

Tragedy of an Unloved Woman

PARIS—Here is the tragedy of a heart starved for love. This is no tale of love scorned until, coiling like an emerald-eyed serpent, it drowns its death-dealing fangs into the heart of a recreant lover. Rather is it the progress of a phantom-love, such as a starving heart might rear, even as a starving man dreams of food not set before him. And always with this phantom-love, walk death, until at last they clasp hands over the body of an innocent victim.

In 1900 there was employed at the Magasin du Louvre a saleswoman named Marie Bourrette, writes a Paris correspondent of the New York World. She was regarded as a most exemplary employee, quiet and demure of manner, regular and punctual in reporting for duty. It was known, too, that she possessed a small income, the interest of which added to her salary yielded 7,000 francs, or about \$14,000 a year—in Paris a liberal income for a single woman. And Marie had none dependent upon her. Near relatives had died. None asked aid or proffered intimate companionship. She lived quite alone in a desirable little apartment on the Boulevard Voltaire. Neighbor and colleague, tradespeople and fellow-workers, all admired the regularity of her habits and envied her freedom from domestic responsibilities and all carking cares.

Little did they dream that in her orderly apartment this woman of thirty was eating her very heart out in loneliness. Marie was not then a homely girl, and certainly her little fortune was not to be despised, but

she du Louvre. Really, it is all too absurd. Not for six years has he seen that impossible young person. Of course, there is but one thing to do, ignore her and her letters.

Makes Open Threat.

But this is not so easy. Marie follows up her letter with a personal call. She comes again and again. Her demands are more insistent, her words more violent. Finally she announces with bitterness which should carry its hideous warning—"If ever you make me miserable, I will poison him. It would not be difficult."

"That is abominable. Never come to see me again," is M. Doudieux's stern response.

And the poor prominently respectable husband retreats to his home, dismissing Marie from his mind. But Marie, though unseen, is still very much in his life. And Marie is plotting, contriving, scheming.

A year later, October 13, 1906, a servant finds in the pocket of a garment a packet which he carries to his mistress. She opens it and finds several drugs enclosed, antipyrine powders, camomile flowers and salts of vichy, each packet carefully labeled. She detects that they have been left by mistake, and M. Doudieux's clerk will call for them. She lays them away on a shelf and forgets them.

A week later, M. and Mme. Doudieux are invited to dine at the home of a neighbor. A guest of honor is Godard, the tenor of the Opera House, the fool of the boulevard who has just signed a contract to sing six months in America for \$20,000.

After dinner, the guests are taken to Juvy to see the aviation experiments. The motor ride against the wind causes M. Godard's suffer from a severe headache. He asks the privilege of remaining over night in the Doudieux home at Vezinet, feeling too ill to return to his residence in a distant part of the city.

The Innocent Victim.

At once Mme. Doudieux recalls the unclaimed parcel from the chemist's shop. She suggests a sample of powder, but M. Godard declines. He will be better by morning. At 4 a. m. he wakes the household. He is suffering intensely. He accepts the powder and takes two of them.

At the pain has become intolerable. At 5 in the afternoon, he goes into convulsions. Acute indigestion, the physician pronounces it. At 4 he is dead. His death is certified as being due to acute uremia.

No one connects the powders with his death and the body is sent to Belgium for interment.

No one connects Marie with the powders or with the death. In fact the volatile M. Doudieux has forgotten her very existence. But Marie Bourrette has not forgotten, and the death of M. Godard represents only frustrated vengeance.

In November M. Doudieux receives a basket of mussels, sent, according to its tag, from an old friend, M. Larue of Caen. For several years the two friends have not corresponded, and M. Doudieux turns suddenly alarmed, turning suddenly to save his life. He communicates with M. Larue and learns that the mussels were not sent by his friend.

The gift is taken to the city laboratory. Each mussel is found to contain enough arsenic to kill a man.

Now it is time for M. Doudieux to summon the police. They trace the parcel to a messenger office in the Rue St. Peterburg, where it was left by Marie Bourrette. Marie Bourrette's apartment is searched and yields up all sorts of poisons, in papers, bottles and boxes, traces of the administration of poisons, and scraps of anonymous letters, hideous thoughts which only an abnormal mind could conceive.

And, caught in the web of circumstantial evidence, Marie Bourrette faces trial for murdering a man who has never crossed her path. All through that trial she denies every allegation, every statement made by every witness. She has an answer for every question hurled at her, and she preading justice. That she answers contradicted each other matters nothing to her. And always she smiles, smiles, the broad, placid, empty smile which for years has cloaked the riotous and blood-begotten calm exterior. She is fat now, with the pasty fatness of coming old age. Her small eyes seem lost in her pudgy cheeks, her tip-tilted nose is coarse, her mouth is a perpetual snarl.

At the End of It All.

Life imprisonment at hard labor is the sentence, and 100,000 francs are awarded to the heirs of her victim. Marie's small estate amounts to 70,000 francs. Mme. Godard will have it all. And Marie Bourrette, at forty, goes to face her sentence of life imprisonment at hard labor, still starved for love.

The trial has been the criminal sensation of the year in Paris, not so much because of the prominence of the victim, M. Godard, but because of the curious psychology developed by the cross-examination of the murderer. Hers was not revenge. Her crime did not spring from jealousy of an individual, but from jealousy of all who had been happy. She did not desire happiness. She did not desire Doudieux. He had professed to love her. But he represented the one man who had come into her life, the one man who might have given her the happiness she saw all around her. And because he had not, because her heart was starved and no hand fed it, she plotted the unhappiness and the death of all who had tasted the joy that was denied to her.



Solitary in Her Little Flat Marie Was Eating Out Her Heart in Loneliness.

no-lover came to woo. Day after day she went to and from her work alone. Night after night she came home to her shadowy, silent apartment.

Shunned Woman Associates.

Perhaps she might have formed an intimate friendship with a fellow-worker and asked a woman to share her apartment. But Marie was sensitive in the extreme. No woman should know of her loneliness, of the emptiness of her life, of the fact that no man came to woo!

With every freezing the very blood in her veins she watched other workers in the Magasin du Louvre display, first, the betrothal ring, and then the wedding ring, and finally take their departure for the new home furnished by a young husband. Marie looked at the hand on which no man had ever placed a ring. Ah, there was a wrinkle! She glanced at her mirror. Another wrinkle in her face answered. Then the implacable mirror showed her a silver hair.

"That night she wrote a letter, the first of hundreds upon hundreds of anonymous letters, done with a pen dipped in venom; evil letters, all of them registering the outpourings of a jealous soul—jealous of not one individual, but of all who had tasted of the happiness denied to her.

Remained Unsuspected.

They went to the fiances of her fellow-workers. They went to contented husbands of honest wives. And wherever they went they scattered distrust and misery.

slipped out of her life quietly, uneventfully and without any scene or commotion. In fact, it came so naturally, this parting, that M. Doudieux promptly proceeded to forget the adventure which had resulted in nothing.

Roused Demon of Jealousy.

Not so Marie! She had come so near quaffing the cup of love that she became more and more embittered with each passing day. From the love she had never felt nor aroused she built the hideous phantom that was destined to lead her into dangerous paths. And yet the world saw only a quiet, unpretentious old maid going to and from her work!

Six months passed and there came to M. Doudieux's desk a letter signed "Lorenadun," reproaching him for unfaithfulness to the little blonde friend of two years back. Ah, there was a wrinkle! She glanced at her mirror. Another wrinkle in her face answered. Then the implacable mirror showed her a silver hair.

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FRENCH RACE SEEMS DOOMED

National Thrift Is Year by Year Depleting the Population of the Republic.

The destruction of the French race colors us. For at least a generation the steady decline of the birth rate in France has been the talk of sociologists. But it is impossible to arouse any vital interest in the subject so long as the returns showed that the figures of the population were at least stationary. No one ever pays much attention to a flood until the cellars are under water; nor does the conservation of natural resources excite the feelings of the people until most of the timber has been cut and most of the mineral wealth absorbed by private owners.

In the case of France the doom is already announced, an article in the Metropolitan says. From 1850 down to 1907 the excess of births over deaths slowly but surely decreased. In 1908 for the first time the death toll tallied 28,000 more than the list

of births. It is impossible to regard this as an isolated phenomenon. It is part of a logical sequence. By 1950 the population of France will have fallen to 35,000,000, where it was 1850; unless, indeed, some drastic efforts are made to encourage larger families. History has never yet seen a nation self-consciously set itself to multiply its numbers. The French have no ambition to make a good census showing. They never colonized for the sake of colonizing, but only for the glory of conquest. Save for a few expansionists of the Delicaine type, they would gladly abandon all their foreign possessions and live happily within the borders of their beautiful France. It is only a question of years when Indo-China ceases to be a French possession, and the national thrift to make them not only the richest but the most contented of peoples. They make a virtue of thrift just as we make a virtue of hustling. And thrift is killing their population. The worst of race suicide is that it is such a pleasant death. "As long as we last," they say, "we shall be prosperous; and as for the destruction of

our race, the French will not be the sufferers thereby, because they will be dead." But the real humanity will suffer by the loss of the most artistic and most liberty-loving people in the world. The Frenchman is a slave neither to monarchy nor to money nor to social conventions, and that is more that we can say even for ourselves. What he does in 2050 A. D. to find all the shopkeepers in the Rue de la Paix talking German, and the Richard Strauss of the day conducting at the Opera Comique, is a depressing way in the Bols marked "Gang Robotmen" by a German park commissioner.

Hot Box Alarm.

A novel alarm for hot bearings consists of a small tube and bulb containing mercury, so arranged that rise of the mercury with temperature closes an electric bell circuit and attracts the attention of the attendant. The apparatus is attached to the bearing in a box two inches square. When many bearings are being watched, an ordinary electric bell indicator can be used.



GERMAN NOVELTY THAT INTERESTS AMERICANS
CLEANING OUT A GERMAN STREAM

BERLIN—Among the numerous American visitors in Germany this summer are many who are especially interested in the development of inland water traffic, and these gentlemen have been paying much attention to a novel scow that may be seen on German streams clearing them by cutting away the weeds and grasses. It is rowed or poled along the water course, and at the stern a man turns a wheel which brings together four large knives beneath the boat. It is believed by the Americans that the device would prove of great benefit on the rivers of Florida and other southern states which become clogged up with rank vegetation.

SCIENTIST ON FLIRT

Girl Is Not Normal Who Does Not Use "Safety Valve."

Professor Joseph V. Breilwiser, Pathological Expert at Columbia College, agrees with Stanley Hall of Clark College.

New York—"A girl is not normal who does not use the safety valve of flirting once in a while. At the age when girls flirt (in their teens), they are at an age when nerves are unsettled and not stable. A new world is opening to them—a new world of freedom and of pleasure. They are attracted to certain facts. These make strong mental impressions. Then it is that the novelty of masculine admiration appeals to them and they just flirt."

"It does not harm them, it does them a world of good. You can better understand this when you realize that in so doing they are assuming a freedom that after a time is not new, nor a novelty, and thus cannot injure them. For instance, take girls who have been shut up in boarding schools and denied the pleasures of a little social life and also girls who are tied to their mothers' apron strings. They are always the worst if given a taste of worldly life."

PARROT IS GREAT TRAVELER

Seagull Party Has Crossed Ocean Many Times and Is Known to All Capitals.

New York—Joe, a gray parrot that first saw the light on the west coast of Africa, has crossed the Atlantic so many times that he is known to nearly every captain in the Cunard service. He arrived here on board the Mauretania, occupying the starboard imperial suite of the steamship with his owner, Albert C. Bostwick. Mrs. Bostwick and her five children were aboard.

Fourteen times Joe has crossed the Atlantic, and so has attained the title of "the seagull parrot." Because of his acquaintance with steamship officers he is no stranger to the captain's bridge. He can stand on his head, roll over and turn somersaults, besides being able to engage any one in repartee.

Mr. Bostwick, together with Arden Holmes, who also arrived here on board the Mauretania, was a participant recently in tennis tournaments in Italy, where they won the doubles championship. Mr. Bostwick won 13 prizes in France and England.

TWO GREAT FEATS OF UNITED STATES

World Tour of Battleship Fleet and Digging of Canal.

DISCUSSED BY MR. ROOSEVELT

Speaking at Omaha, He Urges the Necessity of Efficient Navy and of Fortifying the Panama Waterway.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 2.—Theodore Roosevelt arrived in Omaha from Kansas City at 6:45 o'clock this morning, and early as was the hour, a large crowd was on hand, and so was the reception committee under whose auspices Colonel Roosevelt spent the day. The address which the ex-president delivered was heard by a great throng of people. It was as follows:

In traveling in Europe last spring one thing which especially struck me was the fact that the fleet which made the deepest impression abroad were the cruise of the United States fleet around the world, and the digging of the Panama Canal. I was struck by the two facts to be credited to the American people during the past decade which had so profoundly and so permanently affected foreign judgment of America. Such judgment depends upon what they actually do, not in the least upon their public blarney, and the success of their efforts to meet them.

Must Have Efficient Navy.

Now, there is no use of a nation claiming to be a great power unless it is prepared to play a great part. A nation such as ours cannot possibly play a great part in international relations unless it is prepared to be treated as a weight in the Atlantic or the Pacific, or to have its voice heard in the management of the Panama Canal, headed, unless it has a strong and thoroughly efficient navy. In the last decade the American navy has been about trebled in strength, and much more than trebled in the quality of its manning. The progress in marksmanship and maneuvering. So far from this increase in strength being regarded as a cause for alarm, it has been regarded as a cause for peace. Everywhere in Europe the cruise of the battleship fleet around the world was accepted as a reflection of an extraordinary feat, reflecting the highest honor upon our navy, but as one of the movements which indicated a readiness to promote stability in international relations. No nation regarded the cruise as a cause for alarm, and yet every nation accepted it as a proof of our power. It is not a single accident, it has been made by any fleet of any other power; and the best naval opinion abroad has been that no such cruise as that which we actually made could be accomplished by any other fleet. It is not an accident, it has been made by any fleet of any other power; and the best naval opinion abroad has been that no such cruise as that which we actually made could be accomplished by any other fleet.

OLD THEORY IS EXPLODED

Women Do Not Want Masterful Husbands Who Will Beat Them Now and Then.

When it comes to a question of disposition, says Robert Haven Schaffer, in his series of marriage articles now running in Success Magazine, 86 per cent of the girls in the business world, stenographers, clerks, and so on, would like their husbands easy-going rather than masterful. Compared with 75 per cent in the factories.

Readers of the first article in this series were perhaps surprised to find nobody demanding in his future husband that he should be a man of indispensable qualifications for married happiness; that is the capacity for comradeship. Not one factory girl mentioned this quality and only a very few girls of business. One bookkeeper in St. Louis added as an afterthought:

"He must treat me as a companion; not as a doll baby." A railroad cashier was the only one to reason from actual experience:

"Say, I had an experience once that gave me a lesson! I was working in the signal tower and there was a man worked there with me. He was a good looking enough fellow. If I'd 'a' known him anywhere else, I might 'a' took him when he asked me."

"Thank goodness," was there with him all day long and I had a chance to find out. That's the way to learn a man. If some of those girls that get married could stay all day with a man for a while, every day in the week, there wouldn't be so many mistakes."

"Oh, there wasn't nothin' really wrong with him, when his line o' talk played out there wasn't his line o' more to say. We'd sit up there silent as owls. Say, mebbe I wasn't glad when I got a transfer. If we'd been married now, it wouldn't have been so easy to get a transfer."

From the Farewell Address.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would we claim the tribute of patriotism who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firm props of the duties of men and citizens, and who are indispensable and essential to the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked where is the security of life, if we have no religion, if life, if the sense of religious obligation deserts the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition that money and power are indispensable to religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.—George Washington.

Generous Official.

To illustrate the attention to duty on the part of officials and their sense of justice, this story was told by a well-known writer: "Last summer I spent several months in a nearby city. I had a very good opportunity to see the office of the city clerk. In October, the tax officers, regardless of the fact that I was only a summer guest, sent me a \$10,000 personal tax bill; I took the first opportunity to call at the office to protest. The official asked me: 'What's your business?' 'German newspaper man and poet,' I said. Then he put heavy lines across the face of the tax bill, and with a look which betokened his sympathy of heart handed me 50 cents."

NURSERY AT WINDSOR CASTLE

Schoolroom in Victoria Tower Well Situated for Light and Air—Delightful Views.

London.—The two suits of rooms at the top of Victoria Tower, Windsor Castle, are fitted up and ready for the children of the King and Queen. There are a schoolroom, dining room, day and night nurseries, rooms for governesses and attendants, bathrooms and kitchen.

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LORNA DOONE NEVER EXISTED

English Ex-Lord Justice Discredits One of Favorite Legends of Devonshire.

London.—Millions of people have read Blackmore's great tale of Ex-Lord Justice and his adventures, and have supposed that once upon a time Lorna Doone and Jan Ridd really lived. One of the greatest jurists in the world now suggests that they all have believed a myth.

The skeptic is Sir Edward Fry, ex-Lord Justice, and a member of the Somerset Archaeological society. Sir Edward Fry is an expert judge of the value of evidence, and he holds that there is no evidence that there ever was any marauding Doone on Exmoor.

It was at a meeting of the Somerset Archaeological society that Sir Edward Fry set out to demolish the legend of Lorna Doone. While admitting that, on the face of it, the story was perfectly probable, he said that while old writers referred to the traditions of other banditti, such as the Gubbinses of Dartmoor, no writer mentioned any Doone tradition.

"No piece of historical evidence has ever been produced," said Sir Edward, "to show that the band existed, although their long-continued misdeeds were of a nature to produce a whole library of penny chapbooks, such as formed the reading of country people in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries."

"Lorna Doone" is a magnificent story, but the efforts to give it basis of fact provide painful reading for those who desire the progress of historical studies."

It will be interesting to see what Devonshire people think of the legends.

TAKES LILIES FROM WIDOW

Kaiserin Then Rewards Poor Woman With Four-Leaf Clover and Best Wishes.

Berlin.—When passing the hut of a fisherman's widow on the coast of Pomerania, the Kaiserin admired in the tiny garden some madonnas lilies, which were the only flowers growing there. The old woman, hobbling out of her cottage, plucked all the flowers, tied them in a bunch and presented them to her majesty.

"Delighted with the hearty gift, the empress walked into the hut, sat on one of the rickety chairs in the tiny but well-kept kitchen, and inquired about the widow's family. One of her sons, she soon learned, was dead; the other was in the gold mines of Australia.

"I am glad," added the poor woman, "for your majesty to have the flowers. Lilies are for happiness, and are unsuitable for a widow."

The Kaiserin then gave the old woman a little four-leaf clover, saying: "I give you in exchange this four-leaf clover that I have just found. I hope it will bring you luck and will bring your son back to you."

CAUSE OF VARIABLE STARS

Suns Coming Out of Perihelion Flare and Subside on Encountering Nebulosity.

Vallejo, Cal.—Announcement is made by Prof. T. J. See, U. S. N., the noted astronomer, in charge of the navy observatory at Mare Island, that he has succeeded in establishing the general cause of variable stars. For the last two years Professor See has been occupied with extensive researches in comical evolution, which have given an entirely new aspect to the nebular hypothesis and have become known under the name of the "capture theory."

The main cause to explain the round form of the planetary orbits and heavenly motions is a resisting medium of nebulous material which is shown to be diffused everywhere in space.

After careful investigations Professor See finds that cluster variables are suns attracted by planets which revolve in close proximity in short periods, and that after passing through perihelion they are captured and their medium of nebulousity, so that the light suddenly blazes up and afterward dies down gradually. According to Professor See, this accounts for the abundance of variables in certain clusters and their almost total absence in others.

Professor See says he has established also that the blazing forth of new stars now and then in the heavens is caused by the actual collisions with planets revolving about them.

Good Roads Solution.

Washington.—The use of white waste sulphite, which is produced in the manufacture of paper, as a top dressing for dusty roads, has been the subject of experiments in this city by the department of agriculture. The material proved to be of little value in single treatments of dusty roads, but the concentrated material became a semi-permanent dust preventive and road binder.

GARDENS DEVELOP NEW RACE

Children Brought Up in English Country Towns Much Healthier Than Those in Cities.

Plymouth.—A glowing account of the physical regeneration brought by life in the garden cities and a depressing account of the moral deterioration arising from an unwise sentimentalism, were the more striking features of the proceedings of the congress of the Royal Institute of Public Health.

It was Henry Vivian, M. P., who gave an address on town planning and architecture, who was responsible for the first.

He contrasted the overcrowded London slums and tenements with the garden cities at Letchworth, Ealing, Hampstead and elsewhere.

Practically, a new type of individual—a superchild, he said, born in these healthily-laid out estates. This the vital statistics showed.

The children there and the youths were inches taller and many pounds heavier than those of towns.

BLUE ROSE NOT PRETTY

London.—The green carnation has now been rivaled by the blue rose. After years of crossing, Alfred Smith of Downley, High Wycombe, has produced a distinct blue rose which is exciting great interest among his fellow horticulturists.

The rose is light blue, shading to a deeper hue toward the base of the petals. Mr. Smith says it is no freak, but can be reproduced now indefinitely, and the color is intensified. It is not pretty and is a poor specimen of a rose.

Aliens Bring \$1,537,794.

New York.—During July, 52,727 foreigners entered the port of New York. Of this number the Ellis Island records classed 12,985 as illiterate. The number barred was 1,127. The immigrants brought \$1,537,794 in money.

SOARING AMBITION

When once ambition has passed its natural limit, its progress is boundless.—Seneca.

This Is Rather Neat.

An English critic of American social conditions says that men in this country are too much inclined to put women on pedestals. The only answer to such criticism is pity for the nation that has not such a beautifully decorative way for pedestals.

His Consolation.

There is no denying that an invalid gets a good deal of consolation in telling of the great things he would do if he were well.—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

GENEROUS OFFICIAL

To illustrate the attention to duty on the part of officials and their sense of justice, this story was told by a well-known writer: "Last summer I spent several months in a nearby city. I had a very good opportunity to see the office of the city clerk. In October, the tax officers, regardless of the fact that I was only a summer guest, sent me a \$10,000 personal tax bill; I took the first opportunity to call at the office to protest. The official asked me: 'What's your business?' 'German newspaper man and poet,' I said. Then he put heavy lines across the face of the tax bill, and with a look which betokened his sympathy of heart handed me 50 cents."

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