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CAUSED A TIE-UP OF ALL TRAFFIC

THAT WAS THE IMMEDIATE EFFECT OF THE GERMAN SUBMARINE BLOCKADE.

EVEN SOLDIERS COULD NOT RETURN

LONDON, Saturday, Feb. 20.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—The immediate effect of the German submarine blockade of Feb. 18 was the tie-up of all passenger traffic between England and France and England and Holland. Though the press universally hailed the German declaration as a "paper blockade," the admiralty apparently was taking no risks, for with the dawn of the eighteenth it was announced that all sailings between Folkestone and Boulogne and from Calais to Folkestone had been cancelled. Freight boats and mail boats, it was announced, would ply back and forth at intervals, but the resumption of passenger traffic was uncertain.

Hundreds of travelers, among them many soldiers seeking to return to the front, found themselves held up at the Victoria station in London and the boat trains having been off at the last moment. Placards to this effect were displayed conspicuously in the station, with added instructions that the military were to remain there pending orders.

London newspapers soon appeared on the streets announcing the tie-up of cross-channel traffic, then the censors became active and word was sent out that no mention was to be made of the situation. Hence the status of cross-channel service was not known during the first few days following the eighteenth, because to announce resumption of service would be equivalent to an admission that it had stopped, a fact which the authorities would not want known.

ROYALIST PLOT IN ENGLAND THAT ENDED IN DIRE DISASTER

WAS INTENDED TO BRING KING JAMES BACK FROM HIS EXILE IN FRANCE.

In these days when all the dash and adventure and romance have been squeezed out of international politics, to be replaced by the prosaic voice of the stock ticker—which has the last word in peace and war, no matter what the diplomatists may think or say—it strikes the world's funny bone to read that somebody has stolen Germany's war plans or made off with the blue prints of France's latest dreadnought. Only recently the cable flashed the news that the pockets of England's first lord of the admiralty had been picked by a beautiful woman of what appeared to be the whole naval budget. Europe shuddered and the first lord ordered out the whole British secret service to run the woman down. It was going to be unnecessary trouble. He should have communicated with E. Phillips Oppenheim. The lady was one of his heroines on a holiday.

Despite the hard work of the European correspondents there is little hope that this generation can be made to visualize the international spy. Somehow he doesn't belong to the age. And another difficulty is that when the work-day world wants a thrill of that kind it knows where to get the real thing, for there was a time when the international spy really existed and had adventures more hair-raising than any ever imagined by the industrious Paris and Berlin space writers. His exploits make the most interesting kind of reading, because he usually gets hanged.

Snapping a German fort with a camera or even picking an English cabinet minister's pocket are pleasant diversions compared to the undertaking that fell to the lot of the secret service agents who slipped back and forth between London and St. Germain in the good old years of the Jacobite plots. And those plots are real history, real men and women were engaged in them, real kings were scared blue by them and, unlike the present-day scares, real state secrets were sometimes exposed by them.

On the night of December 31, 1690, a little fishing smack called the James and Elizabeth tossed lightly at its moorings in the Thames. Not far away, through the murky London night, gleamed the lights of Whitehall, where King William of the hawk-like visage was pacing the royal closet with his ministers, some of whom he had good reason to suspect of treachery.

Three men had approached the master of the James and Elizabeth the day before, their pockets jingling with golden guineas. How would you like to go in on a little smuggling expedition to the coast of France and back? The honest fisherman would like it well if the profits were high enough and the risk not too great. The three strangers soon convinced him on those points, and the terms were arranged over a bottle of wine, the self-styled smugglers breaking a strop over the bargain in the theatrical fashion of the time.

The smack was ballasted in gravel and laid to its moorings against the appointed hour, which was to be midnight of the last night of the year. But the honest fisherman had his suspicions. Smuggling was a risky matter, but there were riskier. Holding traitorous communications with exiled King James, for instance. James had been hovering at St. Germain ever since his flight two years before, plotting and planning with French King Louis for a descent on England. The master of the James and Elizabeth had reason to know the fate of those caught in treacherous traffic with the

Stuarts and the French allies. How often had he stood in the crowd that surrounded the black draped scaffold on Tower Hill and seen the adherents of that unfortunate house led to their doom? Not that he would have been so honored—Tyburn would have been good enough for him, Tyburn with the cart and quartering block, and Tom Bollman to sear his legs in pitch before they were hung up as a warning to his kind.

Enough, the honest fisherman not only was determined to keep his anatomy intact, but to turn an honest penny in the doing. So, while the three smugglers were drinking a bottle to the luck of the voyage he slipped over to Whitehall and dropped a word in the ear of a king's minister. It was the luckiest stroke of his honest life. For the chief of the smugglers—he that had broke the sixpence—was none other than Richard Graham, viscount Preston, who had been a secretary of state under King James and a man dearly sought by King William's government. One of his companions was John Ashton, who had held high office in the household of the queen. The third man was one Elliott of lesser note.

Preston carried letters of the most dangerous kind to the exiled king from men high in the government and church of England. Several of William's ministers and nonjuring bishops had set their hands to the treason. The letters were innocent enough to read, but meant much. They were verily addressed and veiled in language. One of them, in which the great lords invited King James to come over, represented the signers to be merchants engaged in a commercial venture. They addressed James as Mr. Jackson, and urged him to send a cargo at once while the market was favorable. They thought that if the goods could be landed at a certain date named a big profit could be gained. This language was perfectly intelligible to those familiar with the political situation in England.

Preston and his fellow conspirators boarded the smack at the hour set and dropped down the Thames. There was a frigate off Woolwich, and the James and Elizabeth slipped past it with all lights out. This danger passed, the adventurers breathed easier. Preston slapped the master on the back and told him his fortune was made. Then he ordered up a great hamper he had packed with meat and wine and made the honest fisherman sit down to the table. The winks which Preston and his companions exchanged as the drank to the king, slyly passing their glasses over the water decanter to signify that the health was to "the king over the water," may be imagined. Also, it may be imagined how the honest fisherman grubbed stolidly away at the meat pie, pretending not to see these things, while keeping his ear cocked for a hall.

It came off Tillbury. A king's ship had laid in waiting there, and now poked its nose out of the darkness right across the smack's course. Naught to do but ease and welcome one Captain Billop aboard. What could be hoped from a man with a name like Billop? Evidently not the kind of man who would listen to a tale about a consignment of French brandy that a king's officer hadn't dipped his thumb in. Nor the kind who would look at the great belt of gold that Preston threw on the table before him. Nor the kind who would slyly passing their glasses over the water decanter and swore he would not be taken alive.

The conspirators were seized and searched, the letters were read by King William in the presence of the ministers who had written them. Ashton was tried and executed, and it may be supposed that the honest master of the James and Elizabeth was one of the gratified crowd that surrounded the scaffold. Elliott was permitted to go free by some underground agency, which seems to show the government thought he could be more useful to them alive than dead. Preston was put through the course usual in cases of treason where the plot involved others unknown to the government. He was sentenced to death, and then offered his life if he would divulge the names of his accomplices. Preston held out until the day for his execution and then gave up his secret. He named men in the highest places, one of them our own William Penn, by the way.—Kansas City Star.

FAIR WEATHER VERSES.
Clorinda smiles—and darkened skies
Take on a golden gleaming guise;
Clorinda frowns—and e'en the sun
Its gay, resplendent course has run.
Clorinda, dear, the present weather
Is sickly, nasty altogether;
Forego, then, every other wile,
But please, oh, please, don't doff your smile!



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SONG BROUGHT ABOUT A TRUCE

WELSH SOLDIER WITH MAGNIFICENT VOICE PUT HIS HEART AND SOUL INTO IT.

MADE THEM FORGET ABOUT THE WAR

LONDON, March 1.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—A song into which a Welsh soldier with a magnificent voice put his heart and soul brought about a temporary truce during the fighting near Dixmude recently. The soldier who writes of the incident says:

"It was a miserable night. A heavy rain had filled the trenches knee-deep with half-frozen mud. There was no sound except the 'plop' of a German bullet against the earth of the parapet and the crack of a British rifle in return.

"We were unprepared for any break in the dull misery of our routine, when out of the darkness came a voice. It was a merry Welsh ballad called 'Hob y deri dardo,' sung in as fine a voice as one could hear on the stage. It was the cheeriest sound I have ever heard. At the end a round of applause came down the trenches. But imagine our surprise to hear clapping and calls for more, in good English, from the German trenches. Thereupon the gallant Welshman gave us 'Mintra Gwen.'

"Meantime, we realized that not a shot had been fired by either side during the song. We had forgotten all about war. So a bargain was struck with the Germans that if the Welshman would give us another song neither side would fire any more until daylight.

"The third song was 'Hen Wlad fy Nhadau.' It was perhaps the first time the Welsh national anthem was ever heard on this dismal Flemish morass."

QUICK RESULTS GUARANTEED FROM USE OF WANT ADS IN THE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

CREATE CRAZE FOR SOUVENIRS

FRAGMENTS OF GERMAN SHELLS THROWN UPON HARTLEPOOL BRING FANCY PRICES.

START LAW SUIT OVER OWNERSHIP

LONDON, March 1.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—Fragments of shell thrown by the Germans upon West Hartlepool during the December naval raid are now fetching such a high price as souvenirs that a bricklayer and a real estate agent recently went to law over a portion of a shell. The piece weighed 47 pounds, and retailed at \$2.50 a pound, so the claimants stated.

The relic was found in a gutter by a bricklayer named Spoons. Being its discoverer, Spoons claimed the shell as his. Gibbon, the estate agent, heard of this and proceeded to prove that the shell struck a house belonging to a client, whom he held to be the rightful owner. As the client renounced the title, Gibbon claimed ownership and proceeded to take the piece from Spoons on the ground that he intended to send it as a present to Lord Furness.

Before giving judgment to Gibbon, Judge Bonsey of the county court said he would not give a half penny for the shell and thought that any one who would pay 20 pounds sterling for it a fool. If the Germans paid a few more visits to Hartlepool, the judge thought the market price of shells would drop so low that people would not even bother to pick up the fragments.

CARELESS.
War's aspect by air cruisers will be changed, says Zeppelin; And this without the aid of laws, or act of legislature. No doubt the air cruisers when the drop game they begin Are pretty apt to also change the face of Mother Nature. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

TO GO NOT TO WAR BUT TO LAW

LONDON, March 1.—(Correspondence of the Associated Press.)—Felix Moscheles, pioneer pacifist, president of the International Arbitration association and senior member of the International Peace Bureau, has just celebrated his 82nd birthday. In an interview with the press on this occasion, he expresses his views on the future of the peace movement as follows:

"I still meet people who think the piling up of huge armaments is the only way of keeping peace, although one would imagine that six months of war would have killed that superstition.

"Nations must learn to do as individuals, business firms and even large communities have learned to do—to go not to war but to law. This is the chief demand of the peace movement and the present calamity offers the greatest justification for it in history.

"It would be cruel to say, it serves you right; but the only satisfactory thing in the outlook is that the multitudes have learned in sorrow to prize peace as they never did before. They have learned we were right when we said that warfare does not pay and that it is no longer the glorious sport we read of in romances. We believe democracy will never stand a repetition of these ills. The very soldiers and sailors will rejoice at their liberation and insist that, for the general safety, a new type of statecraft must be established, aiming for the supreme happiness of the masses."

THE JEWS AND THE WAR.

There is one other nationality whose condition is even more deplorable than that of the Poles. Only of late has attention been drawn to the hard fate of the Jewish population in the eastern theatre of war. Like the Poles they are found in both camps. A quarter of a million Jews are in the czar's armies. A smaller number, but still a very considerable number, are in the Austrian and German armies. In Galicia and in Russian Poland they have shared in the general misfortunes. Their economic condition is all the worse because, as a town people, their homes and petty shops have been swept away beyond restoration, which is not the case with the peasantry in the war region. But, above all, evidence has accumulated to show that the Jews in Poland are not only the victims of what may be accepted as the inevitable cruelties of war. They have against them the animosities of a large section of the Polish population, themselves the victims of the war. The charge of wholesale espionage has been brought against the Jews whenever one of the contending armies has entered a Polish city. As a result there are incidents like that at Skiernewice, where the Russian commander ordered the instantaneous expulsion of the entire Jewish population to the number of 10,000. There are numerous instances of unofficial pogroms carried out by Russian troops upon the instigation of the

lower elements in the Polish towns, who have participated in the looting. Unlike the Belgians and the Poles, the Jews of Russian Poland must bear, in addition to the hazard of war, the burden of hatred of a hostile native population.

If the anti-Jewish feeling in Poland were restricted to the irresponsible elements in the cities, the situation might be accepted as one of the evil outgrowths of war. But, unfortunately, there is no reason for doubting that anti-Jewish hostility has behind it the sanction of the responsible leaders of public opinion in Poland. It is not a passing phase, but a policy. It arises, in fact, from the high hopes which the Polish people cherish regarding the future.

For we face the paradox that, while the Polish people to-day have to pay the price no matter who wins in the fierce wrestling match between the Grand Duke Nicholas and General Hindenburg, it is also true that the Polish people will profit after the war, no matter who loses. From Russia they have the pledge of a reunited and autonomous Poland. From Austria they have a promise, not so definite, perhaps, but sufficiently to be relied on, in view of Austria's previous policy of conciliation towards the Poles in Galicia. Whatever the outcome of the war, a larger fraction of the Polish people will enjoy self-government than at present; a decided step will have been made towards national restoration.

Presumably because they already regard autonomous Poland as a fact, the leaders of the Polish people in Russia seem bent on taking measures to insure that the liberties they are about to enjoy shall not be shared by the Jewish inhabitants of Poland. This is a dark side of the struggle of nationalities out of which the present war arose, and which the war is to appease once for all—the fact that an oppressed people will in turn deny justice to a subject race. Victims where they are out of power, selfish masters where they are in control, that is the routine situation in South-eastern Europe and the Balkans. If present tendencies persist in Poland, it is obvious that the conditions of the Jews under an autonomous Poland would be as unhappy as it is now under the czar. This is the worst of the situation, in so far as the Jews and the present war are concerned. They must bear their full share of the burdens of the harrowing struggle without the compensating hope of better times to come. They give their full quota to the armies of their respective sovereigns, but without being made free of the charge of being enemies of their country. For them, apparently, the fruits of victory are to be an extension of the present discriminatory laws of the czar.

This is one of the problems which the peacemakers will have to deal with at the end of the war. It is also a consideration which struggling nationalities must bear in mind: that nations appealing for aid and sympathy to the outside world must themselves show tolerance to others.—New York Sun.

KEEPS THEM WARM.

"This magazine discusses substitutes for petticoats."

"Well?"
"Some girls seem to think a brace-let makes a very good substitute."



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