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THE DAILY MAIL.

WEATHER REPORT.

Toronto (noon)—Fair to-day; Friday, fresh South West winds, milder.

VOLUME 1, No. 59.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1914.

PRICE:—1 CENT.

NEW MEMORIAL C. OF E. ORPHANAGE IS PROPOSED

Annual Meeting of the Institution Was Held Yesterday Afternoon.—Small Attendance.

THE VARIOUS REPORTS VERY ENCOURAGING

Seventy-Nine Children Are Now Being Cared For.—More Financial Support Is Needed.

DIAMOND JUBILEE C. OF E. ORPHANAGE

Next year, 1915, the C. of E. Orphanage will celebrate its Diamond Jubilee, and an effort is being made to erect a new building on a more suitable site, as a memorial.

Here is a charitable enterprise which everyone should support. The Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. Rendell, and other officers, will, no doubt, be glad to acknowledge donations.

The annual meeting of the friends and supporters of the C. of E. Orphanage took place at the Orphanage yesterday afternoon.

The attendance was very small, not more than fifty ladies and gentlemen being present. The audience was an enthusiastic one, however, and those who have the welfare of the institution at heart can rest assured that in spite of yesterday's small meeting, interest in the Orphanage is not lacking.

Income \$139.77 Less.

The Treasurer's statement showed that the income was \$139.77 less than the previous year. This is not as it should be, especially in view of the increased amount of current expenses at the Orphanage.

His Lordship the Bishop presided in the absence of the Governor. The meeting opened with hymn and prayer by the Chaplain, Rev. G. R. Godden, M.A.

The secretary's report was read by Mr. Rendell, and Mr. G. Davey read the treasurer's report.

Mr. J. A. Clift and Mr. Tasker Cook seconded the motion that the reports be received and adopted.

Mr. R. B. Job proposed and Hon. J. Harvey seconded a vote of thanks to the retiring officers and the ladies of the committee who had done so much for the institution.

Reference was made to the Hon. Physician, whose services were given

PREDICT TRANSFER OF COLONEL SEELEY.

London, Mar. 26.—Colonel Seely's transfer to another Cabinet post is predicted, and the announcement and acceptance of Generals Paget's and Gough's resignations would be no surprise.

Want Resignation Of Lord Morley

Who Has Admitted That he Helped Paget Draw up the Unauthorized Offer.

London, March 26.—Lord Morley, of Blackburn, during a speech in the House of Lords made the important admission that the two unauthorized paragraphs added to the Gough letter were drafted by Colonel Seely in consultation with himself. The Conservative morning papers, commenting on this admission, contend that Morley, who holds the office of Lord President of the Council, ought also to resign.

gratuitously. Rev. G. R. Godden relied on behalf of the managers.

Board Reappointed.

Mr. H. W. LeMessurier proposed and Mr. T. Peel seconded, that the previous board be re-appointed as follows:

Hon. Treasurer—W. B. Griev. Hon. Secretary—W. F. Rendell. Hon. Secretary S.S.O.L.—Mrs. W. C. Job.

Hon. Chaplain—Rev. G. R. Godden. Hon. Physician—Dr. T. Anderson. Committee—Rev. G. H. Bolt, J. A. Clift, K.C., D. M. Browning, G.C., Miss Browning and Mrs. (Hon.) M. G. Winter.

Mr. LeMessurier then proposed a vote of thanks to His Lordship for presiding.

All the speakers referred to the excellent work of the new Superintendent, Mr. J. B. Wadland and his wife. The institution is now in better condition than ever, but it requires the constant and hearty support of its friends.

Children in Orphanage

The report of the managers, which is the fifty-ninth for the institution, showed that during the year just terminated there were 79 children in the orphanage, of whom 40 were male and 39 females. The following figures give further details:

Returns for 1913	Boys	Girls	Total
In Orphanage 31st Dec., 1912	36	32	68
Entered Orphanage during 1913	4	7	11
Total in Orphanage 1913	40	39	79

(Continued on page 6.)

ASQUITH OPPOSES CONCESSIONS TO OFFICERS

Says They Were Offered Without His Knowledge and Consent and That He Does Not and Will Not Agree to Them.

London, March 26.—Premier Asquith said his statements that the officers should return to duty unconditionally were in good faith, since he only learned of Seely's amendment to the Cabinet's memorandum only yesterday afternoon.

The Prime Minister made clear the Government's position regarding the Army, declaring he would not assent to the claim of any body of men in the service of the Crown to demand assurances of what they should be required to do in circumstances which had not arisen.

Sir Edward Grey spoke even more strongly than the Premier.

He said the Government was prepared at any moment to use force to whatever extent it is required to make the will of the people prevail.

He continued, "this is a contingency which cannot arise for a long time and we will labor to avoid it."

SAYS LIBERALS MUST APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY

Sir Charles Tupper is Doubtful if They Will Succeed in Getting a Majority.

CONTENDS GREAT BRITAIN NEEDS FEDERAL SYSTEM.

And Passage of Home Rule Would Prevent This Ever Being Set Up.

London, March 26.—"Never within my long life time has there been anything like so critical a position as affairs to-day," declared Sir Charles Tupper. "I am satisfied that the Government will be compelled to go to the country, but I doubt exceedingly if they will be able to carry a majority of the seats."

"One of the greatest objections to the Home Rule Bill, apart from Ulster situation," continued Sir Charles, "is that Great Britain, as much as Canada, requires a Federal Government, that is a representation of Scotland, Ireland and Wales; England by legislatures dealing with local affairs, while the Parliament at Westminster

RUMORED MINISTRY HAD ENTIRELY RESIGNED.

London, March 25.—After a protracted Cabinet Council this morning the rumor was started that the entire Ministry had decided to resign.

Other reports were current that Colonel Seely, Secretary for War, and Winston Churchill had handed in their resignations to Asquith.

No confirmation of either report was obtained.

100 Drowned In a Collision

Fatal Accident Was Caused By An Italian Torpedo Boat Ramming Steamer.

Venice, March 19.—A torpedo boat to-day cut down a small passenger steamer which plies between Venice and Lido, a chain of sandy islands separating the Lagoon of Venice from the Adriatic, and fifty persons were drowned. The sharp nose of the torpedo boat went through the stern of the steamer, which sank almost immediately. The victims included many women and children.

Fifteen persons on deck at the time were saved by the crew of the torpedo boat. The others were caught in the cabin and were carried down with the wreck. The Italian sailors dived many times in an effort to rescue those who sank with the steamer, but without avail.

Intense excitement prevails here, not only because of the extent of the disaster, but because the names of the victims are not yet known.

GENERAL PAGET MADE BLUNDER

By Practically Giving an Ultimatum to the Officers of the Cavalry Brigade.

London, March 26.—The blunder General Paget made appears to have been in giving a practical ultimatum to the officers of the Cavalry Brigade to say whether they would take active service in Ulster or accept dismissal.

would deal only with National business."

"The present Irish Bill destroys that possibility because it gives Ireland what nobody would dream of giving to Scotland or Wales, control of the Post Office and Customs. The passage of the bill would prove a fatal obstacle to any Bill providing a general Federal scheme for the rest of the Kingdom."

CHARGES KING IS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE

Labor and Liberal Organs Say That His Majesty Unwarrantably Interfered.

DRAWING ROOM INFLUENCE HAD GREAT DEAL OF EFFECT.

Labor Members Charge That There Has Been Discrimination Between Rich and Poor.

London, Mar. 25.—The Daily Telegraph has made inquiries regarding the reports that both Col. Seely and Sir Edward Grey are about to resign in response to which the Chief Liberal Whip, Percy Illingsworth, declared that both reports are unfounded.

The Daily Citizen, the labor organ, openly ascribes the crisis to the interference of the King and Court and said the King has interfered; he has been interfering all through.

Conservative Court.

For months the Court has been a conservative committee, in the activities of which titled women have been taking part headed by Lady Londonderry and whoever knows an army officer knows his susceptibility to feminine influence. Fortunately distinguished officers, like Field Marshall French and General Paget had no part in the conspiracy and can be relied upon to do a soldier's duty, should the necessity arise. The Government has displayed weakness, apparently because it is trying to cover up somebody's blunder.

The Citizen yesterday hinted that Lady Londonderry had actually visited Curragh Camp to influence officers.

Momentous Debate.

The Times believes that the debate in the Commons to-day on the official documents will decide the fate of the Secretary for War. The Times says evidence has accumulated to confirm the reports that the Government's intended coup in Ulster was on a larger scale than the public are yet aware of and that a large fleet was ordered to support the military movement, the order being countermanded only when the Curragh officers refused to serve.

In an editorial the Times acquits Premier Asquith and his more responsible colleagues of any effective share either in the conception or the mishandling of the Ulster plot.

In Open Revolt.

The Labor Party members who throughout Asquith's administration have been criticized by many of the rank and file of their party for seeming to be docilely chained to the Asquith chariot wheels are in open revolt. They harp upon the fact that Tom

CARSON CRITICISES ACTS OF GOVERNMENT.

Belfast, March 25.—"Ulster is entirely indifferent as to the resignation of the Secretary of War, or whether any other member of the discredited Asquith Government resign," said Carson here to-day.

"The actions of the Government have proved that any half dozen school boys, picked at random, could make a better show at running a country."

Mann was sent to prison for six months for inciting soldiers to refuse to fire upon strikers when ordered and demand to be informed as to whether there is to be one law for aristocrats with commissions and another for plebeians in the ranks, when it comes to matters of conscience and obedience to orders.

John Redmond, in a statement declared that the question is whether the atmosphere of the aristocratic London drawing-rooms or the will of the majority of the people should prevail.

How the Land Lies.

The Commons witnessed yesterday afternoon a telling demonstration of how the land lies. It showed where not only Irish Home Rulers and Laborites who made Asquith's majority and hold the balance of power in the House stand but also that many Liberals are opposed to what from their present information they consider a surrender to the army officers.

The Army Appropriation Bill was under discussion and a Unionist, Leopold C. Amery, moved a resolution for the purpose of criticizing the Government on the ground that it was not entitled to use the army for party purposes, which is the basis of the Unionist position in the present crisis.

Smash the Army.

John Ward, a Laborite, who was a dock laborer and was at one time a private in the Army, seconded the motion, but from a different point of view. He said that the Conservatives by approving of the rebellion of the officers have started to smash the British Army. The House, he said, had to decide whether it was going to maintain the discipline of the Army as a neutral force or whether the Parliament elected by the people should absolutely without interference from the King or Army make the laws of the realm.

When the speaker uttered in stentorian tones "Without interference from King or Army," giving a dramatic pause on the word "King," half the House was on its feet cheering.

The Labor members and all the Home Rule Irishmen, and not only them, but very many of the Liberal members, stood and shouted for a considerable space of time. Parliament has not witnessed such

HOUSE HAMMERS THE MILITARY CLASS

Members Denounce the Officers for the Stand They Took With Reference to the Situation in the Province of Ulster.

London, March 25.—The refusal to-day of Premier Asquith to accept the proffered resignation of Col. Seely, Secretary of State for War, was followed by a strong speech by the head of the Cabinet, who told the Commons that the Government had taken a firm stand in regard to the position of public servants.

He said he would never assent to the claim of any body of men in the service of the Crown to demand from the Government assurances of a hypothetical character as to what should be done in circumstances which had not arisen. It would, he said, be a new claim and would put the Government at the mercy of the military and naval authorities.

The Premier's announcement sent the supporters of the Government wild. They climbed on benches, waving papers and handkerchiefs, to the accompaniment of cheers, which lasted for several minutes.

Premier Asquith indicated in the Commons this afternoon, that he had chosen to have the entire Cabinet stand or fall together, when he announced that he would not accept Colonel Seely's resignation.

Asquith and other Liberal leaders endeavored in every way possible to answer the charge that King George had interfered in the administration of the Government.

The Prime Minister deprecated the "improper attempt to drag the King into conflict." His Majesty has observed at all times every rule that comports with the dignity of his position as a constitutional monarch, said the Premier; and he reprehended the "most unfair, improper and inconsistent attempts being made to draw the King's name into the controversy."

Premier Asquith stated that in their reply to General Gough, Cabinet Ministers had carefully abstained from giving any assurances.

BRUCE PASSENGERS.

The Bruce arrived at Port au Basques at 10.30 a.m. yesterday with the following passengers:

F. Smallwood, C. W. Bigly, W. H. Carroll, J. F. Evans, Dr. E. Ames, W. H. Abbott, R. C. Power, M. Whealan, J. J. Starr, jr., W. E. Ladley, J. W. McRiely, R. Allison, Miss M. Field.

an obviously hostile criticism of the Throne in the memory of the oldest member nor even in the past century.

Bringing Up Father.-

By Geo. McManus



A DAUGHTER OF THE STORM!

BY CAPT. FRANK H. SHAW.

CHAPTER II.

The Waiting.

(Continued)

A sudden roar that seemed to beat down the strident note of the gale, the clattering of heavy feet overhead, set Curzon's teeth on edge. The ship lost her steadiness, she lurched sickly, twisted and rose, only to descend again.

"Mainsail's gone," said the mate. "Reckon I'd better get on deck and attend to things."

"Yes, you'd better. No—stay where you are," replied Curzon, for, with the crash of the ruined sail in his ears, he had heard another sound. The two men looked at one another again, and then disappeared into the inner room.

CHAPTER III.

Two Great Mysteries.

"Pass that brandy bottle over, Steadman. Look alive, man. She's collapsed."

"Damn this cork," grunted the mate, worrying out the offending stopper with his teeth. "Here you are, sir. A glass? Yes, here it is."

He poured out a generous allowance into the tumbler which Captain Curzon extended shakily. Curzon's other arm was under his wife's fallen head. "Funnest brandy I ever saw," grunted Steadman, still pouring. "Why—it's water! That stoward—the devil!" Curzon smelt the liquid swiftly, and a look of awful agony crossed his face.

"That's it," he said. "He's drunk it and filled the bottle with water. I'll

"I'll nip along to the galley and see if there's any hot coffee. If I hadn't been a beast I'd have saved some of my own spirit. There isn't another drop aboard, is there?" asked Steadman. And Captain Curzon shook his head madly.

It was all over by this. Heralded by the sonorous howlings of the untamed storm, rocked in the boisterous cradle of the angry sea, a little life had come into being out of departing life, and Mrs. Curzon lay back on the pillows deathly white, swooning, the shell of a woman. As yet her husband could not realise what had passed; it had been a vague, poignant dream, punctuated by frenzied spasms of helplessness. The nightmares of real sleep were but as trivialities when compared with that which he had endured. Presently would come a knowledge of what had gone; but, so far, Curzon seemed wrapped up in a stupor, moving automatically, actuated by his subconscious will.

He waved his hand towards the door, and Steadman disappeared. But, after wading breast-deep in boiling, surging water, the mate found the galley dark and cold, the fires extinguished by the pouring water, and the coffee in the great boiler rank and chill, strongly impregnated with salt. For five full minutes he strove to kindle warmth and light in the stove, but in vain.

He reeled back to the cabin, streaming wet, blood dripping from a wound on his arm, and entered the silent room again. Curzon looked up expectantly, then stifled a groan as the mate shook his head.

"Is she better?" asked Steadman in a whisper.

"No, she's not come round yet. If we'd had that brandy—curse that devil of a steward! If we'd only been prepared. Hush! she's moving."

The inert figure had stirred slightly in his arms. He swung around, to meet the dim gaze of his wife's half-closed eyes.

"What—is—it?" she panted. "A girl," he whispered tenderly. "Look up, Mary, lass, look up. Don't—don't—I can't bear it, girl; I'm afraid."

"I'm glad—dear—but—I'm—sorry, too. I'd—hoped—to—give—you—a—son—but—"

"I'm glad, sweetheart," he groaned. "Rouse yourself, Mary. It is all over now."

"Remember what you promised," she said with sudden spirit and alarming distinctness. "I leave here to you, Jack. Now, kiss me."

Steadman seemed to know by instinct that an even greater presence than new-born life was in the stifling, oppressive room. He moved away silently, his face working frightfully, the hot salt tears running down his face. At heart this gruff, hard man of the sea was as soft and tender as a woman, and he knew that Mary Curzon stood outside the entrance to a harbour fairer far than any on this earth.

The storm gained in violence as he waited in the outer chamber, his slow-moving mind at war with itself. One desire seemed to rise paramount even in that time of bitter grief—the desire

ings, which in turn gave place to still more Titanic howlings.

"She's better?" cried the mate of a sudden, as the door opened and Captain Curzon came forth. Curzon's face seemed nobler than ever before. In his arms was a small bundle, that moved feebly.

"No, she's dead," he whispered. "She's left me this to remind me of

through a port, which was showing red against the blackness. "Light out of darkness," he murmured, and then the strong man bowed his head and wept till the great sobs shook him to his very soul.

And so, a chill of storm, born in the lap of the gale, Aileen Curzon, robbing her mother of life, stepped forth from the void of the infinite by the gate of birth, and drew the breath of life strongly.

Steadman, the child in his arms, rose awkwardly and placed one rough hand on his captain's heaving shoulder. "We must forget what's gone," he said, "and remember the child. Pull yourself together, man."

CHAPTER IV.

The Steward Settles His Account.

The dawn broke high above a black cloud-bank red as fire, sure foreteller of still worse weather, and young Vigors, grimy and weary, gazed numbly forward. Long hours had passed since he took charge of the deck, every fraction of sea knowledge that he possessed had been drawn upon to minimise the awful discomfort of the staggering ship, but he said that all would be well.

After frantic strivings, the Zoroaster had recognised the master hand on the helm, and had thrown herself along with increased steadiness; the sickly lurches and the awful swoops had lessened vastly. Simms, as calm and imperturbable as if taking a fine-weather trick in the Trades, gnawed stolidly at his tobacco quid and passed the spokes of the wheel from hand to hand slowly, watching the ship as a dying man might watch for the opening of Heaven's gate. To leeward of the wheel Fraser stood, and his grim, set face told of what he had endured those long hours of suspense.

Dimly objects became distinguishable now. The sky overhead was steely blue in patches, astern it was black and intensely ominous. Ahead, the red and lurid glow of the sunrise, shot here and there with livid green, suffused the raging sea with a crimson glow of fictitious warmth that might have deceived one little experienced to the vagaries of Easting weather.

Round and about the mizen truck, with never a moment of its widespread pinions, a mighty albatross careered, keeping up with the racing ship without a single muscular effort. Now and then it emitted a strange, croaking cry; once it left its lofty exiles, swooping down to the sea, grasped at a floating piece of refuse with its foot-long beak, and soared anew, maintaining easily its steadfast position.

Now the Zoroaster began to gleam brightly in the gathering day. She

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presented a strange spectacle, for she had run through a tremendous gale, and showed signs of what she had endured. The upper sails were lying neatly along their yards, they had been stowed in fine weather; the solid rolls of canvas were so closely furled that nothing short of a typhoon could have stirred them from their holding. But lower down the traces of the storm were more in evidence.

The mainsail had carried away, and had been hauled up and stowed as chance permitted. It hung in ugly lumps beneath the yard, it lay in miniature mountains above the jacks; in place of the small gaskets which should have kept it fast, long stretches of rope were passed and re-passed around sail and yard together. Men had grappled with what seemed like certain death to bring that ninety-foot stretch of sail to obedient quiescence. They had clawed and sworn, had strained with fingers from which the angry blood strated protestingly to reduce order out of thunderous, flapping riot.

One of the forward lifeboats had been swept away bodily; the davits swung creakingly over the side, the unrove tackle-falls reaching far ahead like spidery whips. The chicken coop had carried away from its lashings, and now lay in a distorted heap in the lee scuppers, the water pouring in and out of the barred front. Some drenched, still bodies, the ship's stock of poultry, washed about on the floor of the great box.

(To be continued.)

Wild N.S. Sheep Are Victims of Extreme Cold

Halifax, March 20.—Among the wild creatures that suffered most during the recent cold weather were the hardy sheep that swarm on the coasts in the Eastern part of Nova Scotia on the archipelago of the thousand islands upon which these inhabitants of the sea-coast live. Hundreds of the wild sheep were found upon the shores of the rocky and wooded coasts where they had perished in their attempts to obtain their daily food of seaweed, dulce, eel grass and kelp, their shaggy coats a mass of solid ice from the spray that had dashed over them from the sea.

A large number of the sheep are found in the county of Guysboro of unusual size. They are loaded down with coats of heavy wool that has never been shorn since the owners were born. Sure footed and swift as antelopes they jump from crag to crag of the high cliffs trusting to their heavy coats to save them in case of a fall.

Existing where cattle and horses cannot live and swimming from island to island, these sheep are the marvel of this part of the world. Hundreds of years ago their ancestors were brought to the region by hardy French pilgrims, and since that time these wild descendants of the Breton sheep have grown and multiplied and are only kept from greater increase by the severe winter season. So quick and alert are they to danger that they seldom fall victims to the casual hunters, and at the first sense of danger they plunge into the waves and swim to safety.

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SEALING VOYAGE, 1914.

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The Coupon attached must be sent or mailed to our store and 10 cents enclosed for purchase of an article to this value. City and Outports are alike entitled to enter for this Free Gift Prize and competition will close on 25th of this month. Every Coupon reaching us by this date will be accepted and competition will apply only to steamers reaching destination after midnight of 25th, in the event of a steamer arriving previously with or without seals before this date.

Here is the Coupon, cut it out, send 10c. and receive an article to this value.

FREE GIFT-\$5.00 COUPON

I predict that the first arrival from the 1914 Seal Fishery after 25th March will be the S. S. _____ with _____ Seals.

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We offer the following NEW MEATS just landed:

- 100 brls. Special Fam. Beef
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- 150 barrels Fat Back Pork
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- 1000 brls. Am. Gran. Sugar

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"You certainly get splendid value every time in these "Asbestol" gloves. Look for that "Asbestol" trademark—it's the only way you can be sure of the genuine. The prices are low. See them today.



Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's

to lay hands on the cringing, drunken brute whose latest orgy was responsible for the sweet woman's death. To have dragged the steward down by the lying thriat, to have torn the life out of his miserable heart, to have dispatched him beforehand before the great Throne as a herald of the coming of one whose presence he was not fit to pollute, that was the dominant thought in Steadman's mind.

At times he shivered in his soaking garments, but he did it unconsciously. The fury of the gale seemed illimitable. It was a mad battle of giants; their hoarse roars to one another sounded stridently, only to die down into gasping screams and frantic whin-

her," and he drew aside the blanket. Steadman gazed down with some curiosity at the tiny, wrinkled face disclosed. Then, because of a new strange lump in his throat, a lump that no amount of swallowing would displace, he turned away, blindly groping for a seat. Curzon followed him and placed the squirming bundle in his unwilling arms.

"You've got to help me with her," said the father. "You're all she's got beside myself."

"Please God, I'll do my best," said Steadman huskily.

"We'll call her Aileen," said Captain Curzon after a while. "It means light, and there's the day." He pointed

A WORD TO THE WISE!

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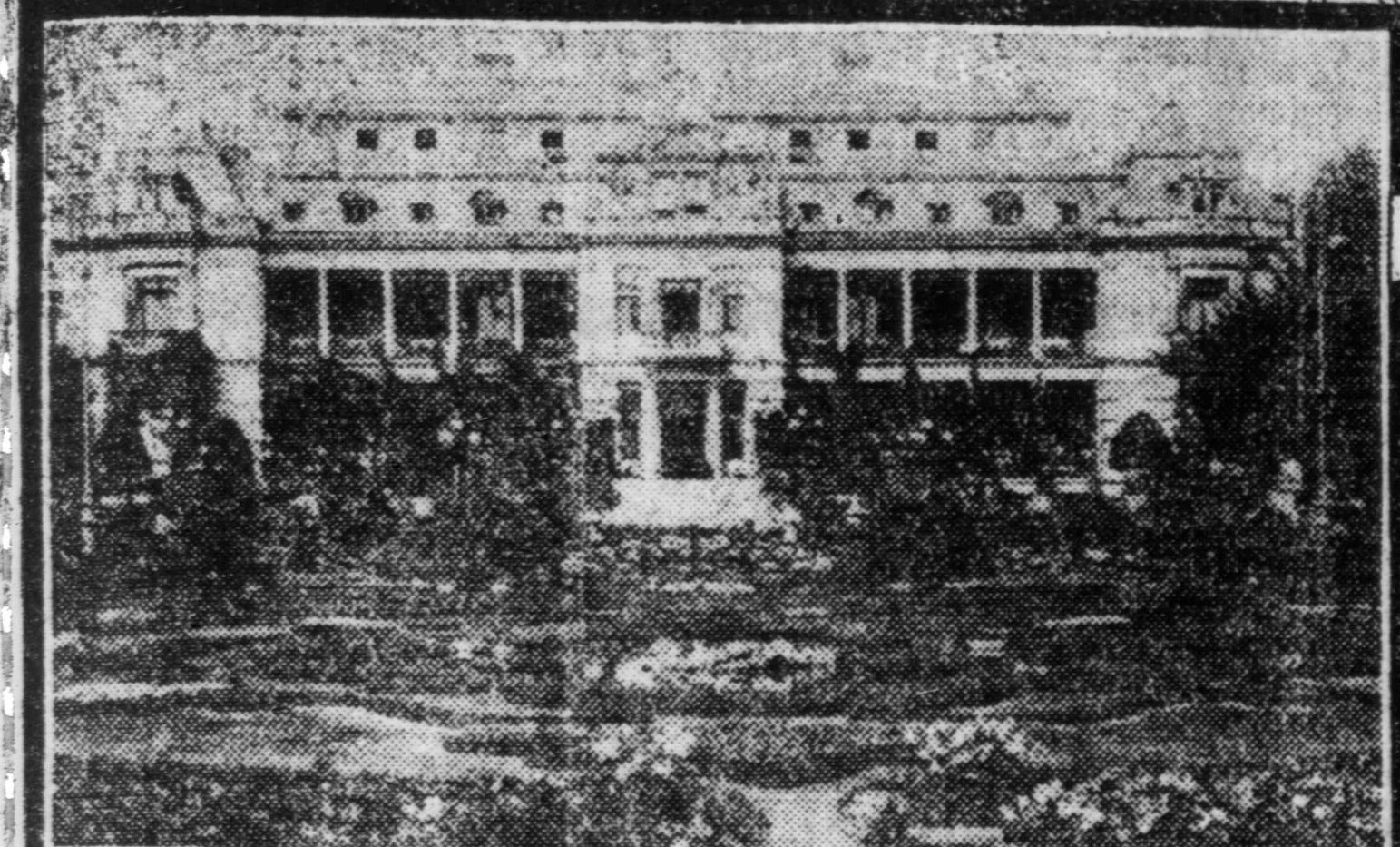
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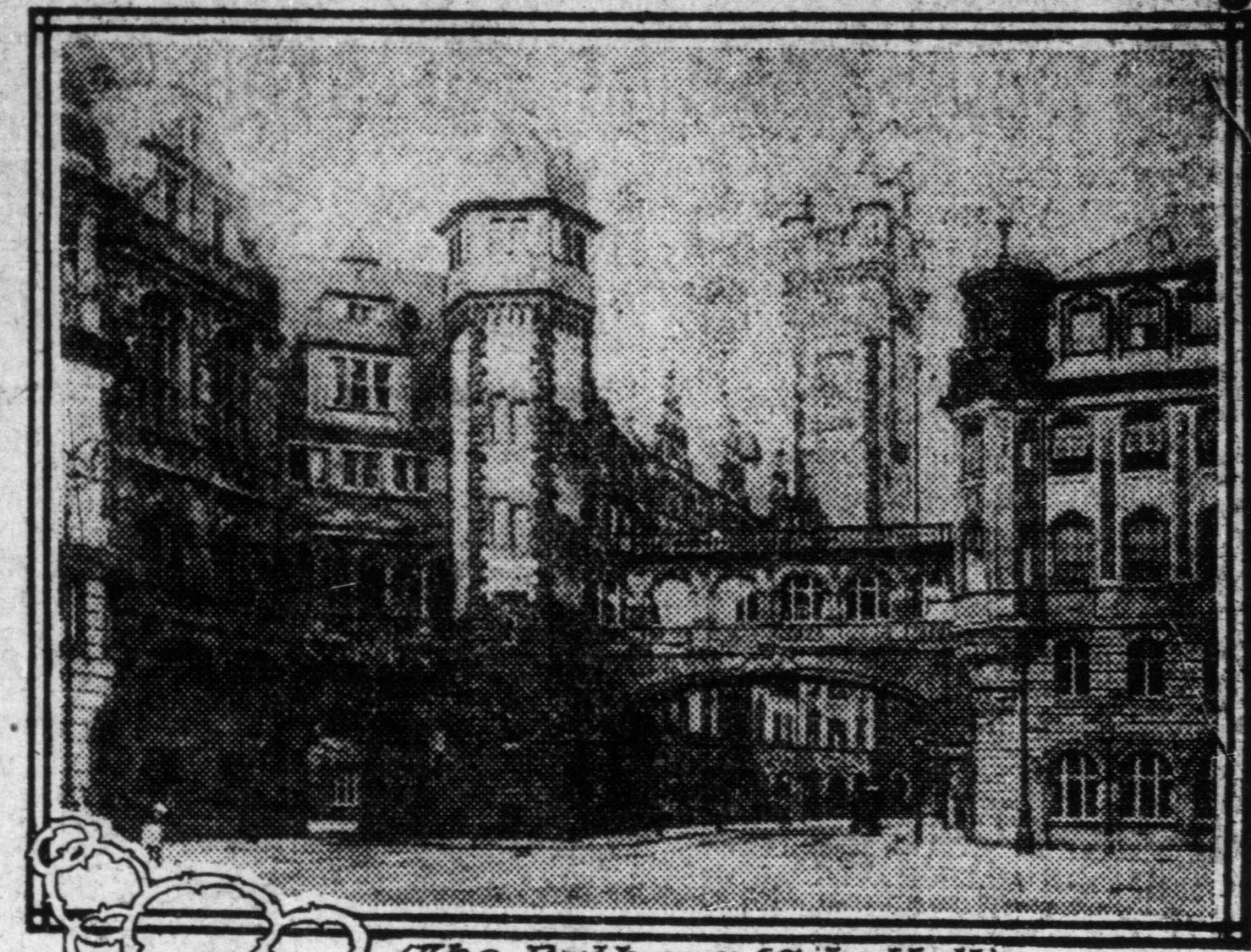


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As far back as 792 Frankfort is mentioned in history as the seat of the royal residence, and in 794 Charlemagne held a convocation of the bishops and dignitaries of the Empire at this place. The erection of a new palace by Louis the pious in 822 gave the city an impetus of prosperity, and by the time of the death of Louis the German in 844 it was looked upon as the finest city, as well as the capital of the East Frankish Empire. In 1332 Frankfort became practically independent, but was not officially recognized as a free city until the beginning of the sixteenth century.

In 1810 it became the capital of the Grand Duchy of Frankfort. Again in 1815 it became one of the four free cities of the German Confederation and the seat of the Diet. In 1866 it passed to Prussia, under which government it still remains.

Frankfort is known as the model city of the continent. It is delightfully situated on the right bank of the river Main and being protected by the Taunus mountains, it is favored with a mild, bracing climate. On the left bank of the river lies Sachsenhausen, a suburb of Frankfort. This place is connected with that city by five stone bridges and an iron suspension bridge. These crossings are especially artistic and add not a little to the beauty of this section of the city.

Frankfort has a population of about

100,000, one-eighth of whom are Jews. A number of the latter race of people possess considerable wealth, and their beautiful homes rival the palaces of the wealthy Americans at Newport.

Plan Resembles Washington.

The city is laid out something after the plan of Washington, as the streets converge into open squares in different sections of the city. These squares are known as "platz" and are located in all parts of the city, even in the business section. The Kaiserstrasse—the Broadway of Frankfort—is very wide and, like the streets of all German cities, is scrupulously clean—in fact Frankfort is the real spotless town, for every morning the streets are actually scrubbed. The task of scrubbing the streets of a city each day seems to the average person a colossal undertaking, yet in Frankfort the work is accomplished with little difficulty. First a street sprinkler is sent out and the asphalt pavement is flooded with water. The water wagon is closely followed by men with long-handled scrubbing brushes, and they soon scrub every particle of dirt from the street. Following them are men with big rubber mops, who wipe away the water which runs to the sewer. The street dries in a few minutes. The residents take special pride in keeping the sidewalks clean by having them washed every morning.

Cleanliness Universal.

"The streets are never really dirty," said an American resident of the town, "for the people would not think of throwing trash in the streets. The children are taught civics in the schools and the Frankfort youngsters learn cleanliness from their early childhood, and they would consider throwing trash about the streets a crime."

The sanitation of the city has been studied over and over by American experts, who have pronounced it perfect, and the plan has been copied by several American cities. Added to this there is an abundant supply of spring water drawn from the neighboring mountains.

There are practically no slums in Frankfort, that is, slums according to the American definition of the word. Even the narrowest street is clean and the homes of the poor are carefully inspected as to ventilation, etc. The cleanliness of the German housewife is proverbial, consequently while Frankfort has its poorer class they are not ill-housed or dirty.

Mayor's Office No Smokey.

The selection of the Mayor of

Frankfort is based upon his knowledge of city affairs and not on what he has done for "his party," as in many instances in the United States. His appointment must also be sanctioned by the King. The office is by no means a sinecure, for the Mayor's entire time must be given to the work of finding out just what is best for the people, and then putting it into practice—in fact, he must be a father to the entire city and, like a wise father, prepare for the welfare of the descendants of his children. The methodical nature of the Germans stands out in the government of Frankfort especially, for the Mayor is following out a plan which prepares the city for its growth during the next fifty years. This does not confine itself alone to laying out and beautifying streets, but it comprises every utility which in time the city will be compelled to provide for the public, such as sewers, hospitals and terminals for street cars, for the street car system of the city is under municipal control.

Frankfort will always be a beautiful city from the fact that only certain kinds of houses are allowed in cer-

tain sections. For instance, the man who builds a fine residence is assured of beautiful surroundings, and houses of the same type. This same protection is given to the owner of a more modest home.

The factories are located in certain sections, and such a thing as dirty, black smoke, is a thing unknown in the residential part of the city.

Public Utilities Under Public Control.

Nearly all the public utilities such as street railways, savings banks, gas, electric lights, slaughter houses and even pawn shops, are under municipal control. The method of running the pawn shop is especially interesting, for it is more than a century and a half old and is virtually self-supporting. Three commissioners selected from members of the city government are in charge, and they have so arranged the cost of storing and caring for articles pawned as to make the shop a real benefactor to the poor, for by the pawn shop a large number of the poorer class are relieved of aching charity. One of the curious features is that it has its regular customers who pawn their best clothes on Mon-

day morning, use the loan during the week and on Saturday, when they receive their wages, take out their clothes, wear them on Sunday and pawn them again on Monday morning—in fact, they literally rent their Sunday finery.

Another form of aiding the poor is by what is known as the Merchants and Traders' Court. This is a court provided by the city in which litigants whom the cost of the usual process of the law would be prohibitive are given hearings free of charge, or for a nominal sum. Any disagreement between poor people where the claim is not over a given amount can be settled there.

Apart from the excellent civic planning and government Frankfort possesses a special charm for the traveler, and it is visited annually by thousands of tourists. The modern, or rather the new part of the city, vies with Berlin in beautiful architecture. The residents love flowers, and their homes are perfect bowers of posies. Even the business houses are so vine-covered that the whole city seems like a vast flower garden. Shade trees are all about, for it is the proud boast of Frankfort that for every tree destroyed two are planted in its place.

Largest Stage in Germany.

The city has a magnificent opera house built in the Italian Renaissance style. It was inaugurated in 1830 in the presence of the Kaiser, and has since been the scene of many notable musical events. The whole exterior of the structure is elaborately decorated with allegorical reliefs and sculptures. The frescoes represent a number of scenes from Goethe's Faust. The stage is one of the largest in Germany and its drop curtain is exceptionally beautiful.

Churches are numerous, but the Kaiser Dorn is perhaps the most interesting one. It dates back more than a thousand years, when Ludwig, the German, built a modest little chapel on the spot. From time to time larger churches replaced the smaller ones and additions were made,

but it was not until 1868 that the church was entirely completed. It stands today a curious combination of ancient and modern architecture.

The Rathaus is a stately building with richly decorated porticoes. It contains among other apartments a banquet hall celebrated for its decoration, which is a perfect riot of coloring. On the second floor of the building there is a number of curious old statues, representing the different trades of Frankfort. Each figure is the actual portrait of one of the citizens in his medieval habitments. The trades represented are the carpenter, builder, locksmith, baker, brewer, cobbler, glover and tailor. There is any number of interesting rooms surrounding the large flower-decorated court yard. Altogether, the Frankfort Rathaus is one of the handsomest in Europe.

Birthplace of Goethe.

The birthplace of Goethe is sure to interest the traveller, for its quaintness attracts apart from its historic associations with the great German poet. The building was restored in 1755 by Goethe's father, who lived there until 1782. In 1868 the property was acquired by Dr. Otto Volpert, of the Public German Endowment, and has been opened as a public museum of Goethe's relics. In one of the upper stories there is a valuable library of over 30,000 volumes treating exclusively of Goethe's life and works. The entire house is replete with memories of the great writer and it has become a sort of mecca for the literary world.

Frankfort has always been noted for its older known as "appelwein," and restaurants which serve it indicate the fact to the public by hanging out a wreath of codlar.

As to the outside life of Frankfort it is as one would expect, typically German. In the evening the people throng to the cafes for their amusement, and for a comparatively small sum of money spend an hour or two sipping beer and listening to as fine music as one hears at the average concert in the United States.

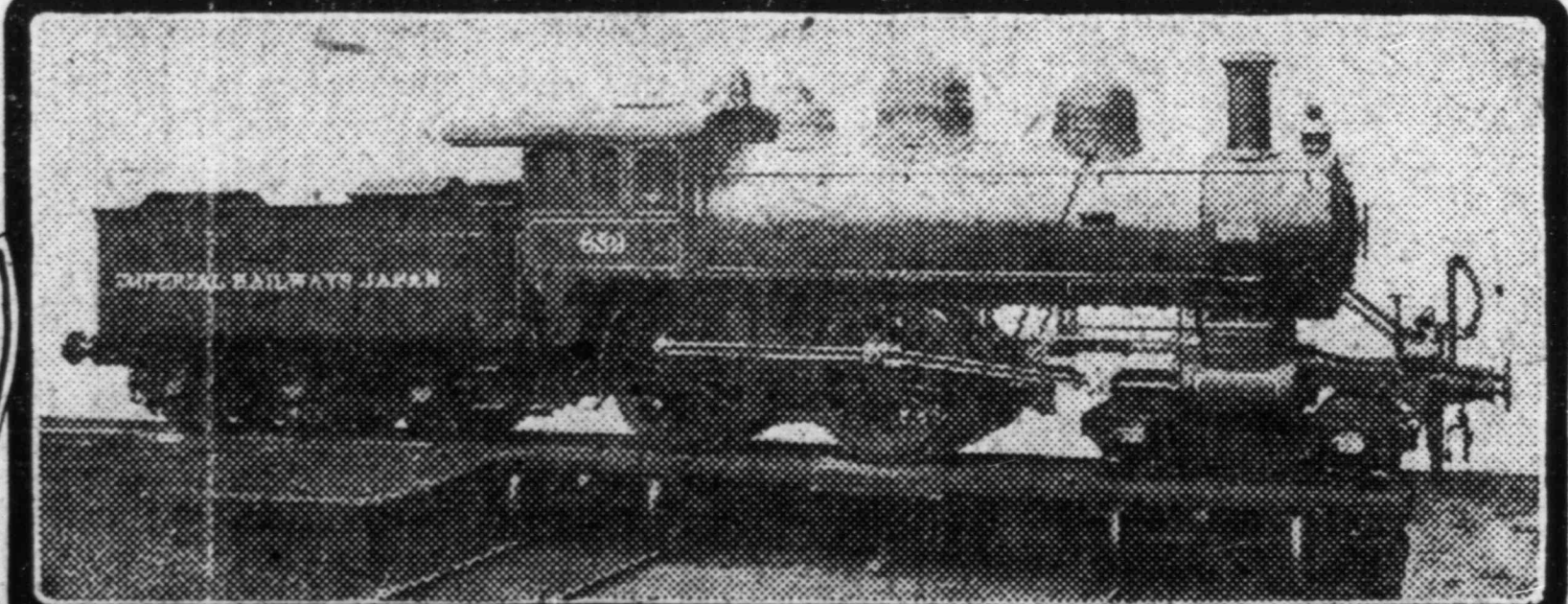
OUR TRADE AMBASSADORS



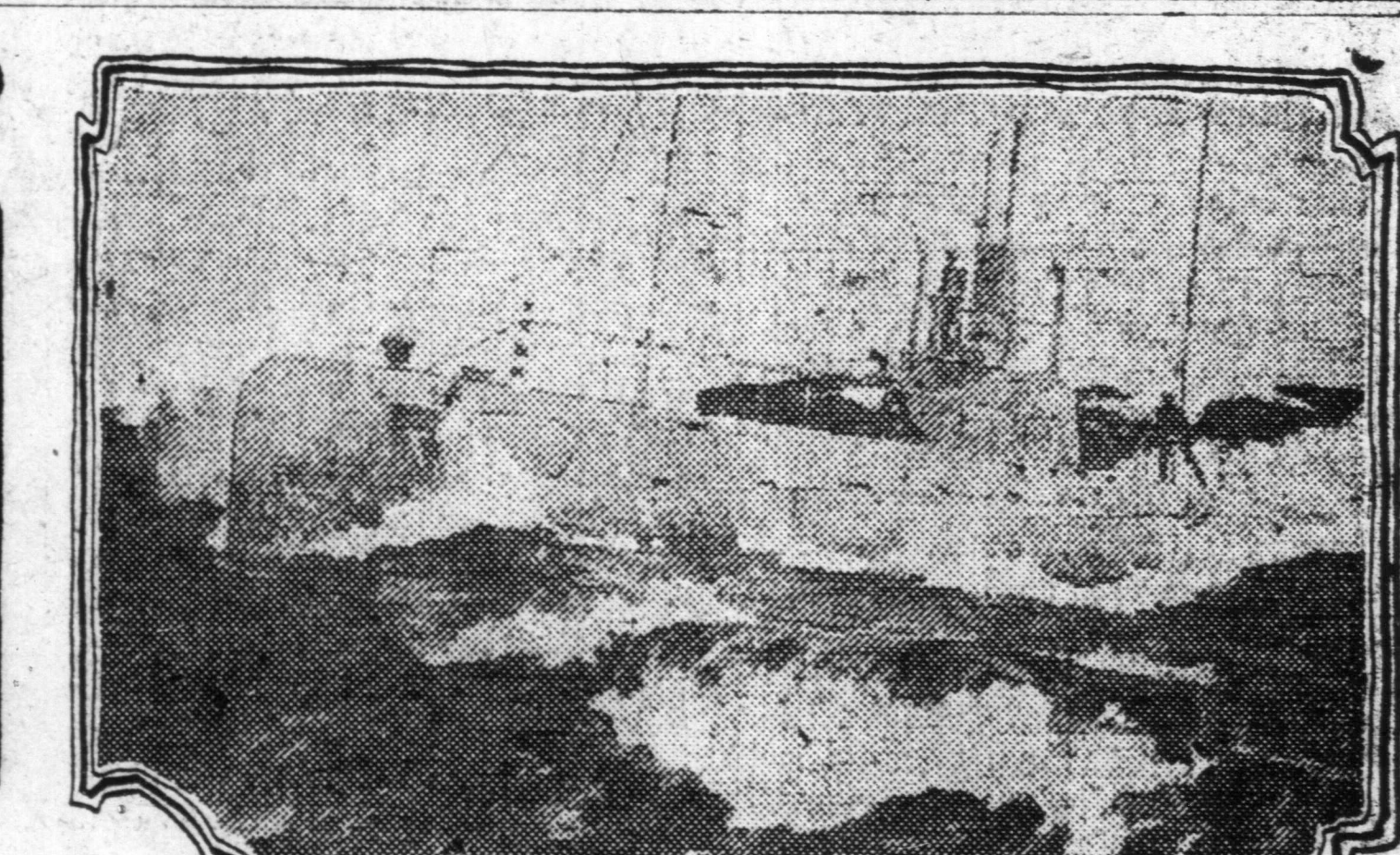
Wilbur Carr, State Dept. Ambassador



Wm Jennings Bryan, Sec of State



Engine built for Japan



Submarine built for Chile

Rivadavia Battleship built for the Argentine Republic

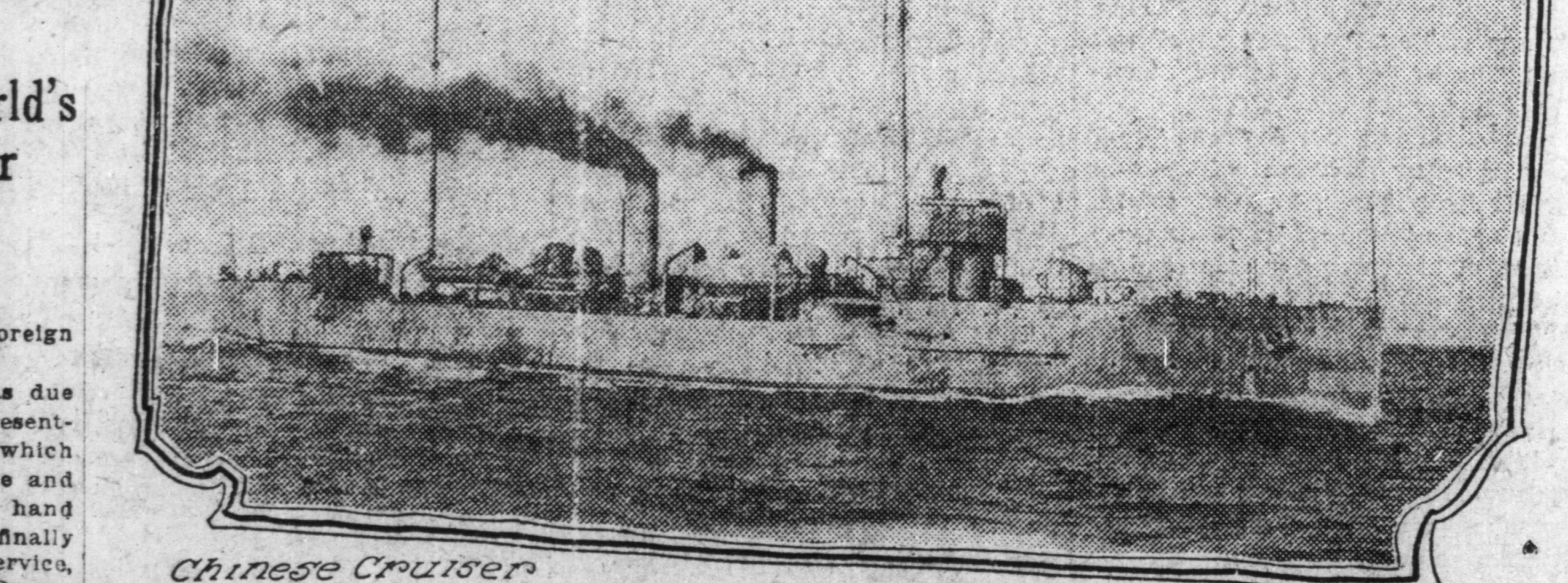
Our Commercial Envoys Known As the World's Best - Splendid Condition of Our Consular Service Helps Growth of Our Foreign Trade - Where Merit Rules.

WHILE the man in the street rarely gives the thing a thought, it is nevertheless both true and a matter of considerable importance that there should exist a growing number of wide-awake American citizens stationed on foreign soil, watching the business opportunities for extending American commerce. They are eagerly prying into this or that line of industry and always and ever seeking just one more chance to introduce American-made commodities into every country, civilized or otherwise, upon the face of the globe.

Likewise it is refreshing to realize that they constitute the most aggressive and the most successful commercial foreign legion owned by any nation in the world, namely the United States Consular Department.

Listen to fabulous figures from a famous man!

In 1912 Philander C. Knox, then Secretary of State, credited the consular and diplomatic contingents with being directly responsible in two years time for one hundred million dollars worth of commerce to the business interests of these United States—\$100,000,000.00—represented



Chinese Cruiser "Tse-tung" on Trial Trip

by the men in question in foreign lands.

The bulk of this business was due to the efforts of the men representing the consular service, of which Wilbur J. Carr is the immediate and most industrious director. The hand and brain which, however, are finally responsible for the consular service, are those of William Jennings Bryan, now universally admitted to have shown the qualities of an exceptional brilliant Secretary of State.

To direct this business-creating machinery there is required of Secretary Bryan and Director Carr rare tact, combined with a thorough knowledge, and since the proof of statesmanship lies in the performance, the splendid condition of the present consular service must be considered as high evidence of the leadership given it.

The average American is used to big business—it's one of the symptoms of native Americanism and so recognized by our European rivals, yet even the average American must incline an ear to a branch of industry running into the hundred million dollar class. Nor is there any sign of a falling off in the showing made by our consular officials and every day their methods are becoming more modern and their business-getting ability more pronounced.

Demand Capable Men Only.

Much of this has come from the increasing protection thrown over the consular service by the more and more strictly applied civil service regulations which now permit only the choice of the wholly fit. The Consular Service of today is open only to clear-eyed, clear-headed and clean-handed Americans of the best type—men fitted to cope advantageously with the commercial representatives of the other big exporting nations.

As a result our consuls as business getters have far outstripped during the past demi-decade their slower wit-

ness and even slightly surpassed those European "Yankees"—the hustling citizens of present-day Germany. In proof positive of which, let it be recalled that the Kaiser has openly lamented the superiority of American consuls over his own lot, and brusquely advised ambitious German consular officials to study the methods and imitate the success of their American counterparts.

Yet even so late as twelve years back, the consular office was largely given over as a final dumping ground for commercial units and heavy-witted individuals with political pulls.

A steady fight on the part of the men trying to increase the efficiency of the service has succeeded in requiring a mental examination of con-

siderable stiffness. The difficulty lies, however, not so much in the ultra-range of the subjects as in the extreme thoroughness with which the necessary matters are covered. This examination being both written and oral permits of a thorough testing of all candidates in a practical way and is in no sense of the word a mere matter of memorizing innumerable bits of information and history.

The candidate's ability to co-ordinate and associate the information required is the ultimate fact on which his fitness is decided. Added to this is a searching physical overlooking that prevents the admission of men unable to give an active attention to the ever-widening scope of United States consular industry.

It is to the alertness of the candidate in hunting down new business opportunities and a persistent effort to secure such opportunities when found, that has made the department an increasing asset as measured in hard cash to American business interests. The men are being constantly trained to stick at this phase of introducing American-made products and for sheer American "never-say-die" insistence the following incident speaks for itself.

Typical American Methods.

One hustling consul decided that his territory needed American steam-rollers on its highroads and coaxed the foreign contractors to order one. They did so, but had difficulty in arranging for permission to pay for it after its delivery.

Wherefore this American consul ordered one delivered on his own responsibility and hire a competent engineer to operate it. The practical demonstration of the American machine's superiority was such that the foreign firm forthwith ordered one or two American-made steam rollers, but ten.

Those ten steam-rollers mean dozens more, and yet the cost to the American business man directly was zero and to the public at large less than two per cent, basing the figures on the total business obtained through our foreign legion and the appropriate information and history.

Very recently an equally striking example of American hustle was found in one of our consuls in a big South American state. There was a huge paving contract to be bid for and open to all the world, but the time of notice was brief. The consul ordered all facts direct to the Consular Bureau, which in turn at once sent out letters to all American contractors of any importance.

This use of the cable by consuls to post American business men on un-

usual opportunities has happened several times and has come to stay as a method of speedily spreading such information. These, of course, are unusual types even of American methods in seeking business through the foreign legion; but none of our consuls any longer simply write out and send to Washington more or less perfunctory reports to the director of his branch of the service.

Expert Advice Wanted.

Consuls are expected to keep a shrewd eye on the trend of manufacturing and commerce. They should supplement the formal reports with immediate information whenever the situation warrants it. They frequently are appealed to directly by manufacturers, who want information or advice and nowadays never fail to furnish, not mere generalities, but expert commercial reports giving names of probable customers, their specific wants, proper methods of packing and shipping, etc. In the Far East American exporters frequently lost good trade through a very natural failure to understand certain prejudices native to various oriental countries.

And these articles have not only made great leaps and bounds forward as regards the totals but in the variety of materials—from a can of condensed milk to a battleship. Only one country, the United Kingdom, can compare with us in the tremendous range of our foreign commerce. And in furthering all of these the American consul has been a potent factor for good and his influence is being daily more apparent and more appreciated.

So that there is every reason for the American manufacturer to feel confident that his foreign trade interests will continue to be more ably cared for, than those of his eager rivals in the world-wide struggle for superiority in the international balance of trade.

GEORGE K. STILES.

"IN THE SPRING"— By Michelson



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O H, YES! "In the spring the young man's fancy"—as if it didn't ALWAYS "turn to thoughts of love"! The point is that HER fancy is not free from the same call when the spring comes—and HE KNOWS IT! So it happens that a beautiful harmony is established—Us and Spring, with birds and all the first signs of the coming summer gayly entering the partnership. She has her little coquetries quite as usual. They don't go by season. But all the same something—something very sweet—tells her that Spring is a wonderful time, whether it is "backward" or "forward," because it is the time of PROPHECY.

WHAT SHE SAID.

Into the office of the local newspaper walked a cheery old gentleman. Behind the counter sat a damsel, an attractive damsel, absorbed in a letter from the "boy" who escorted her to the "pictures" on Saturdays. The old gentleman coughed, but no notice was taken of him. Again he coughed without result. So, tapping the counter gently, he politely asked: "May I have copies of your paper for a week back?" Still the damsel continued reading. The old gentleman grew angry. "May I have papers for a week back?" he repeated firmly. The damsel focussed two dark eyes upon him. "Why not try the chemist's shop door?" she asked. "It's a plaster you want." And she resumed her reading.

RUDE TO ONE ANOTHER.

One day a learned professor was accosted by a very dirty little bootblack: "Shine your shoes, sir?" The professor was impressed by the filthiness of the boy's face. "I don't want a shine, my lad," said he, "but if you'll go and wash your face I'll give you sixpence." "A' richt, sir," was the shoeblack's reply, as he went to a neighboring fountain and made his ablutions. Returning, he held out his hand for the money. "Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your sixpence. Here it is." "I dinna want it, auld chap," returned the boy, with a lordly air. "Ye keep it and get yer hair cut."

PLACE YOUR ADVERTISING IN THE DAILY MAIL

THE STAY-AT-HOME MAN.

"Demoralising Peace" of Husbands Who Won't Stir From House in Evenings.

Mlle. Marie Lancret, one of the reigning beauties of the Paris stage, has just stirred up a good deal of controversy by a defence of the "gad-about." She declares that the married man who spends most of his nights at home falls behind in the race of life. "Competition," she points out, "is what makes a man grow. The necessity of being more forceful, more brilliant, more capable, more attractive than his fellow stimulates his wits and makes his brain grow. "When a man marries and shuts himself up night after night with his wife he deliberately cuts himself off from this vast stimulating influence. He has no rivalry to sharpen him. He

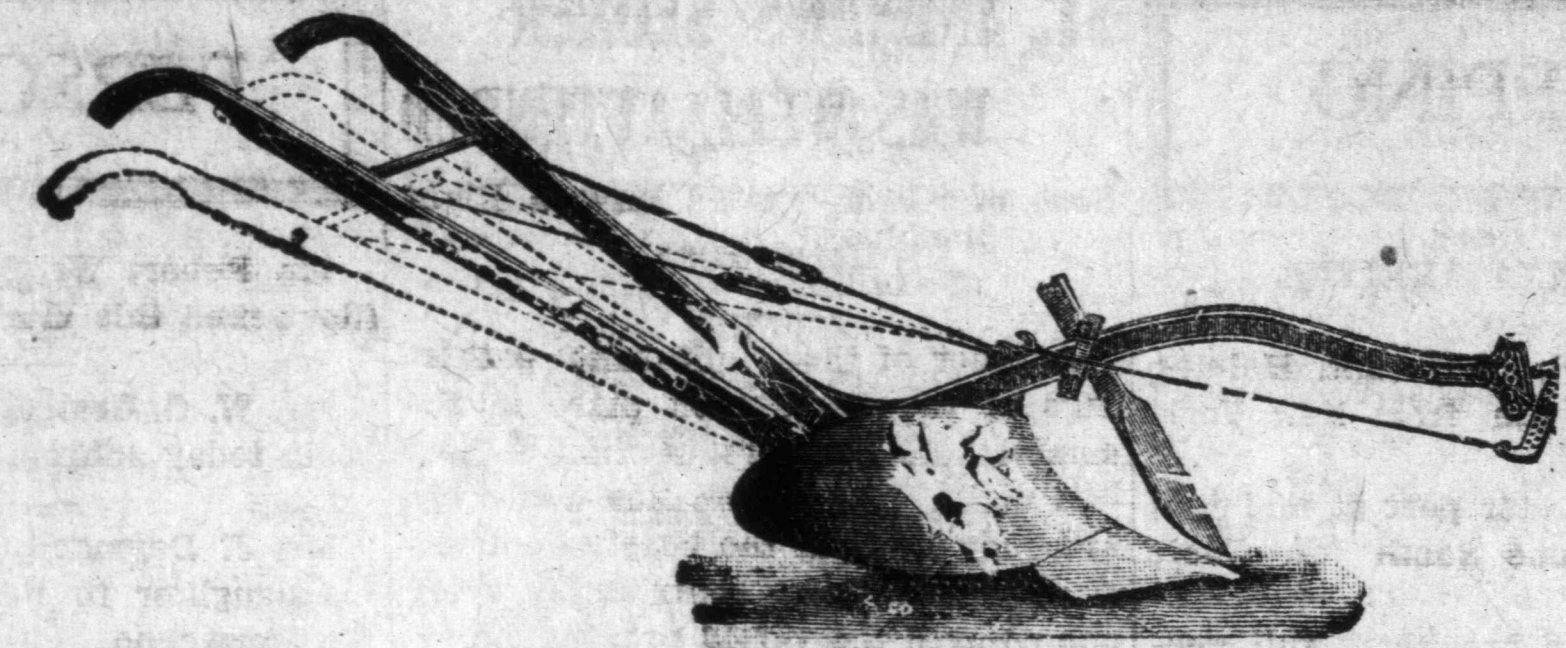
sinks into a state of demoralising peace. He becomes less keen, less alert." And there, says Mlle. Lancret, is the crux of the whole matter—he is less capable during the daytime of meeting on equal terms his fellow men, who are still sharpening their wits by striving for social prominence or battling for some woman's smile.—The Mirror.

DR. LEHR, DENTIST, 203 WATER ST. BEST QUALITY TEETH AT \$12.00 PER SET. TEETH EXTRACTED—PAINLESSLY—25c.

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MASSEY HARRIS PLOWS!

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For a real good Table or Reading Lamp get

The "FAULTLESS" Lamp.

Simplest, strongest, most beautiful and perfect portable lamp in the world. Cannot explode. Can roll it on the floor while burning. Requires no cleaning. Makes its own gas from Kerosene Oil and costs less than one cent a night to produce three hundred candle power of bright, white light.

PAINTING!

Before deciding have us give you an Estimate on that Painting you intend having done. Now is the time, when we can give you the BEST satisfaction and the LOWEST prices.

E. T. BUTT, 84 Flower Hill. Painter and Paperhanger.

MACLAREN & Co.

Merrickville, Ont. Sample now on exhibition at office of, and orders booked by

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For the Lenten Season

100 bbls. Pickled Trout

150 Cases Salmon

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Why you should buy a four cycle

GUARANTEE ENGINE.

It is stronger; it uses less fuel; it's a combination Engine; it's built to last; it gives satisfaction; no repairs; no break downs; salt water has no effect on it.

One man writes that he had been out all night in a small boat with water flying all over the Engine, and the Engine never missed fire once.

Strong, Durable and Easy to Handle it is the Engine of the future.

ROBERT TEMPLETON, Agent.

IF YOU WANT

a good cheap

MOTOR ENGINE

sold on small profits, no experts and salesman's salaries and expenses tacked on to the price, save from

\$50.00 to \$150.00

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You Can Make Big Money

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Standard make, self fillers, 25c. Standard make, plain, dropper fillers, 40c. Standard make, fancy carved, dropper fillers, 45c. Standard make, German Silver Cap, unbreakable, 49c. Standard make, Pearl mounted, dropper fillers, 70c.

Our White Stone Rings, made to resemble the real Diamond, are beauties. (A handsome Tie Pin free with every ring). Ladies', 1, 2 and 3 stones, 50c. each. Gent's, 1 stone, 50c. each. Knife Sharpeners, 15c.; Potato Peelers, 15c.; 5 yards Stickem, 5c.; Glass Pens, in case, 5c.; Combination Field, Opera and Reading Glasses, 50c. each; the world renowned Home (Asco Brand) (free razor with honp), price \$1.00, and other Novelties too numerous to mention.

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Wholesale and Retail.

UNCLE DUDLEY,

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OSMOND & STEVENSON, MACHINISTS.

Motor Cars, Motor Cycles, Engines and Machinery of every description repaired at Shortest notice. Motor Boats fitted on shortest notice.

WATER STREET, EAST, ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

King George the Fifth

SEAMEN'S INSTITUTE,

St. John's, Newfoundland.

PATRON:—His Majesty the King. Bedrooms can be booked at all hours; night porter in attendance. Small rooms 20 cents, and large rooms 35 cents per night, including bath. Meals are served at moderate prices. Girls' department (under the charge of a matron), with separate entrance.

For Sale!

Schooner "Atlanta."

Vessel is 106 tons gross; in good condition; almost new; well found in every particular. Apply,

R. HICKS, Catalina.

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EVERYBODY TREATED ALIKE—

Even the advertisers are beginning to realise that The Daily Mail is now fast becoming The Home Paper. The answer is simple—A square deal to all!

THE DAILY MAIL FOR ADVERTISING RESULTS

The Right Place To Buy—

Provisions, Groceries, Oats, Feeds, Wines and Liquors

—is at—

P. J. Shea's,

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TALK IS CHEAP—

Advertising is also very cheap, if carried in the right medium. The Daily Mail is the Can't Lose paper now. Must be true. Everybody's talking. It's not the price you pay but the returns you get.

Through the Eyes of a Mother

By WINIFRED BLACK

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Winifred Black

DAUGHTER'S coming home for the Easter holidays, bringing a friend with her, and mother is worried to death. I went over to see mother the other day and she told me all about it, though she didn't know she was doing it. "Mabel"—she tried hard to say May Belle—that's the way the girl spells it now—"will be here at Easter. She's bringing her friend, Clarice, with her and I'm having the bedrooms and dining room done over. "I did want to get the living room done, but father and the boys made such a fuss I had to give it up. "What is the reason men are so unsympathetic with the ideas of a young girl? Somehow they don't seem to have any feeling for May Belle at all—just because she likes things to be pretty at home and to have them as the other girls have them when she visits them.

"I'm going to have May Belle's room in soft green and the guest room in French pearl. She says that's the latest thing. I wanted blue or rose, but she says they've all gone out. The dining room is to be early English; she sent me some sketches. It looks a little dark and gloomy to me in the sketches, but I suppose I'm old-fashioned. "I'm taking the old dining room furniture up into the boys' room; they like the table to work on. I shan't let them see till they are here; I know they'll say they are splendid. Mabel says they're perfectly dear, but they look to me a good deal like church pews cut in two.

When "May Belle" was "Mabel"

"Who do you think would be good to make some really smart frocks? Little Mrs. Bronson is dowdy, May Belle says. I wonder if that new French woman charges too much." And mother's kind, good, little face tied itself into a hard knot of perplexity and anxious care. Poor little mother, she'll be down sick before the Easter vacation ever arrives, and I hope when she is that there'll be a trained nurse in the house and that May Belle and Clarice will have to sneak down the back stairs and take such meals as they can get off of the kitchen table—just for a change. I saw May Belle when she was home last Easter, and I didn't like her. I didn't like her at all, and that was too bad, because May Belle and I were great friends when there was no Y and only one L in her name. The last time I saw Mabel—po, I don't spell it with the Y or with the double L—that isn't the way she was christened; I know because I held her

in my arms when she was sprinkled, and a red-faced, unpleasant little person she was, too—the last time I saw Mabel she and her mother were making visits. They made a visit to me and Mabel was worried to death for fear her mother would say something about old times when Mabel made her own hats and was proud of it.

I sent out for a plate of cookies to have with the tea—and Mabel said "she didn't care for sweets, thank you," and "didn't I think that English muffins toasted were too perfectly dear for words?"

She didn't care for motoring, she said; she found it dull; she was going in for aeroplanes—a bit she preferred, she thought, (of course, it was noisier than the motor, but somehow, there was something er-a, didn't I think er-a)—and Wagner, oh, he was hopelessly out of date—a bad as the old-fashioned pictures; nothing but futurists for May Belle—so temperamental, don't you know, so yearning—so er-a, would you call it—er-a—possible; and all the time I wanted to shake Mabel and slap her and shut her up in the dark closet under the stairs till she promised to be our own stupid, kind-hearted, good-humored, plain, little chubby-cheeked Mabel again, with a cookie in one hand and a book of Louise Alcott's in the other—a real girl worth a moment's real love and consideration.

Mother's Colored Spectacles

I'm sorry for Mabel's mother, awfully sorry for her; Mabel's so worried about her mother and so dreadfully ashamed of her. And yet I'm mad, just plain American m-a-d, not grieved, or sorry, or vexed, with Mabel's mother.

She started out being a good, sensible woman with a big heart and a loyal soul and a clear, practical brain of her own.

She never wrote an ode in her life and she couldn't tell the difference between a sonnet and a limerick. But she was the best housekeeper in town, and when nobody knew what to do about the minister's boy who was beginning to go wrong, poor lad—after his mother was lying fast asleep in the little churchyard on the hill—it was Mabel's mother who got hold of him and brought him round to going right again.

And when the bank cashier shot himself, it was Mabel's mother who had the courage to tell his young wife what had happened. And now Mabel's mother is letting a silly, flighty fool of a girl turn her whole well ordered, sensible, kindly life upside down—just because she is her daughter.

What is it that gets into a woman that makes her such a goose about her children, when they get to the silly age? Talk about the blindness of love! Why, Cupid sees through a telescope compared to the way a mother who's in love with her children looks at things. Some day Mabel will come to. There's good blood in her and she can't help it; some day she'll be practical and sensible and kind and generous hearted and worth loving again.

Until her own daughter comes home from boarding school and makes a fool of her all over again, just as she is making a fool of her mother. That dark closet under the stairs looks mighty lonesome to me this morning, May Belle, I can't help wishing that you were in it.

