Society

By E. C. DRUM-HUNT

The French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand entertained at a luncheon yesterday at the Embassy.

The Ambassador of Argentina and Mme. Le Breton, with their niece, Miss Manuela Lloveras, have returned from a short stay in New York.

The newly appointed Ambassador from Peru, Federico A. Pezet, and Mme. Pezet, who have arrived in New York, will come to Washington almost immediately as soon as Mr. Pezet, who is ill, is strong enough to come. They will find a warm welcome awaiting them here, where both the Ambassador and his charming wife have many friends, the former having served his country as minister for a number of years at this post. Javier Alvarez de Buenavista, second secretary of the Embassy, went to New York to meet them, and will return with them.

The Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Glass have staying with them the sister of the latter, Mrs. J. M. Booze, of Louisiana, who came North for the wedding of Miss Mary Archer Glass and Mr. John Guerant Boatwright, and who afterward went to Virginia for a visit. Mrs. Glass has just returned from Lynchburg and Mrs. Booze came back with her.

Mrs. Glass will preside at the Thanksgiving tea this afternoon given as a benefit for the Southern Relief Home at the home, 2403 Pennsylvania avenue.

The Secretary of War and Mrs. Baker will take their young son, Jack, with them to New York Saturday for the Army and Navy game, when they will entertain a party in their box. Thursday night the Secretary and Mrs. Baker will attend the Navy relief ball at the Willard.

Postmaster General and Mrs. A. S. Burleson have gone to San Antonio, Texas, to spend Thanksgiving with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Van W. Negley.

SIR ROBERT BORDEN IN ATLANTIC CITY.

Sir Robert Borden, premier of Canada, who was in Washington during the visit here of the Prince of Wales, is now at the Traymore, in Atlantic City. Lady Borden is with him.

Word was received at the legation here yesterday that the minister of Cuba and Mme. de Cespedes, with their niece, Miss Anita de Lima, who have been abroad for several months, are now in Rome and will return to America about the 15th of December.

Mme. Ekengren, wife of the Minister of Sweden, has gone to New York.

The Minister of Greece, Georges Roussos, is making a short stay in New York.

Miss Janet Richards, in her talk on the grave questions of the hour this morning in the Knickerbocker Theater, will give the usual weekly review of world questions—home and foreign. This will include special mention of the French and Italian elections and their hopeful significance; the adjournment of Congress; the unratified treaty of peace, with some of the probable national and international complications resulting from it. She will speak especially upon "The Failure of the Peace Treaty; Whose is the Blame." She will talk at length on the Indifference of Congress to the request of the Attorney General A. Mitchell Palmer for stricter laws for the punishment of the Reds.

Miss Richards lectured last week in Philadelphia, New York and at Princeton and in each place she encountered extreme indignation because of Congress' indifference to Mr. Palmer's request.

The lecture today will begin at 10:45 o'clock.

INTERESTING VISITORS HERE.

Count von Moltke, former Minister to this country from Denmark, and Countess Moltke, formerly Miss Sayre, who were the guests for several days of Mrs. Richard H. Townsend, went to New York the last of the week and sailed Saturday for Europe.

Mrs. Townsend entertained at dinner Thursday night in honor of Count and Countess von Moltke, asking a distinguished company to meet them.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and Miss Flora Payne Whitney went to Westbury, L. I., to pass the end of the week, and have as guests Countess Szechenyi and her children.

Baroness von Schoen will arrive tomorrow from Mexico for a short visit with her brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Walker. She will later go to Cleveland to be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Fingenstaedt, the latter formerly Miss Lillian Birney and a sister of the baroness.

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, who was in Washington last week, has returned to New York.

Maj. Gen. and Mrs. J. G. Harbord have arrived from New York, and will be at the Hotel Lafayette during the short time that Gen. Harbord is on temporary duty with Gen. Pershing before going to his permanent assignment at Camp Travis, Tex.

Lieut. Col. and Mrs. J. Vinton Birch are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, Vinton Prescott, on November 11.

The board of lady managers of the Catholic Home for Aged Ladies' are having a tea and donation party at the "home," 3043 P street, today, from 3:30 to 6. All friends of the home are invited.

MRS. HENRY REA HAS LEFT CITY.

Mrs. Henry R. Rea, who has been staying at the Shoreham, and was former Red Cross field director at the Walter Reed Hospital, left Washington yesterday for New York, where she will stay at the Ritz Carlton for the winter.

The Thanksgiving paper chase riders, who will start from the Riding and Hunt Club early Thursday morning, will include Mrs. Sinclair Bowen, Mrs. Thomas F. Logan, Miss Ruth Hitchcock, Miss Carolyn Nash, Miss Cockrell, Capt. Tappe, Col. George, Capt. Antonovitch, Count Rosen, Lieut. Philippe Barbier, Gino Buti, Ames Brown and Emile Fontanel.

Surg. Gen., U. S. N., and Mrs. Braisted have returned to Washington from New York, where they went to attend the dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Davison in honor of his royal highness, the Prince of Wales.

L. L. Nicholson, jr., has returned from New York where he went for the horse show.

Hosts and hostesses at the entertainment of the A. N. S. Social Club last week at Wardman Park Hotel were as follows: Miss Ethel D. Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Kaiser, Mr. and Mrs. Earl H. Davids, Miss Agnes E. Delaney, Miss Loretta B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Werner, William J. Kunner, Harry L. Amer, Spencer V. Burroughs, Lawrence B. Murphy, L. Wilton Clark, Miss Ruth Pilsifer, Mrs. Mary Speiden, R. G. Smith, Capt. J. S. Gregory and Mrs. R. N. Evans.

The patrons and patronesses for the benefit concert and ball to be given by the Washington Hadassah on December 2 to mark the occasion of the second anniversary of Gen. Allenby's entrance into Jerusalem are: Emil Berliner, Judge Milton Strasburger, Mrs. Edward Cohen, Harry Sherby, Mrs. Nathan Musher, Isadore Freund and Julius Peyser.

A TIP ON THE IN-LAW PROBLEM.

By DOROTHY DIX.

The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

(Copyright, 1919, The Wheeler Syndicate.)

Of course the only solution of the mother-in-law problem that really works is for no mother-in-law and daughter-in-law to try to live together. Human nature will have to be made over, and redeemed and sanctified, before the two women who love the same man supremely can regard each other without a gnawing jealousy that eats all the fiercer into their souls because one has upon him the claim of a mother, and the other the claim of a wife.

Any man who establishes the fatal triangle of self, and wife, and mother in his home, and who expects to find peace and happiness in it is a fit subject for an alienist, while a girl who deliberately adds the trial of dealing with a mother-in-law to the other tribulations of matrimony is even more imbicile. She has gone out of her way to hunt for trouble with the certainty of finding it a-plenty.

In all good truth there is no other danger to a home greater than having a mother-in-law in it. It is a peril to be avoided, if possible, by the prudent, but it is not possible always to avoid the danger. Circumstances arise which make it necessary for mother-in-law and daughter-in-law to live together, and the only thing they can do to conserve the happiness of the man they love is for them to make the best of a trying situation.

Possibly the most effective way in which this can be done is for the one who is staying in the other's home to bear continually in mind that she is a guest, and to conduct herself accordingly.

If a man takes his wife to live with his mother let her never forget that she is in another woman's house, and that she has no right to interfere in any way with its established order, or the manner in which it is run.

It is her home, and her way of doing things, and her daughter-in-law should adapt herself to the ways of the household, as any other courteous guest would, without trying to change them.

And it would be even more efficacious for the mother-in-law who goes to live with her daughter-in-law to feel herself always a guest who must pay her way by making herself agreeable.

Of course this is a hard thing for the mother to do because the money that runs the house is her son's, and she feels that what is her son's is hers. But this is not true as regards the home. Every woman's home is her castle and she has an inalienable right to open or close her door at will.

Wherefore the mother-in-law does well to keep ever before her eyes the fact that she is the guest of her daughter-in-law, and that a guest is not free to make suggestions about the way her hostess manages her household, and that she keeps her mouth shut even when she sees that her hostess uses her best china every day, and doesn't snap out the lights every time she leaves a room, and that she throws things into the garbage that ought to go into the stock pot, and that she doesn't do things the way she did when she kept house.

If women would only remember to conduct themselves as if they were guests when they live in another woman's house it would make the dreaded in-laws much more agreeable people with whom to live than they are.

Dorothy Dix's articles appear regularly every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

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HOROSCOPE.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1919.

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Astrologers foretell that the early hours of this day will bring good fortune, but that later care should be exercised in all undertakings. Mercury and Jupiter rule strongly for good in the morning while toward sundown Neptune is in evil place.

It is a most auspicious planetary government under which to advertise new business ventures.

The configuration is supposed to stimulate interest in newspapers and publications of all sorts, or at least to draw attention to them.

Establishment of new daily journals in more than one state is foreshadowed and these are likely to attain great success.

Messages, especially those that concern diplomacy or big business, are peculiarly well directed today.

Linguists, orators and writers are subject to the best possible direction during this sway.

There is a sign read as foreshadowing new uses for motion pictures in educational efforts. Political parties as well as schools will employ them generously in the coming months, the seers predict.

Danger of heavy losses at sea again is foretold. The winter will be marked by severe storms.

An appreciable fall in the cost of living owing to the efforts of women as well as government officials will be noticed within six weeks, astrologers declare.

Race problems are likely to come much to the front in the next few weeks owing to some sensational incident. The Mongolian race is probably to be especially involved at this time.

Danger to the nation because of strongly reactionary tendencies is presaged by the stars. If war's lessons are soon forgotten greater tests must be given to the world, occultists assert.

In the next three months the health of two national leaders of thought may be imperilled. One of these is a famous academician and the other a labor organizer.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of success in business with big increase of money.

Children born on this day are likely to be gifted and industrious, but rash and impetuous. These subjects of Sagittarius usually make a success of life.

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KITTY GORDON'S LETTERS OF ADVICE TO DAUGHTER TELL HER WORK — NOT MONEY — MEANS HAPPINESS

Kitty Gordon and her daughter, Vera Beresford.

(Introductory Note.—Miss Kitty Gordon, famous actress and film star, never thought these letters of advice to her daughter, Vera Beresford, would ever be published. She wrote them out of the fullness of her successful life to her only child. They are intimate, personal, worldly-wise perhaps, but jammed with advice that is worth while. Miss Gordon was prevailed upon to permit the publication of these letters as they are not only unusual, vital and exceedingly interesting, but contain much advice that every parent and daughter can read profitably. There will be six of the articles, the first one today being the short introductory letter written by Miss Gordon to her daughter, telling of the purpose she had in mind in writing the series.)

My Dear Daughter, Vera:

You're getting to the age now, Vera, where you are no longer a child. You are getting to the age where you must think and act for yourself—make your own way in life. I will do what I can to help you make a success of your life, of course, but whether you are a success or not, will, in the final analysis, depend largely upon yourself.

Now don't misunderstand me, Vera. By success I don't necessarily mean making an enormous lot of money. By success I mean leading a life you feel is well spent. I mean by this that when you come to the end of your life, many, many years from now I hope, you can look back over it and say to yourself: "Well, I certainly got a lot out of life. I'm glad to have lived. I've been contented and—happy."

Happiness, Vera, is the biggest thing we can get out of life. If I can point out the way to you to get happiness out of your life I'll feel that I have accomplished a great deal. I'm going to tell you, in a few more letters my advice on the way to get the most happiness, contentment and satisfaction out of your life.

Your mother,
KITTY GORDON.

CHILDREN'S SUNRISE STORIES

UNCLE WIGGILY AT THE MOVIES.

By HOWARD R. GARIS.

(Copyright, 1919, The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Have you finished reading the paper?" asked Nurse Jane of Uncle Wiggily.

"Aunt Lettie, the goat lady, said there was a lovely film play on—so excited and all that."

"Let's go!" cried Uncle Wiggily, instantaneous-like and quick. "I haven't had an adventure all this day, and perhaps going to the movies will give me one!"

And when he was in the seat, with Nurse Jane beside him, the bunny had a good time looking at the moving pictures of Hippy-Hoppy, a tramp toad.

But after that there came some pictures that the bunny gentleman didn't like so well. They were all about Fluffy-Uffy, a society peacock, and she wore a different dress every few minutes.

"Oh, what a dream of a dress!" softly whispered Nurse Jane. And, as she said that she heard a gentle little snore at her side, and, looking down, there was Uncle Wiggily fast asleep.

The bunny rabbit gentleman had gone to sleep in the movies because he didn't care to look at the picture of Fluffy-Uffy's dresses.

Mr. Whitewash, the polar bear gentleman, who was working the picture machine, suddenly put on a reel that was very exciting. Uncle Wiggily awakened, just in time to see, walking right toward him, from behind a tree, a big fox.

"Oh, my goodness me, sakes alive and some oatmeal mush!" cried the bunny. "Look at that fox! Come on, Nurse Jane! Let us get out of here!" Uncle Wiggily grabbed the muskrat lady by the paw, and he was pulling her out of her seat, stepping on the paws of everybody else, all the while shouting:

"The fox! The fox! Look out for the fox!"

"Stop! Wait a minute!" cried Nurse Jane. "That's only a moving picture of a fox. He can't get your sause!"

"Oh, exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, stopping quickly. "So it is only a picture! I guess I must have been dreaming!" And he really had dreamed in the movies. But after that he went back to his seat and enjoyed the rest of the show with Nurse Jane. And if the coconnut pie doesn't tell the chocolate cake that its face is all black, like the stovepipe, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the frozen apple.

Woodward & Lothrop
New York—WASHINGTON—Paris.

Trim New House Dresses and Aprons
For Those Who Prepare Thanksgiving Dinners

The Woman Who Wears Plaids Becomingly can make a choice from any number of smart new ginghams. Most every coloring and combination imaginable.

At $4.00, two styles with attractive white or white-trimmed monk collars and other trimmings to match, and a collarless model trimmed with boxpleats and white pique.

At $4.50, a loose one-piece dress with ruffle-trimmed white surplice collar and adjustable belt.

At $5.50, one with button-trimmed panel blouse, adjustable belt, large square white collar.

At $6.00, featuring novelty self-formed pockets and tie effect.

At $6.75, with unique front, pointed pique collar and clever pockets.

Many other attractive House Dresses, in plain, checked and figured materials.

A Group at $2.50 Deserves Special Mention

There is white, for the woman who prefers it, made with round neck, wide adjustable belt, short sleeves and rickrack trimmings. Then there are clever colored styles, one of plain pink or blue percale having two ruffles for the round neck finish, and rickrack on short sleeves, belt and pockets; others of figured, plaid or plain percales combined with white, in collars, cuffs, pockets, panels and other devices.

At $3.00, a Plaid Gingham Bungalow Apron—Loose one-piece effect, short sleeves, side-closing, rickrack trimmed.

At $3.75, Another Plaid Gingham—Long sleeved, yoke style.

Many other Bungalow Aprons, $1.25 up.

House Dress Section, Third Floor.

Virginia Lee's Personal Answers To Herald Readers' Questions

Rumor has it that this will be the most celebrated Thanksgiving in years and you can almost feel Thanksgiving goodies in the air and Thanksgiving cheer peeps around every corner. Why, even the turkey gobblers look glad, just as if they wanted to be gobble-gobble-gobbled right up.

Of course, we were possibly more thankful this time last year than now, because the strain of the war was partially lifted and we had just everything to be thankful for, it seemed, but especially for those of us who had suffered deeply during the war, it was a more solemn time of thankfulness than this year will be.

We feel that as a country there is everything to be thankful for and our individual everyday worries are awfully small after all the big things that have gone before so this is going to be just a glorious Thanksgiving unless some of us try to keep all of the happiness to ourselves. That would spoil two persons' pleasure at least.

Thanksgiving is just giving thanks when turned around and that's the real way to have a splendid holiday. If there is a single soul who doesn't believe that just give it a trial.

I remember that when I went to school, each year the teacher would put a list of names on the board to see which institutions were to receive our donations. We could hardly wait until the appointed day and our mothers had a hard time getting us to keep enough clothes to cover us and we just raided the preserve shelves. The voting was very interesting, too, because we couldn't leave out the children at one home and send to those at another's and then those at the old folks' home were so delighted when they were remembered and we brought mother's and father's clothes with us too, some that didn't fit or they really didn't need any more.

That was just the most fun about Thanksgiving, because while the turkey was good the next day most of us had a pain before we returned to school from our vacation.

Just to think; if every single soul would give a thank offering to someone who had just a trifle less than they had every one would be happy because the one with the very most, of course, gave the most, and his pleasure should measure 100 per cent for giving and the very humblest's would measure 100 per cent for receiving and those in between would gain their total of happiness from the per cent received and given.

Virginia Lee.

A Number of Things.

Dear Miss Lee: Please answer the following questions: (1) How to clean gold lace? (2) How to remove mildew? (3) Is there an office in the city through which I can obtain employment for the evenings, preferably typing?—A.

Gold lace, spangles, etc., may be brushed over with the following composition: Shellac, 1½ oz.; dragon's blood ½ dr.; turmeric root, ½ dr.; digest with strong alcohol, decanting the ruby-red colored tincture thus obtained. After coating with this composition, a warm flatiron is gently brushed over the objects so as to heat them only very slightly. Gold embroidery can be similarly treated.

Hypochlorite of alumina is said to be one of the best remedies for the removal of mildew. Moisten with water, rub well into the cloth, moisten again with dilute sulphuric acid (1 to 20), and after half an hour rinse thoroughly in soft water and then in water containing about 1 oz. to the gallon of sulphite or hyposulphite of soda. A stiff brush may be advantageously employed in applying the hypochlorite. There are particular formulas for the removal of mildew from cotton and linen goods but the one printed here is good for general use.

Apply at the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Employment Agency for work.

Police Corps.

Dear Miss Lee: Are there any women employed on the police force here? If so, where could I obtain information about obtaining a position with them?—Gail.

The Women's Bureau of the Police Corps is located in room 511 A on the fifth floor of the District Building.

POET SAYS HIS WIFE UPSET TYPEWRITER

Chicago.—Robert Bowman Peck, who derives a comfortable income from shares in a milk company and is known as the "milkfed poet," responds to his wife's suit for separate maintenance by charging her with dumping his typewriter on the floor and throwing household utensils at his head while he was composing love lyrics.

Woman Has 20 Children.

Called to court for keeping her children from school, a Kingston, England, mother told the judge her progeny numbered twenty. Fine remitted.

Hawaiian Pineapples.

The pack of Hawaiian pineapples is now 5,000,000 cases a year, double that of 1914. Its value this year is $22,500,000.

Mackerel One Cent Each.

Dover, Eng.—So great was the catch of mackerel in Dover Bay lately that they were sold on the beach at 1 cent each.

Rainbow's End

A Novel by REX BEACH

Author of "The Iron Trail," "The Spoilers," "Heart of the Sunset," Etc.

(Copyright by Harper & Brothers, Publishers.)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

Don Esteban Varona owned a rich plantation in Cuba and many slaves; the money he accumulated he hid away, and with the death of his wife, a faithful slave, Sebastian, and himself, the secret of the hiding place perished. His second wife, stepmother to the twins, Esteban and Rosa, finally lost her life seeking the treasure. The children are cheated out of the plantation by a dishonest manager, Pancho Cueto. He informs the Spanish authorities that Esteban is in league with the insurrection, then raging in Cuba. The children are forced into exile, and find refuge with Evangelina, old Sebastian's daughter, and Ascencio, her husband.

John O'Reilly, a young American to whom Rosa is engaged, having gone to New York to free himself from any alliance, returns to learn of their danger and returns to Cuba with the idea of rescuing Rosa. The twins have been driven still further into the wilderness by the Spaniards and before O'Reilly can reach them he is arrested as a spy and deported, along with another American, Leslie Branch.

Weyler, the Butcher, has been sent from Spain and the extermination of the Cubans begins. The Varonas ignore orders to report to the cities, and Esteban, doubly cautious, proceeds to rid himself of his arch enemies, Col. Cobo and Pancho Cueto.

He dynamites the ranch house at night, himself slays Cueto, but he and his men are engaged by Cobo and his troops, quartered in the sugar mill; a desperate battle ensues in a tunnel; Esteban finally escapes, sorely wounded, and tries to drag himself back to Rosa.

Go On with the Story.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

Then he beamed upon the others, as if this medieval pun were both startling and original. It was plain that he wholly and inanely approved of Norine Evans.

Enriquez was introducing a newcomer now, one Maj. Ramos, a square-jawed, forceful Cuban, who, it seemed, was to be in command of the expedition.

"My duties end here," Enriquez explained. "Maj. Ramos will take charge of you, and you must do exactly as he directs. Ask no questions, for he won't answer them. Do you think you can follow instructions?"

"Certainly not. I shan't even try," Norine told him. "I'm fairly bursting with curiosity at this moment."

"Remember, Ramos, not a word."

"I promise," smiled the major.

"Good-by and good luck." Enriquez shook hands al around; then he bowed and kissed Miss Evans' fingers. "I shall pray that you escape all danger, senorita, and I shall see that Cuba remembers her debt to you."

When he had gone the three Americans followed their new guide through the iron gates.

Major Ramos proved that he knew how to obey orders even though the other members of the party did not. He remained utterly deaf to Miss Evans' entreaties that he let her know something about the plans of the expedition; he would not even tell her where he was taking her, where the other filibusters had assembled, or from what port their ship would sail. He did go so far, however, as to explain that an inkling of the Junta's plans had leaked out, and that determined efforts to upset them were being made, efforts which necessitated the greatest care on his part. When Philadelphia, Washington, then Baltimore and finally Richmond were left behind, Miss Evans was, in truth, ready to explode, and her two companions were in a similar frame of mind.

Major Ramos was naturally a silent man; he had all the loquacity of the Latin, and all the Latin's appreciation of a pretty woman; he made no secret of the fact that his orders irked him. Despite his official reserve he proved himself a pleasant traveling companion, and he talked freely on all but one subject. He played a good game of cards, too, and he devoted himself with admirable courtesy to Norine's comfort. It was not until the train was approaching Charleston that he finally announced:

"Now then, my first command. This is the end of our journey; the other members of the expedition are here. But I must ask you not to talk with them or with any strangers, for our friends are being watched by detectives in the employ of the Spanish minister at Washington and by United States deputy marshals. One little indiscretion might ruin everything."

"Spies! Oh, goody!" cried Miss Evans.

"The local authorities intend to seize any vessel we try to sail on. We must be careful."

The hotel to which Major Ramos led his guests appeared to be well filled; there were many Cubans in the lobby, and the air was heavy with the aroma of their strong, black cigarettes. As the major entered they turned interested and expectant faces toward him and they eyed his companions with frank curiosity. Miss Evans became the target for more than one warmly admiring glance.

As for O'Reilly, the familiar odor of those Cuban cigarettes, the snatches of Spanish conversation which he overheard, awoke in him a great excitement; he realized with an odd thrill that these eager, dark-visaged men were now his friends and comrades, and that those Americans loitering watchfully among them were his enemies—the spies of whom Ramos had spoken. There were at least a score of the latter, and all were plainly stamped with the distinctive marks of their calling. That they, too, were interested in the latest arrivals was soon made evident by their efforts to get acquainted.

To Norine Evans it was all immensely exciting. The attention she evoked delighted her vastly, and she was almost offended when O'Reilly threatened one particularly forward sleuth with a thrashing, thereby ending her fun.

It was a strangely restless gathering. The Cubans sat in groups or in pairs with their heads together, smoking furiously and whispering, pausing now and then to glare balefully at some detective who drew within ear-shot. Every hour increased the strain.

On the street it became known that a party of filibusters was in the city and curious townspeople came to investigate, while others journeyed to the water-front to stare at the big ocean going tug which had slipped into the harbor on the evening previous. When they learned that she was none other than the Dauntless, that most famous of Cuban blockade runners, and that "Dynamite Johnny" O'Brien himself was in command, interest grew. The exploits of that redoubtable mariner were familiar to the citizens of Charleston, and their sympathies were quite naturally with the cause he served; therefore they were disappointed to behold a revenue cutter at anchor close alongside the Dauntless. Her steam was up; she was ready for instant action; it seemed impossible for "Dynamite Johnny" to get his cargo and his passengers aboard under her very nose. Some imaginative person claimed to have a tip that the Dauntless intended to ram the revenue cutter, and a warning to that effect appeared in the evening paper, together with the rumor that a Spanish cruiser was waiting just outside the three-mile limit.

Charleston awoke with a start, and the Cuban patriots who found themselves the object of this sudden interest buzzed like flies. They muttered and whispered more mysteriously than ever, and consumed even greater quantities of tobacco. The detectives became painfully alert.

To O'Reilly and his two companions it seemed that the expedition had already failed. Through some blunder its plans had evidently become known, and all was ruined. That was the worst of these Cubans; they couldn't keep a secret. Branch stalked the hotel lobby like a restless wraith O'Reilly was furious. Of the entire party Ramos alone maintained an unruffled pleasantry; he spent the evening in Miss Evans' company, quite oblivious to the general feeling of dismay.

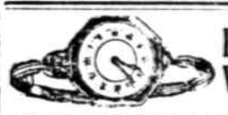
On the next afternoon word was quietly passed to get ready, and the filibusters, carrying their scant hand-baggage, began to leave the hotel in groups, followed, of course, by the watchful spies.

As the three Americans prepared for departure Norine whispered: "Listen! Everything is all right. We're not going aboard the Dauntless at all; she's here as a blind."

"Are you sure?" O'Reilly shot her a quick glance.

"Major Ramos himself gave that story to the newspapers; it's all a part of his plan. I promised not to tell, but—I just can't help myself. Gee! I'm having a good time."

(To Be Continued.)



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Eat more bread and make Old Mammy's Rice Bread your favorite brand.
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