

CHAPTER 6

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Jean Valjean, fugitive from the French authorities and one Javert in particular, plans to escape once and for all to England. His plans are interrupted by a students' law reform revolt which sweeps over the entire city. He attempts to rescue its ringleader, young Marius, in love with his ward, Cosette. Javert appears on the scene, decides Jean is the "man higher up," senses his opportunity to right all previous humiliations and goes after him with a vengeance.

#### Free at Last

Jean and Eponine come out. They are in the light for a brief second as they look around cautiously. Javert has the house spotted from an

opposite window.

"Valjean!" To a gendarme, "Come on—follow—that's the man I want."
As they start off, two students fighting with a gendarme emerge from a doorway. Instinctively the gendarme with Javert stops to aid his comrade and Javert goes on

Through narrow streets around dark corners and then up a dozen or so stone steps rush Jean and Epo-

rick! He's following us — get stairs—we're there!" gasps Javert arrives just as they disappear into 'he building. He fires with a command to "Stop!"

The street where Marius and his companions are barricaded is a blind alley. A house nearby is afire and over the barricade of doors, paving

stones, etc., the defenders are firing him, overcome with emotion. He one by one. Wounded are strewn about the streets. him, overcome with emotion. He moves over to Marius with her. "Love each other—there's scarcely

Javert is caught in the dead-end passage when a student steps behind him. Joined by others, breathless, dishevelled, they bar the way.

"Police! Spy!" is the warning cry.

"Spy, possibly; police, certainly," is Javert's calm reply.

"Ha! We've got one of them. The guillotine will run here and now!" shouts one, fingering a wicked-look-

one, fingering a wicked-looking blade.

#### "He's Mine!"

"Let me. This man has persecuted me for ten years—he's mine!" It's

'Do it then!" The knife is thrust into his hand.

"I'll do it as it was done in the galleys—the pistol in the mouth."

Cries in the distance attract the others and they rush off, leaving Jean and Javert alone. Jean turns to his old enemy, his thoughts flooded with revence. ed with revenge.

"Now, Javert, the hunt ends."
"End it then." "It had to be one of us. You hounded me; you pursued me—it's

can't."

"You fool, you know what'll happen. I shall take you in the end. You know I will—you know I must I can't help myself—I am what I

am."
"I take what comes. Go!" Jean remains looking after Javert then fires the pistol into the air. He returns to the barricade. Eponine tries to pull him down from his exposed position and herself falls dead. Mounted gendarmes begin to attack with drawn sabres. There is a scrimmage. Marius is felled with a blow on the head. Jean pulls him down through a half-open manhole into the sewers, picks up the unconscious boy and staggers along down the tunnel in water up to his knees. Marius comes to enough to nod to Jean and flounder along himself.

Still another, "Look! It's a policieman's cloak—"

A gendarme takes it and looks it over. Jean immediately recognizes it as Javert's. He turns and looks at the river. The water is swirling past. He now realizes that Javert has left him for good. He is free, indeed—free to go back to Cosette and Marius.

THE END Jean and flounder along himself.

Jean batters through the steel gate

Jean batters through the steel gate that bars them from the river and they pass through.

Through dark alleys they wind their way back to Jean's house in the Rue Druond. Cosette, on her knees before a small altar, rises and comes forward to Marius eagerly. For a moment it looks as though she has forgotten everything Jean has

done.

Jean closes the door on them and backs into the hall. He senses the presence of another person.

"Javert! You'r's here, I know it—where are you?"

A shadowy form moves and Javert steps out into the light.

"I'm ready. All I ask is a few moments to say goodbye."

"The law allows you nothing."

Jean raises his head to Javert, a face so agonized helpless and hone-

face so agonized helpless and hopeless that even Javert is moved. He nods slowly. He knows this man has saved his life but still he can't

help himself.
"It's not I—it's the law that wants you—the law. I can't help myself. (ashamed of his weakness) "Gahead, I'll wait."

ahead, I'll wait."

Jean goes in. "Cosette, I've come to say goodbye. It has to be—there are reasons. My dear, what little I could do I have done—in my poor, stupid way I have tried to do what I could. Now I give her to you (to Marius)—let her be as precious to you as she has been to me. Look after him, Cosette. Look after her."

His face is bathed in perspiration from the struggle going on within

from the struggle going on within him. He turns, looks back and takes down the two candlesticks which he has kept with him all this time.
"Keep these always." He fingers
them. "Silver, they say—but more
than gold to me."

Cosette kisses him and clings to

anything more in the world but that.

anything more in the world but that. Remember, as was once told me—Life is to give, not to take. What I give—take, and give again."

The door clicks and he is gone. It is over. He has given up Cosette and now he has to face the other—the galleys. He tries to move to the door to the street, but his strength cracks and he drops to one knee.

"Father of all—I've done what I could—take what You will—I've given all I can—I'm ready!"

With a great effort he rises and marches towards the open doorway to the street, his hands in front of him, his wrists drawn together to receive Javert's handcuffs, his eyes half-closed, repeating in a whisper half-closed, repeating in a whisper the word "Give!"

### Javert Disappears

But there is no Javert. The moonit street beyond is empty. To Jean it is unbelievable — Javert is gone. He has left him. We can almost hear the voice of the old bishop over the scene. "Well done, my son. Well done!"

you who drive me to this—you and your law!"

"Do your part. I've done mine. I stand by everything I've done. I take what comes."

Jean can't bring himself to do it. There is a terrific struggle going on within him. He shakes his head.

"Go, before the others do what I can't."

"Go, before the others do what I can't." a small crowd gathered—others are

coming up.

Jean pulls himself together and as if drawn by a magnet races to the

'What is it?"

"Suicide—must be—"
"I tried to stop him," adds another onlooker, "but he pushed me away and jumped in—The river's in flood."

Still another, "Look! It's a policeman's cloak—"

A gendarme takes it and looks it

THE END

# The Dallas Post

ANNOUNCES

A New Serial

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# BEGIN IT NEXT WEEK

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# GREAT MOTHERS

Anna Mathilda McNeill Whistler

THE mother of James McNeill Whistler has been variously described as "one of the saints on earth" and as a strict Puritan. If she was a Puritan, it came perhaps from her Scottish inheritance, for she was descended from the clan of the McNeills of Skye, a number of whom, with their chief Donald, emigrated in 1746 to North Carolina, where her father—Dr. Charles Donald McNeill—practiced medicine in Wilmington.

Art as culture and art as career seemed, in Mrs. Whistler's philosophy of life, vastly different things. When her son James was small, she had encouraged him in his childish at-tempts at drawing for his own amusement. She also made her children read the Bible and recite a verse every morning before breakfast. But when James announced his intention of devoting his life to art, he was not

met with encouragement—at first.

Her ambition for him had been a commission in the United States Army. He went to West Point, where—to her intense disappointment—he failed. Bowing with grace to the inevitable, she saw him depart for Paris as an art student. She remained in America but during the Civil War in America, but during the Civil War, when her other son was a surgeon in the Confederate Army, she ran the blockade to visit James in London. It was in 1872 that Whistler sent

It was in 1872 that Whistler sent to the Academy in London the picture called "Arrangement in Gray and Black: Portrait of the Painter's Mother," often and erroneously referred to as "Whistler's Mother." It was refused. Sir William Boxall, friendly to Whistler, threatened to resign from the Council if the decision were not altered. The picture was hung.

In 1881, the portrait was exhibited for the first time in America at the Pennsylvania Academy, and the next year was on view at the Society of American Artists in New York. It served to make Whistler widely known in his own country as a

As a contrast to the legends about Whistler's irrepressible temperament and his vitriolic tongue there is Harper Pennington's story: "Once in his studio we were looking at the 'Mother.' I said some string of words about the beauty of the face and



ANNA MATHILDA WHISTLER

figure. It was, perhaps, two minutes before he spoke. 'Yes,' very slowly and very softly, 'Yes, one does like to make one's mummy just as nice as possible!"

as possible!"

Friends bore witness that no one could have been a better son than Whistler. He never forgot her birthday, he told her all his confidences. Good news he shared with her, but he tried not to tell her of his debts and disappointments. Beside being

This is the sixth of a series of biographies of "Great Mothers" prepared by the Golden Rule Mothers' Day Committee, of which Mrs. James Roosevelt is honorary chairman. The committee, which spon-sored the nation-wide observance of Mothers' Day, suggested the following paraphrase of the Golden Rule: "Whatsoever you would that others should do for your mother if she were in need, and whatsoever your mother would do for the needy if she had an opportunity, do for other mothers and children, victims of present-ray economic maladjustments.'

Next Week: Susannah Annesley Wesley

# FOOD MARKET



IN general the housewife has real reason to be contented with present market conditions. Although MEATS are relatively high the peak seems to have been reached, FRUITS and VEGETABLES are cheap or reasonable and BUTTER and EGGS very moderate. Butter in fact is one-third heaper than it was a few weeks ago.

## Local Produce Dominates Market

Local grown produce is becoming a sigger factor each week in our markets. Although each section of the country is always dependent on others to maintain the wide choice we are accustomed to find in our markets, we are all more nearly self-supporting during the supmer months.

during the summer months.

Outstanding among the home grown oods are ASPARAGUS, BEETS, PEAS, SPINACH, RADISHES, SHAL-LOTS, LETTUCE, SCALLIONS, LEEKS, RHUBARB and STRAWBER-LEEKS, RHUBARB AND STRAWB AND STRAWB AND STRAWB AND STRAWB AND STRAWB AND STRAWB AN

California is California is snipping valencia ORANGES, CANTALOUPES and RASPBERRIES. It is also responsible for many of the CARROTS and PEAS in market. Georgia is contributing early clingstone PEACHES and LIMA BEANS. TOMATOES are plentiful and

Seafood Cheap and Plentiful

This season sizes brought to market are large in contrast to last year's "tinker" or small mackerel. All other seasonable varieties with the exception of BLUEFISH are plentiful and cheap. Next week's fast days should

### Forequarter Cuts Economical

Forequarter cuts of all the MEAT animals are economical at present. BEEF is a little cheaper than in recent weeks. VEAL and LAMB are moderate and PORK a trifle easier.

POULTRY is relatively inexpensive, particularly BROILERS. FOWLS are somewhat lower and DUCKLINGS are unusually good value.

## Berry Season Here

Some STRAWBERRIES are still in market and along with BLACKBERRIES, HUCKLEBERRIES and red RASPBERRIES offer a wide choice to the shopper seeking variety.

Here is a menu made of from seators he foods which are moderate in sonable foods which are moderate in

Roast Shoulder of Veal Mashed Potatoes Green Peas
Stuffed Tomato Salad
Bread and Butter
Blackberry Roly Poly
Coffee (hot or iced)

Boston MACKEREL are more plentiful and cheap than in many seasons A&P Kitchen.

## Fifth Avenue Fashions



Here is an unusual collar for the v-necked dress. It has graceful and flattering roll around the neck and ends in a jabot of delicate mesh, caught with a bar pin. We suggest a smart wooden bar or a colorful composition one. The collar is crocheted of soft mercerized crochet cotton and adds a washable, wearable touch of white to a dark dress.

Address The Crochet Bureau Dallas Post For FREE instructions to crochet

# YOU MAY HAVE A QUESTION

... to ask Dr. E. A. Farrington, who is writing the series of articles on "Problem Children" for The Post. If you have Dr. Farrington will reply to questions addressed to him at The Post.

# My Favorite Recipes



by Frances Lee Barton

THESE are the days when I want to be out in the garden, or cleaning up the attic, or freshening my kitchen with a can of paint. So I'm apt to use some of these delicious time-saving desserts. They are quick and easy to make, and thanks to the coconut, are as festive and spring-like as any dessert I know.

#### Peaches Marguerite

4 dates, finely chopped; ½ cup pecans, finely chopped; ½ cup shredded coconut, finely chopped; 1 tablespoon cream; 2 teaspoons lemon juice; 6 halves canned peaches; 1 cup peach juice.

Combine dates, pecans, coconut, and cream, mixing thoroughly. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Shape into small balls and place in cavities of peach halves. Serve with peach juice to which remaining lemon juice has been added. Serve 6.

#### Coconut Fruit Compote

½ can shredded coconut; 2 oranges, free from membrane and cut in small pieces; 2 tart apples, pared, cored, and diced; 2 bananas, sliced; ½ cup dates, chopped; 8 marshmallows, quartered Mix coconut, fruits, and marshmallows together lightly. Chill. Serves 6.

Coconut Banana Snow 3 bananas, cut in small pieces; ½ cup powdered sugar; 2 teaspoons lemon juice; 1 egg white, stiffly beaten; ½ cup cream, whipped; ½ can shredded coconut. Combine bananas, sugar, and lemon juice. Chill. Force through sieve. Fold fruit into egg white; then fold in cream and coconut. Serves 6.

## Tropical Delight

4 ripe bananas; juice of 1 orange; 4 blespoons brown sugar; ½ can shredded coconut.

Peel bananas and cut in half lengthwise.
Arrange in layers in greased baking dish.
Mix orange juice with brown sugar and
pour over bananas. Spřinkle thickly with
coconut. Bake in hot oven until bananas
are tender and coconut is brown. Serve
immediately. Serves 4.

And since left-over bread is one of our constant problems, how about solving it with a de luxe coconut bread pudding?

#### Coconut Bread Pudding

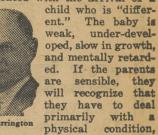
2 cups milk, scalded, 2 tablespoons melted butter; 1 cup stale bread, cut in ½-inch cubes; 1/3 cup sugar; ½ teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon vanilla; ½ teaspoon almond extract; 2 eggs, slightly beaten, 1 cup shredded coconut, toasted. Combine milk, butter, and bread cubes in greased baking dish. Add sugar, salt, and flavoring to eggs and beat slightly Add to milk mixture and stir in coconut. Place in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 45 to 50 minutes. Serves 6.

## Note Early Signs of Problem Child

Weak, Under-Developed, Mentally Retarded Babies Should Be Examined Carefully

By Dr. E. A. Farrington Director, Bancroft School; Secretary, Special School Association

Perfectly healthy parents, with families of robust children brimming over with vitality, are sometimes faced with the arrival of a



Dr. Farrington and one that probably can be improved.

Perhaps the most important point in the whole problem, at least during the first few years, is early recognition of the fact that retardation is present. Parents ought never to depend on their own judgment in the matter, but should consult a qualified expert without delay. A few indications must be discernible, however, before the question even arises in the parents'

Signs to Observe What are these indications? If the child is physically abnormal, or fails in some important function, the indication is clear. Many children, however, show no symptoms, or such slight ones that they are easily overlooked, especially as the tendency is always to ignore them, and believe that everything will be all right if the baby is let alone. Even trained observers are sometimes in doubt as to the real situation, and advise waiting for more definite indications, knowing, as they do, that the variation between

normal limits may be very wide. So-called "blue" babies should alwa be carefully watched. They are not getting enough oxygen, and harmful toxemia may result. Overfat imants should also be regarded closely, particularly if they are dull and inactive. A glandular or metabolic disturbance may be the cause.



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