#### UNSENT LETTER

By SUSAN E. CLAGETT.

Jim Chapman started as the front door slammed, then he muttered in ex-

To think I should have come to this from a little touch of fever! Nerves! I thought I had no nerves." As a matter of fact, it had been a severe attack of typhoid, with so lingering a convalescence that his physihad been his boyhood home, if he wished to regain his strength.

without avail, and now he had been in the New England village for a week, literally confined to the house, as he had broken his ankle upon his own a queer, self-sufficient little wanderer

helplessly around as doors and window blinds banged.

That fellow is never where he's wanted. I'll-"

"Will I answer?" a pleasant voice asked, and without waiting for a reply a blue-gowned figure crossed the room, hastily secured the blinds and closed the windows. "I saw William ahead of me as I

was blown through your front door. He had something in his arms that was giving him trouble. Here he is. Good gracious!" Jim turned his head as his man came into the room carrying a kicking,

squirming bundle, which he put hastily "Sure, Mr. Jim, I hopes you'll never send me again for such a little tiger

cat." "I ain't no tiger cat," came with a suppressed sob from the small being

on the hearth rug. Jim looked at the child with curious resentment, but Miss Hill, who had been listening in undisguised amazement, came forward. "Of course not, dear. Jim and William were just Jean. trying to be funny." As she talked she had removed the child's wraps and now lifted her to her lap.

"Oh! I want my daddy. I want my daddy! He didn't call me 'tiger. cat." and the child burrowed her head in the lace at Miss Hill's throat.

The two grown-ups looked at each other in silence as she sobbed herself into a heavy sleep. Then only did Kate Hill speak.

"What is it all about, Jim?" He silently handed her a letter and she read:

"Dear Jim: When this reaches you I will have passed into the unknown country. Because of the closeness of our friendship I am sending you the delight of my heart. Her mother is dead, and she has not a relative in the world. I leave a little property that needs. Am too tired now to write TOM."

more. Yours, "Poor little waif!" she said softly, "I would take her home with me, but I am going away this afternoon. I can help you, however. My housekeeper's sister has lost her child. She needs a home and will suit you. I will send her over."

"Thank you. Did you say you are going away? The thought that I should find you when this confounded ankle lets me get about has been the one comfort I have had throughout this lonely week. We used to have some pleasant days together, and I hoped we might return to them. I will be your neighbor for many months, and the sooner we forget the years that lie between now and then the better."

"We will talk about it when I come back," she replied evasively.

She stood beside him for an instant laughing down into his gloomy face. "Perhaps, Jim, I may not stay as long as I had intended," she said, and with these words she left the room.

To his surprise she returned within ten days; returned in a storm that broke in torrents of rain as she neared Jim Chapman's gate. As on that first day, she ran up the walk and into the house. Looking into the sitting room, she saw Jim move slowly toward the window. On the floor the child was gathering up stray leaves of what looked like a manuscript, and in her lap was a bundle of letters. Kate turned to Jim with a smilé:

"It is to be hoped Mrs. Grundy has been driven to the back of her house by the storm, else my reputation may suffer. To be blown twice within a fortnight through your doorway, Jim, is certainly food for gossip."

"I want the pretty lady to read to me," a small voice interrupted. "Read this," she said persuasively, holding

out a letter. Kate picked the child up and took the letter from her. "Why, this is ad-

dressed to me," she exclaimed. Jim gave a start and glanced toward the drawer of his library table. He

turned to Kate in explanation. "That letter was written years ago, and I have often wondered why I received no reply. Why it was not mailed I do not know, but chance has thrown it into your hands. Read it, and give me the answer to the question I then asked." He turned to the window, looking with unseeing eyes

out into the storm. She was silent so long that he at

last turned to her. Holding the child close, she looked at him with shining eyes. "I have been wishing I had received the letter when It was written, for we have lost five

vears of happiness." (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## **ACROSS THE STREET**

By ISABEL FROST.

"One of the joys of living in a city is not knowing or caring who your next door neighbor is, and equal indifference on his or her side."

Jean poured tea with her customary air of absorbed nonchalance.

knows all about you. It's simply terning." rible. You never feel grown up. I'm cian ordered him to return to the nineteen and nobody called me Miss empty old house in New England that Ashton, not a single person. They just the person of Harold Smythe. She cause I wanted to break away by my-To the last he had protested, but self and do something in the world they formed an unreasonable dislike for -well, they didn't approve."

she was. It was quite as if a very Seated in his sitting room he looked young, adventurous kitten had started same age as Estelle, she was as differoff to see the world by itself. It was ent from her cousin as black is from "Where in the devil is William? her wing, he thought. Jean was al- blue eyes, which gave a hint of pathos, wide to all heart wayfarers who needs some harm which they felt was imed cheering up. He could not measure pending. She had skin like the softhad meant to him during his own up- pink rose. hill fight in New York. Perhaps the loved to know she needed him; that his strength to her; that she even missed mother had social aspirations. him when he failed to show up for a few days. As it was, she merely gave him the usual smile and happy greeting, and went on with her work.

It was a week later when he got the tickets to Savelli's musicale. There was a splendid 'cellist and a good soloist, a young soprano who sank folk songs. He thought Jean might like to go. But instead she told him over the 'phone would mind taking Bab. The kiddie porch. was lonely and rather at sea. said

That was the beginning, and he went on sullenly at first, then indignantly, believing it was all Jean's fault. Bab enjoyed going around with him to the mensely. She was pretty and exuberant, tantalizing and whimsical.

One day she came up to Jean's studio rather white and discouraged.

"You know I'm not earning anything at all, not a cent," she said suddenly. "It's funny how little one can live on here, isn't it? I hate spaghetti and cereals. Mother was the most wonderful cook you ever saw. I don't see how people starve in garrets and paint or write masterpieces."

Jean did not take her seriously. It was so usual to say you are not making money, and only meant you were is well invested, sufficient for her not earning the hundreds you had hoped to.

> The morning of the fourth day a phone call came from Miss Milligan, the landlady across the street.

"You're little Miss Ashton's friend, aren't you? Well, she's pretty sick, and if something isn't done the doctor says she's got to go to a hospital right away. It's pneumonia, he says, and she hasn't been eating regular."

Jean stood in the middle of the floor, thinking quickly. Then in five minutes she had called up a good nurse, her own doctor, and had made arrangements for bringing Bab over to her own cozy suite of rooms. When Hartley came down at noon she met him at the door with her finger to her lips. Dorothy. He listened in silent wonder as she told him what she had done.

"But your work-" to feed her up and put her on her feet again. Go and send a telegram to her mother for me. Answer that phone,

Hartley obeyed, and turned from it to her with a curious smile.

will you, while I write this?"

"There's somebody downstairs from Haines Falls," he said. "He wants to know if you know where Miss Ashton you?" he asked. is. Isn't she from Haines Falls?'

"Til see him." Jean went down the winding staircase quickly, and met the tall, anxious-faced youngster waiting

"I got a letter from Bab-from Miss Ashton-last night," he said brokenly. "We were engaged, you know, and she broke it, but she wrote me she was on the last lap, and she didn't care what happened she was so hungry and sick. wondered if you'd fix it so we could be married first."

Half an hour later Jean left the two together in the darkened room, Bab, her eyes bright with fever, but conscious and holding fast to the big boy's hand. Hartley sat in the studio on the window seat waiting for her. She went to him; her eyes rather tired now that the nerve-strain was over.

"I'm going to let him take her home as soon as she can travel You don't know how guilty I feel, Wade, to have let her live right across the street and get into such a state. I thought, of course, you were looking after her if you were in love with her."

"Who said I was?" "You did, over in the square."

"I said I was in love." "Well?

"Jean," he said softly, despairingly, "Jean, can't you see anything; can't you understand anything at all?"

The nurse stepped to the door for something, but after one glance retreated noiselessly. There is such a thing as professional discretion.

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#### HATS AND FACES

By EARL REED SILVERS.

Estelle Williams played with an desk of the writing room.

"Harold Smythe is coming to spend the week-end in Glenwood," she informed Dorothy Hunt. "We're going exigencies of the moment." "Now, where I came from everyone to give a big dance on Saturday eve-

"You are?"

Dorothy showed little interest in said Bab, or that Ashton girl. And be- had heard so much about him since Estelle's visit to Miami that she had him. But her opinions counted little Hartley eyed her curiously from his in the Williams household; she was place on the high window seat. What only the orphan daughter of the sister of Mrs. Williams.

It had been hard for her, Of the mighty nice of Jean to get her under white. In the first place, she had big, ways doing that sort of thing, opening and which made the men who looked the doors of her Ninth street studio at them want to protect her from up all that her faith and comradeship est velvet, and cheeks the color of a

Estelle's eyes were colorless, alonly thing about Jean he did not like though she considered them hazel. Her was that she herself never seemed to skin, in spite of frequent applications need help from anyone. He would have of the latest modern appliances, refused to be anything but rough. But presence and companionship were a her father was a millionaire, and her

They had met Harold Smythe at Miami, and Harold had casually mentioned the fact that he intended to come East in the summer. An invitation and acceptance had followed, ally. and the time had finally arrived for the much-talked about visit.

On Friday morning Estelle, waiting for the big touring car to carry her to the station to meet the guest, that she was too busy, and asked if he found Dorothy sitting on the front

"Do you wish to ride to town?" she asked graciously.

"Yes, I would like to go." Dorothy arose and took the front seat of the car, while Estelle sat in state in the tonneau. The former wore a sunbonexhibitions and little studio teas im- net of light straw, which had cost 75 cents in the village store; the latter was decked in a silver creation which was purchased in New York for \$50.

> They reached the station just as the train was pulling out. Estelle leaped from the car and greeted a good-looking, well-set-up young man who was standing on the platform. She did not bother to introduce Dorothy, and the auto started off for the ride to the Williams mansion. The girl in ting noisily. She liked Harold's

When they had reached the house and alighted from the car, however, precious belongings clasped in their Estelle paused a moment to introduce arms. Frances stood out on the front the other girl.

"My cousin, Miss Hunt," she said lightly.

The visitor took Dorothy's hand and gazed into her blue eyes. Then he forgot all about his hostess and everything connected with her.

cousin," he gasped. "Will you be here for the week-end?" "Yes." The one addressed smiled at

his evident confusion. Harold turned to Estelle, who was

watching with anxious eyes. "I think that I shall have a wonderful time," he announced. "Things are just fine here." His eyes returned to

Mrs. Williams came forth and met Harold. When the guest had been shown his room, Estelle called her "Never mind my work. We've got mother to one side and talked earnestly in guarded tones. Dorothy saw Mrs. Williams nod her head decisively, and

then Harold appeared again. "If you would like to see the place." Estelle suggested, "I will show you around."

"That will be fine." He turned to Dorothy. "You're coming, too, aren't

"I-I'm afraid she'll be busy." Estelle interposed. "She's sort of a housekeeper here," she added cruelly. Dorothy's eyes flashed angrily. "I haven't anything to do," she said

rather defiantly. "I'd love to go." For the remainder of the morning they explored the beautiful estate. But it proved to be a rather trying time for Estelle. Try as she might, she could not secure the visitor's atten-So I came at once to take her home. I tion. When she told him of the depth of the shaded lake, he looked into the as they returned to the house Estelle

> mother, and at luncheon Mrs. Williams made an announcement. "The painters are fixing the cottage at Avon," she said to Dorothy, "and I sively before everyone: believe that we ought to have someone there to look over the work. So you will go to the shore this afternoon and the big couch where he lay and gave

stay until Monday." Dorothy nodded; she saw instantly the plan to get rid of her, but she was helpless. So at two o'clock she;

started for the shore. Just one hour later Harold telephoned to New York, leaving the phone with a most dejected look.

"I'm very sorry," he said, "but it will be absolutely necessary for me to go to New York this afternoon."

They protested, but all in vain; and the big touring car arrived at the station in time for the four o'clock train. While Estelle waited outside, Harold walked to the ticket office. "Give me a single trip ticket to

Avon," he said. (Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

A HERO'S CUE

By SYLVIA TURNER.

"Heroism," said Doctor Marley at the dinner table, "is largely a matter ivory paperweight on the mahogany of accidental coincidence, and a certain excitable reaction, mental, of course, wherein the hero feels irresistibly impelled to act in accordance with the There was a silence at the tables where Mrs. Bardwell's paying guests took their evening meal. But Frances

glanced up with a little laughing glance at Roland, and Miss Brockway gave vent to an audible sigh. Opposite Frances sat Williams, absorbed as usual in his own thoughts, and eating too

"Do you agree with this, Mr. Williams?" asked Miss Brockway, tact-

"Yes," said Williams, without parley. "No man is a hero who sets the stage and acts a part. It is purely involuntary."

After dinner, as usual, he avoided the congregation of kindred souls out on the front steps and in the double parlors. Roland always joined them, but Williams went on up to the back and trench mortar sections that are room they shared in common and went helping the Russians combat the adafter his engineering books with a cer- vantage of the Austro-Germans in Gatain savage avidity. It was late when licia. he finished, about 11:30. Roland came up. He spoke of the new moon and of Frances' dancing.

"Some girls are merely spectacular, but she has soul and intellect," said Roland. "She is not exactly what you'd call beautiful, Tom, but she's tantalizing and interesting. Did you know she was from Kentucky, too?"

Williams nodded his head imperson-

It was far into the night when he wakened with the muscles of his throat taut and stinging. When he opened his eyes he faced a gun-metal colored mist. Making for the window in a quick dive, he opened it wide, drew in the keen air deeply and turned around to rouse Roland. Williams wasted no time, but splashed water in his face and told him to get out in the halls and rouse the moving over various quarters of the the preparation of crimes against the people, while he found the source of the fire.

"Ring in an alarm," he called, as he slapped a Turkish towel out of cold water and held it around his face and nostrils in the downrush through the halls. And from then on until he was fished out unconscious from the subcellar by the firemen, Williams dropped out of mortal ken, but Roland discovered involuntary heroism. He was in his pajamas with a raincoat thrown hastily over them, going from door to door rousing the slumbering boarders. Also, he went to the corner and turned the front seat could hear them chat- in the fire alarm, rather dazedly. And when he came back he met the full contingent of Mrs. Bardwell's household coming downstairs with their most

"Have you seen Mr. Williams any. where?" she asked. "The firemen are coming, aren't they?"

"Oh, yes," Roland assured her, happily. "I have just turned in the alarm. I don't think it's dangerous yet, though. "I-I didn't know Estelle had a Only, of course, the smoke. We might all have been suffocated."

"That's what they are saying," answered Frances. "It was good you wakened in time."

Now right there was Roland's chance, and he missed it because the doctor spied him and hailed him as a hero. So did Miss Brockway, almost fainting on his shoulder. So did each and every one of the survivors, individually and severally. He had roused them and saved their lives. Roland almost believed it himself.

Then came the engines outside and the firemen. And Clarence, the colored waiter, emerged from the basement entrance gasping and the bearer of tid-

"It's a boiler of clothes done got left on de laundry stove," he explained, "and Mister Williams he's down dere in de smoke right by de furnace. He put de fire out all by hisself."

Two stalwart firemen bore Williams up out of the laundry in the subcellar. It was a bad anticlimax. He was unconscious and blackened, and his hands were burned and his eyebrows and hair were singed. And while everyone worried and tended to him Frances turned just once to Roland and asked:

"And you forgot him?" "Frances, I just this minute got back

from sending in the alarm-" "This minute?" Frances' eyebrows raised. "What an instantaneous redepths of Dorothy's eyes. So as soon sponse the department gave you. You might have told someone that he was held a brief consultation with her down there, you know-there was time while they were praising the hero."

And when Williams opened his eyes and said quite anxiously and impul-"Frances!"

"I'm here, Tom." She went over to him her hands, even with Miss Brockway's eyes upon them.

"Everybody safe?" "Everyone," she assured him. "It was only that blamed laundry stove," he muttered, "but the smoke.

got me by the throat-" The doctor turned around and softly left the parlor. After him went Miss Brockway and Mrs. Bardwell, and the rest, last of all Roland, and left the two from Kentucky alone,

The ex-hero was silent, and in the front parlor there was silence, too, unby smile on her face and wee smudge of black on her cheek.

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COMMANDS ARMORED



COMMANDER LOCKER-LAMPSON

Commander Locker-Lampson is in command of the British armored cars

# GENERAL SURVEY OF

The London district was again raided Sunday night—the second time in twenty-four hours-by German airmen. There is a circumstantial but directed the investigation of the sediunconfirmed report that one enemy machine was brought down.

While there was a bright moon there also was a slight mist and the raiders were invisible to persons in

Eleven persons were killed and 82 fendants injured in Saturday night's air raid and nine killed and 42 injured Sunday night, it is announced officially. The material damage was not great.

tempted to attack London in the raid, but most of the machines were driven off. Bombs were dropped in the northeastern and southeastern districts of London and at various places vocate the most vicious forms of saboin Kent and Essex.

new line in Flanders strongly. The eastern extremity of Polygon wood, a whole is virtually unchanged.

ceedingly satisfactory.

separates the allies from the plains izen." of Flanders.

Although the official German communications lately have been claiming British defeats or discounting the advances made, the desperate resistance of the Germans is an indication of the vital significance of the recent allied gains. German officers taken prisoners admit the seriousness of the situation for their country.

In their offensive operations of the past three days General Cadorna's troops have taken 2,019 prisoners, the Rome war office announced.

Words of praise were being showered on the members of the American engineering unit who showed so much coolness when German airmen bombarded their barracks. Although the bullets from the ma-

chine guns riddled their houses the men were safely tucked away in the dugouts and seemed to enjoy their first experience under the fire of the enemy.

The barracks attack was not the first time the members of the engineer contingent have been under fire. As a matter of fact they are getting hardened to the sensation of being

shelled. This is especially true of the railroad pioneer regiment. Enemy aviators have repeatedly attempted to bomb nocturnal trains under charge of Americans transporting supplies to French sectors.

#### WANT LA FOLLETTE OUT

His Ouster From Senate Asked by Minnesota.

Discussion is going on at the capitol over the petition that was received in the senate for the removal of Senator La Follette. Although the request was promptly referred to the committee on privileges and elections it was said it would not die there. The matter is considered of great importance.

It was the anti-war utterances of

Senator La Follette of Wisconsin at St. Paul recently during which he condoned the sinking of the Lusitania, which culiminated in Senator Kellogg of Minnesota offering the resolutions adopted by the public safety commission of Minesota, of which Gov. J. A. 18.45; pigs, \$14.40@18.10. A Burnquist is chairman, calling for HI Frances came out with a little hap- Mr. La Follette's expulsion. Along with this resolution was another, to the same effect, passed by the Weshburn Loyalty league of Washburn,

# CARS ON EASTERN LINE 35 TAKEN IN I. W. W. RAID

Bill Haywood and His Aids Arrested In Chicago

### 166 NAMED IN INDICTMENTS

Grand Jury Returns Blanket Indictment Charging Nation vide Conspiracy to Hamper Government.

Formal return of a blanket indictment charging a nation-wide conspiracy to hamper the government during the war was made in the United States district court in Chicago, against 166 leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Arrests speedily followed the return. Almost before the court proceedings had reached the state of the discharge of the jury deputy marshals were on their way to the local I. W. W. headquarters in automobiles, donated and driven by women, and quickly returned to the federal building bringing prisoners with them.

In the first hour 35 men were thus haled into the marshal's office and later were questioned by investigators for the department of justice. Among the first to be taken in custody was William D. Haywood, secretary of the national organization of the I. W. W., who was questioned Sept. 5, when the headquarters of the I. W. W. in various cities were raided by the govern-

An explanatory statement issued by the government attorneys who have tious conspiracy, the crime of which the men named in the indictments are accused, said:

"The prosecutions are under sections 6, 19 and 37 of the criminal code the streets, but from the sounds of and under the espionage act. Only the anti-aircraft guns in action the in- leaders in conspiracies or those perdications were that the raiders were sonally culpable in connection with United States are included as de-"The astounding feature which

stands out at the conclusion of the investigation and which is well calculated to make patriotic persons shud-Four groups of German airplanes at- der with alarm is found in the disclosure of the number of men enjoying the protection of the government who are so far unmindful of social duties and obligations as to openly adtage, particularly in industries en-The British are maintaining their gaged in furnishing war munitions."

To permit the sure arrest of the inmain battle was in the neighborhood dicted men no hint of their names was of Cameron House, south of the permitted to escape during the court proceedings, which occupied only a where the Australians are pressing few minutes and consisted of a statethe Germans hard. The situation as ment from the foreman of the federal grand jury that its labors had been Northwest of Zonnebeke heavy fight completed, the handing of a bulky ing continues in the region of the ele-sheaf of indictments to the clerk of vations which dominate a consider the court and a few brief words from able extent of territory. From the Judge Evans thanking the jurors for British standpoint the situation re- their sacrifice of time and effort and sulting from the new offensive is ex- assuring them that they had done their duty as citizens, a duty which the The ridge over which the fighting is court said was "quite as important as now in progress is virtually all that any obligation which rests on a cit-

> Taft's Son Will Wed. Charles P. Taft, son of former President and Mrs. Taft, will be married on Saturday to Miss Eleanor Chase of Waterbury, Conn.

#### LIVE STOCK AND GRAIN

Pittaburgh Cattle-Prime, \$13.25@14; good, \$12 @13; tidy butchers, \$10.50@11.50; fair, \$8@9.25; common, \$6.50@7.50; heifers, \$6@9.75; common to good fat bulls, \$5.50@8.75; common to good fat cows, \$4@8.50; fresh cows and springers, \$40@90. Sheep and Lambs-Prime wethers,

\$11.25@11.75; good mixed, \$10.25@ 11.25; fair mixed, \$9@10; culls and common. \$5@7: heavy ewes, \$7@10: spring lambs, \$12@12.75; veal calves, \$15.50@16; heavy and thin calves, \$7 @11.50. Hogs-Prime heavy and heavy mix-

ed, \$19.40@19.50; mediums and heavy

yorkers, \$19.25@19.60; light yorkers,

\$18.25@18.50; pigs, \$18@18.25; roughs.

\$17.50@18.50; stags, \$15@16. Cleveland Hogs-Heavies, \$19@19.15; mixed, \$19@19.10; yorkers, \$19; pigs, \$17.50 @17.75; roughs, \$17.50@17.75; stags,

Sheep and Lambs-Choice spring lambs, \$15.50@16.50; fair to good, \$14.50@15.50; common, \$8@14.50; choice sheep, \$9.50@11; culls and

common, \$5@8. Calves-Choice, \$15.50@16.25; fair to good, \$14@15; heavy and common,

Cattle-Prime shipping steers, \$11 @12; good to choice, \$9.50@10.50; good to choice butcher, \$8.50@9.50; fair to good, \$7.50@8.25; common to light steers, \$6.50@7.25; good to choice heifers, \$7.50@8.50; choice fat butcher bulls, \$7.25@8.25; bologna bulls, \$6@7; choice fat cows, \$7@8; fair to good, \$5.50@6.50; canners and cutters, \$5@5.50; milch cows and springers, \$60@90.

Chicago. Hogs-Bulk, \$18.65@19.45; lights, \$18.35@19.45; mixed, \$18.30@19.60; heavy, \$18.25@19.55; roughs, \$18.25@

Cattle-Native beef, \$7.25@17.25;

western steers, \$6.40@15.25; stockers and feeders, \$6.25@11.25; cows and heifers, \$5@12.50; calves, \$10@15.75. Sheep - Wethers, \$8.90 @ 12.50; lambs, \$13@18.