

in the morning. Have General Garcia and his party go to Atlantic City tonight, and I will pick them up off there. Send them down on the last train tonight so they will not have to hang around there long, and keep them away from the town. They can arrange with a fishing sloop to bring them out to us. If all goes well, we shall be off Atlantic City tomorrow forenoon; if we are followed by an inquisitive revenue cutter, I will loaf along during the day, double on my track and lose her during the night, and be standing by to take the General and his companions aboard at sunrise on Monday."

THERE was no way of proving that we were not going to Vera Cruz, and as there would be no revolutionists on board when we left New York the Government would have no good reason for again seizing the ship; so I felt little anxiety on that score. Hart was pleased with the plan I proposed, and after it had been approved by the Cuban leaders it was worked out in detail, to guard against any misunderstandings or mistakes. I then went out to the ship with Hart and took command. The Bermuda was a good thirteen-knot boat, registering one thousand tons. She had become too small for trade between New York and the islands for which she was named, and had recently been sold to Hart by the Quebec Steamship Company. She had new boilers and engines, and was in splendid condition.

I looked her over carefully, and also sized up the crew. Those who looked as though they might "leak" were paid off and new men were sent out to take their places. Banked fires were ordered, with a good head of steam; but no one was told when we ex-

pected to sail. To give the impression that we were in no hurry I returned to the city and spent the night at the old Stevens House, on lower Broadway. I was then living in Arlington, New Jersey, which is only a short ride from New York; but I did not go home, after our arrangements were completed, nor send any word to my family. They had become accustomed to having me disappear suddenly; but they always expected that I would eventually turn up safe. If they did not know when or where I was going, there could be no words dropped that neighbors and detectives might put together.

At four o'clock Sunday morning I went aboard the Bermuda and proceeded to get under way. We were not long about it; but before we were clear of the Narrows three tugboats, filled with deputy United States Marshals, customs officers, and newspaper men, were tearing after us. They came so close that for a few minutes it looked as if they intended to board us; but they contented themselves with ranging alongside and peppering us with questions. My hearing was very bad that morning; so I let them talk to the cook. The only thing I told them was that we did not have General Garcia nor any of his friends on board. They hung onto us down through the lower bay and out past Sandy Hook, without getting enough information to pay for a pound of the coal they were furiously burning to keep up with us. I don't know how far they might have followed us; but when we were well clear of the Hook a kind fortune sent along a blinding snowstorm, which soon chased them back home.

To be continued next Sunday

"NO!"

BY F. W. FITZPATRICK

ACATHOLIC prelate told me a yarn the other day, to illustrate the point he was making in a discussion regarding the fair sex's inconstancy, fickleness, which, though it did not convince me,—for am I not the staunchest defender of the sex?—seems worth retelling, albeit poorly. His Lordship is a famous raconteur, and it will lose much at second hand.

"Years ago," said he, "I was in Rome and happened to be talking to Cardinal B in one of the public galleries of the Vatican, when a very attractive and vivacious little woman bustled up to him and after the preliminary of a hasty curtsy literally poured a torrent of talk, in passably good French, all about and over him. He smiled affably, promised intercession; she thanked him effusively, and called him her 'sole and most distinguished protector.' As she was finally about to leave he introduced me as a fellow countryman of hers and, with a humorous twinkle, asked her how the Count was. 'Respectful, your Eminence, always respectful,' she replied."

The Cardinal told me her story. You know that the Catholic Church does not countenance divorce; but in specially meritorious cases it does annul marriages. This little woman, Mrs. X, then about thirty, was a highly cultured and extremely wealthy American. She had married hastily when quite young, and had persistently clamored for five years for an annulment. The reasons she advanced made a fairly good case; she had powerful friends; that was her third visit to Rome; she made her appeals to every Cardinal to whom she had credentials; each one was her "sole and most distinguished protector"; and she supplemented those appeals with liberal donations to the charities specially patronized by these Cardinals. She was going at the matter diplomatically and with hammer and tongs. The "Count" referred to was a long, lanky, anemic specimen, the scion of one of the oldest and most powerful Spanish families, who worshiped—especially her gold—from afar, was palpably No. 2, always "respectful," and added all the Spanish influence he could in behalf of her case. And they had kept it up for five years!

I innocently asked the Cardinal why, if the case had any merit, they did not pass upon it or dismiss it.

"Ah!" he replied. "It is clear that, though you are of Rome, you are not a Roman. We act here with great deliberation in all such matters. If we passed upon them with too great condescension, why, bless you, the entire Christian world would march upon Rome, would swamp us with questions as to the validity of millions of marriages, and we'd have to have a hundred more Cardinals just to adjudicate those cases!"

"But you will give her a decision some day," said I. He quoted La Fontaine's fable of the King, the ass, and the lapse of ten years, and added that in matters of an-

nulment they applied that same precept; for invariably, in the lapse of time, as the King or the ass had died, so with the disgruntled married folk, the husband, or wife, or No. 2 died, or they got tired and patched up their differences.

Well, I came home, and soon afterward received a most touching letter from Mrs. X asking for intercession. I did write my Cardinal friend and others and told her so, and she enthusiastically elevated me to the rank of her "sole and most distinguished protector," and gave quite handsomely to an orphan asylum I was building.

A year passed, and I heard that Mr. X had been killed in one of our first automobile speeding accidents. In due course word came from Rome that the news had reached there just as the Sacred College was about to grant Mrs. X's long desired annulment.

After a respectful lapse of time the very respectful Count persuaded the fair widow to join him in the holy bonds. It was to be a grand affair. I was invited to assist in the ceremonies. The cathedral in her city was beautifully decorated, there was a great throng of invited guests, and the Archbishop was to marry them.

The binding query was made to the Count, who answered yes with, for him, unwonted alacrity; but when addressed to the bride it brought forth a frenzied no, a scream. She fainted, and was carried out.

Some hours afterward Mrs. X called at the Episcopal palace and asked for me personally—her "sole," etc. In tears alternating with half hysterical laughter she explained that she couldn't and wouldn't marry the Count nor anyone else. "Just think," said she, "of the years and bother I went through to have the other undone! True, I loved and still love the Count, and he is a most estimable man, a great name, a good Catholic; but—Heavens! at the last minute I thought over all the trouble I had had, and the prospects of having to do it all over again simply unnerved me. It hadn't been so plain to me before. The fatal word that would perhaps oblige me to go to Rome again and again was what stunned me, and I know that I fairly shrieked no, and I'll never, never say yes again, either!"

DIFFERING FROM THE CENSUS

THE rather henpecked husband entered the room as his wife was digesting an analysis of the late census returns.

"Henry," she said, glancing up over her spectacles, "you ought to be mighty glad that you are married. The statistics show that the lives of married men are longer than those of bachelors."

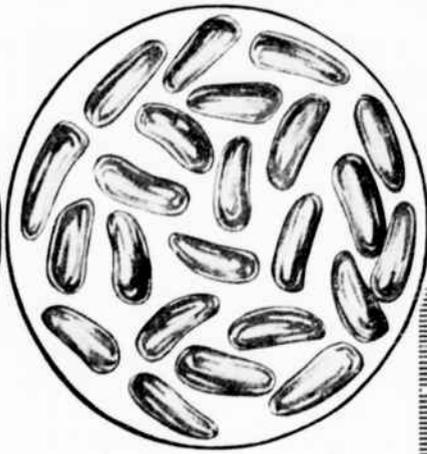
"H'mp!" grunted the doubtful one.

"What! Don't you believe it?" snapped the wife.

"No, I don't," he replied. "They only seem longer."



Puffed Wheat



Puffed Rice

Prof. Anderson Brought to Us This Invention

It was wheat and rice kernels exploded by steam—puffed to eight times normal size.

They tasted like toasted nuts.

They seemed to us like cereal confections—the most delightful foods ever created.

But we asked for the people's judgment.

We opened a lunch room in the heart of New York, to which hundreds of people came daily.

And we offered them there—all at equal price—all sorts of cereal foods.

Four out of five who took ready-cooked cereals chose either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

That settled the matter. We made the foods. And now 22,000,000 dishes monthly are consumed by delighted users.

Please Let the Children Choose

We ask you to do likewise.

Submit to your children the various ready-cooked cereals. Tell them to pick their choice.

You'll find that these puffed grains—crisp, porous and nut-like—are selected nine times in ten.

That's a fortunate fact. For these whole-grain foods, with every food granule blasted to pieces, are the most digestible foods in existence.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in Extreme West*
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These foods are not merely foibles.

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The grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. For an hour we revolve them in an oven heat of 550 degrees—until all the grains' moisture is changed to high-pressure steam.

Then that steam is exploded. And, by that explosion, the millions of food granules are literally blasted to pieces. Thus digestion can instantly act.

The puffed grains are four times as porous as bread. Yet the coats of the grain are unbroken.

Ways of Serving

In the morning serve them with cream and sugar. Or mix them with any fruit.

For luncheons, or suppers, or between-meal foods, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Boys at play like to eat the grains dry. Girls use them in candy-making. In many such ways these nut-like grains take the place of nuts.

Let children eat them whenever they are hungry, for these puffed grains don't tax the stomach.

And begin today if you don't yet know how good these puffed foods are.

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