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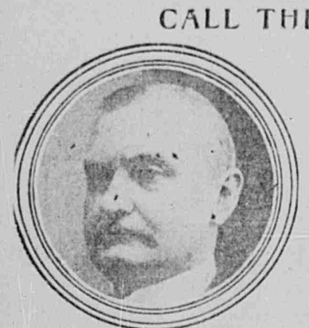
## CALL THE BLUFF!



THOMAS F. RYAN
Photo by Davis & Sanford.

Unable to secure the entire emasculation of the Elsberg bill in the Legislature the interests hostile to that measure have carried the fight into the open.

When the time comes for the city to advertise for bids for the new subways the Interborough, it is intimated, will hold aloof. It will make no offer. On the contrary it will exert its powerful influence to prevent the letting of contracts, hoping thereby to force the repeal of the law.

If this programme is carried out there will at least be an end to cant about "moral obligations." With the transition to threats the mask falls off and the highwayman stands revealed. The challenge is given and the city must accept it and build independent subways or stand ready to hand over its underground traction lines to a monopoly for a generation to come.

It must break its bonds now or prepare for the descent of the hordes of municipal ownership.

It is significant that of the projected subway routes that up Third avenue comes in for the most active opposition. What are the interests antagonizing it under the cloak of private objections? The fact that this line will parallel the Interborough and tap its richest territory on the upper east side and in the Bronx goes far to identify them. The Third avenue route will do more than provide competition within the borough. By furnishing a downtown outlet for the rival Westchester road it will contribute to the breaking of the Bronx and suburban rapid-transit monopoly.

It is here the Interborough is most vulnerable and here the fight should be begun. There is every augury of success for an independent east side line. It is assured of a profitable patronage from the start. On the basis of the Interborough's last quarterly statement its lessees will be guaranteed a profit of 65 per cent. on its operating expenses at a three-cent fare. Is it to be feared that with that lure before it capital will hold back because Ryan sulks in his tent?

The situation is one which should appeal to Mayor McClellan's fighting blood. Through the Interborough's arrogant attitude an opportunity has been created for him to perform a public service of the highest order.

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Amid the abundant sympathy for San Francisco why is there none for Wall Street? It, too, has sustained a loss of $200,000,000. Values have gone down like houses of cards. A breath has made them and a breath unmade. Margins have been wiped out as if by a tidal wave. Yet the nation has borne this calamity with a restrained and chastened sorrow. It has shed no tears. It has not turned its thoughts to sackcloth and ashes. There is no suggestion of relief funds. Is it because of a cynical indifference to suffering or because it knows the game? The ball may rebound to-morrow. In place of prodigious paper losses there may be paper profits. Meantime the crops are growing, the railroads are running and there is no special reason to think that things are going to the dogs.

## The New Platform.

By Maurice Ketten.

## Why the United States Is What It Is To-Day

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES

*What They Did;*
*Why They Did It;*
*What Came Of It.*

By Albert Payson Terhune.

### NO. 20—BENEDICT ARNOLD—*The Hero Who Turned Traitor.*

SIXTY excited men paraded the college green at New Haven late in April, 1776. They were the Governor's Guard. The news of the battle of Concord and Lexington had just reached town. Their Captain, a gigantic man, with the face of a Greek god, had summoned the guard and ordered them to march with him to join the Continental Army. Gov. Wooster of Connecticut, hesitated to consent to so rash a measure.

"Give us arms and give us permission to go!" shouted the Captain, "or we will break into the arsenal, help ourselves and go anyway."

When young Dr. Benedict Arnold, captain of the guard, said a thing he meant it. Wooster yielded and Arnold marched for Cambridge at the head of his men. It was not the young man's first military venture. He had run away from home at fifteen to join in the French and Indian war; had later commanded his own vessels in perilous voyages and had at last settled down, wealthy and honored, as a leading physician in New Haven. Now he was throwing away fortune and ease to espouse the desperate cause of the patriot armies.

He was destined to fame, ill-treatment and final shame.

**Captures the British Forts.**

Arnold, on his arrival at Cambridge, was at once made a Colonel. He raised four hundred men and marched northward through the wilderness against the strong British forts of Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

His military genius had told him, what no one else had noted, that if these important points were in the hands of the Americans, England's operations southward from Canada would be badly crippled. But on the way Ethan Allen, with a body of "Green Mountain Boys," joined the expedition and claimed full command. Sooner than force a quarrel which might have wrecked the plan, Arnold yielded and accompanied the expedition as a volunteer. They carried the forts and scored a brilliant victory. The idea was Arnold's. The success was Allen's. It was the first of many unjust setbacks the former was destined to suffer.

Washington was Arnold's dearest friend and admired him immensely. When Arnold asked leave, soon after, to march on Quebec, Washington consented and gave him 1,100 men. After a march as hard and perilous as Hannibal's over the Alps Arnold reached Quebec. His men had deserted in large numbers. Those remaining were weak and ill-clad. Nothing but Arnold's consummate skill saved the little army from utter destruction. He was joined by Gen. Montgomery, and they made joint attack on the city, Dec. 31, 1775. Montgomery was killed and Arnold dangerously wounded. For this exploit Arnold was made a Brigadier-General.

During the "dark days" of the Revolution that ensued Arnold was everywhere, harrying the British, winning victories against great odds, clearing the English forces from upper New York so thoroughly as to allow the sending of 3,000 extra soldiers to help Washington win his great triumphs of Trenton and Princton.

Arnold's successes aroused jealousy. A clique was formed to degrade him. Also, Charles Lee and other enemies of Washington, sought to injure the Commander-in-Chief by insulting and slighting his friend. All this cruelly preyed upon Arnold's sensitive, high-strung nature. He was a sort of "land" Paul Jones in energy and resource, and reaped similar ingratitude from his country. But, unlike Jones, he was not great enough to bear such slights with heroic patience.

Early in 1777 Congress appointed five new Major-Generals over Arnold's head, although Arnold was senior Brigadier. This was meant for a slap at Washington, but it galled Arnold terribly. Yet he behaved well about it, serving gallantly under men formerly his juniors. In April, 1777, Arnold, with a pitiably small force, checked the British invasion of Connecticut and won a splendid victory at Ridgefield, two horses being shot under him during the battle.

Popular opinion forced Congress to make him a Major-General for this feat, but it would not restore his relative rank. Just then Burgoyne began his famous invasion of New York from Canada. Arnold rushed north to meet him and repeatedly blocked the British advance. Just as he was apparently getting the situation into his own hands Gen. Gates was sent to take charge of the army that opposed Burgoyne. Gates hated Arnold and sought in every way to insult and belittle him.

**Saves the Day at Saratoga.**

In the great battle of Saratoga he gave Arnold no command. Yet, when the Americans were hard pressed Arnold, without orders, rushed on the field. The soldiers loved him and rallied at sight of him. By leading a series of daring charges into the heart of the enemy's ranks, he turned defeat into one of the greatest victories of the whole war—a victory that won for the colonies the open alliance with France, and Gates got the Credit.

Arnold was badly wounded in this battle. He was, thenceforward, a cripple and could not return to active service. Washington made him Governor of Philadelphia. There his enemies again attacked him. They trumped up charges of so idiotic a character that they were readily disproved. Yet Congress commanded Washington to reprimand him. The reward for years of heroic service, loss of fortune and permanently crippling wounds was—a public reprimand.

Washington, realizing the injustice of this, made the reprimand amusingly gentle and, to show his trust in the injured man, made Arnold commander of West Point, key to the whole American position in New York State. But the reprimand had been the last straw that broke Arnold's sorely tried spirit. Yet even his many injuries can never palliate what followed. Mad with longing for revenge at his unjust treatment, he accepted an offer to sell West Point to the enemy, being assured by Lord North that the colonies would receive kindly and generous treatment from their victors. The chance capture of Major John Andre, the go-between in the negotiations, betrayed the plan. Arnold fled to the British lines. He went later to England, where he died in 1801, aged sixty—lonely, embittered, hated by Americans and despised by England.

The name that might have been enrolled among the world's greatest heroes goes down to posterity linked with Iscariot's. Yet, at worst, Benedict Arnold was perhaps merely a man not great enough to endure injustice. He sold his country and the price was eternal ignominy.

## The Helmet of Navarre by Bertha Runkle

Author of "THE TRUTH ABOUT TOLNA."

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Felix Breux is page to Count Etienne de Mar, estranged son of the Duke of St. Quentin, a powerful French noble. The period is 1593, when Henry of Navarre, claimant of the French throne, is besieging Paris. The city is held by the League, under the Duke of Mayenne. St. Quentin is a follower of Henry, but has boldly come to Paris. Mayenne's nephew, Paul de Lorraine, tries to make Mar assassinate St. Quentin. Mar and Paul both love Lorance de Montluc, Mayenne's ward. Etienne rescues St. Quentin from a gang of Mayenne's men, and father and son are reconciled. Next day Felix wakes to find an Italian jeweller standing by his bed. He guesses that the fellow is a Mayenne spy; the more so when the latter begins to question him about Mar.

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### CHAPTER XXIV.

### The Florentines.

(Continued.)

"OH, there's nobody like him," I answered, "except, of course, M. le Duc."

"Ah, then, you have two masters?" he inquired curiously, yet with a certain careless air. It struck me suddenly, overwhelmingly, that he was a spy, come here under the guise of an honest tradesman. But he should gain nothing from me.

"This is the house of the Duke of St Quentin," I said. "Surely you could not come in at the gate without discovering that?"

"He is a very grand seigneur, then, this duke?"

"Assuredly," I replied cautiously.

"More of a man than the Comte de Mar?"

I would have told him to mind his own business had it not been for my hopes of the crucifix. If he planned to sell it to me cheap, thereby hoping to gain information, marry, I saw no reason why I should not buy it at his price—and withhold the information. So I made civil answer:

"They are both as gallant gentlemen as any living. About this cross, now"——

"Oh, yes," he answered at once, accepting with willingness—well feigned, I thought—the change of topic. You can give me ten pistoles, say you? 'Tis making you a present of the treasure. Yet, since I have received good treatment at the hands of your master, I will e'en give it to you. You shall have your cross."

With suspicions now at point of certainty I drew out my pouch from under my pillow and counted into his hand the ten pieces which were my store. My rosary I drew out likewise; I had broken it when I shattered the cross, but one of the inn maids had tied it together for me with a thread, and it served very well. The Italian unhooked the delicate carving from the silver chain and hung it on my wooden one, which I threw over my neck, vastly pleased with my new possession. Marcel's Virgin was a botch compared with it. I remembered that mademoiselle, who had given me half my wealth, the half that won me the rest, had bidden me buy something in the marts of Paris; and I told myself with pride that she could not fail to hold me high did she know how, passing by all vanities, I had spent my whole store for a holy image. Few boys of my age would be capable of the like. Certes I had done piously and should now take a further pious joy, my purchase safe on my neck, in thwarting the wiles of this serpent. I would play with him awhile, tease and baffle him, before handing him over in triumph to Vigo.

Sure enough, he began as I had expected:

"This M. de Mar downstairs, he is a very good master, I suppose?"

"Yes," I said without enthusiasm.

"He has always treated you well?"

I bethought myself of the trick I had played successfully with the officer of the burgess guard.

"Why, yes, I suppose so. I have only known him two days."

"But you have known him well? You have seen much of him?" he demanded with ill-concealed eagerness.

"But not so very much," I made tepid answer. "I have not been with him all the time of these two days. I have seen really very little of him."

"And you know not whether or no he be a good master?"

"Oh, pretty good. So-so."

He sprang forward to deal me a stinging box on the ear.

I was out of bed at one bound, scattering the trinkets in a golden rain and rushing for him. He retreated before me. It was to save his jewels, but I, fool that I was, thought it pure fear of me. I dashed at him, all headlong confidence; the next I knew he had somehow twisted his foot between mine and tripped me before I could grapple. Never was wight more confounded to find himself on the floor.

I was starting up again unhurt when I saw something that made me forget my purpose. I sat still where I was, with dropped jaw and bulging eyes. For his hair, that had been black, was golden.

"Ventre bleu!" I said.

"And so you know not, you little villain, whether you have a good master or not?"

"But how was I to dream it was monsieur?" I cried, confounded. "I knew there was something queer about him—about you, I mean—about the person I took you for, that is. I knew there was something wrong about you—that is to say, I mean I thought there was; I mean I knew he wasn't what he seemed—you were not. And Peyrot fooled us, and I didn't want to be fooled again."

"Then I am a good master?" he demanded truculently, advancing upon me.

I put up my hands to my ears.

"The best, monsieur. And monsieur wrestled well, too."

"I can't prove that by you, Felix," he retorted, and laughed in my nettled face. "Well, if you've not trampled on my jewels I forgive your contumacy."

If I had my bare toes had done them no harm. I crawled about the floor, gathering them all up and putting them on the bed, where I presently sat down myself to stare at him, trying to realize him for M. le Comte. He had seated himself too, and was dusting his trampled wig and clapping it on again.

He had shaved off his mustaches and the tuft on his chin, and the whole look of him was changed. A year had gone for every stroke of the razor; he seemed such a boy, so particularly guileless! He had stained his face so well that it lookel for all the world as though the Southern sun had done it for him; his eyebrows and lashes were dark by nature. His wig came much lower over his forehead than did his own hair, and altered the upper part of his face as much as the shaving of the lower. Only his eyes were the same. He had had his back to the window at first, and I had not noted them; but now that he had turned his eyes gleamed so light as to be fairly startling in his dark face—like stars in a stormy sky.

"Well, then, how do you like me?"

"Monsieur confounds me. It's witchery. I cannot get used to him."

"That's as I would have it," he returned, coming over to the bedside to arrange his treasures. "For if I look new to you I think I may look so to the Hotel de Lorraine."

"Monsieur goes to the Hotel de Lorraine as a jeweller?" I cried, enlightened.

"Aye. And if the ladies do not crowd about me"—— he broke off with a gesture, and put his trays back in his box.

He dealt me a stinging box on the ear.

"Well, I wondered, monsieur; I wondered if we were going to sell ornaments to Peyrot."

He locked the box and proceeded solemnly and thoroughly to damn Peyrot. He cursed him waking, cursed him sleeping, cursed him eating, cursed him drinking, cursed him walking, riding, sitting; cursed him summer, cursed him winter; cursed him young, cursed him old, living, dying and dead. I inferred that the packet had not been recovered.

"No, pardieu! Vigo went straight on horseback to the Bonne Femme, but Peyrot had vanished. So he galloped round to the Rue Tournelles, whither he had sent two of our men before him, but the bird was flown. He had been home half an hour before—he left the inn just after us—had paid his arrears of rent, surrendered his key and taken away his chest, with all his worldly goods in it, on the shoulders of two porters, bound for parts unknown. Gilles is scouring Paris for him. Mordieu, I wish him luck!"

His face betokened little hope of Gilles. We both kept chagrined silence.

"And we thought him sleeping!" presently cried he.

"Well," he added, rising, "that milk's spilt; no use crying over it; plan a better venture. That's the only course. Monsieur is gone back to St. Denis to report to the King. Marry, he makes as little of these gates as if he were a tennis ball and they the net. Time was when he thought he must plan and prepare and know the captain of the watch and go masked at midnight. He has got bravely over that now; he bounces in and out as easily as kiss my hand. I pray he may not try it once too often."

"Mayenne dare not touch him."

"What Mayenne may dare is not good betting." Monsieur thinks he dares not. Monsieur has come through so many perils of late he is happily convinced he bears a charmed life. Felix, do you come with me to the Hotel de Lorraine?"

"Ah, monsieur," I cried, bethinking myself that I had forgotten to dress.

"Nay, you need not don these clothes," he interposed, with a look of wickedness which I could not interpret. "Wait; I'm back anon."

He darted out of the room, to return speedily with an armful of apparel, which he threw on the bed.

"Monsieur," I gasped in horror, "it's woman's gear!"

"Verily."

"Monsieur! you cannot mean me to wear this?"

"I mean it precisely."

"Monsieur!"

"Why, look you, Felix," he laughed, "how else am I to take you? You were at pains to make yourself conspicuous in M. de Mayenne's salon; they will recognize you as quickly as me."

"Oh, monsieur, put me in a wig, in cap and bells, an you like! I will be monsieur's clown, anything, only not this!"

"I never heard of a jeweller accompanied by his clown. Nor have I any party color in my armoires. But since I have exerted myself to borrow this toggery—and a fine, big lass is the owner, so I think it will fit—you must wear it."

I was like to burst with mortification; I stood there in dumb, agonized appeal.

"Oh, well, then you need not go at all. If you go you go as Felicie. But you may stay at home if it likes you better."

That settled me. I would have gone in my grave clothes sooner than not go at all, and belike he knew it. I began arraying myself sullenly and clumsily in the murrain petticoats.

There was a full kirtle of gray wool, falling to my ankles, and a white apron. There was a white blouse with a wide, turned-back collar, and a scarlet bodice laced with black cords over a green tongue. I was soon in such a desperate tangle over these divers garments, so utterly muddled as to which to put on first and which side forward and which end up, and where and how by the grace of God to fasten them, that M. Etienne, with roars of laughter, came unsteadily to my aid. He insisted on stuffing the whole of my jerkin under my blouse to give my figure the proper curves, and to make me a waist he drew the lacing cords till I was like to suffocate. His mirth had by this time got me to laughing so that every time he pulled me in a fit of merriment would jerk the laces from his fingers before he could tie them. This happened once and again, and the more it happened the more we laughed and the less he could dress me. I ached in every rib and the tears were running down his cheeks, washing little clean channels in the stain.

"Felix, this will never do," he gasped when at length he could speak. "Never after a carouse have I been so maudlin. Compose yourself, for the love of heaven. Think of something serious; think of me! Think of Peyrot, think of Mayenne, think of Lucas. Think of what will happen to us now if Mayenne know us for ourselves."

"Enough, monsieur," I said. "I am sobered!"

But even now that I held still we could not draw the last holes in the bodice point nearly together.

"Nay, monsieur, I can never wear it like this," I panted when he had tied it as tight as he could. "I shall die or I shall burst the seams." He had perforce to give me more room; he pulled the apron higher to cover gaps and fastened a bunch of keys and a pocket at my waist. He set a brown wig on my head, nearly covered by a black mortier, with its wide scarf hanging down my back.

"Hang me, but you make a fine, strapping grisette," he cried, proud of me as if I were a picture, he the painter. "Felix, you've no notion how handsome you look. Dame! you defrauded the world when you contrived to be born a boy."

"I thank my stars I was born a boy," I declared. "I wouldn't get into this toggery for any one else on earth. I tell monsieur that flat."

"You must change your shoes," he cried eagerly. "Your hobnails spoil all."

I put one of his gossip's shoes on the floor beside my foot.

"Now, monsieur, I ask you, how am I to get into that?"

"Shall I fetch you Vigo's?" he grinned.

"No, Constant's," I said instantly, thinking how it would make him writhe to lend them.

"Constant's best," he promised, disappearing. It was as good as a play to see my lord running errands for me. Perhaps he forgot, after a month in the Rue Coupejarrets, that such things as pages existed; or, more likely, he did not care to take the household into his confidence. He was back soon with a pair of scarlet hose and shoes of red morocco, the gayest affairs you ever saw. Also he brought a hand mirror for me to look on my beauty.

"Nay, monsieur," I said with a sulk that started anew his laughter. "I'll not take it; I want not to see myself. But monsieur will do well to examine his own countenance."

"Pardieu! I should say so," he cried. "I must e'en go repair myself; and you, Felix—Felicie—must be fed."

I was in truth as hollow as a drum, yet I cried out that I had rather starve than venture into the kitchen.

"You flatter yourself," he retorted. "You'd not be known. Old Jumel will give you the pick of the larder for a kiss," he roared in my sullen face, and added, relenting: "Well, then, I will send one of the lackeys up with a salver. The lazy beggars have naught else to do."

I bolted the door after him, and when the man brought my tray bade him set it down outside. He informed me through the panels that he would go drown himself before he would be content to lie slugabed the livelong day while his betters waited on him. I trembled for fear in his virtuous scorn he should take his fardel away again. But he had had his orders. When, after listening to his footsteps descending the stairs, I reached out a cautious arm, the tray was on the floor. The generous meat and wine put new heart into me; by the time my lord returned I was eager for the enterprise.

"Have you finished?" he demanded. "Faith, I see you have. Then let us start; it grows late. The shadows, like good Mussulmans, are stretching to the east. I must catch the ladies in their chambers before supper. Come, we'll take the box between us."

"Why, monsieur, I carry that on my shoulders."

"What, my lass, on your dainty shoulders? Nay, 'twould make the townsfolk stare.'

"Now, never have I seen a maid fresh from the convent blush so prettily. I'd give my right hand to walk you out past the guard-room."

I shrank as a snail when you touch its horns. He cried:

"Marry, but I will, though!"

Now I, unlike Sir Snail, had no snug little fortress to take refuge in; I might writhe, but I could not defend myself.

"As you will, monsieur," I said, setting my teeth hard.

"Nay, I dare not. Those fellows would follow us laughing to the doors of Lorraine House itself. I've told none of this prank; I have even contrived to send all the lackeys out of doors on fools' errands. We'll sneak out like thieves by the postern. Come, tread your wariest."

On tiptoe, with the caution of malefactors, we crept from stair to stair, giggling under our breath like the callow lad and saucy lass we looked to be. We won in safety to the postern and came out to face the terrible eye of the world.

(To Be Continued.)

**"The Masquerader," by Katherine Cecil Thurston, author of "The Gambler," will follow "The Helmet of Navarre," on May 19, in The Evening World.**