

spring off his horse and advanced to a valor which Armstrong, sitting there, apparently calm, had not given credit for.

"Is my man?" he cried. "Shoot dead if he raises his hand." Then he said: "Surrender quietly. You have no chance. A score of muskets turned on you."

"If they shoot some of them will you. Better warn them not to." replied Armstrong indignantly, as if offering to a friend advice which did concern himself.

"Do you surrender?" "Come and take me if you are anxious for the thousand pounds. It's the money."

The Frenchman hesitated, edging cautiously along the parapet, so that his friends should see as much as possible aside from the line of fire, and his confidence in their arkmanship had not been augmented by Armstrong's warning.

"If you raise your hand to a weapon," said De Courcy, "they will fire on you, and I cannot stop them. They do not wait my word."

"I know. I shall not raise my hand," the Frenchman dashed forward and held the bridge of Bruce.

"Come quietly," he shouted. "I will," said Armstrong. He leaped forward, said sharply to his horse, "Over my head!" and snatched him a rising blow on the shoulder with his open hand. The horse raised his powerful front and stood poised for a moment as if in a state, then leaped himself into space.

As De Courcy felt his feet leave the stone he let go the reins and sprang on the parapet, but Armstrong leaped over and grasped him by the collar of his doublet.

"Come down with me you traitor!" cried. There was a scream of terror and the next instant the river bank in Armstrong's ears. When he came to the surface he shook his head like a quail, swept the water from his eyes and looked aloft at the great bridge. The parapet was lined with ropes, all stricken motionless as if they had been transformed to stone.

De Courcy one moment aloft, shrieked for help, then sank again. Armstrong saw that the paralysis on the bridge would not last long, and he turned his horse toward the bank of raw clay.

"No one is to remain up there apparently," he muttered. "We must make the most of it, old man."

The painting horse, breathing laboriously, essayed the bank and slipped back. Armstrong let loose his sudden snarl and flung it on the road, turning the horse that he might take the ascent at an angle. The crowd still stared at him as if it were a show they had come out to see. Bruce, his feet once more on firm ground, shook his mane and gave forth a wild whinny of delight. Now the voice of command came in a blast of anger from the bridge.

"After him, you fools! What are you staring at?"

"Too late, my lady, I think," ventured William as he leaped his horse across the ditch that divided the fields from the road. Once the followers came near him, and he turned in his saddle, threatening them with his pistols, and they, forgetting that his powder was water soaked, fell back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"I'm a man," said the old farmer to the druggist after having purchased a quantity of strychnine to kill on rats— "I'm a man who don't like changes. When I get home I shall say to the old woman:

"Martin, here's the strychnine to kill off the rats, and you want to be careful of it."

"Where shall I put it?" she will say. "In the same old place—right alongside the basin powder. We've bin keeping it there for thirty years, and you've never put it in the pie crust or burnt it to powder, but if we hide it away upstairs or down cellar or out to the barn one of us will be sarlin to look it up some salts before the week is out and get a heavenly hustle on us!"—Detroit Free Press.

How Did the Turtle Find His Way? The necks of the West coast of the island of St. Helena abound with sea turtles, some of them as heavy as a ton, and an English steamer once took aboard several dozen of these sea monsters, intending to deliver them alive to a provision dealer in Liverpool.

But before they reached English waters one of the turtles was taken sick and was flung overboard after having been branded with the name of the ship. Next year the same steamer came across the same tortoise on the coast of St. Helena, more than 4,000 miles from the point where the homelick creature had been flung back overboard.

A Needed Admonition. On one of my trips through the south I saw a man, an old dissipated countryman of Virginia and read many very peculiar epithets upon tombstones. One in particular attracted my attention, which happened to be that of a slave who had been inclined to the stout. The grave had long since been neglected, and the inscription could only be read after brushing away the vines which grew upon it. But my labor was rewarded, for there on that tombstone I read, "Aliza White weighed 800 pounds; open wide the golden gates!"—Philadelphia Press.

Army Firing Positions. Standing, kneeling, sitting and lying down are the four positions prescribed for firing by the army regulations. The lying position alone is prescribed for the 800 and the 1,000 yard ranges, while at all the other ranges up to 2,000 yards the lying and sitting positions are used. At 100 and 200 yards the sitting and standing positions are prescribed. Wherever the sitting position is prescribed the kneeling may be substituted, but for the majority of persons the sitting is by far the better position of the two.

Silenced Mamma. "Now," said the anxious mother, "you do not want to marry that reporter. Think of having a husband who never gets home until 2 or 3 in the morning?"

"But," said the shrieking maiden, "aren't all husbands like that? Papa is not a reporter, and—and yet?"

But the anxious mother declined to listen.

**"Without One Dull Line"**

Such has been the verdict of recognized literary critics in speaking of our new serial, entitled:

# Little France

A ROMANCE OF THE DAYS WHEN THE GREAT LORD HAWKE WAS KING OF THE SEAS.

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Here is what the Art Amateur, of New York, says of the story: Mr. Brady stands at the head of contemporary writers of sea romances. This is the most picturesque and stirring tale which he has offered to the public. He has covered a fresh field in which readers will meet "the great Lord Hawke" and his picturesque environments for the first time. It is believed, in fiction. Mr. Brady has spent much time in the consideration of his theme, and his local coloring is singularly vivid. His hero, an eighteenth century American serving in the English navy, in English waters and at Quebec, passes through a series of engrossing adventures that culminate in the wonderful conflict on the Brittany coast, which showed the power of the Quaker touch. The gallant fighting on sea and land, so brilliantly sketched, is accompanied and softened by a charming love tale. As a love story alone, this romance exhibits a quaint and fascinating quality that will move the sympathies and interest of readers. As a sea romance, it shows a broader canvas and bolder touch than the author has used before. His sea fights are superb in their graphic power. "Little France" is not only a delightful history, but it brings with it the genuine savor of the salt and the very breath of the waves.

REMEMBER THE OPENING CHAPTERS BEGIN IN OUR NEXT ISSUE DO NOT MISS THIS LITERARY TREAT

# Talmage Sermon

By Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage, D. D.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 16.—In this sermon the preacher discusses the tendency of society to unparingly condemn in one sex what is tolerated in the other and the almost universal habit of denouncing in others sins which we conceal and excuse in ourselves. The better way of the divine law is illustrated from the text John viii. 5. "What sayest thou?"

Have you studied constitutional law? Without doubt it offers one of the most appetizing feasts ever spread in the banquet hall of the mental epicurean. It follows with unerring eye the ramifications of a government's internal organization, even as a medical student searches out the entangled pathways of the nerves and muscles and arteries of the human frame.

Constitutional law is above all other kinds of law. The national congress and the legislatures of the states deal with conditions as they arise, and sometimes, in their haste to remedy an evil or to provide means for an urgent purpose, they enact a statute which proves to be unconstitutional. What do we mean by that? We mean that there are certain fundamental principles of government embodied in our constitution which must not be transgressed. If a law is passed which violates one of those principles there is no need to repeal it, because when it is found to be unconstitutional it at once becomes void and inoperative. Thus back of all legislation stands the constitution as the supreme test by which the acts of president and lawmakers are judged. It defines the rights of rulers and legislators and sets limits to their power and is the safeguard of national liberty.

In the kingdom of God we have also a supreme authority. The councils of the churches may formulate doctrines, make decrees and construct creeds and catechisms, but high over all there is the will of the great King of kings, Christ is the supreme ruler of his kingdom, and his word is the test by which every dogma and practice must be judged. Let us consider some of the characteristics of this government.

**An Absolute Monarch.** First, it is an absolute monarchy. We have governments on earth that we describe as absolute monarchies, meaning that they have no constitution. We speak of the Russian government as an absolute monarchy, but it is not. There are thousands of things which the Russian czar would like to do which he cannot do. With his pistol or sword Nicholas might slay his own children, as Ivan the Terrible in maniacal rage killed his firstborn son, and no power on earth could bring him to justice. But there are limits to the present czar's power. His own subjects recognize the fact. The old Russian proverb tells us there are many things the czar cannot do. Among those proverbs are the following: "Even the czar gets his shoes bespattered if he puts his foot in a puddle." "The czar's crown cannot protect him from a headache." "The ox of the czar can have only two horns." "Even the czar's sugar will not sweeten." "But the czar in the desert and he is a man and nothing more." "The czar's edicts are good for nothing unless God's Amen" is written on them." By these quaint aphorisms, current in Russia, do the people show that they realize that, powerful as the Russian autocrat is, he is subject to human limitations, like the most obscure peasant in his empire. It is well known, too, by statesmen that even as a ruler he is not so supreme as is thought. The nobles who surround him exercise a constraint upon him, and his agents often thwart his will.

In an infinitely higher sense is Christ the absolute ruler in his kingdom. In his wisdom and power he governs without check, and his word is the law and life of his people. He is in truth more than a precedent, more than a doge of Venice, more than a king, more than a czar. He is an absolute monarch in the Christian world.

A significant illustration of Christ's originality and his freedom from current principles and prejudices is given in the gospels, and it may help us to understand his attitude if we study the story. One day while Jesus was teaching in the temple surrounded by the people the scribes and Pharisees tried to entrap him. Right into the temple where Jesus was they dragged a trembling, frightened, sobbing woman who had been taken in adultery. Right through the crowds of listeners they pushed her. Then they cried out in stentorian tones so that all could hear: "Master, what shall we do with her? Shall we stone her to death, as Moses commanded, or shall we let her go free?" Instead of Christ condemning or acquitting the poor creature, as they all supposed he must do, Christ by his actions as well as by the word of lip condemned the men who were her accusers. What was the meaning of that judgment? We cannot for a moment suppose that a being so pure as Christ thought lightly of so heinous a sin. It must have been loathsome and abhorrent to him, but we may learn a lesson from the way in which he treated the sinner and her accusers, a lesson all the more weighty because

it comes from him who is the embodied law of the kingdom of God. The divine law, in the first place, makes no discrimination between the masculine and the feminine sin. It does not come to man and smugly say, "My husband, you have a right to be a libertine, while your wife must tread the narrow path of virtue." It does not say, "Brother, you can get drunk, but if your sister is found in that condition she will be disgraced for life." It does not say that a man can tell vile stories and disregard the law and

tracks and be the companion of pugilistic thugs and dissolute characters and still be respected, while a woman, having done wrong, can never be allowed to enter again into the association of the good and the true and the respectable. But the divine law does say this: "O man, if the sin that this woman has committed is to be punished by stoning, every one of you who has committed the same sin deserves to be stoned also." A blasphemy from a man's lips in the sight of God is just as vile and culpable as a blasphemy from a woman's lips. The sins of Ananias and Sapphira and Jemabel. And yet from time immemorial the world has always had two criminal courts in which it has judged its moral delinquents. The one is the "court of mercy" for masculine offenders; the other is the "court of no hope," in which lynx eyed Judge Harbheart sits upon the bench, charging the jury of "no regrets" and sentencing woman defendant after woman defendant to a life imprisonment in the "penitentiary of despair."

The rule is one condemnation for masculine sins and another for feminine. We all know that the Phariseal ideas of old are common at the present time. Indeed, I go even further than this. I sometimes think that, as far as the world is concerned, many people are prone to admire men if they are not too good. If they have an humorous blemishment in their record. They are not glad when they say, "He is a square, true man," but they are happy when they can say, "He is a wild fellow, but mighty nice." It is on account of this tendency of the human race to judge man's sins differently from woman's sins that we often find men in public places boasting of their evil deeds as though they were the signs of true manhood and nobility. A few weeks ago I was riding in a California railroad train opposite two men. One was a famous eastern contractor. What was my amazement to find that his conversation was divided into almost equal parts. The one was to tell his companion the hard work he was doing by the day, and the other was to tell how many times he got drunk by night and how he could outdrink every one of his business associates with whom he was accustomed to deal. Had any woman dared in a public car to acknowledge such debaucheries every man, woman and child sitting within sound of her voice would have looked upon her as a moral leper, to be shunned as much as the eastern lepers, who with sticks and stones are driven forth from the habitations of man and quarantined by themselves as nuisances to the public safety.

**Deal Justly With the Erring.** The highest compliment which in chivalric times could be given about a father was, "His daughters were all virtuous and his sons were all brave." But why should not the sons be virtuous as well as the daughters? And yet, man—O bitter man, O envious and guilty man—thou art ready to condemn thy sister when thou art not ready to condemn thyself. Joseph Parker in one of his great addresses describes a brother minister who had driven an erring and yet repentant daughter away from his home. Joseph Parker pleaded and prayed with the angry father to take her back. "But she has disgraced my home," said he. "I cannot, I will not take her back." "But, man," said Joseph Parker, "in your younger days have you not yourself also been guilty of sin?" "Yes," said the father, "but I am a man and she is a woman. The world judges man's sins differently from a woman's sins." "That is so," said Parker. "Man judges man's sins differently from woman's sins, but Christ judges both the sin the same. He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

Another characteristic of the divine law is that it recognizes no distinction of rank or station. As the divine law makes no distinction between sexes, it also makes no distinction between the sins of the upper and the lower social classes. It does not have one criminal code for the palace and another for the hut. It does not have one for the wealthy Wall Street financier who manipulates the railroad stock and "waters" it and cheats thousands of small investors out of their all, and another for the groceryman who has false weights and never sends a full pound of coffee or tea or sugar to his customers when they pay for a full pound. It does not have one set of rules for the wife of the millionaire who hides her diamonds and watches and jewelry in her dress to escape the scrutiny of the New York custom house officials, while jewelry she is bringing to her American friends after a European trip, and another set of rules for the newsboy who steals a loaf of bread out of the baker's wagon when the driver is away selling his goods at a kitchen door. In other words, what the divine law condemns in a home-made it condemns in broad cloth. When it says, "Thou shalt not to the plebeian, it also says, "Thou shalt not" to the aristocrat. What it denounces in the heart of the serf it also denounces in the heart of the ruler sitting upon the king's throne, or of the judge sitting upon the chief justice's bench of the supreme court, or of the premier governing in statecraft as Joseph did in Egypt, or as Bismarck did in Germany, or as Gladstone did in the British parliament.

**No Distinction Between Classes.** Do you believe God discriminates between the sins of the social classes? If you do, let me by the scene of my text disabuse your mind of that surmise. Come, let us push our way through the multitudes crowding in the temple and find out who compose that group. Who are those strong, fine looking men standing in front of Christ? They are not insignificant clerks. They are not laborers or farmers who have come into town with dust begrimed clothes. They are not hirelings or beggars or men and women who from perpetual moanings have become tramps and vagabonds. Most of that group just in front of Christ have kept intellectual faces. They have in their physical movements the actions of successful men. They have in the glance of their eyes the searching power which bespeaks command. "Those men," wrote Dr. Strong, "were the scribes. They were the doctors of the law and the interpreters of the Scripture." These other men are the

Pharisees. They were so particular to keep themselves outwardly unspotted from heathen customs that they carried extracts from the Hebrew law about with them in little boxes or phylacteries. They had these boxes strapped to their foreheads that all men might see them. But when these men, these leaders of Jerusalem, were standing there condemning a poor outcast woman for her sins Christ in silence was making figures upon the ground with his fingers in which they might read their own condemnation.

What Jesus Christ was writing upon the ground is not recorded; but, though we may never know on earth those exact words, I have a good deal of sympathy with that evangelist who said that Christ was writing the evil history of each scribe and Pharisee while they were speaking against the scribbling culprit. No sooner did the first scribble begin to talk than Christ began to write, as though he had set down these words: "Lawyer, you are not living with your wife. She has left you on account of your dissoluteness. She is now gone back to her father's home. For what are you condemning this woman? For your own sin?" No sooner did the lawyer look down on the ground and see what Jesus was writing than he turned and departed. When the next speaker, a Pharisee, began to talk Christ began to write again. "Beh man, you have never committed the crime of which this woman was guilty, but you own the house in which she lives and carries on her vile traffic. The rent you get from that house is blood money. Why are you speaking against your tenant? You are a partner with her in crime." When the Pharisee capitalist saw what Christ was writing and that all the people were laughing at him he also disappeared. So Christ went through the list of different accusers. But whether Christ was writing the history of those accusers on the ground or no we care not, for one fact we do know—by his silence as well as later by his spoken words Christ was teaching the sweeping lesson that a rich man's sins, a prominent lawyer's or physician's or statesman's sins or a minister's sins are just as severely condemned in the sight of God as the poor man's sin. The divine law discriminates not between the sins of the upper and lower social classes, but between sin and righteousness. The sin of the broad cloth is the same black sin which sometimes nests under the rough woollens of the laborer and the mechanic. Sin is sin wherever found.

**No Immunity Given.** But I find in the next place another trenchant lesson. The divine law does not accept zeal in bringing others to justice as a ground for absolving the prosecutor of his own wrongdoing. The scribes and Pharisees cannot atone for their sins by denouncing and condemning others. Though a man might prove every other man a living example of total depravity and devote his life to the exposure and arraignment of criminals, he must take his own place at the bar and answer the indictment of his own iniquities. Instances have been known of a criminal under human government securing for himself immunity from punishment for his own crimes by betraying his leader to the officers of the law or even by himself executing sentence on that leader, but such men are despised for their perfidy even by the community that profits by the treachery. A similar principle is applied in our courts of justice when a man is allowed to turn state's evidence. It sometimes happens that there is no way of convicting a notorious criminal but by the testimony of a confederate. That confederate's evidence has to be purchased, and the price paid is a pardon for him of his own share in the crime. It is a heavy price to pay, a miscarriage of justice, but it is a result of the inadequacy of human administration, and it has no place under divine law.

When Porfirio Diaz became president of the Mexican republic he did not in the beginning employ honest men to capture scoundrels. The hills and the mountains of Mexico were the retreats of scores and hundreds of brigands and robbers. What Diaz did in the beginning was to send for some of the leaders of the roving bands of thieves. He then commissioned these leaders as representatives of his own government. He dressed them up in Mexican uniforms and sent them forth as police to hunt down and bring to justice their late companions in thievery and murder. He sent these scoundrels forth to capture scoundrels. Ah, and they did their work well! Javert, because he had at heart all the make-up of a scoundrel, made a fine sleuth-hound on the heels of a Jean Valjean. And thus many scoundrels in Mexico during the first administration of Diaz won their pardon for past crimes, not by repentant hearts, but by trying to bring the outlaws of Mexico—men like themselves—to justice. In the scene of my text these scribes and Pharisees, sinful men at heart, sinful in their occupation of this wicked woman to gain a character for virtue and purity that they knew they did not deserve.

**Each Must Answer For His Own.** But what did Christ do? Did he say, "Pharisee, thou art a libertine. Scribe, thou art morally corrupt?" Oh, no! He turned and simply held up before their consciences the mirror of their convicting conscience, in which they could see their own sinful selves. Christ said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Then one by one they slunk away. So, my friends, when you and I today, going forth into a sinful world, are trying to prove this woman is bad and that man is bad and that young boy is bad and that young girl is bad, we are not deceiving God as to our own characters. We do not improve our standing at his bar by denouncing others. Rather by our harsh and uncharitable judgment we are proving ourselves deserving of condemnation. Let us refrain from casting stones at the sinner. We must all answer for our own deeds at his bar who said, "He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone at her." And without one exception we must all either slink away before the flashing eye of Christ or, like the poor plebeian in the temple, moan, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" The divine law is omniscient. Evil deeds that the world does not know of are known to God, and at his judgment bar the evidence of them will

confront the wrongdoer if they have not been pardoned through Christ. Even in this world crimes long ago committed and successfully disguised have been unexpectedly disclosed and brought home to the perpetrator. The Rev. Dr. Donne in one of his sermons gave a very dramatic incident of his early life. During his first pastorate he was one day watching the sexton digging a grave by his village church. Suddenly he threw out of the grave the skull of a man. When Dr. Donne picked it up he found a headless skull sticking in the top of the skull. He said nothing about the nail, but asked the sexton, "To whom did this skull belong?" He found that it was the skull of a drunken fellow who one night was found dead in his bed from the results, as the people supposed, of an attack of delirium tremens. Dr. Donne asked: "Had he a wife? Was she living yet? What character was she?" "Very good," said the sexton, "with one exception; the neighbors do say she married her second husband on the day after the funeral of her first husband." Dr. Donne walked from that graveyard to where the woman was then living, who was once the wife of the dead man. He held before her horrified eyes the skull and the nail sticking in the skull. "Woman," said he, "do you know this nail?" She acknowledged that she did. She confessed to the crime of murder committed many years before. And on account of her confession and the convicting evidence she was hanged for that crime. Oh, my friends, be not among the scribes and Pharisees who have no mercy, no charity for sinners! Have our lives been immaculate? Is there any evidence against us that may confront us when we are mercilessly searching our erring brother or sister? It will be a shameful, a humiliating, position to stand convicted before Christ of those sins. Do you not feel that Jesus is speaking to us, as he spoke to the prosecutors of old, "He that is without sin, let him first cast a stone at her?"

**Gentleness For the Repentant.** But, though the divine law was and is so hard upon the unrepentant sinner, how gentle, how loving, how pardoning, how forgiving it was and is to the repentant sinner who comes asking for mercy at the feet of Jesus Christ. Sweeter than even the cooling of a little child to be caressed and forgiven by a loving mother is this picture in my text of a poor convicted outcast, trembling at the feet of Christ and finding pardon and peace and life. I can see her now as the rough men are pushing her up. Her face is scratched and bleeding; she fights them step by step. I see her as they fling her at the Master's feet. There at first she shrinks under his pure gaze, expecting that one so sinless will endorse the condemnation of her accusers and in horror at her crime hand her over to the executioner. But, though he loathes her sin, he has compassion for the repentant sinner. I see her now, when all fear leaves her and the bad men turn their backs upon her. Now she looks up into Christ's face with grateful love. Oh, my friends, though you may be scarred with the sins of an evil past, though you may be cast out by the world as one who ought to die, mercy and pardon in Christ you will find! Will you not as a repentant sinner throw yourself at his feet, when you will find peace and life and hope? And where did this broken hearted Magdalene find her peace? Ah, yes, it was in the temple! There the "divine law of mercy" was revealed to her. While Christ was teaching the people the great lesson of God's forgiveness of sin they brought her to him. In the temple Jesus turned and said to her: "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." In the temple, in this huffing, this church dedicated to the worship of Jesus Christ, O sinful man, you may hear the voice of the Master offering you pardon of sin! You can hear him if, like the broken hearted woman at the feet of Christ, you are a repentant sinner. You can if you will say, "Lord, save me and save me now!" That pardon through Christ is the promise of the divine law. Will you take it? Will you receive it now?

**When Your Men Go Wrong**

It May Be Your Fault Just as Much as Theirs

Every fellow is really two men—what he is and what he might be—and you're never absolutely sure which you're going to bury till his dead. But a man in your position can do a whole lot toward furnishing the officiating clergyman with beautiful examples instead of horrible warnings. The great secret of good management is to be more alert to prevent a man's going wrong than eager to punish him for it. That's why I center authority and distribute checks upon it. That's why I've never had any Honest Old Toms or Good Old Dicks or Faithful Old Harrys handling my good money week days and presiding over the Sabbath school Sundays for twenty years and leaving the old man short a hundred thousand and the little ones short a superintendent during the twenty-first year.

It's right to punish these fellows, but a suit for damages ought to be against their employers. Criminal carelessness is a bad thing, but the carelessness that makes animals is worse. The chances are that, to start with, Tom and Dick were honest and good at the office and sincere at the Sunday school, and that, given the right circumstances, they would have stayed so. It was their employers' business to see that they were surrounded by the right circumstances at the office and to find out whether they surrounded themselves with them at home.

A man who's fundamentally honest is relieved instead of aggrieved by having proper checks on his handling of funds, and the bigger the man's position and the amount that he handles the more important this is. A minor employee can take only minor sums, and the principle hasn't done its duty, but when a big fellow gets into you it's for something big, and now it's hurt than his morals and your feelings.—From "Old Grogan's Moral Letters From a Self Made Merchant to His Son," by George Horace Lorimer.

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**FOUNDED PARAGRAPH.** Love after marriage is often a one-sided affair. A step too much has caused many a man to fall from grace. The right kind of a "smile" never does any harm of it, except to make a difference in the eyes of the man who is not so foolish as to be deceived by a smile.

**TABLET PHILOSOPHY.** Done to a turn—the vandyke net. A ride in a prison van is one sort of trial trip. It takes the long green to paint the town red. A hard head seldom goes with a soft heart. Even the earnest occasionally has a stroke of luck. Of course the blind actor has to have a leading man. Lots of men are criminals, and yet you can't turn them down. An inquisitive person is not always a questionable character. The umbrella dealer naturally believes in the weather profits. The man who writes on old prospects is generally a sucker. No. Madras, dear, we should scarcely refer to a doctor's bill as a pillow. It is seldom the heavy play that has the most weight with the public. All the bad children in the neighborhood belong to the neighbors—so every mother should inform you. Did you ever pause to think how many people there are in the world who probably never heard of you? Necessity has forced many a woman to go on the stage—and it should force lots of un-called actresses back to the laundry.—Philadelphia News.