

A Romance of Extraordinary Distinction
THE MARSHAL
 By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews
 Author of *The Perfect Tribute, etc.*
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(Continued from Friday.)

"Who was it, tell me, who was afraid to climb the flagpole by the church? Who was that boy, Henri Dufour?" demanded Pierrot Tremblay, and the entire company joined in a sarcastic "Ah!" and pointed grimy fingers at the mortified Henri.

"That's nothing," Henri burst back sulkily. "And was not the only one who was afraid. I offered to climb the pole, and was afraid after—but none of the others even offered. And it was no great shame to me, for it is dangerous to climb that pole. It is twenty feet to the cross-bars, and beyond that it is fifty feet yet to the small cross-bars at the top—it is very high in the air—seventy feet. Only Francois Beaupre of all the village has yet climbed that flagpole, and all the world knows that Francois is different. His stomach is different; he has no fear of things, inside him—Francois."

There was a murmur of assent, and the hero put a friendly hand on the shoulder of the discredited Dufour.

"It's nothing," he agreed. "I do not feel inside my stomach that thing which you say is being afraid. I do not know that feeling, so it is easy. It was not much for me to climb the pole; it was just that I could do it."

And the boys, seeing their honor saved, agreed heartily.

"All the same," Achille Dufour suggested ungratefully, "Francois would not dare climb that ladder to the ball, Dure you?"

The great brown eyes of Francois turned about the group; the boys waited eagerly for the answer. If he said it was almost as if they should all do it; it was always this one who led into the dangerous places; always this one who went a bit further when the others' courage failed; they explained it pleasantly by that fortunate lack in Francois' inside mechanism which produced in the others the discomfort called fear, hindering bold deeds.

"He has no judgment, Francois; therefore he fears nothing," they sometimes put the case.

But the fact remained that he was afraid of nothing. The boys waited a minute, eyes and heads stretched, and at length came the decision.

"I dare," said Francois. Then the dark heads came together in an uneasy mass, and there was whispering.

At the dinner-hour that day several mothers of the village remarked that their small lads were restless, and as usual, of the aback bread and the soup of chopped vegetables and the green beans—all anxious to finish and get away. Only the mother of Francois, however, reasoned from this that mischief was brewing.

When the slim, wiry, little figure slipped from the table and out through the open door, she rose and followed and stood in the great entry watching his race across the field toward the church. But at that moment the baby cried and she turned back into the house and when she looked again the boy had disappeared. Yet it was on her mind that something would happen, and from time to time she left her work and went to the doorway and shaded her eyes, looking for her little lad. Meanwhile Francois had veered by in his straight path—to turn to the Philippeaux cottage, where the glider lodged while in Vieques.

"How soon will one be at work up there again?" he asked, though the window of Auguste Philippeaux sitting at his dinner, and the man answered good-naturedly, enjoying the publicity which made him the most interesting person of the village.

"It may be in half an hour, my boy. Not sooner." And Francois raced on.

By this time a boy here and a boy there had stolen from their dinner-tables and were gathering in groups down the street, but the elders paid no attention. Francois disappeared into the church; the boys began to grow breathless.

"It will take some minutes for the stairs," one said, and they waited. Two minutes, three, perhaps five, something rose out of the trap-door leading to the platform from which the steeple sprang—a figure, looking very small so far up above them. Instantly it attached itself, like a crawling fly, to the side of the steeple; it moved upward. Henri Dufour, below in the street, jumped as a hand gripped his arm. He looked up, frightened at La Claire.

"Is that my Francois?" she demanded sternly, but the boy did not need to answer.

With that, by degrees people came from the cottages as at some mysterious warning and stood silent, afraid to breathe, watching the little figure creeping up, up the dizzy narrowing peak of the church steeple. A rider galloped down the road, seeing the groups, he pulled in his bay horse and his eyes followed the upward glance of the whole village. In spite of the distance, one could tell that it was a child's not a man's figure, gliding against the fleche, almost, now, at the top.

"Who is it?" he flung at the nearest knot of peasants; his voice was abrupt and commanding.

The men pulled off their caps, and one answered respectfully: "It is little Francois Beaupre, my Seigneur; it is a child who has no fear; he is almost at the top, but we dread it when he descends. It is dangerous to descend. Yet the child is not afraid—we hope he will come down, and in that case his mother should most certainly give him the stick."

"Mon Dieu!" the man on horseback growled. "If he looks down he is lost; the lad is a born hero or a born lunatic."

The crawling spot up there showed dark in the sunlight against the new gliding of the ball. It stopped; the blot was fixed for a second; another second. From the crowd rose gasps and excited broken sentences.

"He has the stick! He is lost!"

A man spoke that plainly, and Henri Dufour felt Claire's fingers on his arm loosen as if life had gone out of them. A strange sound came from her lips, but the boy did not stir his eyes from the church steeple. In the stillness he heard a woman yards away whisper as if to herself:

"He will fall now—at this moment."

And the dark blot clinging against the gliding. Then suddenly it moved began to make a slow way downward, and a long sigh, like a ripple on water, ran through the ranks of people. No one spoke; all the eyes watched the little figure slip down.

down the unseen ladder in the air. At last it was at the bottom; it disappeared into the trap-door. Every one began to talk volubly at once; a woman cried for joy, then a child spoke in a high voice.

"See," she said shrilly, "the mother of Francois goes to meet him!"

La Claire was far down the street, gliding toward that church door which was under the steeple. As she reached it the little lad came out, his face flushed, his eyes shining with excitement and triumph. She took his hand silently, hardly looking at him, and turned so, quietly, without a word of either joy or reproach, her face impassive. She had got her boy again from the dead, it seemed to Claire, and those first moments were beyond words or embraces. To touch his warm hand, to feel the pulse of the man on the bay horse, trotting slowly along, saw the meeting.

"It is a woman out of the common, that one," she spoke aloud. "She rules herself and the boy. And the boy looked up as he came and smiled and tugged at his cap with the hand which his mother did not hold."

"Good morning, M'sieur," he said with friendliness, and the rider stared. "Some bieu!" he flung back in his strong sudden voice. "It is my friend, the Marshal. Was it you, then, glued up there? Yet another fashion to play with death, eh? Nom d'un chien! You have a star of good luck—you are saved for something great, it must be. Madame," he spoke to the mother, "you should guard this adventurer. He tells me that his life is so long at the top of the ladder, he risks it with a lambent freedom. I caught him kicking over a precipice, and here he is running his neck into danger again. France will lack a marshal and you to blame—yet he is hard to guard, my Seigneur."

"He is hard to guard, my Seigneur," La Claire answered seriously. "I never know the next danger. He is more obedient than the others, yet it is he who will make my hair gray. But he is good, my Francois, and her arm slipped around the boy. She drew him close, as if only now realizing how nearly she had lost him. "I believe it is simply that fear is left out of him, as they say in the village. He does not know how to be afraid, le petit."

The stranger turned a glance like a blow on the little fellow. "Francois," he demanded, "what made you still so long at the top of the ladder just now? Were you afraid?"

"No, M'sieur," the child answered. "I was not afraid. I was looking at the chateau—the new chateau. There is some one living in it now, M'sieur, I thought as I looked out. I grew big and an officer, I might go there and place my soldiers about that chateau. I arranged how to attack it very well. I also arranged how to defend it. There should be infantry to take the little gates while the cavalry kept the defenders busy at the great gate."

The bay horse, restive, whirled and plunged as the rider sat close, yet loose as he played the reins, and in a moment had the beast facing again toward the boy and the woman. His brows down, he stared at the lad with his keen hard glance, but he spoke to the mother.

"Madame," he said, "it is a soldier you have there. I have not heard of another boy who fingers at the top of church steeples to plan military operations. He has a love for the business—if he have the genius also he may go far. He should be instructed. The two waited, attentive, a little astonished to be noticed so long, and then the heavy brows lifted and a smile came into the stern eyes, making them astonishingly kind. "It is my poor house which you have honored with your reflections, M'sieur the Marshal," he flung at Francois. "Come and see me there in the chateau, and I will help you arrange the attack against it. Good day."

There was a clatter of galloping hoofs; the bay mare and her rider were far down the street.

"Who is it, my mother—the fierce gentleman?" Francois asked.

"You are fortunate today, Francois," Claire answered him. "The good God has saved your life from a very great foolishness, and also I think you have made a friend. It is the new seigneur."

(To be continued Monday.)

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Theatres

"THE DIVORCE QUESTION."
 William Anthony McGuire's sensational melodrama, "The Divorce Question," was presented to a miniature audience at the Oliver last evening. The piece has been seen here before and contains little to commend it. It has had considerable popularity among the popular priced houses of the larger cities and that is where it belongs, if indeed there is any place on the stage for this sort of stuff. The characters with the exception of the priest, are grossly exaggerated and are dragged through a series of harrowing scenes that are highly improbable and entirely unnecessary. The company was sufficiently capable to properly interpret the grotesque story.

MARINE BAND.
 The United States Marine band will make its first appearance here at the matinee at 3 o'clock today, when the following program will be given: Overture, "Jubilee" von Weber
 A Dance of the Fishermans
 Valse Lente "Vision" von Blon
 Nymphonic solo, "Themes and Variations" Mr. Lewin
 Fantasia "Lohengrin" Wagner
 Valse Brillante Chopin
 Soprano solo, "Chanson des balais" Miss Sherier
 Grand Military Tattoo Rogan
 March Semper Fideles Sousa
 (Official march of the U. S. Marine Corps)
 "The Star Spangled Banner"
 A change of program will be made for the evening, which will be as follows:
 Overture, "Rienzi" Wagner
 Reverie Leybair
 Euphonium solo, "Poika Badine" Frey
 Mr. Frey
 Invitation to the Dance Tannhauser
 (Transcribed for Military band by W. H. Santelmann)
 Grand Scenes, The Valkyrie, Wagner
 Aria from Carmen, "Je dis que rien ne m'epouvante" Bizet
 Miss Sherier
 Oriental Dance, "Esotica" Mascagni
 Hungarian Rhapsody No. 14 Liszt
 "The Star Spangled Banner"
 The national air, "The Star Spangled Banner," will be the concert, as a matter of course, Miss Sherier singing the solo, and the audience is requested to suit its inclination and join in the chorus of the anthem.

ARRESTED FOR SHOOTING DUCKS FROM AEROPLANE
 Pupil at Aviation School is Held Under Law Against Hunting From Power Boats.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Nov. 1.—Edwin K. Jacquith of New York city, a pupil at an aviation school on Lake Keuka, is under arrest on the novel charge of shooting ducks from a flying boat.

Under the game laws duck shooting from power boats is illegal, and the game protector who made the arrest contends that flying machines come under the same head. The case will come up Friday before a Hammondport justice.

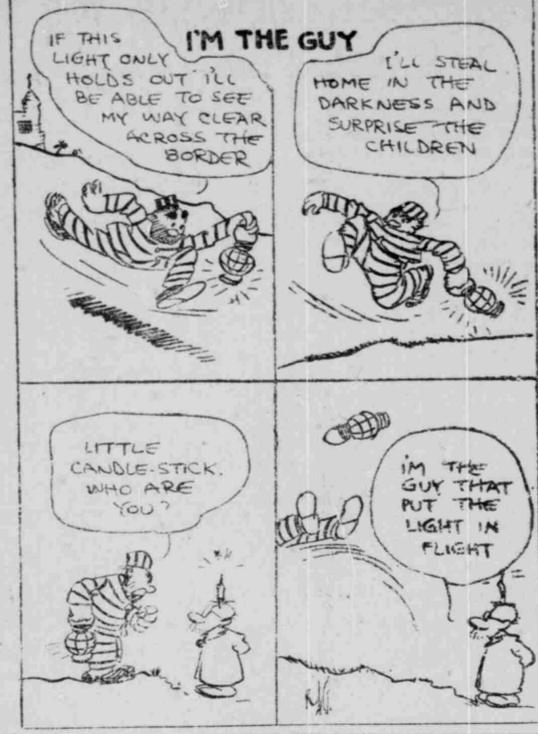
CLAIMS STUDENT DIED FROM NATURAL CAUSES
 Coroner Reports That Francis W. Oberchain Was Not Injured in Tank Scrap.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Nov. 1.—Francis W. Oberchain, of South Whitley, Ind., the Purdue student, who died during the annual "tank scrap" here the night of Sept. 19, expired of natural causes and not of violence, according to the report of Coroner Roy V. Hanzell, made Friday. The physicians who were in attendance at the inquest here agreed as to the existence of an enlarged thyroid gland, or goitre.

The coroner's report sets forth that the physicians who held the autopsy on the body at South Whitley and stated that the young man's neck had been broken, were not in accord, each physician declaring a different vertebrae had been fractured or dislocated.

WANTS DIVORCE.
 Charging failure to provide Ethel Pilley has filed suit for divorce from Loren Pilley in the circuit court. They were married Jan. 7, 1903, and separated Sept., 1909.

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FIRES INTO GROWB; WOUNDS YOUNG BOY

George Kline, Who Shoots Ernest Seisell, Tells Police Boys Were Making Too Much Noise.

Halloween proved a source of much happiness to Ernest Seisell, 12 years old, and his companions Friday night until their prank playing course led them to 1205 Miner st., at about 9:15 o'clock. Their attention, to the house where he boarded, proved so annoying to George Kline, 17 years old, that he fired at the boys with a 22-calibre rifle, the bullet striking young Seisell in the fleshy part of the thigh. It passed entirely through the side of his leg.

Helped by his companions, the wounded boy was able to make his way home at 1227 E. Sorin st., where he was found in bed by the police, who were summoned. Dr. Chas. Stoltz reached the place immediately after the patrol and dressed the wound, which is not expected to prove serious.

Kline confessed to shooting the boy when he was arrested. At the police station he replied to a questioning as to why he shot the boy:

"I wanted to keep him away from the house."

Officers Parker, Diver and Miller were in the patrol on the night of the shooting. They were called to the scene by complaints to the police in general Friday night were infrequent, the Halloween celebrants either confining their activities to harmless tricks or committing their depredations undiscovered.

The old trick of stretching a rope across a sidewalk was brought into play as usual and nasty falls followed in many cases. On one street a boy on a bicycle was thrown to the ground when he struck a wire barring his path, but luckily escaped injury.

WOMAN ARRESTED ON CHARGE OF BIGAMY

Two Men Meet in Prosecutor's Office and Swear They Are Husbands of Mrs. Kate Snyder.

Two men both claim to be the husband of Katie Snyder, and as a result Mrs. Kate Snyder has been arrested by the local police on a charge of bigamy.

Snyder came to this city from Chicago in search of Mrs. Snyder, he claims. He said he found her living with Mike Kardich in this city. Snyder went to the prosecuting attorney's office Thursday to swear out a warrant for the arrest of Kardich, for alienating the affections of his wife, he claims.

At the prosecutor's office, however, he met Mrs. Snyder and Kardich. They were swearing out a warrant at the time for his arrest, charging him with following the couple from city to city, and making threats to take their lives.

The arrest of Snyder and Kardich followed Thursday night. Later both men declared that they were legally married to Mrs. Snyder and a warrant was issued for her arrest. She was taken into custody Friday morning.

All three were good friends at Snyder's former Chicago home, Snyder claims. He said that Kardich was staying at their home and run away with his wife. The case was set for Nov. 5.

SHANK TELLS TROUBLES

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 1.—Mayor Lew Shank of Indianapolis, in a political speech Friday took occasion to recount some of the perplexities of his office. He said:

"Between telling saloonkeepers not to get nervous and telling preachers that the lid is tighter than beeswax, I've had one hell of a time the last four years. If I hadn't gone to Louisville once or twice and played the ponies I would have gone crazy."

The mayor expressed his sympathy for whoever succeeds him at the next election.

WILL NOT BE BENEFITED

Judge Funk Friday rendered a decision in favor of William Kettinger, a remonstrator in the Jacob Schang ditch case. The court held Kettinger is not benefited by the proposed drain and consequently should not be assessed. The costs of the action were taxed to the petitioners. Kettinger had been assessed for benefits but introduced evidence to show that the ditch would drain his huckleberry marsh and render the land useless.

INCOME TAX HAS WALL STREET GUESSING

"Wire Swimming in Mud" the Way New York Banker Describes It.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—That part of New York, which is referred to vaguely as "Wall street," was in a state of confusion today. For once in its career, Wall street did not know which way to turn. The new income tax law becomes effective Saturday, and some of the highest priced lawyers, bankers and corporation officials in the world confessed that they were completely at sea, as to the meaning.

At 7 o'clock Friday night a group of men emerged from the darkened, cavernous interior of one of the largest banks in the down town district. In the group were the president and vice presidents of the bank. They had just concluded the last of a series of lengthy conferences which have been held every evening this week after business hours. The subject of all these conferences was the income tax law.

"We're swimming in mud," said one of these officers expressly.

BRINGS SUIT AGAINST LOCAL POLICE OFFICIALS

Clarence Hushower Wants \$10,000 Damages—Trouble During Sunday Revival.

Suit for \$10,000 damages was filed in the superior court against William Cassidy, chief of detectives, and Lawrence Lane, a member of the detective force, by Clarence Hushower, who charges false arrest. Hushower's complaint charges that the detectives beat him and dragged him through the streets to the station where he was booked on what he terms a false charge.

Hushower was arrested during the latter part of the Bill Sunday campaign last spring for violation of the traffic ordinance. According to the police, he insisted on passing through a great crowd on Vista av., and was stopped by the detectives. He became abusive, the police assert, and was finally arrested.

STROKE AT CAPITAL

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 1.—Employees of the street railway and traction companies of Indianapolis went

Y. M. C. A. Glee Club

Led by A. B. KOLB, of Elkhart. If you like to sing we want you. Membership not required to join.

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COMPLETE ARGUMENTS IN DYNAMITE CASES

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—Arguments on the appeal of 30 of the labor union officials convicted at Indianapolis last December of conspiracy and complicity in the McNamara dynamite plot were completed before the United States circuit court of appeals Friday. The court took the petition under advisement, and will render a decision probably within 90 days.

The court may render one of three decisions:

It may affirm the verdicts of guilty.

It may set aside the verdicts and order a new trial.

It may decide that the government had no case, setting the convicted men at liberty.

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10c—10c Musical Comedy And Pictures
 Tonight and All Week Angel Musical Comedy Co. Presents The Laughing Success, "A HIGH OLD TIME" 15—Entertainers—15
 Twice Nightly, 7:30 and 9. Matinee Daily 2, except Monday.
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