

FRENCH EMPLOY CHINESE LABOR

EXPERIMENT FOUND HELPFUL FROM AN ECONOMIC POINT OF VIEW. SOCIAL QUESTION NOT GIVEN CONSIDERATION

Importation of Celestials May Give Rise to Serious Problem at Close of War—Orientals Under Three Years' Contract to Fill Places of Frenchmen Who Have Gone to the Front.

[Correspondence of Associated Press.] Paris, May 16.—The experiment made in France with Chinese labor to replace men withdrawn from factory and farm work by the war has been so helpful from an economic point of view as to incite an extension of the experiment.

The senate committee has reported favorably upon a proposition to employ labor from France's Chinese colonies of Annam, Cochinchina and Tonkin, in all industries working for the government and in the fields wherever farm help is needed.

The senate committee proposes to bring 100,000 more Chinese, The North African colony of Algeria and the protectorates of Tunis and Morocco, as it is pointed out by Henry Berenger, a leading member of the army committee, are able to furnish 100,000 Berbers and Kabyle workers, who are 300,000 at least could be drawn from Madagascar.

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Chinese Studying French. The school has been established in the Rue Bonaparte in Paris, and since the beginning of the month of April the Chinese have been working hard at the learning of French, particularly sufficient mathematics to keep the simplest accounts. Their progress is said to be prodigious, and it is thought that two months will suffice for the quickest pupils to acquire a sufficient knowledge of elementary French to teach their compatriots all they need to know.

LAY-UP FURNACE FOR SUMMER. Needs Proper Care Else it Wears out Faster than When in Use.

A furnace wears out faster in the summer than the winter, say the extension engineers at Iowa State college, largely because it is not properly cleaned and cared for unless fired. As soon as no more fire is needed, give the furnace a thorough cleaning of the soot and ash covered surfaces with brushes and scrapers. Sweep and scrape all smoke passages thoroughly. Take out the smoke pipe, clean out all soot and see that the chimney is clean where it goes in. Put it back in place, or better still, put a cap over the chimney hole and store the pipe in a dry place. Put about a peck of unslaked lime in the box in the fire pot of the furnace. This will prevent the gathering of moisture and consequent rust. Leave the furnace doors slightly open to allow a circulation of air.

She Told Her Neighbor. "I told a neighbor whose very young child had cough about Foley's Honey and Tar," writes Mrs. Rehkamp, 2404 Herman St., Covington, Ky. "She thought that the child surely would die it was so bad. When she gave it a couple doses of Foley's Honey and Tar she was so pleased with the change she did not know what to say. This old reliable cough syrup immediately helps coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Just get a good old tin of it for young folks.—McBride & Will Drug Co.

Continuous Performance. "They have their baby photographed frequently." "So frequently that they could paste the photographs together and have a film."

TODAY'S AID TO BEAUTY

An especially fine shampoo for this weather, one that dissolves and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt, can easily be made at trifling expense by simply dissolving a teaspoonful of canthrox in a cup of hot water. Pour slowly on scalp and massage briskly. This creates a soothing, cooling effect. Rinsing leaves the scalp soft and pliant, while the white hair takes on the glossy richness of natural color, also a softness which makes it seem much heavier than it is. After a canthrox shampoo arranging the hair is a pleasure.

The TURMOIL

A Novel By BOOTH TARKINGTON Author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," "The Conquest of Canada," "Fanny," etc.

And completing their descent to the library, the two made their appearance to Roscoe and his father. Sibyl at once gave a full and truthful account of what had taken place, repeating her own remarks, and omitting only the fact that it was through her design that Bibbs had overheard them.

"But as I told mother Sheridan," she said, in conclusion, "it might turn out for the very best that he did hear—just that way. Don't you think so, father Sheridan?" He merely grinned in reply, and sat rubbing the thick hair on the top of his head with his left hand and looking at the fire. He had given no sign of being impressed in any manner by her exposure of Mary Vertrees' character; but his impassivity did not dismay Sibyl—it was Bibbs whom she desired to impress, and she was content in that matter.

"I'm sure it was all for the best," she said. "It's over now, and he knows what she is. In one way I think it was lucky, because, just hearing a thing that way, a person can tell it's false and he knows I haven't got any ax to grind—except his own good and the good of the family."

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"Were you up in Mr. Bibbs' room just now?" "Yes'm. He ring bell; tele me make."



"I'll Take the Job You Offered Me."

him, fah in his grate. I done bull' him nice fah. I reckon he ain' feelin' so well. Yes'm. He departed.

"What do you expect he wants a fire for?" she asked, turning toward her husband. "The house is warm as can be. I do wish I—"

"Oh, quit frettin'!" said Sheridan. "Well, I—I kind o' wish you hadn't said anything, Sibyl. I know you meant it for the best and all, but I don't believe it would be so much harm if—"

"Mother Sheridan, you don't mean you want that kind of a girl in the family? Why she—"

"I don't know, I don't know," the troubled woman quavered. "If he liked her it seems kind of a pity to spoil it. He's so queer, and he hasn't ever taken much enjoyment. And besides, I believe the way it was, there was more chance of his being willing to do what papa wants him to. If she wants to marry him—"

"Sh!" Mrs. Sheridan, still in the doorway, lifted her hand. "That's his step—he's comin' downstairs." She shrank away from the door as if she feared to have Bibbs see her. "I—I wonder—" she said, almost in a whisper—"I wonder what he's goin' to do?"

Her timorousness had its effect upon the others. Sheridan rose, frowning, but remained standing beside his chair; and Roscoe moved toward Sibyl, who stared unseeingly at the open doorway. They listened as the slow steps descended the stairs and came toward the library.

Bibbs stepped upon the threshold, and with sick and haggard eyes looked slowly from one to the other until at last his gaze rested upon his father. Then he came and stood before him.

"I'm sorry you've had so much trouble with me," he said, gently. "You won't, any more. I'll take the job you offered me."

Sheridan did not speak—he stared, astounded and incredulous; and Bibbs had left the room before any of its occupants uttered a sound, though he went as slowly as he came. Mrs. Sheridan was the first to move; she went nervously to the doorway, and then out into the hall. Bibbs had gone from the house.

Bibbs' mother had a feeling about him then that she had never known before; it was indefinite and vague, but very poignant—something in her mourned for him uncomprehendingly. She felt that an awful thing had been done to him, though she did not know what it was. She went up to his room. The fire George had built for him was almost smothered under thick charred ashes of paper. The lid of his trunk stood open, and the large upper tray, which she remembered to have seen full of papers and notebooks, was empty. And somehow she understood that Bibbs had given up the mysterious vocation he had hoped to follow, and that he had given it up for ever. She thought it was the wisest thing he could have done—and yet, for an unknown reason, she sat upon the bed and wept a little before she went downstairs.

So Sheridan had his way with Bibbs, all through.

CHAPTER XXIX.

As Bibbs came out of the new house, a Sunday trio was in course of passage upon the sidewalk. An amply young woman, placid of face; a black-clad, thin young man, whose expression was one of habitual anxiety, habitual wariness and habitual eagerness. He propped a perambulator containing the third—and all three were newly cleaned, Sundayed, and made fit to dine with the wife's relatives.

"How'd you like for me to be that young fella, mamma?" the husband whispered. "He's one of the sons, and there ain't but two left now."

The wife stared curiously at Bibbs. "Well, I don't know," she returned. "He looks to me like he had his own troubles."

"I expect he has, like anybody else," said the young husband, "but I guess we could stand a good deal if we had his money."

"Well, maybe, if you keep on the way you be, baby 'll be as well fixed as the Sheridans. You can't tell." She glanced back at Bibbs, who had turned north. "He walks kind of slow and stooped over, like."

"So much money in his pockets it makes him sag, I guess," said the young husband, with bitter admiration.

Mary, happening to glance from a window, saw Bibbs coming, and she started, clasping her hands together in a sudden alarm. She met him at the door.

"Bibbs!" she cried. "What is the matter? I saw something was terribly wrong when I— You look—"

She paused, and he came in, not lifting his eyes to hers. Always when he crossed that threshold he had come with his head up and his wistful gaze seeking some "Ah, poor boy!" she said, with a gesture of understanding and pity. "I know what it is!"

He followed her into the room where they always sat, and sank into a chair. "You needn't tell me," she said. "They've made you give up. Your father's won't you're going to do what he wants. You've given up."

Still without looking at her, he inclined his head in affirmation.

She gave a little cry of compassion, and came and sat near him. "Bibbs," she said, "I can be glad of one thing, though it's selfish. I can be glad you came straight to me. It's more to me than even if you'd come because you were happy."

She did not speak again for a little while; then she said: "Bibbs—dear—could you tell me about it? Do you want to?"

Still he did not look up, but in a voice shaken and husky, he asked her a question so grotesque that at first she thought she had misunderstood his words.

"Mary," he said, "could you marry me?" "What did you say, Bibbs?" she asked, quietly. "His tone and attitude did not change. Will you marry me?"

what made you ask me? What is it, Bibbs happened?" "Nothing." "Wait," she said. "Let me think. It's something that happened since our walk this morning—yes, since you left me at noon. Something happened that—"

She stopped abruptly, with a tremulous murmur of amazement and dawning comprehension. She remembered that Sibyl had gone to the new house.

Bibbs swallowed painfully and contrived to say, "I do—I do want you to—marry me, if—if you could."

She looked at him, and slowly shook her head. "Bibbs, do you— Her voice was as unsteady as his—little more than a whisper. "Do you think I'm—in love with you?" "No," he said.

Somewhere in the still air of the room there was a whispered word; it did not seem to come from Mary's parted lips, but he was aware of it. "Why?" "I've had nothing but dreams," Bibbs said, desolately, "but they weren't like this. Sibyl said no girl could care about me." He smiled faintly, though still he did not look at Mary. "And when I first came home Edith told me Sibyl was so anxious to marry that she'd have married me. She meant it to express Sibyl's extremity, you see. But I hardly needed either of them to tell me. I hadn't thought of myself as—well, not as particularly captivating."

Oddly enough, Mary's pallor changed to an angry flush. "Those two!" she exclaimed, sharply; and then, with thoroughgoing contempt: "Lamborn! That's like them!" She turned away.



"Mary, Mary!" He Cried Helplessly.

Went to the bare little black mantel, and stood leaning upon it. Presently she asked: "When did Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan say that 'no girl' could care about you?"

"Today." "Mary drew a deep breath. 'I think I'm beginning to understand—a little.' She bit her lip; there was anger in good truth in her eyes and in her voice. 'Answer me once more,' she said. 'Bibbs, do you know now why I stopped wearing my furs?'"

"Yes." "I thought so! Your sister-in-law told you, didn't she?" "I—I heard her say—"

"I think I know what happened, now." Mary's breath came fast and her voice shook, but she spoke rapidly. "You heard her say more than that. 'You heard her say' that we were bitterly poor, and on that account I tried first to marry your brother—and then—"

But now she faltered, and it was only after a convulsive effort that she was able to go on. "And then—that I tried to marry you! You heard her say that—and you believe that I don't care for you and that 'no girl' could care for you—but you think I am in such an 'extremity,' as Sibyl was—that you— And so, not wanting me, and believing that I could not want you—except for my 'extremity'—you took your father's offer and then came to ask me—to marry you! What had I shown you of myself that could make you—"

Suddenly she sank down, kneeling, with her face buried in her arms upon the lap of a chair, tears overwhelming her.

"Mary, Mary!" he cried, helplessly. "Oh no—you—you don't understand." "I do, though," she sobbed. "I do!"

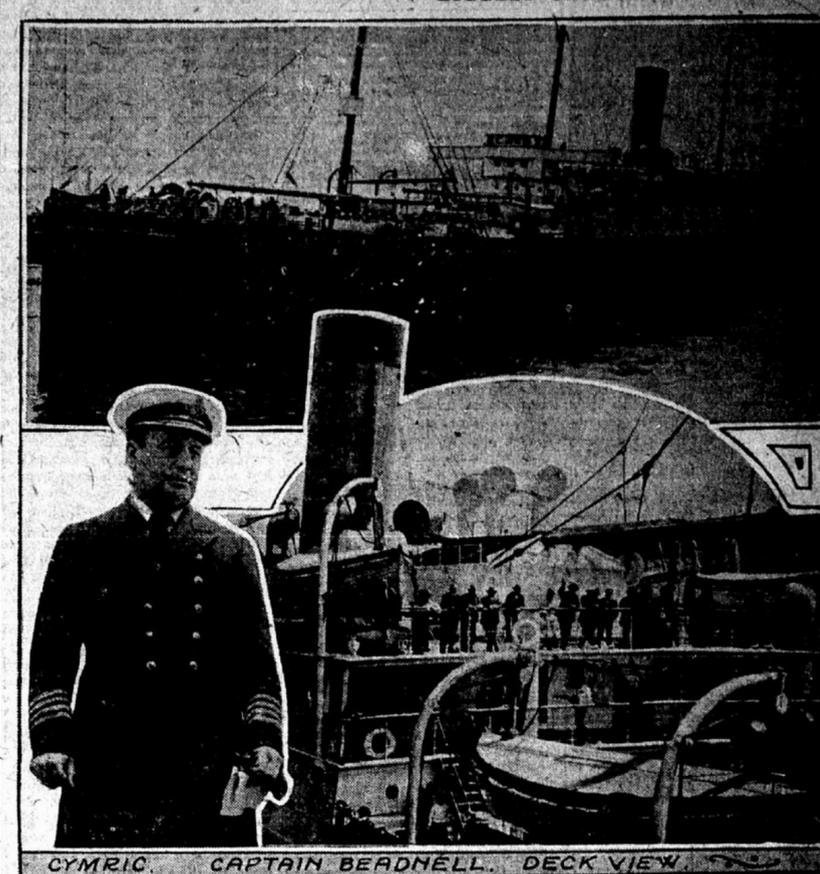
He came and stood beside her. "You kill me!" he said. "I can't make it plain. From the first of your lovelessness to me, I was all self. It was always that that gave and I that took. I was the dependent—I did nothing but lean on you. We always talked of me, hot of you. It was all about my idiotic distresses and troubles. I thought of you as a kind of wonderful being that had no mortal or human suffering except by sympathy. You seemed to lead down—out of a rosy cloud—to be kind to me. I never dreamed I could do anything for you! I never dreamed you could need anything to be done for you by anybody. And today I heard that—that you—"

"You heard that I needed to marry—somebody—anybody—with money," she sobbed. "And you thought we were so—so desperate—you believed that I had—"

"No!" he said, quickly. "I didn't believe you'd done one kind thing for me—for that. No, no, no! I knew you'd never thought of me except generously—to give. I said I couldn't make it plain!" he cried, despairingly.

"Wait!" She lifted her head and extended her hands to him unconsciously, like a child. "Help me up, Bibbs. Then, when she was once more upon her feet, she wiped her eyes and smiled upon him ruefully and faintly, but reassuringly, as if to tell him, in that way, that she knew he had no meant to hurt her. And that smile of hers, so lamentable but so faithfully friendly, misted his own eyes, and his

CYMRIC WAS ONE OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CARGO CARRYING



CYMRIC. CAPTAIN BEADNELL. DECK VIEW

Captain F. E. Beadnell, who has been in the service of the White Star line for more than twenty years and who was formerly commander of the Baltic, when she was torpedoed, according to report, off the Irish coast. The vessel was built by Harland & Wolff, Limited, in Belfast, and was launched in 1898. She had a gross tonnage of 13,370 tons and was 53 feet long with a beam of sixty-four feet and a depth of about thirty-eight feet. Never a

fast vessel, the Cymric was rated as a ten or eleven day ship and had been used recently only for freight transportation. She carried a large cargo of war supplies. For the last six weeks she had not carried passengers, and when in that service only had accommodations for one class. The Cymric has had several narrow escapes from submarines during her previous voyages. On March 28, 1915, she was less than twenty miles away from the Falaba when the latter was

torpedoed, having sailed a short time before that vessel. Captain Beadnell received the Falaba's call for help; but was forced to obey the admiralty instructions and refrain from going to her assistance. On Sept. 26, 1915, when the Cymric reached New York, members of her crew said she was escorted into Liverpool by a cruiser that they believed that the Hesperian was torpedoed in mistake for their vessel, as both looked alike.

shamefacedness lowered them no more. "Let me tell you what you want to tell me," she said. "You can't, because you can't put it into words—they are too humiliating for me and you're too gentle to say them. Tell me, though, isn't it true? You didn't believe that I'd tried to make you fall in love with me—"

"Never! Never for an instant!" "You didn't believe I'd tried to make you want to marry me—"

"No, no, no!" "I believe it, Bibbs. You thought that I was fond of you; you knew I cared for you—but you didn't think I might be—in love with you. But you thought that I might marry you without being in love with you because you did believe I had tried to marry your brother, and—"

"Mary, I only knew—for the first time—that you—that you were—"

"Were desperately poor," she said. "You can't even say that! Bibbs, it was true: I did try to make Jim want to marry me. I did! And she sank down into the chair, weeping bitterly again. Bibbs was agonized.

"Mary," he groaned, "I didn't know you could cry!" "Listen," she said. "Listen till I get through—I want you to understand. We were poor, and we weren't fitted to be. We never had been, and we didn't know what to do. We'd been almost rich; there was plenty, but my father wanted to take advantage of the growth of the town; he wanted to be richer, but instead—well, just about the time your father finished building next door we found we hadn't anything. People say that, sometimes, meaning that they haven't anything in comparison with other people of their own kind, but we really hadn't any thing—"

And we couldn't do anything. You might wonder why I didn't try to be a stenographer—and I wonder myself why, when a family loses its money, people always say the daughters ought to go and be stenographers. It's curious—as if a wave of the hand made you into a stenographer. No, I'd been raised to be either married comfortably or a well-to-do old maid, if I chose not to marry. The poverty came on slowly, Bibbs, but at last it was all there—and I didn't know how to be a

stenographer. I didn't know how to be anything except a well-to-do old maid or somebody's wife—and I couldn't be a well-to-do old maid. Then, Bibbs, I did what I'd been raised to know how to do. I went out to be fascinating and be married. I did it openly, at least, and with a kind of decent honesty. I told your brother I hadn't meant to fascinate him and that I was not in love with him, but I let him think that perhaps I meant to marry him. I think I did mean to marry him. I had never cared for anybody, and I thought it might be there really wasn't anything more than a kind of excited fondness. I can't be sure, but I think that thought I did mean to marry him I never should have done it, because that sort of a marriage is—it's sacrilege—something would have stopped me. Something did stop me; it was your sister-in-law, Sibyl. She meant no harm—but she was horrible, and she put what I was doing into such horrible words—and they were the truth—oh! I saw myself! She was proposing a miserable compact with me—and I couldn't breathe the air of the same room with her, though I'd so cheapened myself she had a right to assume that I would. But I couldn't! I left her, and I wrote to your brother—just a quick scrawl. I told him just what I'd done; I asked his pardon, and said I would not marry him. I posted the letter, but he never got it. That was the afternoon he was killed. That's all, Bibbs. Now you know what I did—and you know—me!"

She pressed her clenched hands tightly against her eyes, leaning far forward, her head bowed before him. Bibbs had forgotten himself long ago; his heart broke for her. "Couldn't you— Isn't there— Won't you—" he stammered. "Mary, I'm going with father. Isn't there some way you could use the money without—without—"

She gave a choked little laugh. "You gave me something to live for," he said. "You kept me alive, I think—and I've hurt you like this!" "Not you—oh no!" "You could forgive me, Mary?" "Oh, a thousand times!" Her right hand went out in a faltering gesture, and just touched his own for an instant. "But there's nothing to forgive."

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