

WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

PENALTIES FOR WHITE SLAVERY

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Twenty-five years ago a girl of thirteen could be trapped and led into vile houses, and there was no law to protect her. The law of England, as it stood at that time, recognized that a girl one day over thirteen years of age was legally a woman, and was fully competent to consent to her own undoing. It was as if the girl stood put a positive premium upon the corruption of very young children by refusing to let them give evidence against men unless they could satisfy the judge and jury that they understood the nature of an oath.

As soon as the child was over thirteen years of age she could be inveigled into an illegal house without any possible hope of redress, because she had consented to go into the house she was held to have consented to everything else, although she might at that time be, and probably was, absolutely ignorant of what vice meant.

The law to-day protects girls to the age of sixteen; it has raised the age of consent from thirteen to sixteen, admits the evidence of children, even if they are not able to satisfy the judge and jury that they understand the nature of an oath, and it has increased the pains and penalties inflicted upon all those who attack girls, whether by abducting them abroad or attacking them at home.

This change in the laws came about through one man, W. T. Stead, who died on the Titanic. The White Slave Traffic is a worldwide trade in young girls for immoral purposes, out of which enormous profits are made. They are captured by false advertisements offering employment as governesses, secretaries, companions, servants, etc., and by making acquaintance with girls alone in streets or trains or buses.

Only Five Girls in Every 100 Know What They Are Doing

It is estimated that only five girls in every hundred know what they are doing; the remaining ninety-five are girls who never heard of such things, girls who like your own daughters, who, but for the White Slave Traffic, might have become happy wives and mothers. If they wanted to be bad there would be no necessity for this trapping system.

Twenty-five years ago it was regarded as improper, unclean and

highly indecorous to speak about the White Slave trade in polite circles. Kings and queens, princes and princesses attended conferences for discussion of this question.

Before Mr. Stead died he wrote a pamphlet, "Why I Went to Prison in 1885." It is an interesting reading. Known as a great philanthropist and reformer, he was tried by a jury of people to try to bring about a change in the laws of England on this subject.

A commissioner of the House of Lords had reported upon the question and strongly recommended that an act of Parliament should be passed to give effect to the recommendations of the committee, but there was no motive power behind it. It was strongly opposed by a small group of persons who seemed almost to have a personal interest in preventing the strengthening of the law against the corruption of weak and innocent girls. Mr. Gladstone's Ministry—Sir William Harcourt being then home secretary—recognized the urgency of the demand and introduced a bill giving effect to the recommendations of the committee, but there was no motive power behind it.

Then the plot was laid to bring such disgrace on the laws of England that a change would be forced by public censure. So Mr. Stead was induced to act the part of a procurer; and a weak and wicked mother sold her daughter aged thirteen to him, for three pounds—fifteen dollars—believing that her daughter was going to an infamously house.

Late W. T. Stead Told of His Conviction in This Famous Case

Mr. Stead says of this incident: "After a long trial, for which the Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning and Bishop Temple, then Morley, Mr. Balfour, Lord Loreburn

(then Sir Robert Reid), Mr. Louchere, Mrs. Butler, and many others were subpoenaed for the defense, I was convicted, together with my colleagues, Messrs. Bramwell, Maslin, Mr. Bramwell Booth and Madame Morez were acquitted. Madame Morez was sent for six months to prison, where she died. The trial, which was reported in all the leading papers of the world, brought out all the facts of the case, so that every statement which I now make can be verified by reference to the files in the British Museum. The moment I was convicted there was a great agitation set on foot. The government was besieged with petitions and protests. Telegrams rained in upon the home office, the prime minister and the queen, after I had been three days in Coldbath prison, Lord Salisbury, on his own motion, the judge who had sentenced me, ordered me to be transferred at once to Holloway as a first class misdemeanant. The remainder of my sentence of two months and four days—I served out at Holloway, where I was in the Pall Mall Gazette from November, 1885, to January, 1886."

Millicent Garrett Fawcett has issued an appeal to all friends of Mr. Stead and to all friends of clean womanhood to use their influence to help pass the criminal law amendment bill now proposed.

It is well known that this bill deals with the White Slave Trade and provides additional protection for the young. A deputation about the bill waited on the home secretary a few weeks ago; he expressed approval of the measure, but held out no hope that the government would take it up.

Question One of Urgent and, Also, National Importance

She closes her appeal with these words: "It is a question of urgent national importance. The bill, if passed, would protect and shelter the weak against moral injury, quite as truly as the lifeboats sheltered them from physical injury. It brought to the attention of our countrymen the fact of physical danger, surely they can rise to a trifling sacrifice of Parliamentary time on April 15, against physical injury. It brought to the attention of our countrymen the fact of physical danger, surely they can rise to a trifling sacrifice of Parliamentary time on April 15, against physical injury. It brought to the attention of our countrymen the fact of physical danger, surely they can rise to a trifling sacrifice of Parliamentary time on April 15, against physical injury."

I respectfully and earnestly appeal to men in the constituencies to lose no time in writing to their members, to urge them to induce the government to take up the bill and pass it during this session."

Stevens drew out a quarter.

"All right," laughed Warren. "Tails." Mr. Stevens flipped the coin. Helen leaned forward tensely. It was heads. Warren would have to pay! Somehow it always came out that way.

She could not see the check, but it must be at least twenty-five—the miners' wages, cigars, cordials and the tip.

The drive home through the now deserted streets was as depressing as the drive to the restaurant was after an evening of stimulated gaiety.

Helen kept thinking of the twenty-five dollars and of how little they had for it. She would have bought a Persian rug for the hall for twenty-five dollars!

And all the table linen that would have bought! She was planning to get some during the January white good sales. Amid the candelabra she wanted for the diningroom! What they had spent on this supper would have bought a wonderful candelabra!

When the Stevenses dropped them at their door they were right! And their final "Happy new year" were most perfumery.

"Well, our quiet evening at home turned out to be a rather expensive one," was Helen's accidental comment as she switched on the lights in their darkened hall.

"Now, what do you mean by that?" savagely, "hinting at my paying that check? Well, when I get home—where'll I keep up my end! Understand? What do you want me to be, anyway—a piker?"

Helen, remembering that the new year was hardly an hour old, did not want to begin with discord.

"No, dear," resting her head for a moment against his arm, "I'm glad you do your share. You know, I'm sure! I just meant that if we'd stayed at home, we'd have saved that much. But it's horrid and mercenary of me to think about it that way."

He had doubtless meant well when he left her, but would that good intention stand the test of Wallace's ridicule (she felt certain Wallace would oppose her plan) and his own contemplation of the future for a night?

She had a hazy notion of what the life of idle rich youth in New York must be, but imagined that it must attract with vivid power, and she could guess that Jonesville did not. Would he hold firm in the determination which she felt sure he had formed?

When the judge came in he found her wondering and worrying as she waited for some papers she had sent a clerk to get. Already she had almost finished the statement of affairs which she had promised to give Broadway.

"Well, I just came over from the Grand hotel," the judge began. "Did you see the young man?"

"Only for a minute." The judge laughed indulgently. "He was eating breakfast in his room, and his valet had just borrowed some hot flat-irons and was pressing out his clothes." The judge's laughter became very hearty.

Even Josie smiled; but the fact that they had brought a valet with them was a bit of news to her. She expressed surprise.

The judge laughed again. "Oh, he just got here this morning. It seems they both came off without any baggage, so they telephoned the valet, late last night, to bring them on some clothes."

"It must have been very late, for it was almost eleven when they left your house, wasn't it?"

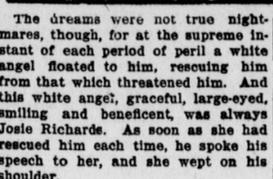
"Oh, those New York people—they don't think a thing of sitting up till all hours—midnight, sometimes later!" The judge preened himself a little after this sensational statement, and Josie, though she had heard such wild tales in the past, was much impressed by this one. It seemed so much more possible, more real, now that she had seen Broadway in his maturity. How exciting it must be to stay up, right along, till midnight! But it must

BROADWAY JONES

FROM THE PLAY OF GEORGE M. COHAN

EDWARD MARSHALL

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM SCENES IN THE PLAY



The dreams were not true nightmares, though, for at the supreme instant of each period of peril a white angel floated to him, rescuing him from that which threatened him. And this white angel, graceful, large-eyed, smiling and beneficent, was always Josie Richards. As soon as she had rescued him each time, he spoke his speech to her, and she wept on his shoulder.

The result of such a night of agony was, naturally, that they slept later in the morning than was the Jonesville custom. When half past eight arrived and they had not appeared, the wife of the proprietor sent him upstairs to see if they had not decamped without paying for their rooms, or if, perchance, they had not come there suicidally inclined.

She crept up behind her lisse lord fearfully, and peeped across his shoulder as he opened each unlocked door in turn. Finding that they were both peacefully asleep, she was both shocked at such unheard-of indolence, and cheated at the lack of tragedy, so she snorted, "Scandalous!" as she crashed down each step.

She was a very solid woman, widely built. Wallace had noticed that the night before when he had peeped in through the door. Had she been aware of that terrific episode, she would have screamed for the village constable and had him locked up in the calaboose.

Broadway had his high triumphant moment when it became apparent that Wallace would of necessity go to the village barber shop. Having come away in flight from Mrs. Gerard without bags or luggage of whatever kind, he had no razor with him.

"My whiskers are so whitish that they will not begin to show until the afternoon!" Broadway exulted. "By that time Rankin will be here with bags."

"I'll wait for him. I won't see any—"

"You'll be sure to see the judge's daughter. All the Jonesville girls that work at the gum factory get up at six o'clock. The idle, aristocratic class, like Clara, stay in bed till seven."

"Well, where is it, then?" said Wallace in an evil temper.

"What? The village barber shop? Next door," Broadway wrung his hand. "Good-by old chap; good-by, I'll—"

"Just give my love to Broadway," Wallace begged.

Jackson Jones grew sober in an instant. "I don't expect I'll see much of it for a while."

"It must be permanent!" said Wallace. "It has lasted through the longest night the world has ever known."

The day already was well under way at the Jones factory. Josie had been at her managerial desk not less than an hour and probably an hour and a half when Wallace started for the barber shop.

It was a very trying morning for the girl. The events of the night before had much upset her, and her sleep had been as much disturbed as Broadway's, although, perhaps, less physically painful.

She had been terribly in earnest in everything which she had said to him about his duty to the village which had made him rich, his duty to the family whose name he bore, his duty to himself; she had been intensely worried, still was intensely worried, lest all she had said might go for naught, falling to impress him permanently.

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strain one's health. She hoped he would not do it often in the future! She was beginning to feel a definite personal interest in the youth's health. Such a nice young man! For him to dissipate his life away by staying up at night, that way—

"He promised to be here at ten-fifteen," she ventured.

"Yes; that's what brought me over. He asked me to tell you that he'd be a little late. I guess he didn't sleep very well. He says he had a lot of horrible dreams. What sort of a talk did you have with him last night, anyhow?"

"Didn't he tell you?"

"No; he left the house soon after you did. You must have said something that upset him. He acted dreadfully worried."

Josie bent above her work. She could not tell even the judge of the intensity of feeling which she had put into that long conversation with Broadway.

She had not slept so very well herself. She had wondered if he thought her bold, officious, to have given him advice so freely, to have told him what she had about what she believed to be his duty. She knew that, now and then, she had been almost impassioned in her plea for Jonesville and its people. She wondered if he thought her silly, over-earnest. But she told the judge none of these things. They were hidden in her heart. That heart had known a lot of turmoil since Broadway had come back.

"I simply told him the true state of affairs and explained to him what the plant meant to the town," she said and bent above her papers on the desk.

"What did he say?" asked the persistent judge.

Much as she loved the judge, she wished that he would go away and question her no further. There was a little feeling in her heart that she must file that talk with Broadway among the things which she held sacred. All women have a secret file of memories of that sort. She could not talk about it.

"He said nothing very much."

Then a detail of his talk which had intensely puzzled her came back to her, and she decided to discuss it with the judge.

"He kept inquiring how much cash we had." She smiled, not critically. "He doesn't seem to be much of a business man."

[To Be Continued.]



Madame Isibell's Beauty Lesson

LESSON IX—PART I. THE PRESENT FASHIONS—ARE THEY BECOMING TO THE AVERAGE WOMAN?

It is often bemoaned by poets and philosophers that the age of great personal beauty is past; that there are today no unique examples of loveliness to which the world pays homage.

There is no reason to doubt the existence today of beauty as compelling as ever adorned the pages of history, and there is every reason to believe that the average woman is far better looking than has ever before been the case.

General Improvement in Looks. There are several reasons for this. Women now take more intelligent care of their looks; their minds are better cultivated so that intelligence of expression adds to mere physical charms. Moreover, the modern fashion of dressing with its wide choice is far more becoming to the average woman than the more flamboyant modes of the past which were only suited to very beautiful types.

In youth at least, every woman today has her share of attractiveness, and the proportion of good looking women of middle age is growing larger every year.

Influence of Dress. While modern dress has not equaled the picturesque quality of the Renaissance or the gorgeousness of the courts of the French Louis, it has expressed precisely the modern woman and the condition under which she lives. Cut and workmanship have improved; costumes for practical occasions have grown more comfortable, more utilitarian, and, as knowledge of dress has become more widespread, individuality in gowing has become more pronounced. While women, as a whole, have declared in favor of dressing along certain prescribed lines termed "the fashions," these lines have been elastic and sufficiently varied to suit different types. The result has been pleasing and generally becoming. (Lesson IX to be continued.)

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The retail prices of the "principal articles of food" in forty industrial cities advanced sixty-six per cent. in fourteen years. The price of

SHREDDED WHEAT

has remained the same, and it is just as satisfying, strengthening and sustaining as it was fourteen years ago—a complete, perfect food, supplying more real, body-building nutrition than meat or eggs, and costs much less. Your grocer sells it.

Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven to restore crispness) eaten with hot milk or cream will supply all the nutrient needed for half day's work. Deliciously wholesome with baked apples, stewed prunes, sliced bananas or other fruits.

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N.Y.

PLANS FOR NEW SCHOOL

Dillsburg, Pa., Jan. 26.—On Friday the Dillsburg school board met Mr. Hauer, of the firm of Hauer & Moyer, architects, of Philadelphia, and made the final contracts for the drawing of plans and making specifications for the new school building.

for the new school building. Mr. Hauer also presented a pencil drawing of the plans for the board to go over to find if any changes were to be made before the final drawings and blueprints are made. The plans will be completed in about three weeks, when bids will be advertised for.

What So Precious As a Healthy Baby?

Every Youngster Can Have Fine Digestion if Given a Good Baby Laxative.



HOWARD ROUSE

In spite of the greatest personal care and the most intelligent attention to diet, babies and children will become constipated, and it is a fact that constipation and indigestion have wrecked many a young life. To start with a good digestive apparatus is to start life without handicap.

But, as we cannot all have perfect working bowels, we must do the next best thing and acquire them, or train them to become healthy. This can be done by the use of a laxative—very highly recommended by a great many mothers. The remedy is called Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin and has been on the market for two generations. It can be bought conveniently at any drug store for fifty cents or one dollar a bottle, and those who are already convinced of its merits buy the dollar size.

Its mildness makes it the ideal medicine for children, and it is also very pleasant to the taste. It is sure in its effect, and genuinely harmless. Very little of it is required and its frequent use does not cause it to lose its effect, as is the case with so many other remedies.

Thousands can testify to its merits in constipation, indigestion, biliousness, sick headaches, etc., among them reliable people like Mrs. James R. Rouse, of Marinette, Wis. Her little son Howard was fifteen months old last April, but he was sick with bowels trouble from birth and suffered intensely. Since Mrs. Rouse has been giving him Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin all trouble has disappeared and the boy is becoming robust.

Thousands keep Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin constantly in the house, for every member of the family can use it from infancy to old age. The users of Syrup Pepsin have learned to avoid cathartics, salts, mineral waters, pills and other harsh remedies for they do but temporary good and are a shock to any delicate system.

Families wishing to try a free sample bottle can obtain it postpaid by addressing Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 419 Washington St., Monticello, Ill. A postal card with your name and address on it will do.

Even the Simplest Street and House Dresses made after

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS

have that French chic and style so much admired by all good dressers. We recommend to you to try One of these—JUST ONE!

February Patterns are on sale now, also the CELEBRATED PICTORIAL REVIEW FASHION BOOK

It is only 10 cents when purchased with one 15 cent

PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERN

5505 Skirt, 15 cents Waist, 15 cents. 5430 Skirt, 15 cents Waist, 15 cents. 5508 Skirt, 15 cents Waist, 15 cents. 5474 Skirt, 15 cents Waist, 15 cents.

Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart

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3-in-One has been for 15 years the Old Reliable, largest-selling home and office oil. It is sold everywhere in 3-size bottles, 10c (1 oz.), 25c (3 oz.), 50c (8 oz.), 1/2 Pint for 75c (16 oz.). Write today for generous free sample and the Dictionary of Uses—sent free to you. Also in patented Handy Oil Can, 25c (3 oz.), 50c (8 oz.), 1/2 Pint for \$1.00. Also in patented Handy Oil Can, 25c (3 oz.), 50c (8 oz.), 1/2 Pint for \$1.00. Also in patented Handy Oil Can, 25c (3 oz.), 50c (8 oz.), 1/2 Pint for \$1.00.

Their Married Life

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

"Solid comfort this," yawned Warren, setting himself by the library table. "Beats scouting around with that New Year's Eve crowd all hollow."

"It does, doesn't it?" Helen drew nearer her work basket. "Dear, our evenings at home are always the best. Think of how much money we spent last year—and what did we get out of it?"

"Rotten headache the next day. It does seem so foolish," with an air of superiority, for people to crowd in noisy stuffy restaurants and spend a lot of money just because it's New Year's Eve. You'd think—"

"Now, who in the devil's that?" "I'll answer it," put in Helen, her embroidery and going over to the phone. "Yes?" "Oh—Hello! . . . Not a thing—we've decided to have a quiet evening at home. . . . Oh, wait—downstairs in the car. . . . I—wait—you speak to Warren."

"It's Mr. Stevens," she whispered as Warren took the receiver. "They're downstairs in the car and want us to go out with them ready."

"Hello, old man! . . . Why, I guess not; we thought we'd cut it out this year. . . . Which way did you come?" "Up Broadway? Pretty much of a crowd? Well, hold the wire a minute."

Placing his hand over the receiver Warren turned to Helen.

"See here, they just want us to drive around a bit. They say it's not cold and there's a big crowd out. What do you think?"

"But, dear," began Helen, protesting. "I thought we were going to have a quiet evening at home. . . . All right," Warren went to the phone—for when Warren asked Helen's opinion it was only to give him time to make up his mind. "We'll be right down."

"But, Warren, I'm not dressed!" "Well, hustle into anything. We'll not get out of the car."

Although she hated to be hurried, Helen could dress quickly, and in a few moments she was ready.

The Stevenses had driven around the block, but the car drew up again as they came down.

"We were going to stay in this evening, too," admitted Mrs. Stevens as Helen settled herself under the fur robe beside her. "But Henry got restive. Will you be warm enough in the car?" "Feeling like a rat in that coat. Henry's fur coat is right there under the seat."

As it was growing colder, Helen was glad to slip it on.

Uptown the streets were quiet. But as they sped down Broadway they ran into the New Year's crowd. There was nothing new, nothing different from what it had been last year or the year before—the same ear-splitting horns, bells and whistles, the same Helen wondered how any one could get up the enthusiasm year after year to take part in this pushing, crowding street holiday.

In spite of the extra force of policemen, the crowd overflowed the sidewalks into the streets, barring the progress of the cars, whose constantly squeaking horns added to the general din.

"Can't get through that crush," for now the people were massed black head, feeling cold, anyway," grumbled Mr. Stevens. "We'd better go in somewhere and see what's doing."

"Oh, but we can't get a table now can we?" ventured Helen. "Every thing engaged."

"Not this year. Not when Wall Street's broke," declared Warren. "I'll wager we can get a table anywhere."

"How about Maxwell's?" Mr. Stevens suggested. "That's right about here."

When they drew up before Maxwell's Helen left the car reluctantly feeling that she was neither dressed on the moon for the night.

"Tickets, sir," demanded the head waiter, as they entered.

"No, we haven't a table reserved. If you can get us one," and Mr.

Stevens slipped him a bill. "I'll see what I can do for you, sir."

The next moment he had taken a desirable table in one of the most comfortable rooms of the hotel and seated them with a flourish.

"That shows they're hard put," laughed Mr. Stevens. "Last year you couldn't have touched this table with a stick. Why there's Jo Hillard, rising to speak to some friends at a table just back of them."

"Well, what'll we have?" asked Warren.

"We're serving only a special supper, sir; five dollars a plate," volunteered the waiter, distributing the gayly decorated business cards.

"The