SPECIAL FEATURES

The Sunday Star.

PART IV
PAGES 1—8

WASHINGTON, D. C., SUNDAY MORNING, JUNE 2, 1912.

STEIN'S SUNPROOF SERGES

to Measure,
$14.75
and
$18.75

Stein's Sunproof Serge Suits will give you more satisfaction — more wear—than any Serge Suits on earth. Tailored to fit by the Stein sartorial artists—the cleverest in America—styled on up-to-the-minute lines.

GUARANTEE—If a Stein Sunproof Serge Suit fades within one year bring it back and get your money.

Closing Out All Single Suit Patterns.

Single Suit Patterns sold at $20—newest fabrics, fashionable colorings. To order..... **$14.75**

$22.50, $25 and $27.50 Single Suit Patterns, newest blues, grays and browns. To order..... **$18.75**

M. STEIN & CO., Largest Tailoring Establishment in the United States. Six Stores at 8th and F Streets.

Small Cash Payment.

Balance Monthly.

6 Rooms and Bath, Hot Water Heat.

Large Sleeping Porches. Extra Large Yard.

Price, $3,950

Open for Inspection Sunday.

220—228 13th St. N.E.

Sample House, 222 13th St. N.E.

A Home With Beautiful Parking.

Only one square from Lincoln Park and facing government reservation, which makes it impossible for building in front of these homes.

Only 2 Left.

They were planned and built by the well known builders, T. D. Jett & Co., who supervised the work daily—and built on the day-labor plan, which is a usual feature in the best home building.

They had to be right, and that is just what you'll find when inspecting.

DESCRIPTION:

6 rooms and bath; colonial front porches; double-deck back porches; hardwood trim; tile bath; hot-water heat; wash tubs in cellar; hardwood floors; one block from Lincoln Park. Take Lincoln Park car, get off at Tennessee ave., walk one block to 13th st. 220 to 228 13th st. n.e.

LATEST IMPROVED KITCHEN CABINET-REFRIGERATOR BUILT IN WALL.

T. D. Jett & Co.,
OWNERS AND BUILDERS,
On Property Daily-Sunday 9 P.M.

Great Sacrifice Sale of Lots
HILL CREST,
Takoma Park, Md.

Holt Tract.

Nothing like this ever heard of in Takoma before.

The most beautiful residential section of Takoma Park, Md.

Come out and make selections early. Agents always ready to show you this choice piece of property.

Price is right. Terms right. They must be sold. Come early and get one of these choice lots. Agent will be on the grounds Sunday, 10 a.m.

Takoma Park Agent, G. A. Roggenkamp, cor. Willow and Tulip Aves.

Washington Agent, W. H. Seachrist, 1025 Lamont St. N. W.

It matters little what it is that you want—whether a situation or a servant—a want ad in The Star will reach the person who will fill your need.

Willow Plumes.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Now that the willow plume is passing away in bedraggling droopiness among the outlying districts and in careless heaps upon the reduced price counters, it may be interesting to give a retrospective glance upon that most subversive discovery of modern millinery art. The willow plume has been more than a fad, it has been a social upheaval, if not a stability test applied to femininity.

Oh, the vanity of the first wearers and the sadness of those who had to face the Sunday breeze without looking like an advertisement for an electric fan!

As a fad the willow plume was essentially expensive, and as such should have lived, thrived and died among the plutocrats like private cars and polo, but it did not, and there is where the trouble began. The plume was just too fascinating, and the more willowy it grew and the more resplendent became the dyestuffs in which it was tinted, the more irresistible became its power over the feminine mind. Women lost their Christian Science or their suffragetism, payments on the phonograph were neglected, and that last year's dress was unhobbled and readjusted to this season's use, but the willow plume had to be bought. It ceased to wave in "our foremost social circles," but back in the unpaved neighborhoods the plumse drooped alike over the just and the unjust.

Drill Versus Illustration.

From the Baltimore Sun.

When Acting Supt. Koch abandons his rather misleading generalizations about running the public schools for the benefit of the democracy rather than of the aristocracy of school child intellect and gets down to "brass tacks," one feels more sympathy for what he says. His contention that the schools should be run so that the majority of boys and girls may be fitted to earn a living, rather than take advantage of an opportunity which is not theirs, strikes one as absolutely sound. The remarks of the superintendent on acquisition of the knowledge of rudimentary arithmetic by drill instead of by illustration are also very much to the point. There are certain things which one wants to know instinctively, and the multiplication table is one of them. In cases of this sort parrot-like methods give better results than deductive ones. When we want to know what are seven times seven we want to know it quickly; the reason why seven times seven make forty-nine is a matter which can usually be worked out at leisure. Considering that more time is spent in Baltimore than in almost any other city in the country on instruction in arithmetic in the first grade, there would seem to be something wrong about the system, if business men find the graduates of elementary schools cannot count. In connection with teaching by drilling methods we should be interested to hear the views of the superintendent on the present state of proficiency of those graduating from the elementary schools in the art and practice of spelling their own language.

Wonders.

From the New York Herald.

While colleges are deciding what the new seven wonders of the world are it is interesting to hark back to the original seven and then give thought to the progress the world has made and to what is to come.

The present-day list as prepared by Cornell University includes wireless, synthetic chemistry, antitoxins, radium, aeroplanes, the Panama canal and the telephone. The old seven were the Pyramids, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Mausolus, the Temple of Diana, the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Zeus and the Pharos of Egypt.

Centuries later, when the seven wise men of Greece gave the world their philosophical nuggets, no one, it is safe to say, had dared even to dream of a single one of the things Cornell University classes as the new wonders. They had not heard of a thousand—a hundred thousand—things which the world of today holds indispensable. Just to add to the general gayety of things, let the "wise men" of today speculate as to what the next seven wonders will be. Perfection of air navigation? No, you must go much farther ahead than that.

THE ISLE OF STRIFE

—BY—

GEORGE C. SHEDD

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CHAPTER V.

How a Document May Acquire Importance.

Davis cast a flying glance back, then vanished around an angle in the hall. One intense purpose dominated me—to recapture the map; and this I resolved to do even if necessary to follow the man into his very room. But such refuge was apparently not his goal, for he kept straight on until finally darting into a side passage I saw him dash from sight down the servants' stair; memory of its location leaped into my mind, for as a child I had more than once pursued Betty along this very runway, when we had quarreled over a division of cake, or when, in a flash of temper, she had knocked over my house of blocks. So early as that she and I had not agreed. Those were pursuits which ended in nothing more than a pull of her braid of hair; this one would have a more serious end if the fellow sought to retain the chart. For I meant to have it at all costs.

Down I clattered after him, rushed through a group of startled servants standing motionless in the kitchen and burst out a rear door. Ten yards in advance ran Davis, bareheaded. I saw the folded map in his hand. Fear, perhaps, winged his feet; but anger gave me speed and I gained upon him. Around the corner of the house he ran; I closed up and reached to seize him, but he swerved toward the wood. By a quick sprint I overtook him, sprang on his back, and he went down with a strangled cry beneath my weight. I wrested the paper from his resistless hand, and, still resting a knee upon his body, put the prize away in my breast pocket. Strongly tempted as I was to give him a drubbing, the sight of his pallid face and rolling eyes restrained me; he was not a strong man, not so strong as the average, nowhere near so strong as I, and though the soreness in my side still kept fresh the recollection of his dastardly kick it would have been the extreme of brutality to retaliate on so helpless an adversary.

"Stand up!" I ordered.

He rose stiffly, silently and stood motionless. His face was even paler now than it had been before, since I stood close before him, keeping one hand on his arm. He was breathing in short, labored inhalations, and his lips worked in jerks and twitches; a physical coward I set him down, and now in a terrible state of apprehension. Placing his hand upon his bosom, as if pressing back a pain in the region of his heart, he whipped out a dagger and lunged at me as swiftly as a cornered animal strikes. Its flash in the moonlight gave warning, and I sprang to one side, but not in time to escape a ripped sleeve. I pulled him to me, knocked up the hand holding the weapon and sent it flying out upon the turf.

"You attempt murder, do you?" I said, now gripping his arm until I knew it ached.

But he remained silent as ever, as if he had lost power of speech; only his black eyes were staring large and luminous. He made no resistance. Fright had completely mastered him and I looked at him in curiosity. His frame was frail; there was a vague, indefinable suggestion in his features, a mixture of races that hinted at several and bespoke none, hybridity. The whole person of him suggested an underlying unnaturalness of character and constitution, and yet one could not lay a finger on anything tangible. It was difficult to imagine that he was the same person who had a short time previous leaped on my back; where had he found the courage? A curious anomaly! Now he was as putty; yet despite his fear of what I might do, of terror of physical pain that held him unresisting and dumb, I was conscious that there was present in his look a passion of hatred that no fear, however great, could wholly subdue.

"Get away from here," I said, in disgust. "Go back to your master."

Obedient as an automaton he walked toward the door, and, my anger dissipated, I watched him, still curious as to the kind of creature he was. Then I moved to the spot where the dagger had fallen and raised it from where it lay with shining blade upon the grass; it was more of a stiletto than anything else, thin and needle pointed and with a handle of silver. I would keep it, for it was fairly my spoil; and it would be a relic to have of a strange man and an unusual evening. After all, I had not lost my property by my adventure; I still had the map. And yet, stay! Had I not lost something, or rather acquired a new menace? Heretofore the map had only got me the German for an enemy, but now D'Urville, who had been conversant with Douglass' plans and plots, indeed, a partner in them, and who consequently knew all about this paper, would also become an active striver for its possession. He was well aware what fort it represented; doubtless he had assisted in determining what market it should go into; at any rate, he was fully apprised of its high value as a secret, and that was enough to spur him to action for its acquisition. More fool I for thinking to unmask the scoundrel and put him on the defensive; Charles Woodworth was the man who would now need to take good care how he walked.

D'Urville's attack, however, lay somewhere in the future. A nearer complication of the comedy just completed lay in the explanation which, of course, I must make to Mr. Moore. My presence, my strange situation as a prisoner in the hands of one of the house servants, my sudden and spectacular race up stairs and down through his dwelling, was an affair that must have aroused his astonishment and could not go unchallenged. Clearly there was only one course to follow, but how much to tell—ah, that was the trouble. So, with meditative feet, I made my way to the door.

The actors in the scene which had occurred in the hall, with the exception of myself, still stood upon the spot, while beyond them servants' heads showed crowding doors. Davis was the center of interest now, but spoke briefly, evidently under the restraint of Del Hervalle's cautioning eye. Unqoubtedly the envoy would have much preferred to make explanations himself, but of what had occurred on the lawn between Davis and me he was ignorant and must of necessity patiently accept a minor role. I removed my cap and stepped in, forgetful that I still had all the appearance of a ruffian. The servant who had assisted in my capture at once advanced to meet me and renew his frustrated police duty, but Mr. Moore waved him aside.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I—why, Charles Woodworth," I stated.

His eyebrows lifted the fraction of an inch; a diplomat, however, is always master of himself, or supposed to be, so with a keen glance he scrutinized my face, then extended his hand in recognition.

"So you are—but somewhat decorated. Your presence is welcome, as we are seeking a solution of this singular affair. Have you turned burglar?"

"No; it was I who was robbed."

"My servant and Mr. Davis state that they came round the house, saw a man skulking across the lawn and behind a bush, and captured him."

"I was the man," I answered, promptly.

"The evidence of your face points that way."

"Let me explain. As I approached the house I perceived this gentleman"—I bowed to the envoy—"and paused to look at him. I had met him under other and less estimable circumstances, and naturally was interested at finding him here on the Island of Lavouche. I desired to observe him before introducing myself anew, in order to make sure I was not laboring under a mistake. Then these other two men fell in an avalanche upon my back and haled me here."

"You knew Senor Del Hervalle, you say?"

"Very well, indeed, but under another alias. At that time, which was two years ago this summer, he was a mechanic in the west. Jack Maitland also shares his acquaintance."

Mr. Moore turned to D'Urville. "This is peculiar, yet evidently a case of mistaken identity, senor. You were in Venezuela at the time, were you not?"

"Of a certainty, yes, as you know, Senor Moore."

Mr. Moore turned to me. "Charles, you've confused my guest with some one else. Apologies all around will end this peculiar contretemps. Senor Del Hervalle has been in Venezuela for years, as President Castro himself told me, and was born there of French parentage, later educated in France."

I turned and looked D'Urville full in the eyes; his past had, it now appeared, been effectually buried with the connivance of the president whom he served, and who would find such an amending of the record very easy to contrive. As for the little Frenchman—consummate actor!—he smiled at me blandly, even kindly, as experience smiles forgiveness on the impetuous errors of youth. Thereupon, turning my eyes back to Elizabeth's father, I perceived, so far as I was able to judge from his composed features, that evidently he was convinced of my mistake. This was no time to arraign the envoy for high crimes; that were folly—his alibi was too perfect. Well, why not carry out the farce until a more favorable wind blew?

"A mistake it seems," I agreed, with simulated thoughtfulness. Then, with an inspiration: "How about appropriating my paper, senor?"

"Ah, that! It is a map of one of my country's forts—Venezuela's fort. I must beg of you to give it to me."

The sly fox! My inspiration had given him a chance, and the audacity of his move held me for a moment speechless.

"What is this, Charles?" Mr. Moore asked, quickly. "A map—what map and what fort?"

"I have a paper in my pocket which the senor sought to take from me. Indeed, he did take it from me. Is it likely that I should have any of Venezuela's plans of fortification on my person? It's another case of 'mistaken identity,' and this time on the part of Senor D'Ur—Hervalle. 'Mistaken identity' seems to be contagious in Moore House tonight."

Mr. Moore was too adept in this particular business of veiled talk not to read an underlying meaning. He gazed at me sharply, glanced once at D'Urville, once at Davis, then remarked:

"You have a map?"

"Yes, a map."

"Of a fortification?"

I paused. "That I must decline to answer."

"Then it would be useless to inquire if I might see it?"

"I fear so, Mr. Moore."

"Or ask how you obtained it?"

"For the present, at least, while so much mistaken identity exists. My explanations would sound unconvincing."

"Very remarkable, this occurrence." And he took a pace or two back and forth.

I now had time to regard the others, who at this time were more onlookers than participants in the scene. Davis stood on one side, expressionless, save for his eyes; farther back was the servant who had done his duty so well in seizing me; on one side by a hall tree, Elizabeth and her friend listened with large eyes. The latter was a brown-haired girl of about Elizabeth's size, pretty, with a vivacious expression upon her face, now emphasized by intense interest. Fat little D'Urville continued benevolent, slightly thoughtful, guileless.

I gingerly rubbed my scratched cheek and considered; unlike the fisherman of the Arabian tale, I had not succeeded in persuading the genii back into the jar and he had escaped abroad; in other words, the map was playing the deuce!

It may seem strange that, focussed as were all our minds on this paper, I presently became occupied with consideration of another subject to the exclusion of the other. This was Betty. The suggestion came creeping into a cell somewhere in my brain to take note how she considered my presence, nay, to be accurate, my performance; for my precipitation into Moore House so soon after her cold dismissal of the afternoon could not be without effect upon her. However, she was not looking in my direction; she was gazing intently at her father's chief guest, a little wrinkle creasing her white forehead, gazing with an intentness as much of mind as of look, and I idly wondered what could be the cause. Her fair companion murmured an aside to her, but Elizabeth did not answer, nor was a repetition better favored. Clearly something deeply engaged her.

Then Mr. Moore finished his pacing.

"We're certain of the following facts," he said, "which brush away the confusion: Mr. Davis mistook you for a burglar."

"Quite true; for a spy, in fact."

"And you mistook Senor Del Hervalle for a sort of polite highwayman."

"That's a natural construction to put on his act."

"Senor believed you held a paper inimical to Venezuela."

"Possibly he believes so yet." And I looked at my little controversialist.

D'Urville spread his hands in an eloquent gesture, which might have meant nothing, which might have meant anything.

"If you'll assure him that it's not a map of a Venezuelan fortress——" Mr. Moore suggested, pausing.

"I think I can so assure him."

"Though of some fortress, in fact," he continued, dryly.

I bit my lip. He had trapped me neatly, and that piece of fat was in the fire.

"Though of some fortress, yes."

"Your word will be sufficient, I'm confident."

"Then he has it."

Instantly a smile illuminated the Frenchman's face; his mustache points rose beatifically. He placed a hand upon his breast and bowed.

"It is of great sufficiency—Senor—Senor —— The honor of your name I have not yet."

"Woodworth—one easily forgotten."

"So the whole matter, with one exception"—Mr. Moore regarded me shrewdly—"of how you happen to be possessed of a map of a fortress, is cleared up."

"Oh, as for the map," said I, lightly, "I obtained it as spoils of war. But that would not interest you." And I turned away, as if the subject were concluded.

"As you have also obtained spoils of grass and good, rich soil. Let us hope the one may prove no more serious than the other."

In pursuing the controversy it was true I had forgotten what sort of appearance I made; therefore, stating that I would return home and call another time when I was more presentable, and Mr. Moore and his party accepting my apologies, I withdrew. Outside the door I was accosted by the servant who had aided in my capture.

"I'm sorry, sir, I was mixed up in an attack on you, Mr. Woodworth," he said.

"No harm done."

"I really supposed you a spy."

"My position might have led to that belief."

He hesitated, looked over his shoulder, then addressed me in a lowered voice.

"Funny thing, sir, about that map."

I looked at him. "What do you mean?"

He jerked his thumb toward the drawing room door, then slowly winked. "Him."

(To be continued tomorrow.)

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$500 Hardman	$185
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A monster "36TH BIRTHDAY SALE" starting tomorrow will fittingly celebrate this important event. Right at the outset of the summer season we place on sale thousands upon thousands of strikingly styled, peerlessly well-made "HAHN QUALITY" Summer Shoes—at very considerable price reductions—offering every shoe wearer timely and acceptable savings opportunities.

We have had many sales in the past—notable ones—but this "36TH BIRTHDAY SALE" will totally eclipse them all. Get in at the start tomorrow!

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Men's Highest Grade $3.50, $4 & $5 Shoes

At the special price of $2.86 we offer choice of 48 up-to-the-minute styles of $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00 Low Shoes.

36th BIRTHDAY PRICE ... **$2.86**

Including most every wanted shape in TAN RUSSIA CALF, GUN METAL CALF, VICI KID AND PATENT COLT Blucher, Laced and Button Oxfords.

Embraced in the sale are 12 styles of our Famous "FLORSHEIM"—and 18 sorts of our Celebrated "TRI-WEAR" Low Shoes—so you can see the goods are exactly as advertised: "REGULAR $3.50, $4 AND $5 KINDS."

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Cool White Low Shoes. Made of durable white Sea Isle duck, with rubber or leather soles—3 natty grade styles at.. $2.50 **$1.95**

Men's Best $3 Values 36th Birthday Price.. $2.36 22 correct summer styles of the very best $3 quality Goodyear Welt (Hand-sewed Process) Blucher and Button Oxfords—in young men's shapes. TANS—PATENTS—GUN METALS. Wide, medium or narrow toes.

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Women's $3 and $3.50 Popular Novelties, "36th Birthday" Price $2.36

Choose from 98 of the most stunningly styled $3.00 and $3.50 "NOVELTIES" in Summer Low Shoes—during this "BIRTHDAY SALE" at $2.36.

Among the striking styles included at this figure are: Black Suede, Black and Brown Velvet and Brown Satin Pumps—Champagne Colored Linen and White Sea Isle Duck Pumps and Colonials.

Also any wanted style or size in Tan Russia Calf, Gun Metal Calf, Vici Kid and Patent Colt Pumps, Instep Strap Pumps and Ties.

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Choice of over 75 Exquisite Styles of the very highest grade $4 and $5 values obtainable—in the newest, smartest, most distinctive Summer Shoes of the year.

"COLONIAL" PUMPS in Patent Colt, Gun Metal Calf, Black Satin or Velvet, White Buck and White Roseben Cloth.

Very best quality WHITE NUBUCK Button Boots and Swagger Pumps.

PUMPS with low or high heel, Instep Strap Pumps, Button or Blucher Oxfords—made of the choicest Black Satin, Velvet or Suede—and the best grades of Tan, Black and Patent Leather.

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40 attractive, perfect fitting and exceptionally serviceable $2.50 grade styles of Pumps, Instep Strap Pumps and 2 to 4 Eyelet Ties.

In White Sea Isle Duck, Tan Russia Calf, Gun Metal Calf, Patent Colt, Black or Brown Kid, with welt or turn soles and any desired heel or toe.

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8 Styles in White Nubuck Button Boots, Pumps and Ties.

18 styles in Tan Russia Calf, Gun Metal Calf and Patent Colt, smartly styled Pumps and 3 or 4 Eyelet Blucher Oxfords, with medium, wide or narrow toes.

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18 handsome kinds of Misses' and Big Girls' Tan and Black Calf or Patent Colt Pumps, Colonials and Blucher Oxfords—sizes 11½ to 5. Reduced from $2 and $2.50.

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$1.19 SMALL BOYS' $1.50 grade Tan or Black good wearing Oxfords—sizes to 13½. And CHILD'S $1.50 grade Tan, Black or Patent Colonial Instep and Ankle Strap Pumps. Sizes to 11.

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