

Children Cry for Fletcher's

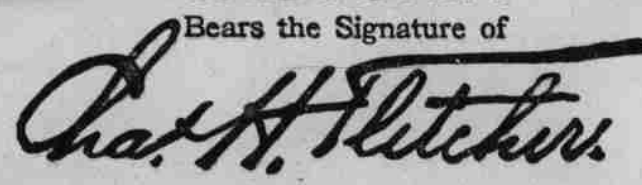
# CASTORIA

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## HUNTING A SPY

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Shortly before the war broke out in the Balkans between the Turks and the allies I left Adrianople one evening about dark for Belgrade. There was one passenger in the compartment besides myself, and I noticed that while waiting for the train to start he was very ill at ease. When the guard shut and locked the door he seemed to breathe easier, but was still evidently impatient for the train to be off. When at last it began to roll out of the station he put his head out of the window eagerly.

Following the direction of his eyes I saw a man, whom I knew to be a Turk by his fez, running for the train. He ran like a deer, my fellow passenger watching him breathlessly. The latter occupied the window so that I could not see if the Turk caught the train, but presently my companion fell back gasping.

"Lost!" he moaned.

I had some knowledge of one or two of the many languages spoken in the Balkans, so that I understood the word. I also spoke some French and German and tried the man in both, getting an understanding in the latter tongue.

"What is your trouble?" I asked.

"Are you German?" he asked instead of replying.

"No; American."

"Oh, American. You then are a lover of liberty. Certainly you have no sympathy with Turks. I am doomed. I have been in Adrianople spying on the fortifications. I was arrested, and drawings were found on me. I was sentenced to death. While waiting to be executed I caught my guard napping and escaped. I hoped to get away by this train, but this man, in whose charge I was placed, will go through the train when it stops and recover me."

Then, taking out a pencil and tearing a bit of paper from an old letter, he wrote his name and address on it and handed it to me.

"When you reach Sofia," he continued, "will you tell my wife what I have told you and what follows? Say that my last thoughts were of her and our dear children."

"If you are sure to be executed, why not take the chance of jumping from the train?"

"I am going to do that, but death is as sure as if I suffered myself to be taken back to Adrianople."

"You may strike soft ground."

By the time I had spoken the words he was out on the footboard. I put my head out through the window and saw his dim figure not far from it. It was very dark. Presently I ceased to see him and believed that he had jumped.

The first stop the train made was at Teliymen, which we reached in about half an hour after the spy had disappeared. The guard unlocked the door, but would not let me alight till after the compartment had been examined by the man whom I had seen running for the train. As soon as he had passed I stepped down on to the platform and followed him to see if he got his quarry. He did not find him, and the train moved on.

I wondered what had become of the spy. He must have jumped or he would have been found on the train. Nearly all the passengers were Turks, and I noticed the moment I alighted that there was a chain of men wearing fezzes surrounding the train, probably passengers who had volunteered to help the official in his efforts to arrest the spy.

Before we passed over the Turkish line to enter eastern Roumelia the train stopped for a long while, and I felt sure that it was for the purpose of making a final search for the spy. In time we started on and in a few minutes were among a different nationality. "What a pity," I said to myself, "that the man could not have concealed himself on the train till we had passed the border! In that case he would have been safe."

The first stop we made in Roumelia was at Hermanli. There I alighted to stretch my legs, slowly walking toward the forward end of the train. I saw a man coming who I supposed was a coal shoveler on the engine, only he was blacker than any stoker I ever saw. What was my surprise when, rushing toward me, he threw his begrimed arms around me.

"Don't you know me?" he said. "I am the spy!"

Then in the blackened features I recognized the man with whom I had sympathized.

"Is it you, and alive?" I asked.

"Yes it is I, and very much alive."

"How did you do it?"

"I walked forward on the footboard till I reached the locomotive tender. Climbing over the coal, I told the engineer, who was a Servian, my story. He suggested that since the train would be searched I had better hide under the coal. So I lay down on the floor of the tender, and they covered me with the coal."

When we reached Sofia nothing would do but that I should go to the man's home with him. I did so, and so begrimed was he that his family did not at first recognize him. His wife knew the errand on which he had been to Adrianople and his danger. He was a weak creature, and she had given him up. Covered as he was with coal dust, she embraced him.

I was entertained royally at his house and left it with regret.

## MUNICIPAL RED TAPE.

I think every one will agree that there has been an awakening all over the country to the inefficiency of the old forms of municipal government and to the fact that we ourselves, the voters, made the conditions what they are. We may be dissatisfied at what is being accomplished; but, as a matter of fact, we are responsible. We have allowed innumerable laws and statutes to be passed which surround municipal work with a network of red tape, making progress and efficiency impossible. We, to protect our communities and ourselves—as we thought—allowed these laws to be passed, and there we ended our interest in municipal affairs. We elected people to office and then hampered them, then condemned them. I have thought, since I have been in municipal work, that if it was possible to get one of these public jobs in the open, where we could handle it as our big businesses are handled, most remarkable showings could be made. Unfortunately, however, it is impossible, due to the network of laws and the attitude of the people, to get efficiency rapidly.—Henry M. Waite in American City.

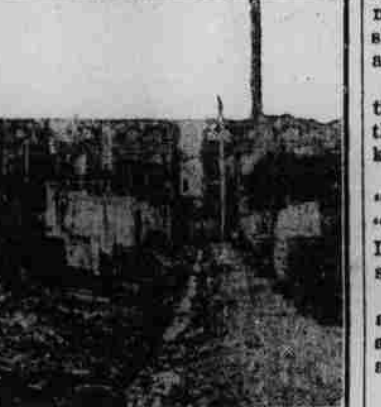
## PRACTICAL CIVICS TAUGHT.

Courses Given to High School Boys in Their First Year.

Because the usual course in civics is given the last or next to the last year in high schools, when only a fraction of the original classes is left, a high school in a Pennsylvania city is giving a course in practical citizenship to its first year students. Samuel H. Ziegler contributes an article on this innovation to the American City, in which he says:

"In the organization of the work of this department several propositions were kept in mind.

"First.—The ordinary citizen, immersed in the task of caring for his business and providing for his family,



STREET CLEANUP CARRIED OUT BY HIGH SCHOOL BOYS.

gives at present little thought to civic problems. Good water, sewage disposal, parks, playgrounds, treatment of vacant lots, paving, street cleaning, economy of administration, the city beautiful and all other civic problems are somebody else's business.

"Second.—For this reason principally the government of American cities has many defects; officials are chosen not for their fitness, but for their political availability; good officials rarely receive credit for what they do, and bad ones are rarely censured.

"Third.—Boys at the age of thirteen or fourteen are full of energy, which is usually bent on mischief. Their minds are at that age 'wax to receive and marble to retain.' Enthusiasm then aroused are more liable to make a permanent impression than at any other age. So, if they can be made conscious of their peculiar responsibility as American citizens, if their pride as citizens can be aroused the results are likely to be permanent, and thus in the course of years there will gradually be built up a body of citizens that will be a tremendous civic asset to their city.

"With these propositions in view, the work was organized. All the entering class take history the first year. So the first six weeks of the fall term we devote the history period to this work. Almost the first thing each boy does is to commit to memory the pledge of Solon:

"We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks.

"We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both singly and together. We will reverence and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or set them at naught.

"We will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty. Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only not less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

Mr. Ziegler goes on to describe both the class work and field work undertaken by the students. The latter includes regular inspections of the city, and the boys have been enabled to inaugurate some much needed reforms.

**City and Farm.**

The Victoria (Tex.) chamber of commerce has arranged to furnish all farmers in Victoria county with the requisite amount of farm labor. The chamber has agreed to pay all transportation charges and other expenses necessary for placing the laborer in the field.

## Good form

At the Family Hotel.

The wide diversity of nursery methods in this country is nowhere more noticeable than at the family hotel. Here one sees children, who, if they were not born with the idea that courteous attention should be accorded their elders, have had this truth instilled into them so early that it seems a part of them.

In a certain family hotel one table exhibits two girls, in the rosy flush of their teens, accompanied by a mother to whom they pay delightful little attentions. They remain standing until she is seated, or if her entrance to the dining room has been delayed, they always rise as she draws near.

Equally pleasant to watch is the devotion of a very fat, chubby, ten-year-old son to his mother. The glorious appetite of youth drives him to the table the minute the meal is served, but the entrance of his mother is the signal for her son's graceful drawing out of her chair, a service performed with the manner of a Chesterfield.

It is also refreshing to watch a third table, at which a father and son—the latter probably in his thirties, though he looks like a younger brother—take their meals. The younger man always stands until his father is seated and never fails to rise should the father be the last to enter the room.

When the meal is over he may be observed to step aside to allow the older man to precede him. He has done this from a mere child, and it has now become a part of his being.

## Too Much Solitude.

It is not easy to be a good hostess, especially a good tea party hostess. There are many little things to remember.

The hostess wishes guests to enjoy the good things, but solitude can be overcome.

The writer once went to a tea where the hostess overdid it badly. She must have thought that her guests had had nothing to eat for days by the way she pressed sandwiches and buns, tea, and more cups of tea, on them.

"No, thank you," and "Really, thanks, I have had a huge tea," and the like assurances were useless. The kind hostess continued offering more.

There's a vast difference between "Won't you have a little more?" and "Do try one of these hot buns" to Mrs. De Fussy's continued badgering to consume more and more.

After all, they were all sensible men and women, with average intelligence and brains—not a party of children at a school treat.

## Guest Room Supplies.

Nothing is more disconcerting to guests than a guest room that is not well furnished. Of course every one is supposed to carry his own toilet articles with him, excepting the chance or unexpected visitor who comes unprepared.

But, equally, of course, the hostess should not take individual toilet articles for granted, and she should if possible furnish her pretty guest room dressing table with an adequate supply. Bone, celluloid or ivory, in white, is the best material for these articles, for any of these substances can be readily cleaned.

A simple light for the guest room is an electric bulb supported by a glass candlestick, fourteen inches high and shaded by a fringe trimmed, cretonne shade.

## Indian Lawn Party.

Should the hostess who is giving a garden party wish to emulate the noble red man the lawn may be temporarily transformed into a miniature Indian encampment. A near Indian tepee, looking enough like the real thing to deceive any ordinary being, can be purchased ready to set up, and in this—or from it—the refreshments may be served.

Navajo blankets, Indian baskets and pottery, papoose slings, tomahawks of papier mache, pieces of wampum and a pipe of peace are among the characteristic decorations for an Indian lawn party, while souvenirs of birch bark will prove acceptable to the guests.

## National Entertainments.

The fashionable hostess in her endless search for a novel way in which to entertain her guests has paused a moment to enjoy what she chooses to call "national" functions.

These include the Russian tea, the Japanese and Chinese breakfasts, Italian, French, German and Hungarian dinners, Holland and Spanish luncheons and last, but not least, the Bohemian late supper.

## Cool Looking Decoration.

A clear glass bowl such as is used for goldfish, filled with carbonated water, will, if nasturtiums and leaves are placed in it, soon become a mass of frostlike moisture. The escaping gas in the water creeps over each leaf and flower, making the whole seem covered with dew. For luncheon on a hot day it is the most refreshing bit of coolness imaginable.

## New Place Cards.

Original and new are place cards having tiny flat baskets or bouquets of paper flowers at one corner. The flowers are in their natural colors, and the bouquets have lace edging around them.

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