

I thought I'd have to do my own Housework



My all around housemaid Mary, packed up her grip and quit to get married right in the middle of my busiest social season. Mary had been our faithful servant for over five years. She was a sort of a "windfall." A friend of mine who had moved to another city had left her to me and now that she was no longer mine, I didn't know where to find another.

I was perplexed. And just as I had concluded that I must do my own work a happy thought struck me. Mrs. Smith's girl had left her a few days ago and she already had another. I must find out how she got her. And she told me—

Business Local in The Dispatch

Had brought her. And I profited by her experience and inserted one myself. And although I thought I would have to do my own work—

-a Want-Ad showed me I didn't



THEATRE

Gallantry and heroism, tragedy and comedy, humor and pathos, triumph and disaster—all this and much more illumine from start to finish every foot of the wondrous filmation of Sir Douglas Mawson's expedition into

the heart of the Antarctic which Lyman H. Howe will present at the Academy matinee and night on next Wednesday. The humor is all the more sprightly and refreshing because it is so natural. Although the comedians are birds and animals they are so humanly amusing in every way that laughter is simply irresistible.

erica will also be shown during a ride through Yosemite National Park. It abounds with memorable views of jagged peaks, incomparable vistas of nature and rivets, strolling majestically from dizzy heights. Then, too, a rich measure of merriment and humor are provided by the quaint antics and rollicking humor of entirely new and original animated cartoons.

The Mystery of My Flag

By Elsie Endicott



TAND in line, ladies and gentlemen. You men hold your hands up—higher! Don't look so scared. Nobody's going to hurt you unless—
All the passengers on Jalapa stage shivered at the significance of the broken sentence, as the short, but powerfully-built bandit directed them what to do. The chief carried no gun, but he wore a well-filled cartridge belt, and the crowd he had lined up on the roadside felt quite sure he had within easy reach a dozen pistols, though they only saw them in their excited wits. Several large, swarthy men, however, stood hard by, with guns ready. One of the bandits was in front, near the lead horse. The driver was unconcernedly sitting on his box with crossed legs, smoking a cigarette. He had been stopped on the highway before, and knew the consequences of getting excited. One of the bandits threw a saddle blanket on the road near the prey, who were told to "contribute."
With sighs and half-voiced protests the passengers placed their purses and jewelry on the blanket. The leader did not search them, and when the formalities were over he signified they might return to the coach.
As a rather thin young man was about to climb up beside the driver, the bandit touched him on the shoulder.
"Pardon, señor," he said, "but you will stay with me."
"What do you mean?" Inquired the amazed traveler. "Haven't you got my money? What more do you want?"
The bandit, with a smile, pointed to the collection.
"Take yours back," he directed. "You have no toll to pay. I just want you."
One of the men inside the coach started to make an argument for his fellow traveler. The hitherto smiling face of the bandit gave away to storm clouds.
"Shut up!" he said to the man in the coach. Then to the driver: "Bosco, toss that picture box and things down here. This young man's going to stay with me. Don't throw, you fool—they're not sand. Hold on a minute! Stop!" Then to the young man: "What's your name?"
"Joe Scott, St. Louis."
"All right, Mr. Joe Scott of St. Louis. Get your box ready for a picture—this is as good a chance as you'll get. Praise!"
"A picture of what?"
"Come! Come!" said the bandit, impatiently. "If you're down in this country to take pictures, you must know what I mean. Get your machine ready while I line 'em up again. Bosco?"
"Yes, señor!"
"You keep your eye on Mr. Scott here, and have those crowbats of yours move the hearse whichever way he wants. People, I'll have to trouble you to line up again. The photographer's most ready. You needn't bother about trying to look pleasant—I know you couldn't."
Joe Scott, a young newspaper man with a damaged set of lungs, had been ordered South by his doctor, and had been commissioned by a wealthy friend to investigate a mining proposition near Jalapa. He thought the route was far outside of military activity, but had not taken into consideration a possible independent band. It wasn't until the bandit chief spoke about the picture that the news value of the situation struck him and then he glanced curiously at his captor. He saw only a short, swarthy man, with fierce black mustach and bristling eyebrows, but there was something about the way he wore his hat that suggested an American more than a Mexican. And then his English was accurate, save for a genial Irish twist now and then.
"Say, chief," said Scott, now fully in the spirit of the thing, "you ought to be there with a gun pointing at 'em."
The women screamed.
"Oh, no! It might go off!" objected a young woman who had "contributed" a small purse and a bracelet.
The leader seized a gun from one of his men, opened the magazine, and took out the cartridges.
"See," he smiled, "the teeth are out of it."
The place where the holdup occurred was in a cut through the side of the mountain. At either end the road curved sharply. Just as the dramatist personae were picturesquely deployed for the camera, there was the crash of hoofs, and a company of United States soldiers swept into the north end of the cut.
The bandit leader, in a lightning movement, slipped the cartridges into his gun, but Joe Scott, not relishing the prominence of his position in the play, and its probable consequences to himself, seized an inspiration born of the approaching cataclysm.
"Steady, men!" he warned. "Chief, stand right where you are! Don't move on your life! Tell your men to hold their positions!"
Turning up the cuffs of his sleeves in a casual manner, Scott then walked down toward the approaching horsemen and held up his hand. Every rider had his pistol out and seemed on the point of using it, but reined up when the solitary unarmed man stood in the middle of the road.
"Cap," said Scott, as if preferring a more natural request, "would you mind staying where you are a minute till I get the picture of the hold-up? I've just got 'em posed right." And Scott looked up and smiled pleasantly. Uncle Sam's fighting men.
"This is a queer how-de-do," panted the leader of the troop. "Have I been summoned here to take part in a fool moving-picture show?"
"I don't know who called you here, Captain," responded Scott, good-naturedly. "We just got together a little crowd to frame up a robbery for the camera. You can walk up and see it if you like."
"But I was told that Rojas' gang was holding up the stage!" fumed the officer.
"Maybe he was," admitted Scott. "But this isn't a holdup—not a real one. Just as soon as I get the picture taken I'm going to hand over all the property to the passengers, and the stage will go on. But please keep your people back a bit till I get my picture."
The officer reluctantly ordered his men to hold their positions, while he narrowly watched the proceedings about the coach.
Scott managed to get near the bandit as he returned, and whispered: "I gave him the best I could, but he isn't more than half satisfied. We'll have to tumble this stuff back in the coach when we're through."
The chief gave an almost imperceptible nod of assent, and Scott worked about posing his subjects in a most matter-of-fact way. He knew the cavalry captain was watching his every move, and he appreciated the fact that the chances were more than

favorable for his being taken along with the gang, if he made a false play. He tried very hard to get the dark-eyed young lady traveler who had contributed her purse and bracelet to smile at him for the sake of its effect on the United States army captain, but she insisted with relentless realism on playing the part of the indignant person who was robbed.
The picture was taken from several viewpoints, and the ruse might have worked with the soldiers, but when Scott did the very thing he thought would help most—returning the property—the passengers showed such delighted surprise that it instantly reawakened the suspicions of the soldiers. During the whole performance the passengers had kept still, fearing if they called out to the cavalry they would be shot by the bandits, who were holding their guns pointed at them.
Scott helped the female passengers back into the coach, and this time the dark-eyed girl—having received her property back—smiled on him, but it was too late to save the situation.
As the coach disappeared around the bend at the end of the cut, the cavalrymen rode up, and the leader announced:
"This may be all right, as this man here tells me, but it's got a funny look about it, and I'm not going to risk it. You fellows can come to the fort with me, and if the Colonel will accept the explanation, you'll be released. If you want to."
Scott glanced at the bandit chief, saw in his face a swift look that meant mischief, and he went up to him.
"Don't do it," he warned. "You'll only get shot down—you and the whole bunch. I'll stay with you, and maybe it will come out all right."
Scott at the time could not reason out why he took such an interest in this desperate man, whom, only a short while before, he had regarded as his mortal enemy. But now, some inexplicable feeling of comradeship had arisen toward him, and he was taking an interest in the adventure that was as surprising as it was fascinating.
A horse was found for Scott, and he rode alongside the bandit, both prisoners of war. And as the day wore on the bandit told his companion the secret of his life.
"You doubtless know I'm an American," he said. "At the same time I'm Rojas, and the minute we arrive at the fort they'll have my identity established. But that isn't the worst of it. I'm a deserter from the American army. The old Colonel at the fort knows me well, and some of the other men who've been there a long while will recognize me. That's what I was thinking of when the Captain said we'd have to go to the fort. We might have tried to bring out then and there—his men and mine—if you hadn't said no. I had a girl up there in God's country—the United States." The bandit glanced at the flag waving in the column ahead. "Once my country," he went on, with a wistful expression. "We had named the day. Then a man came from across the border. He was tall, black-eyed—what some girls call handsome. To make it short, he won her from me. When he came smiling around to where I was, I told him if I ever heard of his mistreating her I'd kill him. He laughed at me. She went across the border with him, and in a month was dead of a broken heart. He never crossed the border again, and I couldn't go across without permission. The rules were very strict. There was nothing but to cut loose. So I'm on the army books, Allen Tharp, deserter—renegade. Down here I had to live. This man I was looking for became the head of a revolutionary party, he called it, bandits, in fact. To get to him I had to get up a bandit. Yes, I robbed right and left. I became as bad as the worst. My men would follow me to hell. If I could catch that fellow, when I was through with him I'd go back to the Colonel and say, 'I have sinned.' You don't know how that old yearning comes back to a fellow who's worn the uniform of Uncle Sam. God! I'd almost quit my hunt to get back—as a man. But now—"
The rider suddenly approached from the direction of the border. He exchanged a few words with the Captain, who halted the troop. Then he rode back to where Rojas and Scott were, and spoke to the former:
"Pinto's revolutionists are between you and the border and are going to try to intercept you. Will you men give your word of honor you will remain where I tell you until I've over-"
Rojas' eyes had strange light in them.
"Remember," said the Captain, as he looked keenly over the picturesque

group of prisoners. "I'm trusting you fellows."
"We'll be good, Captain," said Rojas.
The officer put spurs to his horse and placed himself at the head of his troops. The two forces met on a plateau between long reaches of hills. Pintos crowd came yelling and firing their carbines. They largely outnumbered the United States company, and this gave them confidence.
The two forces swept through each other and wheeled. Several men lay on the ground, and riderless horses rushed frantically about the field. At the next charge the Mexicans executed a maneuver only possible because of their superior numbers. Just before the two commands met, Pinto's horsemen divided in the center and when the United States force swept through, the Mexicans attacked them from the sides and rear. It looked like a massacre.
"Here, Joe Scott," said Rojas, "take this—handing him a revolver—"I got two more. We're going to mix in. Camaradas! Rescate!"
The brigands, with a chorus of acclamations, swung in behind their chief. They swept in on the flank of Pinto's dozen command like a cyclone. A dozen saddles were emptied before the revolutionists hardly saw their foe. When they did, they turned to meet Rojas' band, and the hard-pressed United States soldiers were given a chance to reform. Looking across to where the reinforcements were engaged, the Captain saw the giant Pinto and the bandit chief rush at each other like tigers, with the shock their horses reared, the two formidable antagonists seemed to empty their revolvers at each other, and both fell from their leaping steeds.
Then the United States line reformed and, true, swept like a hurricane at the other section of the enemy, and after a hot, sanguinary encounter, the Mexicans who survived broke and fled across the plateau.
Their leader out of the action, and themselves fiercely beset by the savage volunteers of Rojas, the other party quit the field in haste, their flight accompanied by the crack-crack-crack of the pursuing bandits' carbines.
The Captain rode over to the part of the field that had been won by Rojas' men. He saw Scott trying to unloop the chief's long, steel-like

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St. Valentine's Day Real Lace Sort Affair

(Special Correspondent of The Dispatch.)
(By Margaret Mason.)
"Oh Valentine will thou be mine."
"Indeed I will," said she,
"If you can prove you'll be a mine"
Of gold and jewels for me."

(Written for the United Press.)
New York, Feb. 10.—Alas poor little Dan Cupid is trailing his rosy wings in the dust. He leans sad and discouraged on his quiver with a quiver or his under lip. Since munition millionaires are buying up hearts of rubies and scarves of Point de Venise to present to their fair Valentines February 14th, Cupid feels red satin hearts and paper lace frills won't have a chance.
Oh where are the paper lace and tinsel valentines of yesterday? The hand-painted satin hearts pierced with gilded carats. All amorously inscribed with some choice and burning sentiment fresh from a passionate poet's pen. They are in the dust heap of the Gods along with the broken vows, shattered hearts and withered flowers.

The modern maid is educated up to more expensive love tokens. She insists that the tinsel of her valentine be at least fourteen karat, if not twenty-two. After paper lace must be real lace and any hearts coming her way must be shiny jeweled ones instead of shiny satin.
Even the more sensible good old-fashioned girls (and there really are a few left) balk at a picture card token that is rich only in sentiment. They will be made blissfully happy, however, with a heart shaped box of sweets, a heart-shaped beaded bag or one of those lovely lingerie pillows of Cluny and filet lace, heart-shaped, over a slip of rosy satin.
Heart-shaped pincushions to match are also appropos and there are packages of delicately tinted satin hearts or sachet that are to be snuffed at and yet won't be. Heart-shaped birch bark baskets and ones of tinted willow filled with flowers are most attractive gifts that one shop which is making a specialty of Valentine tokens is showing.

There are all sorts of heart-shaped jewel boxes, too, ranging from gold, silver and carved ivory down to equally effective and less expensive lacquer, brass, ivory and pewter. If you send one of these with this telling little sentiment borrowed from one of William Winter's poems:
"I send you, dear, an empty heart,
But send it from a very full one."
You cannot fail to win the gratified adoration of your Valentine lady.

If you have the lace to do it a heart-shaped picture frame of silver or colored leather makes a picturesque valentine and there are heart-shaped crystal vials of perfume rare, fit for the most fastidious of noses. Love often smiles on one who exchanges dollars for scents.
To bag a heart with a heart-shaped bag would seem to be a popular sport this Feb. 14 for the varieties of valentine bags offered is most bewildering. There are sewing bags and darning bags and vanity bags and shopping bags and skating bags and slipper bags and bags for anything at all.
Not all of them are heart-shaped by any means, although the majority are but some, especially the beaded ones,

sides. A clever darning bag of cretonne is hung on arrow shaped rods instead of the plain brass lengths of fat curtain rod and it is trimmed in fat little stuffed hearts in lieu of the stuffed silk appliques which have been all borne so monotonously by every darning bag this season. An irresistible skating bag has a fat little kiewpie in smiles and nothing else skating madly across its side in yarn embroidery.
The most elaborate, ornate and expensive of the valentine tokens I have glimpsed is a heart shaped brooch of rubies pierced by an arrow of platinum from whose point drips a drop of ruby gore. The nicest valentine gift I think, is a hand carved old gill and blue wood frame emscribing the photograph of the The Only Man in the World. And think what a practical and useful gift for next year it will so easy to change the photograph for another of the 1918 or more current Only Man in The World.

HATCH PICKED TO WIN THE MARATHON.



SIDNEY HATCH
New York, Feb. 9.—Sidney Hatch, the veteran Chicago marathon runner, has been picked generally by sporting experts to win the pennant A. C. Modified Marathon, which takes place here on Washington's Birthday. Some good local talent enlisted, however, and Hatch probably will be given a lively tussle. Hatch will do the bulk of his training in this city.

H A POOR APPETITE H
Indicates Digestive Inefficiency
When the stomach becomes weak, the liver inactive and the bowels clogged, your appetite is quickly affected. Consequently, you soon feel rundown.
You Need Help Now
You require a safe tonic and appetizer—one that will help strengthen the digestive forces
This really suggests a fair trial of
Hostetter's STOMACH BITTERS
H

Stop, Look and Buy
Walk-Over SHOES
The Shoe for You
at
Peterson & Rulfs
"Wilmington's Largest and Best Shoe Store"