?"

The girl shook her head emphatically.

"Oh, ho!" he laughed, understandingly. "Nor like to be? Perhaps my pretty Cinderella has known another prince! Well, no matter! This prince will not ask troublesome questions, but if you cannot come with me now, Cinderella, will you come later?"

She hesitated an instant, then nodded.

"When? How soon?" he asked softly. "In half an hour? An hour?"

She nodded again.

Taking an orchid from his buttonhole and a blank card from his case he wrote a number on it and handed both to her.

"Call at this place," he said. "Give this flower to the person you find waiting and step quickly into the little room that opens off the hall. No one will see you there, and I will not keep you waiting. There can be no mistake."

Reaching out her hand she took the card and the orchid. The tip of a shapely finger peeped out as she did so. Quick to discern, this added to his fastidious satisfaction.

Stepping to his automobile he waited till she passed on, then backing it from the curb he sped away.

The girl paused an instant and gazed after him scornfully.

"I wonder what my gay prince would have said if he had recognized his Cinderella's voice?" she thought.

The crowd was growing slimmer now and she began to feel a sense of prominence again, and the old furtive manner returned.

As she reached a street in the old time quarter of the city, where a few old residents still owned and occupied their homes she turned sharply into the shadows, and, keeping close to the iron railings, stole swiftly along.

Before one large, pretentious house she stopped. Bright lights were burning in the basement and sounds of song and laughter floated out to her. Stealing into the area she leaned against the iron grating and peeped beneath a shade that was not closely drawn. The servants were entertaining; evidently all of the house servants were there. She raised herself softly and looked up. The house with the exception of the basement and the upper hall, where a dim light burned, appeared to be darkened.

Softly she got to her feet, crept out of the area and started up the broad stone steps. Half way up she turned and sprang the whole way down again, turning sharply to the right. The door at the top of the steps had opened, voices sounded and a lady and gentleman were descending.

"I don't know what to make of Helene," said the lady's voice complainingly. "This is one of the greatest functions of the season, and yet she refused positively to go. The Count will be there. I know he is serious in his attentions to her, and only needs an opportunity to declare himself. Half the girls are wild about him. Wealthy and handsome and titled, and yet she snubs him every way that she can! I am afraid her staying home tonight is a great mistake.

"She can't expect to play fast and loose with him forever. I told her so today, and she just made a moue and said her head ached and she was going to bed early."

"Well, I think, dear, you're a bit severe on the child," said the gentleman. "If she doesn't love him she ought not to be expected to marry him; money or titles or anything else doesn't count. The Count seems to be a good enough fellow, but the trouble is she's such a child she doesn't know her own mind yet. I'm afraid her head did ache. I said goodby at her door before I came down, and as she didn't answer I opened the door, but she had gone to bed; the room was quite dark and I did not disturb her."

The sharp click of horses' feet sounded on the pavement and a carriage drew swiftly up to the curb.

The girl had moved beyond the railings of the house and was limping slowly along. The gentleman looked sharply at her, hesitated a moment, then putting the lady into the carriage walked quickly back.

"What are you lingering here for?" he asked sharply. "Are you waiting for any one? No? Do you need anything? Well, get away about your business, then; we don't want any loitering in this neighborhood."

The girl quickened her step and limped away. The gentleman watched her for an instant, then joining the lady in the carriage the door closed sharply and they drove away.

As the sound of the carriage diminished the girl turned and hurried with no vestige of a limp back to the house and up the same stone steps again. Ah, if the servant had not already put up the chain!

She turned the knob softly and the door opened noiselessly. Pushing it gradually wider she saw that the coast was clear and stepped inside.

As she hesitated for an instant, all poised for flight, the half open door still in her hand, a burst of laughter from below reassured her.

Closing the door behind her she went swiftly up the stairs, her shabby shoes sinking into the deep rich carpets, her ragged mittens resting on the highly polished balustrade. Heeding neither the luxuriousness of the one nor the beauty of the other, giving no thought to the magnificence of statuary and paintings that surrounded her, she went steadily on to the hall above, past several closed doors, till she reached a half open one near the end of the hall.

Here she halted and listened for a moment, then pushing it wider she listened again. Stepping inside she closed it silently behind her and turned the key.

Guiding herself along the wall in the darkness her hand touched a button, and the room was suddenly flooded in soft radiance. She stood transfixed for an instant, then softly crossing the room she touched another button, and in this new flood of light she stood before a long pier glass and gazed silently at the figure reflected therein.

All about her as she stood dainty laces, cut glass and exquisite silver lay in pretty confusion—the elegant necessities of a dainty boudoir—but the eyes gazing through the gray-green veil dwelt not for an instant on the lovely trifles. They gazed as if fascinated at the unlovely apparition before them for a few moments, then turned away with a cynical smile.

"So this is his conception of a fairy princess? This his Cinderella! He is not so hard to suit nor half so fastidious as I thought him."

A key still was sticking into the lock of a wardrobe near by, and unhesitatingly turning it she opened the door and rummaged a bit among the lovely gowns within. Picking out a soft, filmy negligee, she took it down and threw it across the arms of a nearby chair and turned to the mirror again.

In an instant the hat and veil were on the floor and the coat and dress lay beside them. A slight sound outside the door attracted her attention, and she extinguished the light beside her quickly and, stooping, gathered the paraphernalia from the floor into a hasty bundle and crowded them silently into a corner of the wardrobe, which she closed.

Then she listened again. Presently a short sniff, sniff came from beneath the door. It was the dog. How fortunate she had not met him in the hall below! Motionless she stood on the far side of the room, till, after repeating his mode of investigation several times, the dog with a little whine of disappointment went away.

As she stood there a florist's box on the floor just inside the door, where it had probably been hurriedly placed by the maid, had caught her eye and now she examined it. It was from the same florist at whose window she had stood an hour ago, and the handwriting in the address—she slipped her hand into the pocket of the shabby skirt in the wardrobe and took out the card her so-styled "Prince" had given her. Yes, the writing was the same. One had been written with proper care and the other in evident haste, but—she laid the card on top of the box—there was no doubt the same hand had written both.

Turning out the light near the door she went back to the mirror and smiled knowingly at the reflection. Then going to the lavatory she revelled to the full in the completeness of its accessories, came back bright and glowing, arranged the soft hair that had been drawn into a hard knot on the back of her head into a pretty modish style, slipped on the dainty gown she had selected from the wardrobe; gazed, smilingly and complacently, at the charming reflection that smiled back at her, unlocked the door, rang the bell, and, seating herself before the open fire, with her back directly to the door and a book in her hand, she waited for the maid to answer her summons.

Helene did not get up to breakfast the next morning, and when her doting father ran up to inquire about the headache before he went down town she managed to put on quite an air of invalidism; but a few moments after his departure when the door bell rang and Helene's mother put her head in she looked quite bright and chic again.

"How's the head, darling?" asked her mother. "Carol is here and wants to come up. Do you feel you can see her?"

"Oh, yes, mother; by all means send her up."

"Oh, here you are, Carol!" as a bright face peeped over her mother's shoulder. "Come along in; my head's all right now, I'm just a bit lazy."

And Carol, coming in, shut the door behind Helene's mother and stood with her back against it, a funny little frown shadowing her pretty face.

"Oh, Helene, I am so disappointed," she said. "I had such a pretty romance all built around you, and here you've knocked it all to flinders!

"I felt just dreadful last night when your father told me you were not coming to the dance, and I wondered what the Count would think about it, but when he didn't come either it just occurred to me that you had both stayed away with a purpose. I know how perfectly crazy he is about you, and I know, Helene, that even if you do treat him badly sometimes you don't mean it all, and it just came to me like a flash that he had won you over at last and that you had planned to elope last night; and now here you are with nothing but a plain everyday headache to account for the whole thing!

"I just couldn't get here quick enough this morning to console your mother. Oh you are just too provoking! Did the Count know you were not going, and is that why he stayed away?"

"No, he didn't know I wasn't going, and I didn't know he wasn't going until it was too late for me to change my mind and go, but I just would have loved a dance with Alan Lyndale. Was he there?"

"Oh Carol, I must tell you the whole thing. You remember at the last meeting of the 'Fraternity' a penance was put upon most of us for infringements on the rules of the club? Well, just because some of the girls think I am a bit too exclusive and haughty they decided to humble my pride by commanding me to dress myself in mean, shabby clothes and walk for at least ten blocks on Broadway during its busiest hours before the old year was out. Of course, I dreaded the ordeal horribly. That and mother's everlasting poking the Count down my unwilling throat had become regular bugbears to me lately, so I concluded that as one was a necessary evil I would at least sacrifice the other to it.

"At the last moment I gave up the cotillon, thus escaping my ardent suitor for once, and took the opportunity to scourge myself, as ordained by the 'Frat,' and what do you suppose I incidentally found out? That the adoring Count, who, I supposed, was going to the cotillon just because I was to be there, was, as a fact, not going because of an appointment made at the very last moment with another lady, and at his own earnest solicitation!

"I chance to know that the lady in question did not keep the apopintment; but the fact that he expected her to kept him from going at all."

Sitting up in bed, Helene laughed at Carol's mystified face.

"Come closer, Carol, do," she said. "I'll have to whisper every word of this, for mother would put me straight into a sanitarium if she ever suspected it."

And so with their heads together, amid sharp little exclamations of surprise and horror and soft little ripples of amazed laughter, the story was told.

"What did you do with the roses?" asked Carol at the conclusion, looking about in vain for a glimpse of them.

"Why, I called Mammy up last night," said Helene, "swore her to secrecy without giving her any particulars, made her put those old duds on and tied the veil over her head just as I had worn it—to keep her from getting cold I told her. Then I sent her up to the address on the card with the orchid, the box of flowers and a note."

"I told her to just send up the orchid and then wait in the little room off the hall till she was sent for, then to give the box and the note to the gentleman who would be waiting.

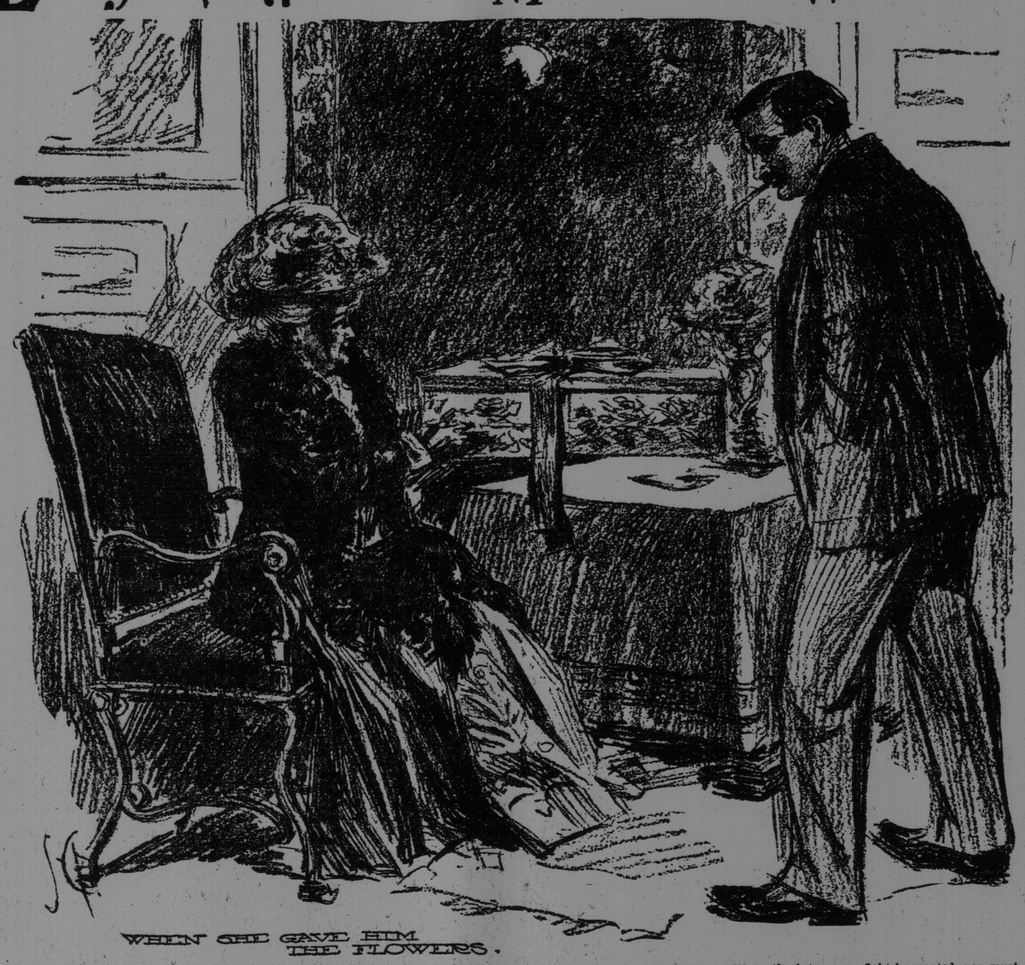
"The note was just a line to say that the lady to whom he had given the orchid and the box of flowers wished to return them both—the first because he had been mistaken in her and the second because she had been mistaken in him. I didn't sign it.

"Mammy says he went on something awful when she lifted up her veil; but when she gave him the flowers and the note he quieted down pretty quickly, and he asked her to explain, but Mammy just luffed her chin at him, the way she does when she gets beyond words, and walked out. So he's left to guess the conundrum himself, but I reckon he'll guess it right! Perhaps now he'll stop trying to cut poor Alan Lyndale out!"

* * * * * * * * *

"Henry," said Helene's mother a few days later, "what do you suppose I heard today? That the Count has been called home unexpectedly and has already sailed without a farewell to any one. I wonder if Helene refused him, and, if not, if she cares any more for him than she pretends to."

"Not she!" expostulated her father, indignantly. "Not she! I really do think, Adele, you have been trying to make a woman out of our little girl entirely too soon. Why, my dear, she's nothing but a child—a most unsophisticated child."



WHEN SHE GAVE HIM THE FLOWERS.

"COME WITH ME, CINDERELLA."

SLAVE TRADE IN WEST AFRICA

Former Boer General at New York Makes Grave Charges Against Portugal.

New York, Dec. 23—General F. Joubert Pienaar, who fought in the Boer war, arrived here from England yesterday on the steamship [illegible] York. This is his first visit to America and he brings with him a story of the slave trade existing on the West Coast of Africa, and of the cruelties practiced upon the unfortunate natives. General Pienaar's mission is to expose this human traffic, and he says he has a definite plan by which it can be stopped. This plan he does not care to reveal until he has presented a number of letters of introduction to persons of prominence in this city, whose advice he seeks in carrying out his work.

"There is no man who loves his wife and family more than I do," said he, when seen yesterday at No. 424 West Twenty-third street, "but what I have seen in the Angola province is of such a serious nature and it has impressed me so that I have left my wife and seven children in Cape Town and have cut loose from all other affairs to right this great wrong. Everything I say I can prove concerning these poor slaves and their treatment. After the Boer war I sold my property in the Transvaal and attempted to settle in Angola, where there was a Boer colony. After I was elected leader of the colony I was asked by the Portuguese government to supply a force of men to subdue a Kaffir chief. The men of the Portuguese force that went with my men shot the chief, cut off his head and sold it for nine little Kaffirs. They used the head as a corner stone for a new fort, and planted the Portuguese flag in the head. I wrote at once to the government, telling the officials that I could not be a leader of men who did such things. Instead of supporting me they hunted me out of the country, and I never should have been here but for the help of the British consul."

General Pienaar says the rich owners of the cocoa plantations in the islands of Principe and St. Thome, off Cape Palmas—who live in Lisbon—employ slave traders to get the slaves. These slaves, he asserts, are purchased in the interior and are driven to the coast shackled together in fours. A contract is read to them in Portuguese and they are forced to agree to its conditions, which they do not understand. They are then shipped to the Coco Islands, where they invariably die within a year from malarial fever, only to be replaced by others obtained in the same way. They are poorly fed, receive no money for their services, and are horribly beaten with cowhide thongs—often beaten to death, he says. The climate of the islands is such that the cocoa trees grow luxuriantly, but it is fatal to the inhabitants. The overseers and the cable company's employees, he says, have to leave before, or as soon as, the fever attacks them.

"I have challenged the Portuguese government," said the general, "to produce five slaves who had lived to come back from these islands, and they could not do it. There are three manufacturers of cocoa in England who buy about one-third of the product of these islands. Many of the owners of these plantations are members of the Portuguese government, who will fight to the bitter end any interference in this immensely prosperous industry, the income from which exceeds every other in that country. They connive with the slave traders who are rich men. They pay on an average $150 for a slave." The general told of a little Kaffir boy who ran away from his master. When he was caught this master beat him with a "shecot"—a cowhide thong, dried and twisted like a corkscrew—"until his little body was streaming with blood." He then boiled a piece of Boer stick tobacco and made the boy drink a cupful of the mixture, ending his life by hanging him to a beam by the heels. "And this man," said the general, "boasts of this and similar acts of cruelty to his slaves."

"SIN AND SOCIETY"

(Brandon Sun).

That modern conditions have given rise to new forms of sin is the thesis developed in a little book on Sin and Society, written by Edward Alsworth Ross, late of Stamford University, and recently reviewed editorially in the San Francisco Bulletin. In his preface he says that "in its reactions against wrongdoing the public is childishly naive and sentimental. It is content with the surface look of things. It lays emphasis where emphasis was laid centuries ago. It beholds sin in a false perspective, seeing peccadillos as crimes and crimes as peccadillos. It never occurs to the public that sin evolves along with society and that the perspective in which it is necessary to view misconduct changes from age to age."

Society is now in an advanced stage of complexity. Never before, in the more highly civilized states, has the individual been more dependent on his fellows and on their efficiency, intelligence and integrity. To quote Prof. Ross:

"Under our present manner of living, how many of my vital interests I must intrust to others! Nowadays the water main is my well, the trolley car my carriage, the banker's safe my old stocking, the policeman's billy my fist. My own eyes and nose and judgment defer to the inspector of food, or drugs, or gas, or factories, or tenements, or insurance companies. I rely upon others to look after my drains, invest my savings, nurse my sick and teach my children. I let the meat trust butcher my pigs, the oil trust mould my candles, the sugar trust boil my sorghum, the coal trust chop my wood, the barb-wire company split my rails."

This extreme independence is the result of the specilization characteristic of latter-day conditions. If in some direction it has been fruitful of good, it has, on the other hand, cirmuscribed the individual and created new forms of crime less repellent than the old because more insidious and more easil yconcealed, but equally demoralizing and injurious to the social fabric.

"The darling sins," says Prof. Ross, "that are blackening the face of our time are incidental to the ruthless pursuit of private ends and hence quite without prejudice. The victims are used or sacrificed not all from personal ill will, but because they can serve as pawns in somebody's little game. Like the wayfarers run down by the automobile, they are offered up to the god of speed. The essence of wrongs that infest our artificial society is betrayal rather than aggressive. Having perforce to build men of willow into a social fabric that calls for oak, we see on all hands monstrous treacheries—adulterators, peculators, boodlers, grafters, violating the trust others have placed in them. The little finger of Chicane has come to be thicker than the loins of Violence."

The new type of offender Prof. Ross calls quasi-criminal, or "criminaloid," and if a strenuous fight be wanted, you must, he says, attack the powers they prey not on the vices of the lax, but on the necessities of the decent.

"The deferred dividend graft, the yellow dog fund, the private car iniquity, the Higher Thimblerig, far from turning tail and slinking away beaten like the vice-caterers, confront us rampant, fire-belching, sabre-toothed and razor-clawed. They are able to gag critics, hobble investigators, hood the press and muzzle the law. Drunk with power, in office and club, in church and school, in legislature and court, they boldly make their stand, ruining the innocent, righteous, destroying the careers and shredding the reputations of the opportunities of their assailants, dragging down pastor and scholar, publicist and business man, from livelihood and influence, unhorsing alike faithful public servant, civic champion and knight-errant of conscience, and all the while gathering into loathsome captivity the souls of multitudes of young men. Here is a fight where blows are rained and armor dented and wounds suffered and laurels won. If a sworn champion of the right will prove he is a man and not a dummy, let him go up against these."

Prof. Ross gets near the heart of company wrong-doing when he lays a large share of the ultimate responsibility on the very respectable persons who insist upon dividends and who will not accept moral scruples as an excuse for dividends passed.

"There is nothing," he writes, "like distance to disinfect dividends. Therefore, the moral character of the stockholders makes very little difference in the conduct of the affairs of the corporation. Christian or heathen, native or alien, blue blood or plebian, rich or poor, they all sanction much the same thing, and that is, the policy which promises the biggest dividend in the long run. To the directors, their virtual mandate is, 'Get results!' The directors pass this mandate to the officers. The officers pass it along to the heads of departments, and these heads send it down the line. Take one gas company formed by saints and another formed by sinners. The directors of the two companies will be more alike than the stockholders, the officers will be still more alike, and the men who come in contact with the legislature or the city council, or the gas consumers, will not differ by a shade. The saintly stockholders not only do not know what is going on, but so long as the dividends are comfortable they resent having inconvenient knowledge thrust upon them."

In a healthier state of public opinion not only inconvenient knowledge but inconvenient responsibility would be brought home to where it properly belongs. That legal fiction which makes of incorporated companies separate persons, is answerable for much of the indifference shown by them towards their employes and the public. The real criminaloids usually manage to escape punishment, and the inability of the criminal law to reach them is one of the causes of the demand for statutory amendment. Themselves law and contract breakers, they are the first to appeal to the law for protection against what they call spoliation, but what is, in reality, only an attempt on the part of the people to obtain the reasonable and fair treatment to which they are entitled.

Ireland maintains nearly 400 egg-distributing stations for the purpose of bettering the poultry of the country.

It always fits right.

Get your size in Stanfield's—and you will get perfect fitting underwear. Stanfield's Underwear is absolutely unshrinkable.

That means, no stretch—no bulging over the hips, wrinkling at the waist.

All sizes from 22 to 70 inch bust—in 3 winter weights.

Insist on seeing

Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear