

# DANGERS OF FRENCH ROADS

Reign of Terror Exists Among the Travelling Public on Account of Band of Train Wreckers.

## SABOTAGE IS FREQUENT

Strikers Are Busy and Their Activities are Such That Accident Insurance Should be Popular.

By William Philip Simms, Paris correspondent of the United Press. PARIS, Aug. 4.—The lives of passengers are no longer safe on French railways and almost a reign of terror exists among the travelling public.

No railway journey is commenced without misgivings; no such journey comes to an end without a sigh of relief. So important is this question that few cabinet meetings are held during which the question of "sabotage" (as the wilful tampering with, or the destruction of, property by strikers is called) is not discussed and plans sought out whereby the outlaws may be brought to justice.

The criminals are believed to be killed more or less closely with the revolutionary element of the National Labor Confederation. The majority of labor men oppose this sort of campaign but there is a "red" clique which would not hesitate at anything.

In the opinion of the government the band is thoroughly organized and under one executive head or an advisory committee. The criminals are certainly supplied with the fastest automobile. Associated with them are men of almost every trade, since the damage done so far embraces so many kinds of "sabotage" that experts in many kinds of work necessarily lent a hand.

The most serious "sabotaging" however, is the cutting of telegraph wires and the wrecking of trains. Not only are freight trains thrown into the ditch, but a few days ago the "rapid" from Havre, bearing hundreds of people, was wrecked at full speed on a

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# Pollyooly and the Lump

## THE DUKE'S MISTAKE

By Edgar Jepson

(Continued from yesterday)

"But how do you explain that dog?" said the Duke obstinately. The Honorable John Ruffin could very well have explained that Wiggs had made the acquaintance of Pollyooly when she was impersonating Marion at Ricksborough Court. Instead of doing so, he cried indignantly: "I don't explain dogs. I explain the law. I'm a barrister, not a biologist—as you very well know. If you'd only stop to think. But I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll all go down to the kitchen; and Pollyooly—Mary Bride—shall grill you some bacon. That will quite convince you."

"I've no great fancy for bacon at six o'clock in the day," said the Duke gloomily. "I suppose I've made a mistake."

"You have—a bad mistake—and with a red Deeping too. You know what the red Deepings are."

"A red Deeping?" said the Duke. "Of course, Pollyooly is a red Deeping. That's why she's so like Marion. I told you she came from Muttie-Deeping; and you know how these old strains crop up among the village folk. Has she bitten anybody?" said the Honorable John Ruffin, with a sudden air of anxiety.

"She said she was going to bite Lucas—wish she had," said the Duke gloomily. "But she hadn't when she went upstairs."

"That's all right," said the Honorable John Ruffin, with an air of relief. "If a red Deeping bit me, I should have the bite cauterized at once. But never mind: I'll soothe her. Send for her."

The Duke rang the bell, and bade Lucas fetch her. She came into the room looking like an aggrieved, but very defiant, angel. At the sight of the Honorable John Ruffin, her face cleared; she crossed the room swiftly, and took her stand at his side. Then she scowled at the Duke.

The Duke cleared his throat, and with an air of extreme discomfort, said: "I—er—find I've made er—a mistake. It er—seems you aren't my daughter Marion after all."

"I told you so, and you wouldn't believe me. So do old Ronald," said Pollyooly, in a tone of triumph.

"It was er—the likeness. You're very like my little girl."

"Only more intelligent looking—Ronald says so," said Pollyooly firmly.

"Perhaps—perhaps. And then the clothes you're wearing; and then er—finding you with my nephew—"

"I asked her to come out because she's so like Marion," Ronald interposed quickly.

"We seem somehow or other to be drifting away from the subject of compensation," said the Honorable John Ruffin to the mantelpiece, in his most agreeable tone.

"Ah, yes; compensation," said the Duke, with a fresh air of gloom. "I suppose a couple of sovereigns—"

"My dear Oosterley—assault, abuse, and malicious imprisonment," said the Honorable John Ruffin, in a tone of protest.

"Well, five pounds," said the Duke, more gloomily.

Pollyooly puckered her brow thoughtfully: "I think it ought to be six," she said.

"All right—six," said the Duke; and he gave her a five-pound note and a sovereign.

As he ate his bacon, the Honorable John Ruffin watched Pollyooly, who was tidying up his sitting-room, with a considerable pleasure. He was not one whom the possession of an angelic housekeeper is thrown away; and there was no gainsaying the fact, that, though red-headed, Pollyooly was the authentic angel child.

Presently he said, "I have come to the conclusion, Pollyooly, that since you have so many admirers, you can no longer be considered as Mrs. Bride."

"No, sir," said Pollyooly. "Moreover, I don't think that Pollyooly is quite the name for a housekeeper. It is a position of dignity."

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly. "Therefore, I shall call you Miss Bride."

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly. "I'd made up my mind that you must be called Mrs. Bride. I shudder to think of what British Society will say to my having a Miss for a housekeeper. But I risk my reputation. With admirers swarming about, you must not be handicapped by the wedding prefix. I shall call you Miss Bride."

"Wasn't I rather young to be called Mrs. Bride?" said Pollyooly. "Undoubtedly. But housekeepers are always Mrs.—in the best families. Well, we have righted a wrong."

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly. The Honorable John Ruffin surveyed her thoughtfully; then he said in a somewhat rueful tone, "I feel that something ought to be done in the matter of your dress; but alas, the exchequer (not the public Exchequer, of which I intend to be one day the Chancellor), but my own private exchequer, is empty."

Pollyooly looked down at her oft-washed blue print frock; and a faint flush mantled her clear, pale cheeks.

"I'm going to get a new dress, sir. Since you took to getting so many things for breakfast, which you don't eat, I'm saving lots of money. I have to spend every such a little on food."

The Honorable John Ruffin shook his head; and a cloud of gloom spread over his thin, distinguished face: "I feel that I ought to provide you with some frocks, as the intelligent employers of angelic housekeepers always do. But my creditors howl so at my gates."

"They never get in now, sir," said Pollyooly, with some pride. "Thanks to you, they get in no more. My morning reflections are no longer broken by the clamor of unworthy tradesmen. You have a really magnificent eye for a dun."

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly, flushing with pleasure at the compliment; and she carried the armful of garments, with which in the course of his dressing the Honorable John Ruffin had bestowed his sitting-room, into his bedroom.

The Honorable John Ruffin finished his breakfast and his Morning Post, and went to the Law Courts. Pollyooly finished his bedroom and that of Mr. Gedge-Tomkins, the barrister who occupied the set of rooms on the other side of the landing; and then she went into the garret which the Honorable John Ruffin had handed over to her and her three-year-old brother, the Lump. She found that red-headed cherub playing sedately on the floor, and took him forth to the gardens on the Thames Embankment.

She brought his back for his dinner; and, after a while with knitted brow and rather clumsily, she mended rents he had worn or torn in his clothes. Then they sallied forth once more to the gardens.

But as they went out of the Tudor Street gate of the Temple, the dulcet strains of a baritone fell on their ears, and half-way up that little slum behind the King's Bench Walk, which is all that is left of the Stuart's Alsatia, they saw the usual fair-to-intelligent-to-work foreigner, grinding out the Opera of the Poor. Pollyooly had acquired a fine dignity since she had gone to the Bath, and the Honorable John Ruffin; she had rather shunned the friends she had made in Alsatia when she had dwelt there with her Aunt Hannah. But the music was too much for her twelve years; she handed over the Lump to the care of a somewhat black Alsatian maiden, and joined the dancing children.

She danced lightly, with a natural grace and a delightful abandon. She danced with a spirit so entranced that she did not notice the presence of the big gentleman, with the sombrero hat and the mop of curls, till she stopped to take breath, and he was patting her on the back.

"What did I tell you, James?" he cried, to the slight, keen-eyed man who was with him. "I have always said that the fairies have migrated to the slums because only there can they find that black Alsatian maid, the 'wid' joy of life in which alone they can live."

"Vivid joy of grandmother!" said Mr. James, unsympathetically. "But here—here in Alsatia—we have seen a fairy dance," cried the big man. "You idealists!" said Mr. James, in a scoffing tone.

"You moderns! You disgusting moderns!" cried the big man indignantly. "What's your name, little girl?"

"Pollyooly, sir," said Pollyooly, dropping a courtesy, like the well-mannered child she was; and she took the Lump's hand.

"Pollyooly, the Queen of the slum fairies," said the big man. "Well, I want a model for a set of fairy stories I'm illustrating; and you're the very model I want. Will you sit for me? You understand? I want to draw you."

"Would it take long, sir?" said Pollyooly, politely, ready to oblige him. "Three hours a day for about a month. I'll pay you a shilling an hour."

Pollyooly's eyes sparkled; the very mines of Golconda opened before them. Then her face fell; and she said, "But I have to look after the Lump—my little brother here."

"There! He's always clean," cried the big man. "Will you sit for me, little girl?"

Pollyooly considered for a moment: here was wealth indeed. Then she said loyally, "I must ask Mr. Ruffin."

"Bother Mr. Ruffin!" cried the big man. "Mr. Ruffin won't say 'no,' when he learns that it's eighteen shillings weekly. He'll drown—in floods of unexpressed beer," said Mr. James.

"Mr. Ruffin's a gentleman. He lives in the Temple. I'm his housekeeper; and he doesn't drink beer. It isn't good enough for him," said Pollyooly indignantly.

"Beer is good enough for any man!" cried the big man. "It must be our friend Ruffin," said Mr. James.

"So it must," said the big man. "But come along, little girl, let's go and have a drink and arrange things."

"You can't take these children into a pub," said Mr. James.

"That's it! That's it!" cried the big man furiously. "I find a fairy dancing in a slum; and I can't take her into a public-house to stand her a drink. What a country!"

"Better come up to Ruffin's rooms and settle it with him," said Mr. James.

They went in a body to the Honorable John Ruffin's chambers, and found him just returned from the Law Courts.

Pollyooly ushered them into his sitting-room; and at the sight of the big man, the Honorable John Ruffin raised his hand, and said sternly: "Now, do not gush upon me, Vance. I will not have it. An Englishman's house is his castle. Be moderate—be sane."

The big man informed him, with immense vehemence and excitement, that he wished Pollyooly to sit for him as his model for a set of fairy stories; that he must have her, that she was the one model in London—in England—in the world; that he had been seeking her for months.

"An artist's model!" said the Honorable John Ruffin, with a pained air. "I once obliged a friend by sitting as model for a Roman patrician, watching a gladiatorial scene—a disagreeable occupation—and I found it uncommonly dull and stifling."

"Please, sir, it's a shilling an hour," said Pollyooly, anxiously.

"Wealth—wealth beyond the dreams of avarice," said the Honorable John Ruffin. "You can do as you like, Miss Bride."

"Thank you, sir," said Pollyooly, with shining eyes.

"But I observe that Mr. Vance calls you Pollyooly. We cannot have that kind of thing. These artists are presumptuous fellows. Miss Bride. You must insist on being treated respectfully; the dignity of your position as a housekeeper demands it."

"Yes, sir," said Pollyooly. "Understand, then, Vance, that to you Pollyooly is Miss Bride. In my unbending moments I may call her Pollyooly, but you, never. The artist must keep his place," said the Honorable John Ruffin, with an air of splendid hauteur.

"You swells! The airs you give yourselves!" growled the artist.

"I am one of the sixty thousand living in Brompton with Plantagenet blood in my veins," said the Honorable John Ruffin.

At two o'clock the next afternoon, Pollyooly was at the Temple Station, and took a half return ticket for herself and no ticket at all for the Lump, since her frugal mind impelled her to reckon herself under eleven and the Lump under three, for the purpose of travelling by rail.

Mr. Hilary Vance welcomed her with enthusiasm to a lofty studio of which the chief furniture was a line of canvases, three and four deep, with their faces turned to the wall. Pollyooly was soon posed on a chair on a little dais; the artist fell to work; and the Lump, despoiling the toys which Pollyooly had brought for him, proceeded on a tour of examination around this new and spacious chamber. He soon discovered that on the other side of the canvases were bright colors, and turned several of them over. Unfortunatly each, like the floor and everything else in the studio, was covered with a thick layer of black dust; and as she saw him grow grimmer and grimmer, an expression of acute anguish deepened and deepened on Pollyooly's face.

At last Mr. Hilary Vance perceived it, and said, "What's the matter, Pollyooly? Why are you unhappy?"

"The stern expression of human dignity. Do you always have this stimulating effect on human character?"

"Yes, sir; thank you," said Pollyooly, who had not the very slightest idea of what he meant.

She had sat to him for a week (a week of splendid teas), adding three shillings a day to the hoard which should the Honorable John Ruffin succumb to his creditors, would stand between the Lump and the Workhouse till she found fresh work. Then one afternoon Mr. James came in.

Mr. Hilary Vance stopped working, and said, "James, I've got a magnificent idea."

"Then Heaven help you!" said Mr. James. "I'm going to try the anesthetic revelation," said Mr. Hilary Vance. "And what may that be?" said Mr. James.

"You take gas—ordinary dentist's gas—mixed with a large proportion of air, and without losing consciousness the walls of flesh vanish, you sail forth into the empyrean, and see visions. I shall see colors undreamed of by the artist, and wonderful beings, the amazing denseness of the sky."

"You will see scarlet snakes and purple opossums," said Mr. James.

"Purple opossums—glorious," said Mr. Hilary Vance. "You will come with me."

"I don't think gas is exactly what you want, Hilary," said Mr. James thoughtfully.

"My mind is made up. It's no use your trying to stop me. Will you come?"

"I suppose I must," said Mr. James gloomily. "All my leisure seems to be spent in saving you from the consequences of your folly."

"You are so unsympathetic," said Mr. Hilary Vance.

"I'm Art's martyr; you can't expect me to like it," said Mr. James. "Let's have tea."

They had tea, all of them together. Over it the artist explained the arrangements he had made with a dentist friend; and Mr. James agreed to regard him and assist at the revelation. Then he went away; and Mr. Hilary Vance got back to his work.

The next afternoon Pollyooly observed that Mr. Hilary Vance was enjoying an uncommon lightness of spirit. He sang, or, to be exact, he bellowed, heartily, though with little regard to tune, over his work. He bubbled over with laughter. Then there came a knock at the front door; he went to it, and ushered into the studio a young person with a masterful air, a somewhat vinegarish aspect, a high color, and thin lips, wearing a large, but excellent, hat.

She came in, bridling, glanced indifferently at Pollyooly and the Lump, and said in a mincing, languishing voice: "Oh, Hilary, why ever didn't you come this mornin' to tike me to choose my engagement ring, as you said you would? I didn't expect you to be like this, when it was only last night you harked me to be yours."

Mr. Hilary Vance looked at her blankly, opened his mouth, and gasped as only a big man can gasp: "Last night? Asked you to be mine?" he said in blankest consternation.

"Last night as ever was," simpered the young person, with a fond smile which brought out the cold perspiration in beads on the artist's forehead.

"I—I—wasn't myself last night," he stammered.

"Now, don't eye as you'd been drinking," Mr. Hilary Vance broke in.

"Of course I hadn't been drinking; never drink!" Mr. Hilary Vance broke in.

"No, you was as sober as a judge. I never seed you so serious. An' when you harked me to be yours, I was that tyken aback you could've knocked me down with a feather."

Mr. Hilary Vance grasped his abundant curls with both hands, and cried in a tone of horror, "I really asked you to be mine!"

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12:05 pm	12:25 pm	12:45 pm
2:30 pm	2:45 pm	3:00 pm
4:10 pm	4:25 pm	4:45 pm
5:20 pm	5:35 pm	5:55 pm
6:05 pm	6:20 pm	6:40 pm
7:45 pm	8:00 pm	8:20 pm
9:20 pm	9:45 pm	10:00 pm
10:45 pm	11:00 pm	11:15 pm

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Leaves Warsaw  
Hamilton Jr  
Keokuk  
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8:5 am  
9:20 am  
11:00 am  
12:45 pm  
1:05 pm  
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