"And what from the War Office?" asked Mongerval.
Latour bent over our table and fairly hissed the words: "The Germans have already invaded France. They are swarming across the frontier. And oh, the shame of it—we are not ready. There are no troops in the field. It is the asininity of the Government; the littleness, the selfishness, the greed of the commanders and the ministers!"

Isters!"

Latour's breath gave out. He was always tragic. Our game was forgotten. We looked at one another in dumb astonishment. For none knew better that we the unpreparedness of the French, against which stood the mighty power of the enemy, her teeming population, every man of which had been trained to carry a gun, to shoot, to obey orders. And the Germans had chosen their season well. I recalled a pronouncement of the German General Staff in 1965, when they said. "We shall impose on the French a winter campaign. Our soldiers, coming from the cold regions of the north, will march toward a temperate climate, and the advantage will be altogether ours."

Latour left us on his chase for news. Our party was broken up. The impending crisis was too much for us all.

"I shall go to the front and gather material for a wonderful group—the dying Generalissimo," said Brangere, throwing back his broad shoulders.

"The French will win." said Ouvrard, smiling, "and I shall loan them funds—as much as they may need—without charge, for the sake of my beloved France." And here he lied, for I knew that he would demand interest to the last sou.

"Adleu," said Mongerval. "I go to the President. I shall urge meditation, and I myself, shall be an ambassador to arrange terms." He withdrew grandiloquently.

I was left alone—I, James Adams, a plain American of adventure, to perform a part of which I had then no conception.

It is dangereus in France, or in Germany either, for that matter, to be recreated. Latour's breath gave out. He was

form a part of which I had then no conception.

It is dangerous in France, or in Germany either, for that matter, to be secretive. Suspicions are sure to be aroused if your business is not well known and openly stated. Therefore it was well that I was allied with large American manufacturing firms, with offices in Berlin, Hamburg, Paris and Calais. In France I was careful to be French in sympathy and outspoken, too. In Germany I became a Teuton to the core. In addition to this ready adaptability, I was personally acquainted with the French and German rulers, had excellent German connections, and was well known in Belgium, Holland and Italy. And inasmuch as it often became necessary for me to

R was a giorious fall evening in Paria. We were seated in the club, on the Boulevard German, discussing the suring events of the day. There had suring events of the day of the day. There had suring events of the day. There had suring events of the day of the

peared necessary to check the invasion at once.

"If I mistake not." I said, "the German approach of 1870 was similar—to cut Paris off from the south, the source of its supplies. Now is it likely that they would a second time adopt this plan? What evidence have you that the main attack is to the southeast of Paris?"

"We have the reports of our border agents," replied the President. "We are advised that the whole force of the German attack is in that direction."

"They may be right," I rejoined.

the German attack is in that direction."

"They may be right," I rejoined.

"But would it not be well to see what is going on to the north? What would happen if, for instance, the Germans struck across the south of Belgium, and cut off communication between Paris and the Channel? Is that move out of the question?"

There was no reply at first. They were thinking hard. "It is not likely," began General Brugere, famous as a strategist. "But, by Heaven, M. le President, it is not impossible. We must reconnoitre in that direction. However, it is several hundred miles to the Belgian frontier."

"Let me suggest, then, with your permission, that this lead be followed at once," I replied. "Can you not impress all the automobiles in Paris, and hurry the greatest possible number of veterans to the northeast irontier; a war ballon might be sent immediately to reconnoitre. I should be glad to offer my services in this connection."

Very bold talk for an American in the presence of generals grown gray in military service. I had only passed

Very bold talk for an American in the presence of generals grown gray in military service. I had only passed through West Point Because of a partial color-blindness I had never been admitted to the service; yet I had studied war for several years, and had learned that it is never safe to trust to mere reports of agents.

For an hour more the plan was discussed, and finally adopted. And thus,

For an hour more the pian was discussed, and finally adopted. And thus, almost unwittingly, I became involved in a series of the most stirring incidents—the war balloon reconnoissance, my marvellous escape, the terrific fighting at Monte Pelier, the spectacle of the greatest naval battle in history, and personal encounters in defense of the sweetest woman in the world—all these will live in memory to the end of my days.

When the French Government decides that it wants anything belonging to its citizens, there is no red tape to be unwound. From the moment that the plan was adopted, orders flew thick and fast, by telegraph, by telephone, by word of mouth. Within ten hours upwards of five thousand automobiles were assembled on the outskirts of Paris. The response of citizens and of automobile companies



feat at the hands of her old enemy.

We now realized that we were discovered by the Germans. Puffs of white smoke appeared below us, and presently the shriek of small shells was heard around the balloon? This was uncomfortable; yet there was no way to avoid it, save by going higher. Ballast was heaved over, and we rose half a mile, until we could barely discern the landmarks. But what was two, or even two and a half miles, against the long range field guns of to-day? The shells flew thicker. One passed through the basket, smashing when they dealt from the bottom, and rang in cold decks.

screech; a three-inch shell hurled toward us. Rechere gave a shout of dismay.

"They have hit the bag," he cried.

"We are falling."

It was true. Looking up I saw a rent in the silk, and heard the hiss of escaping gas. The balloon swayed, like a wounded bird. Slowly it sank. Objects on the earth came into plainer view. Below was a great plain, and I could distinctly see the field batteries popping away at us ineffectually, unable to keep the range as we settled through the thin air.

"What will they do to us?" I asked my companions.

General Martini shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, they will shoot us at sunrise tomorrow," he replied. "It is no matter. We have saved the day. France will not be surprised. Already additional troops are pushing north."

My elation was over. I loved life, very dearly. And now to die miserably; to be shot in a German field, without even an opportunity to let the folks at home know what had become of me. In utter disgust I sat down in the car, for it was now lurching violently as we approached the earth. Bullets whistled around us, several striking the basket work. Well, I would die like a man, I would show my companions, and also our hospitable German friends below, that an American can meet his fate with a shrug as light as that of a Frenchman, at least.

## IN JUVENILE COURTS.

New Methods of Dealing with the Early Misdemeanors of Children.

In the March number of the Sunset Magazine appears, an interesting account of the work of saving boys from crime and prison influences. A similar work is going on in many cities of the country. The San Francisco juvenile court was instituted in May, 1902, under the legislative act of that year, through the untiring efforts of the California Club, the Associated Charties, the Merchant's Association and individuals. The original law of 1903 laid the foundation for the legal machinery, which the revised statute of 1905 perfected and put into operation. This law provided, among other things, for an advisory committee, which appoints probation officers, secures funds and establishes the proper connecting link between the judge and probation officers and the general public.

Since the establishment of this court over 2,100 separate delinquency cases and several hundred dependents have been handled under the fatherly care of Judge Murasky. His eyes, ears and volunteer workers. One officer looks after the school records of the court's wards; another sees to their working side—is the official "Job chaser"; still another is the directory and "dictionary"—he knows every boy—his doings and undoings for years past.

Concerning the San Francisco work, Arthur J. Todd, the present chief probation officer, says: "Mere numbers of cases are barren, and give no hint of sensational captures, tollsome investigation, patient probation, successful reformation or occasional failure. Neither do they suggest the hearty cooperation or of the rapid development of the general public's interest. Already the juvenile court has proven that it pays to study a child rather than brand him; to see him as a growing thing responding to his environment rather than criminal born, fixed and destined to wreck. Already even, are men looking toward the employment of its methods in dealing with adult offenders." New Methods of Dealing with the Early Misdemeanors of Children.

#### A Modern Ah Sin.

My story relates to another Ah Sin: Not Bret Harte's, but my own; my own kith and kin.

It was only a few short weeks agone
In that city you so well know,
Which the Bride and the Groom se oft Where the south winds gently blow. Tis a city of shade and a city of origin, A city where laws are made
By statesmen great, by statesmen
small,
Of every degree and grade.

For where there is good, there is also And the task before me I hate,
As there's much that's true and more
that's sad

In the story I now relate. By invite I came on a Saturday night
For a friendly game of cards,
Nor I since have thought it was just
the thing,
While professing the kindest regards,

To be trapped into an unknown game,
As simple as A B C,
By friends, whom each to the other
made boast,
They'd wipe up the table with me, On this evening in question I simply dropped in On the Major, whose friendship I prize, Not thinking of aught but a friendly smoke, Or with tales of the war to swap lies.

And there was the Doctor, another good friend,
Such a modest and innocent mate;
And these two suggested a nice, quiet Intending my ducats to take.

Twas a curious game to an innocent kid,
So full of surprises unfair,
Where an honest hand is so frequently
bluffed
And a bluff is called down by a pair. Five cards are dealt out, only one at a time,
And if you're not "suited" you
"call;"
While a "flush" is not always the most
modest sign,
"To be full" is far better than all.

And should there be dealt you a real "royal flush,"
Still worse is the luck you have met;
Not a player responds when you open the pot;

Each deal adding wealth to their piles.

But to all patient waiters the good
Lord hath said
Every good they shall reap all their
days;
So I bided my time for a final Jack Pot
And then boldly "saw" every
"raise."

When the betting was over, and all hands laid down.

Two flushes, two fulls and four kings,
I spread out "Four Aces" and then blandly smiled

As I gathered the several piles in.

For two aces I had, and two more I had drawn
(From my sleeve), like our old friend. Ah Sin;
And I murmured that song of the old "Ivy Green."
"I gather them in," yes, "I gather them in."

American oysters in the shell are

The Mongolian pheasant is one of the most beautiful birds in the world and

Most song birds are of more sombre hue while those of bright plumage, like

the jays, parrots, and birds of Paradise

Michael Beudin, the "Giant Drayman of Paris" is dead. He was six feet

seven inches tall, weighed 392 pounds, and could easily lift and carry a barrel

containing 126 gallons of wine.

shipped as far away as Shanghai.

one of the hardest to shoot.

have harsh voices.

PUZZLING OLD VOLUME.

Translated at Ethnology Bureau After Many Others Fail.

Two books of 300 years ago, bound in the quaintest parchment, have given up their secrets, after expert linguists and ethnologists pondered many weeks in a vain effort to determine their

Many languages were consulted, Arabic, Sanscrit, Malay, Japanese, Russian and languages that have traces of Latin, but the chirography within the covers of these musty volumes compared with none of them.

The American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia gave it up. Savants and sages of other literary societies failed in their efforts to elucidate the strange language. The books were finally referred to the United States Bureau of Ethnology. Prof. Cyrus Thomas withdrew the veil.

"It is the Cakchiquelche language," said Mr. Thomas, spoken by the Indians of Guatemala. "One of the books was on Bible history and the other a collection of Lenten sermons, written in the sixteenth century by the missionary priest, Father Domingo Vico, who spent many years among the Indians. It is believed that when the Spanish Fathers undertook to translate religious works into the Chachiquelche tongue they found the Latin alphabet inadequate to express the curious accents of the Indians, and they supplied the letters."

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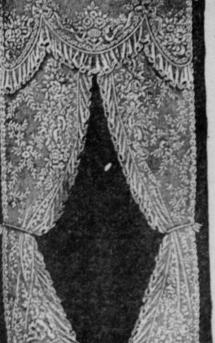
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change my colors and affiliations several times in as many weeks, my acquaintance stood me in good turn.

Aside from my personal interests it was no light matter—this already, active demonstration of forces on the part of Germany. The disagreement which had grown out of the Algeciras controversy was only one of a series of causes of war. The many slight misunderstandings between the two mations, complicated by European diplomatic twistings and turnings, had fanned the flames, already arising from Germany's openly announced dream of world-wide hegemony. Added to this, the propagandist publications of the Pan-Germanic League; the annexation of Austria, German expansion in Asia-Minor, the ruin of English sea-power, and the political and economic domination of Europe, permitting the flooding of the world by German products through the four ports of Hamburg. Antwerp, Salonica and Triests, had stirred to resentment the material interests of France and even of England. Although France desired no such convulsion as was sure to be produced by war, she was not content to lie supinely and see her opportunities wrested from her people by German hands. What wonder, then, that all France rose in one patriotic cry:

"To ARMS! To ARMS!"

I left the club and made my way through the crowded streets to the

"TO ARMS! TO ARMS!"

I left the club and made my way through the crowded streets to the Avenue l'Opera. Reaching the Grand Hotel, my ears were assailed by a clamor, which rose and fell and burst like a storm. Bands of civilians, thousands in each, composed of laborers and artisans, were marching boisterously up and down the streets, cheering and singing the Marsellaise," with flags and banners flying of every color and description. Presently I heard the trampling of horses coming down the street, mingled with the loud cheering of the populace. It was a troop of Cuirassiers, and in another minute I was in the midst of a seething crowd and could perceive nothing around me but a sea of hands, hats

was immediate. It was a national matter, and back of the Government stood every man, woman and child of the Republic. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed every road leading north, east and west out of Paris was swarming with the puffing machines, each bearing from four to ten veterans, selected from the flower of the Army reserved in and about Paris. In addition the railroads were cleared, and a dozen special trains, loaded with munitions of war, were speeded to the front.

dozen special trains, loaded with munitions of war, were speeded to the front.

But ahead of them all, through the might, went four huge touring automobiles, rushing over the matchless French roads, their horns echoing son norously without intermission. In the first car sat M. Rechere, a noted ballonist, two expert assistants, and myself. In the next the renowned Salvatore Martini, of the General Staff, his aides, and a wireless telegrapher; and, in the following, the apparatus of a light but strong field war-balloon. On and on we swept, through towns and villages, without pause. The dark paled into dawn; the sun rone and finally darkness again. There was no stop. We had but one object. Our rations were dry biscuits and canteen wine. And as we sped northward, the conviction grew that we were on the right track.

At dawn of the second day we reached Camplitte, near the Belgian frontier—the point agreed upon as a base of reconnoissance. In an open field we set up the gas generators, and soon there rose above our heads the wast bulk of our air-ship, la Jaune, By noon the gas bag was full. Martini and I steped into the car, accompanied by the balloonist, Rechere. The cable was cast off, and we rapidly astended. A wireless telegraph, mounted to the surface of the surface of the rower station.

We had reached a height of perhaps two miles, proceeding meanwhile rapidly east, when General Martini, a hero of Sedan, laid his hand on my