



MADAME VALESKA

By MOLLIE MATHER.

Fenton sidged uncomfortably in the surroundings which were foreign to his frank wholesomeness. Always he had hated subterfuge of any kind, yet here he was in this dim interior redolent of sandalwood at Lilla's request. Lilla suffered some ailment which, while doctors considered it unimportant, was to Lilla a real affliction.

The pain of her arm had necessitated Fenton's doing her hair that morning, and one of Lilla's studio friends assured her Madame Valeska could miraculously locate and cure pain where physicians failed.

Madame Valeska was a tranced medium, in great favor among the young art students. Lilla had at once insisted that Fenton go and hold audience with this famously clever seer, regarding her own condition. And the indulgent brother, fretting his impatience, had never-the-less gone.

Perhaps, when this Madame Valeska had demonstrated her infallibility in Lilla's case, the girl would be satisfied and cured. He intended to give her no information in her questioning.

Into the softly lighted waiting room, came presently another seer, smiling grimly at the patient waiters already assembled. But this girl appeared unlike them to share his own unrest—almost his own humiliation. Like some small gray shadow, she retired diffidently to the recess of the long room. She had cast him one frightened glance in passing, and impulsively—Fenton hardly knew why—he followed, perhaps, to give assurance, or to laugh away her significance of the occasion.

The girl's face was as white, and fear-stricken, as a child's in face of disaster.

"Well," he asked the young woman in the gray frock. "What is your particular trouble? And is Madame Valeska to bring the remedy from one of her picturesque trances? The Madame can keep it up pretty well, I am told. I have never before attended this curious kind of entertainment."

But levity evidently could not allay the girl's fears.

"Madame Valeska really visits the spirit world," she told him in an awed tone, "the things she tells are marvelous. But, if you do not believe, why do you come?"

The question was asked not in rudeness, but wonderingly.

"I came," Fenton good-humoredly replied, "to please my fanciful sister, who is as easily impressed as yourself. She hopes that Madame Valeska will influence some kind spirit to take imaginary pains out of her arms."

The little frightened patient nodded. "Madame Valeska will know best what to tell her," she said, "only yesterday I lost my purse, and she found it for me."

"And afterward robbed it for you," Fenton added grimly.

The girl's eyes were reproachful. "Madame has to have money to keep the charge up," she reminded him. "Her charge really is not much. That is, when you consider what she does for one."

"Fraud," Fenton contemptuously exclaimed, "with real concern he regrets the trusting face before him. 'Do not let this seer impose upon you, little girl,' he advised. 'Make this your last visit.' She stood as though considering. But a watchful attendant slipped to her side. 'Madame Valeska,' she informed the girl, 'will see you now.'"

The girl did not reappear. Disappointed, Fenton learned that questioners were dismissed after their audience, through a rear door.

His own turn came next. Theatrical, indeed, was Madame's setting. White and small, as a child's, her hands made mystic movements, then Madame Valeska bent above her crystal ball. Fenton folded his arms cynically—but she asked him no questions. Madame, in a voice faint and far away as a musical echo, gave voluntary information. Fenton stared.

"The artist," faltered Madame, "the lovely sister—will yet be famous. Fame is worth the price of a pain—or two. After all—not serious. The spirits—they tell me, nothing to do. Tell this sister—who is it? Ah, yes, Lilla—to forget the pain—to think nothing of it. To rest—to be much in the fresh air and sunshine—to put her fancies aside. That is all."

Fenton sat blinking, Madame Valeska had gone: After the attendant silently dismissed him through the rear doorway, he stood thinking. Then suddenly and unannounced he entered again the waiting room.

The patients had departed. Still in the shadow of a screen he waited. And after a time, came to him a girl's caretree slinging—into the somber room she came, opening wide to the air, it's windows. Then, amazed, she beheld Fenton. He stood smiling in the eyes of the little gray lady.

"So, Madame Valeska," he said, "that is how you obtain your information. As patient, first in your own waiting room, you hear many confidences."

"Well," shrugged the girl, a laughing daring taking the place of former diffidence. "Well, you have heard that I am clever."

Interviewing the Village Marshal. Motorist—Is there any ordinance limiting the speed of autos in this town? Native—Gawsh, no! You fellows can't get through Squashville any too quick for us.—Boston Transcript.

Keeping Up With the Times. "Robert! Robert! Here's another car rounding the corner. How shall I steer?" "Try to hit it mother; try to hit it!"—Boston Transcript.

The Understudy

By KATE EDMUNDS

Miss Graziella Fernald was understudy for the leading actress of the Eastern Stock company. Her great ambition was to be given an opportunity to show her skill and ability as an actress. Night after night she stood at the stage door waiting to hear if her services were needed, and when word was given that Miss Warrington was in good health and able to appear, she heaved a sigh of disappointment.

Julian Forsythe had been her devoted admirer since their childhood days, but now he craved for something more than mere friendship. He had little sympathy with her aspiration to become an actress.

"Graziella, this is absolutely the last time in any shape or manner that I will ask you again," said the young man with a determined air. "I have an offer to go West to investigate some farm lands. Shall we go together? I hate to think of you here all alone in this big city."

"Don't worry about me. I'm fully capable of taking care of myself."

"All right," responded Forsythe, yearning to take her in his arms, vowing that he would do his utmost to prevent her from receiving fervent stage kisses and embraces from some stranger before an audience of hundreds of people.

The following morning Miss Warrington received a note from Julian Forsythe, asking her to allow him to call in regard to an urgent personal matter. The messenger boy returned with the answer that she would see him at three o'clock the next day. Promptly at three he presented his card and was admitted into Miss Warrington's private room.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, "are you the son of Julian Forsythe?"

"Yes, but my father has been dead for many years; did you know him?" he inquired, wondering at how old and haggard she looked now, while in the evening from behind the footlights she seemed youth personified.

"Please be seated," she said in her most charming manner. "You look just as your father did years ago, and all the applause and glory cannot recompense me for the honest, true devotion that he offered me, and which I scorned and cast aside, dazed by the glamor of the stage."

When she had finished, Julian confided to her how similar his father's experience was to his own. A long silence ensued, for Miss Warrington's heart was filled with conflicting emotions as she reviewed the past, and realized that another young girl endeavored to do exactly as she had done. Her thoughts were interrupted by Julian's voice. "At first I thought you might think it presumptuous on my part to bother a stranger with my affairs, but I'm glad I came now, and I hope you will let me come often."

"Certainly, I will always be delighted to see you. We must be friends, and to show that I mean it, for the first time I shall be too ill to act tomorrow night."

"Thank you for your kind intentions; but what good will that do?" "Graziella will then have her chance. She will also show that she isn't at all capable of taking the part. When she realizes her failure, no doubt if you ask her again at the crucial moment she may give up all hopes of a stage career."

The stage manager could hardly believe his ears when he heard that the leading lady was too indisposed to appear at the evening performance. Desperate, he sent a telegram to Miss Fernald, requesting her to report immediately at the theater.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" she exclaimed. "At last I am going to be a star for one night, and who can tell? Maybe forever."

Just as she was about to go to the manager's office she tripped on the step and turned her ankle. She tried to suppress a scream, but the pain was agonizing. Two or three persons rushed to her assistance and helped her to her feet, and when the manager heard of the trouble a doctor was sent for instantly. The doctor announced that it was a bad sprain and probably

Miss Fernald would not be able to walk for three weeks. The manager stormed around and used all the choice oaths of his vocabulary. Graziella's disappointment was too keen to give vent to in words. She was the picture of disappointment. Once again the manager took up the phone and informed Miss Warrington of his dilemma. After a brief statement of the accident, he received the promise that she would appear as usual. Her illness had miraculously passed.

One of the men assisted Graziella to a cab, and she burst into a paroxysm of tears as soon as she was alone. When Julian heard of the accident he hurried up to the boarding house and inquired for Graziella.

"I'm so glad you came, Julian. I had my chance and lost it," she said mournfully.

"Well, suppose you give me a chance this time?" he pleaded.

"But I'm all damaged now," she replied, pointing to her bandaged foot.

"I thank the heavens for the accident, Graziella. Let me see if this ring fits your finger," he said, slipping a solitaire on her finger.

She smiled. "Perhaps I may after all play a star part—and with the support of a good-looking leading man," she said demurely.

Northcliffe Warns Japan.

Lord Northcliffe, now in the orient, tells the Japanese that if they attack the United States they will likely find themselves confronted by Great Britain and her dominions also. He packs the fact of Anglo-Saxon solidarity into these words:

"The invisible but intangible bonds that make the English-speaking people one is the ultimate and supreme issue of humanity."

But Japan is a formidable power—a fact Americans cannot afford to blink. Her strength today is probably double what it was seventeen years ago, when she went to war against Russia. She has money now, as she had not then. She has army and navy improved. She has more millions of devoted, valiant soldiers.

Doubtless she could take the Philippines with no great effort, and for the United States to win them back would require extraordinary effort. And as nothing is so problematical as war, it might be that our utmost effort would not enable us to defeat Japan in the Asiatic theater.

Japan might challenge us were she assured that she would fight the United States alone. The possibility may as well be faced. But Japan is unlikely to challenge us if to do so would involve her with the whole Anglo-Saxon world. The contingency provides our best assurance of peace, and it should be our policy to strengthen the contingency.

The British dominions now have a larger share in imperial decisions. They will go with the motherland, and they expect to be consulted and to have their interests conceded. The interest of Canada, Australia and New Zealand in the Pacific is on all fours with that of the United States. Their representatives can be counted on to plead at London to the common cause of all white countries fronting on the Pacific.

Likewise British imperial policy has for many years been committed to close co-operation with the United States. That policy is prejudiced in our favor. At best it can be invoked to active participation with us. At worst it can be exasperated into passivity.

Washington can do much to promote cordiality or the opposite between the United States and the British commonwealth of nations. American public opinion can do more.

Circumstances today are different from those that once made "twisting the British lion's tail" a harmless but favorite pastime of our demagogues. By our own acts, such as violations of treaties, we can easily invite upon ourselves certain penalties, the chief of which would be the decision of London to let us and the Japanese fight it out alone.

It might be that despite Panama tolls, the British empire would elect to

side with us. British policy might rise to that height. But we should be foolish to rely upon such a probability if we continue irritating acts.—Minneapolis Journal.

Registration of Aliens.

The arguments submitted to the house immigration committee by Secretary Davis in favor of the enactment of a law making the registration of immigrants compulsory will appeal forcefully to the judgment of all public-spirited citizens. He advocates the registration of every alien arriving in the United States with a view to assisting him to citizenship, if he seeks naturalization, and to keep him away from sinister influences to which the immigrant is now exposed. Secretary Davis being himself of foreign birth and therefore having obtained his citizenship through naturalization, feels qualified and free to speak his views frankly on this subject.

It would be necessary, he says, to convince the alien that such policy is not part of an espionage system similar to those under which many immigrants have lived in foreign lands, but is intended for his benefit. Once he accepted this view, it would be comparatively easy to keep him away from the influence of the agitator and the bolshevik and teach him the path of good citizenship.

The suggestion is worth the careful consideration of congress, for it appears to have much merit. It offers the means for assisting the immigrant to find employment under congenial surroundings, it would help to prevent the congestion of foreign districts of the large cities and it would provide official co-operation for all aliens who wish to embrace the privileges and responsibilities of American citizenship. In short, it would be a most effective step toward Americanization of aliens.

On the other hand, while such a law would not primarily be intended for espionage, yet it would enable the government to keep tabs upon dangerous agitators. Criminals, anarchists and other undesirables could be brought under surveillance and made

less dangerous. With compulsory registration in effect such characters as Alexander Berkman and Emma Goldman, who for more than a quarter of a century previous to their deportation defied the laws and inveighed against American institutions, could have been suppressed more effectively. And the decent law-abiding alien, who comes here seeking a home in the new world, would be made to feel that this law was for his protection and help.—Washington Post.

Advertisement for Carlson's 'Gray Shop' featuring a woman in a dress and text: 'No Woman Too Stout to Be Stylish', 'Sveltline System', 'Garments fit stylish stout women perfectly', 'SIZES 39 TO 56 BUST', 'Coats . . \$22 to \$195', 'Suits . . 35 to 145', 'Dresses . 25 to 165', 'MINNEAPOLIS 926-928 Nicollet Avenue MINNESOTA'.

Large advertisement for Savage Community Store: 'Something to Think About', 'Where can you trade and be sure you are getting the Lowest Prices together with Quality Merchandise?', 'Savage Community Store is the place where this question can be answered to YOUR COMPLETE satisfaction.', 'Thursday, Friday and Saturday, November 3, 4 and 5. These Special Prices Open to Everybody:', '5 Pounds Pure Granulated Sugar 26c', 'THOMPSON'S UNBLEACHED SEED-LESS RAISINS 23c', 'BEST QUALITY GINGER SNAPS 25c', 'PURE COUNTRY SORGHUM 84c', 'FANCY SANTA CLARA PRUNES 39c', 'HAWAIIAN SLICED PINEAPPLE 25c', 'ROLLED OATS 34c', 'EVAPORATED WHOLE PEACHES 25c', 'GUNPOWDER TEA 39c', 'RED ROSE COFFEE 19c', 'On Saturday, November 5, we will demonstrate the SUPERIOR QUALITY of our famous RED ROSE coffee. A good, hot cup of coffee will be served to everyone visiting our store between the hours of 9 and 5. Everybody welcome! SAVAGE COMMUNITY STORE, Princeton, Minnesota'.

COMMUNITY WORK OF RED CROSS

Chapters Show Splendid Work Soldier Work and Health.

Red Cross membership in the 91 Chapters here in Minnesota shows a total of 110,273. The strength of this enrollment proves the value of the service which the various Chapters are rendering in various sections of the state.

With the opening of the Fifth Annual Roll Call—an American day—the work which these chapters have been carrying on is of special interest to the membership, past, present, and future. First in importance are the activities in behalf of ex-soldiers.

During the past year \$144,000 has been expended by Minnesota Chapters in this work. Ex-service men to the number of 22,824, have been assisted in obtaining hospital treatment, vocational education, and in securing additional compensation and allotment from the government. The majority of these men are the heads of families. Many of them have developed various disabilities which have unfitted them for earning a living.

The American Red Cross is expending nationally \$10,000,000 a year to help ex-service men and their families. This work includes the same type of service as that rendered by the local Chapters here in Minnesota.

Other activities of the Red Cross along health lines are supplying a vital service in the different communities. During the past year, 108 public health nurses have been employed by Red Cross Chapters in this state. The entire enrollment of Red Cross nurses from Minnesota is 1,210. In case of necessity these nurses are equipped according to Red Cross standards for service in war or emergency. Great interest has been shown in the health program—especially the instruction in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick.

Women to the number of 3,610 have received certificates from the 255 classes held in every section throughout the state. In the northern section, among the sparsely settled districts, where railroads are few, many women have walked miles to attend these classes. Instructors and public health nurses frequently cover miles of territory on foot to reach these classes and the schools.

A number of Life-Saving classes have been conducted throughout the state. Seventy-three persons have passed the Red Cross examination and are members of the Life-Saving Corps. The Junior Red Cross program in Minnesota has created much interest throughout the Central Division, of which this state is a member. In the last school year there were 2,196 Junior Auxiliaries enrolled with a membership of 126,196 children.

Every person in the state will have an opportunity to support the Red Cross program and assist the Chapters in carrying on this work by renewing their membership during the Roll Call, which opens on Armistice day and continues until Thanksgiving. Memberships will enable each of the 91 Chapters to carry on its community service and increase its usefulness.

JUNIOR RED CROSS AIDS CITIZENSHIP IN MINNESOTA.

Boys and girls of today who are to be the men and women of tomorrow are learning the value of good citizenship, not only in their own communities but throughout the world. This is shown by the 126,196 members enrolled in the 2,196 Junior auxiliaries of the American Red Cross here in this state.

One of the most active centers of Junior work here in Minnesota last year was Luvern, where 50 classes in civics were taught, and also 75 different groups were given instruction in Home Hygiene and Care of the Sick and First Aid. In Caledonia 25 civic classes were conducted, toys made for poor children and five First Aid classes conducted.

All of the Junior funds in Minneapolis go toward helping the work of the Mitchell Dowling School for Crippled Children in that city. Many children are thus assisted to get an education who would otherwise be "shut in" throughout their lives.

These are just a few of the many Junior activities in the state which are the practical "carrying out" of the organization's motto—"We Serve."

Hurrah for the Profiteers!

A millionaire doorman of a famous New York restaurant has just died, but all of Gotham's billionaire hat checkers continue to cling tenaciously to life.—Minneapolis Star.

The Murder of Music.

The Boston minister who says jazz music is the greatest incentive to immorality has it wrong. It is an incentive to murder.—Life.

Auction Sale!

On the Jacob Ellenbaum Farm, 3 1/2 Miles North of Princeton on Scenic Highway

Monday, November 7 Beginning at 1 o'Clock P. M. Sharp

The Following Property Will Then be Offered for Sale:

- 1 Piano and Bench
1 Blue Enameled Quick Meal Range
2 Beds With Way Sagless Springs
1 Dresser
1 Kitchen Cabinet
1 Sewing Machine
1 Washing Machine
1 Wringer
1 Diningroom Table
1 Library Table
2 Rockers
Kitchen Chairs
Washing Machines
Cream Cans
Ice Cream Freezer
Milk Pails
Tinware and Dishes
Bed Clothes
Robes, Rugs
Churn
12-Gauge Remington Shot Gun, repeater
Typewriter
2 Heating Stoves
Oil Stove, 3 burner
Tent, 8 x 10
Screens
Grass Rug, 8 x 10
1 Wagon, 3/4 in. tires
1 Acme Mower
1 Hay Carrier
1 Binder
1 Buggy
1 Feed Mill, new burrs
1 Double Driving Harness
1 Dry Sprayer
1 Wet Sprayer
Wash Tubs and Boiler
60 Mason Jars
Stone Jars
Other articles too numerous to mention.

USUAL TERMS OF SALE

MRS. JACOB ELLENBAUM, Owner

G. A. EATON, Clerk SIMON HOITENGA, Auct.