WORLD'S BIGGEST FUR

AUCTION AT ST. LOUIS International News Service.

St. Louis, Mo., April 17.—Auction MDI \$3,500,000 worth of furs was begun here yesterday. The sale probably will last eight days and is likety to eclipse any ever held in the world. There are 2,750,000 skins for sale and 300 buyers from all parts of the universe are here.

T RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

UNION STATION

FREE STOPOVERS ALLOWED AT NEW ORLEANS ON ALL RAILROAD AND STEAMSHIP TICKETS, AFFORDING TOUR-19TS AN OPPOSITUNITY TO SEE THE CITY.

litinois Central.

\$30 c. m.—Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville and Cincinnati

-Panama Limited.....11.30 m. m. To Chicago and St. Louis
7:30 p. m.—Fast Mail, Chicago,
St. Louis, Louisville and Cin-

Yazoo and Mississhpi Valley.

& m.—Delta Express .

Southern Pacific Lines. a. m.—TEXAS LOCAL for Houston and all station in-

intermediate 7:50 a. m.

8:05 p. m.—LAFAYETTE LOCAL for Lafayette and all stations intermediate 11:40 a. m.

7:45 p. m.—TEXAS LIMITED for Houston, Gaiveston, Austin.
Fort Worth, Dallas and other North Texas points

Fort Worth, Dallas and other
North Texas points. 6:50 a. m.
6:30 p. m.—SUNSET EXPRESS,
for Houston, Galveston, Waco
Fort Worth, Dallas, San Antonio, El Paso, Apache Trail
California and intermediate
points.

Gulf Coast Lines.

o. m.—"California Special." Arrive. for Grand Canyon, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Los Ange geles, San Francisco, Phoenix,

m.—For Houston, Galves-m. Brownsville and other

LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE R. R. (Station Foot of Canal Street)
Depart.

19:35 p. m.—N. Y. & N. O. Limited 7:30 a. m.
19:35 p. m.—Wish. & N. Y. Mail. 8:55 p. m.
19:35 p. m.—Birmingham Limited 7:30 a. m.
19:30 p. m.—Birmingham & Cincin19:30 p. m.—Birmingham & Cincin19:30 p. m.—Asheville Express. 8:33 p. m.
19:30 a. m.—Louisville & Cin.
19:30 p. m.—Pensacola & Jackson19:30 p. m.—Pensacola & Jackson-7:05 a. m. 5:05 p. m.—Mobile Accomodation.11:45 a. m. 5:00 d. m.—Montromery Accomodation. m .- Montgomery Accomo-

TRANS-MISSISSIPPI STATION.

" Texas and Pacific.

ort and North Texas 6:30 p. m. Sunday only Torras Local leaves at

TERMINAL STATION. Southern Railway System.

Depart.

Arrive.

Arrive.

Depart.

Arrive.

Arrive.

Arrive.

Depart.

Arrive.

Arr 8:15 a. m.—St. Louis & Chicago.. 9:05 p. m. B:00 a. m.—Meridian Accomoda-4:45 p. m.—Meridian Local, Hat-besburg Local 8:10 a. m. (Sunday Excursion)

7:15 a. m.-Carrière and Points 7:25 p. m. (Daily Except Sunday)

7:05 s. m.—Jackson, Columbia, Tylertown, Bogalusa, FolnColumbia, Bogalusa, . 5.55 p. m. Tylertown, Folsom 8:45 a. (Sunday Only) 7:35 a. m.-Jackson. Columbia.

3 a. m.—Jackson. Columbia,
Tylertown, Bogalusa 8:05 p. ms.
3 p. m.—Folsom. Columbia,
Tylertown, Bogalusa 10:20 a. m.
(Sunday and Wednesday Excursions) 6. m.—Folsom, Covingto Abita Springs, Mandevil Forest Gien, Lacombe, On nbe, Oak

tawn, Hygein, Son Fouca ... 8:05 p. m. Louisiana Raliway and Navigation Co. Lv. Surevepul Ar 8.36 a.m. Lv. Aloha Ar 8.36 a.m. Lv. Alexandria Lv 2:10 a.m. Lv. Mansura Lv 12:32 a.m. 2:55 a.m. Lv. Angola Lv. 0:08 p.m. 8:68 a.m. Lv. Sayou Sara Lv. 9:08 p.m. 8:05 a.m. Ar. Baton Rouge Lv. 8:00 p.m. 8:05 a.m. Ar. New Orleans Lv. 5:00 p.m. 2:00 p. m Lv....

NEW ORLEANS AND LOWER COAST RAILROAD COMPANY.
Algiers Stations.
Via Canal Street Ferry.
WEEK DAY TRAINS:

6:05 n.m.—Lower Coast Special. 6:05 p.m. 4:05 p.m.—Buras Mail nuras Mail 9:45 a.m., durday leaves at 5:00 p.m., SUNDAY TRAINS.

LOUISIANA ROLTHERN BRANCH GULF COAST LINER. SSIATION SI. Claude and Blysien Fields Sie.)

Depart. Arrive. 7:00 a. m -Point a is flache 4:50 p. m (Daily Except Sunday) 5:00 p. co.—Point a is Bache

(Dally)

Munday Only)

.... 7:00 p. m.

THE EASTER SURPRISE

By LOUISE OLIVER.

It was the evening of Good Friday and the rain that had started in the early morning was still drizzling down

into the cheerless streets. Donald, in the doorway opening his umbrella preparatory to a trip to the movies two blocks down, stepped aside to let the girl pass. He just called her "the girl," for he didn't know her name yet. She was practically new to the building, and the little sign on her door and the one in

to the name of the person who did the teaching. Donald turned and held open the inside door 'for her. "Thank you," she said simply, with a ghost of a smile,

the entrance announced modestly,

"Plano Lessons," without any hint as

and passed on up the stairs. An uncomfortable feeling took hold of him, as it always did if he saw a child hurt or a baby cry, a feeling that somehow he was responsible for the fact that someone in the world was not happy and that it was up to him to do the best he could to make amends. It was such a dear old world. What was the use of being sad?

Donald's creed being practical as well as theoretical, he put his wits to work during the short walk downtown, and by the time he came to the dripping illuminated arch of the Lyric he had a plan mapped out that was calculated to banish dull care for the time at any rate, from the brow of the little music

By Saturday night "the Easter bunny." as he called himself, had such a layout on his sitting room table that magazines and cigar jar had been relegated to the floor. He had had no idea he was buying so much stuff, and when the bags and boxes had disgorged their contents he was appalled.

But when the bright red and green basket was trimmed up, with its nest of green grass, and its wonderful burden of chocolate eggs, cream eggs and eggs of all colors, pink rabbits, downy chickens and ducks full of bonbons, he decided that the artists were not all dead and that he was going to get this gorgeous Easter surprise to his sadhearted little neighbor if he had to wake the very dead themselves to do

laundry baskets with ease. He slid up are nothing to his young life. the drop door in his own kitchen, pulled the rope and soon had his freight and himself stowed comfortably on the litupward through the dark chute.

Donald touched the panel as he rose so that he would know when he came to the first door. This he knew to be watching him, and, feeling that he British ambassador. his destination. But as fate would is under observation, assumes an have it he went gliding on up through attitude of extreme importance. His

Through the glass door to the fire escape came enough light for him to loceeded to yell lustily, "Help, murder, police!"

the poor little plane teacher! He could feetly safe, Eddie proceeds to en-

door, gave the key a quick turn and was out with his burdens.

Donald, down one flight, heard windows opening below. He was before

home! But surprise had not ceased. The light flashed and a girl in a blue silk on "fixed post." kimono stood before him staring in-

said in spite of the fact that his senses and the dismissed envoys were swimming, and he had no idea how he, or the girl either, came to be It was Eddie who, in 1868, hade in this strange kitchen. But when she farewell to the Spanish anihassador got a piece of linen and began to tear when he was sent home before the it he realised she was at home and war with Spain. It was a somewhat that he wasn't. But he had reached more white-haired Fddie who speedhis destination at last.

plained incoherently. Then seeing her might and majesty of his five feet, mystification he told the whole thing might and majesty of his five feet, delivered the papers which sent the

gone now and instead there is one Vienna. hundredth time how she alone routed! a desperate burglar the night before Easter.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspa-per Syndicate.)

Considerate. "What's your dog's name?"

"Aristotle." "What do you know about Aristotle?"

of hurting his family's feelings."

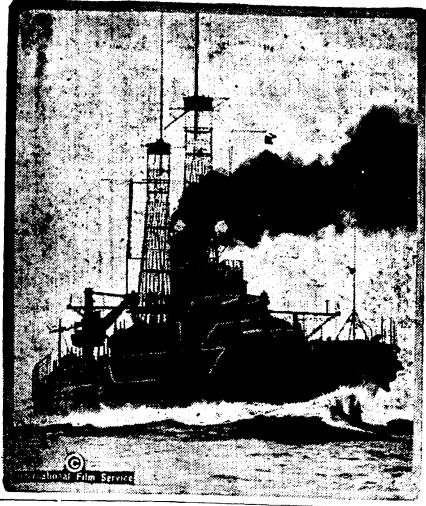
The Proof of It. Customer-Are you sure the pictures

will be a positive success? Photographer—The proof of it is here in a good negative.

GOOD ROADS ASSOCIATION MEETS

By International News Service. Birmingham, Ala., April 17.-With hind me, and I turn to see Senor thrown, the imperial government delegates from many States present, Don Juan Riano v Gayangos walk- collapsed like a house of cards and 5:00 p. m the fifth annual convention of the United States Good Roads Associa-Ition began here to-day.

UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP NEVADA



HOW THE DIPLOMATS RUSH TO AND FROM SECRETARY LANSING'S OFFICE

By Kenneth MacDougall. Interna- fon his arm, he might easily pass for tional News Staff Gorrespondent,

Washington, April 17.- The halls eading to the office of the Secretary of State are buzzzing with the drone of many languages. Keen, alert, dapper men pass to and fro.

To Eddie Savoy, the aged negro employed in his present capacity, embarrassing position, that the lit-The dumbwaiter was large, holding and a few diplomats more or less

His kinky white head, in which is housed many a memory which tel shelf. A manipulation of the rope, would make "good copy," is bowed and the cargo, human and festive, rose in deep deliberation, for he is signing an order to one of his Ethnopian the dark, two stories instead of one beady brown eyes are sizing me up and stopped at the drop door two in a truly professional manner, and I feel that it would be well for me He disembarked and lifted off his to explain my mission to Eddie befreight as quickly as he could fore he has me arrested for a Ger-

So, without further ado, I tell the

Apparently satisfied that I am not their work, Mrs. Wilker, by all that was holy! plotting the destruction of my coun-And he with his gorgeous burden for iry, and that the Secretary is pernever explain! He must not be recog- lighten me as to the identity of nu- the Rising Sun" and his imperial merous gentlemen of the diplomatic majesty, the Mikado of Japan. He Quick as a flash he sprang to the corps who come and go on official is impressive from the standpoint

Eddie Savoy probably knows mere "pep," people in the capital than any other what he thought was his own back living human. He has seen Presidoor. It took just an instant to smash dents, come and Presidents go, and the glass, reach in his hand and turn in the turmoil and trouble that has the key. Thank heavent he was changed the personnel of many an

Eddie's own particular pet job is credulously at the gayly decked bas handing ambassadors their passket, his tousled hair and knuckles that ports. He enjoys this or e than the accredited ambassador of the enything else in the world, for he Russian imperial household, master "You're hurt!" were her first words. is the last connecting lick between of the imperial court and a close "And you've been crying again!" he the government of the United States friend of the former Cazr.

ed Count von Bernstoff on his way He laid his offerings on the table. to face the wrath of the Kaiser, and "I—I'm the Eastern bunny!" he ex- just the other day Eddie, in all the The little sign "Piano Lessons" in Austrian diplomatic staff back to

stairs lives a happy couple that laugh some personage. As a diplomat he sado. He was a personage, whenever Mrs. Wilker tells for the has had the benefit of long experience under many a master, and he to the Department of State as the

Secretary himself. If you could see Eddie as I see him, politeness and personified, ushering ambassadors, attaches or ministers from the ante-room where the diplomats wait for their ap-"Nothing. I just wanted to name points, into the office of Mr. Lanthe brute after somebody who had been sing, you would realize that it dead so long there would be no chance | would be impossible to conceive the of her supplies, . The Russian em-State Department without him.

> his position very seriously and ha is "on the job" every minute. Every Thursday the various representatives of the foreign powers

Eddie is not pompous-he takes

without appointments. "Yonder comes the Spanish amhassador," whispers Eddie from be- revolution. The Czar was overing briskly down the corridor.

Garbed in an ordinary business came the strong man of Russia. suit and carrying a light overcoat

the everyday type of New York morchant. His mouth, however, denotes tenacity and strength, and his flashing eyes carry one back to the days of the Cid. He is a busy man, for it is through him that the negotiations will, in all probability, pass to the Central Powers, as the presence of messenger of the State Department, so many Americans in the Swiss such sounds mean but little. For consular service is beginning to orty-seven years Eddie has been place that government in such an tle mountain government will have to pass along some of its heavy burden of representation to Spain. The doors of the First Assistant

Secretary of State close behind the vigorous Spaniard, and I turn in time to recognize a figure emergassistants. He giances up as I stand fice as Sir Coeil Spring-Rice, the as if I know you already," he said. ing from Mr. Lansing's private of-The courtly old gentleman is ac-

companied by Captain Guy Gaunt. nava! attache of the embassy, who will, in all probability, be a very important informant for the Navy De- he had received her telephone call. just come back from duty with the when Dick took a rather reluctant British fieet. Certainly the tan that leave. "I'll introduce you t laying his precious contributions upon old man just what I am doing lurk- a piece of fine bronze would indihas colored his face to the tone of this when the same light revealed a ing in the shade of Mr. Lansing's cafe that the salt breezes of the ocean have but recently gotten in

There bustles around the corner no less a personage than Mr. Almaro of pure vitality. He fairly radiates

I tire of the sight after a while and start for the elevator. As I reach the main floor of the building there greets my eyes the slimrepresentative of one Nicholas Roadministration Eddie has remained manoff, once Czar of "all the Russias," but now a private citizen.

The old gentleman is placed in a most embarrassed position. He was

an officer in the Russian army. A certain professor of the University of St. Petersburg incurred his displeasure and felt the sting of his wrath. From college to college the professor was hounded by the influence of Bakhmeteff until he beeame a political suspect.

The two naturally became bitter enemies. Fortune smiled on the that says, "This flat to let." But down- So you see that Eddie is quite was rapid. He became an ambasyoung officer and his promotion

> The professor was also a man of is as evasive on matter pertaining action. Hounded as he was, he succeeded in gathering a few kindred spirits to his standard. He was a man of high education and even higher intellect. His main thought was the freedom of Russia, the abelition of autocracy and imperialism and a chance for the oppressed,

Time went on. Russia entered the bassy became one of the most important posts in the imperial diplomatic corps. Bakhmeteff became the man of the hour.

Sudenly, with the swiftness of may call on the Secretary of State lightning, the professor struck. Through the close-woven veil of censorship leaked the story of a the once hounded professor be-

Gossip tells us than ambassador is (cessor has been appointed.

THE MEDDLER

By EARL REED SILVERS.

"Are you and Oliver Crowley en-

gaged? Miss Mary Robinson looked squarely into the eyes of Ruth Hempstead, her niece, when she asked the question, and the younger girl blushed.

"Of course we aren't." she answered "What makes you think so?" "I'm only thinking what everybody

else in town is talking about," Miss

Mary remarked bluntly. "If you aren't engaged, you ought to be." "Can't two young people just be good friends without bringing in the when war comes or any one of a question of marriage?" she parried. "Good friends, yes!" Aunt Mary

snorted. "But it's got beyond that

point with you two." "Well, what can I do?" There was a hint of helplesaness in the girl's voice, and the elder woman softened. "I don't suppose you can do anything," she answered. "If, he intends to propose at all I can make him do it

in two days," she announced. "In what way?" "I want you to have a friend of mine

come to see you tonight." "Oh, I can't; Oliver's coming!" "Well, phone him tonight and tell

him you have another engagement." "But I haven't," Ruth protested. "You will have. I'm going to bring Dick Stover up to see you."

"Who's he?" "He's a young newspaper man from New York who's spending a few weeks and level and plans the Sermon of in Glenwood, getting material for a story. I've met him a number of times in the office, and I've always intended to have him up for supper. So we'll make it tonight."

"All right, I'll phone to Oliver." There was a note of excitement in Ruth's voice. "My, but he'll be surprised!" she added.

That afternoon Aunt Mary paid visit to the office of the Glenwood Record, the only newspaper in town As society editor, it was her duty to write the personal news items.

She remained at the office until four o'clock, when a young man with smiling eyes and curly hair entered.

"How are you, Miss Robinson?" he asked pleasantly. "Hard at it?" "Yes." She smiled back at him. "I want you to come home to supper with

me tonight!" "I'd be delighted. What time?" "Six o'clock."

At six o'clock to a dot he presented himself at the Hempstead front porch. He acknowledged Aunt Mary's introductions to Mr. and Mrs. Hempstead. and then turned to Ruth.

"I've been here for a week, now." The girl liked the way he spoke

she liked his smile and many other things about him; and as the evening wore away, she forgot about Oliver Crowley and the ill grace with which pariment ,as I understand he has "You must come again," she urged

> Glenwood's young people." Ruth thought about him quite often during the next day, and deep down in her heart she admitted that she was sorry that it was Oliver, and not he,

who was coming that night. But Oliver came, carrying under his arm the weekly edition of the Glenwood Record, which had just been is-

to you about," he said. Ruth's heart leaped. He was probably going to say the words she had wanted him to say for the past six months.

"Have you seen today's copy of the Record?' he asked. "No," she answered. "I haven't had time yet."

"Then read this." She took the paper from his hands and read the item he indicated.

"It is rumored that a certain young newspaper man from New York has been visiting one of our young ladies on Maple avenue," the paper stated. "How about it, Ruth?" The girl blushed scarlet.

"I'm glad that you are having other men come to see you. I have been mo-In his youth W Bakhmeteff was nopolizing you for the past year or so. and I feel that I ought to stop it. I have a mother who wants me to live with her always, and I'm-I'm not ready to get married yet."

"Ob 1" Ruth was taken back by his frank statement. She didn't know what to

"So I won't be over so much after this," he finished. "I hope you'll understand!"

"Yes, I understand." The girl's voice was cold, and Oliver, recognizing danger signs, soon took his departure. In the library Ruth went directly to

Aunt Mary. "Well," she announced, "your news ltem worked, but not in the way you thought it would. Oliver has thrown me over."

"Do you care?" Aunt Mary's eyes were troubled. "Not very much," she responded.

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate,) Dangerous. "Take it away! Take it away!" said the editor, handing the amsteur

"What's the matter? Why are you so disturbed?" "Take it away! Your meter is so leaky that I'm afraid to tackle it without a gas mask."-Judge.

poet's poem back to him."

game. When he found the imperia line was overthrown, and that his bitter enemy was in command of the situation, he resigned his post, but offered to remain until his suc-

The Hope of the Nation is Now Playing About Your Doorstep

door or down the street or road-said: any street or road anywhere be-

tween Eastport and San Diego. He's playing marbles or mumblypeg or limbering up his muscles for the unofficial opening of the real major league-if his trousers stop at his knees. If they drape his shoetops, he's "sprucing up" to shine hefore his latest "best girl," or wondering when the boss will give him a raise or what he'll be able to do thousand other things that have provided a supply of mental question-marks for youth since the boyhood of Adam's first-born.

His incalculable horsepower o energy, inquisitiveness and enthusiasm carbonates the whole cup of life and keeps it bubbling over. His fine disdain of caste constitutes a divine declaration of independence. He is the original democrat and all the seeds of revolution sprout first

Nature has made him a radical and orimed him with a love for liberty. His dreams are the pillars of progress. In the carpenter shop of Nazareth he catches a gleam of the true meaning of plummet, square the Mount.

Swinging his bare feet from a quay in Genoa, he wonders what dse besides the setting sun is in the western sea-and uncovers a new

In the military school at Brienne -age, ten and a half-he begins mixing that potion of gunpowder which is to make calm sleep an unknown quantit# throughout Europe, And-strangely-father freedom!

Always-from Tyre to Gary, Indiana-he is "the inventor and owner of the present and sole hope of the future"-burn those last five words into your soul, reader!-"and men and things everywhere are ministering unto him.

Abraham Lincoln said that with pecial reference to the American At this moment we have some 16

million of him, between the ages of

and 20. To argue his worth-from whatever viewpoint-would be as much a waste of time as to discuss the desirability of daylight. Yet, for all that, a good many of us don't approach him as we should, however,

and his almost unlimited powre. Far too many fathers need some such a reminder of their duty to provided by Governor Edge's recent the friend of his own boy or any proclamation designating a "Boys" Day" throughout New Jersey.

we may appreciate his large place

While we had thought the calendar already overcrowded with special "days," and while every day "There's something I'd like to speak new executive who makes it one of his first official duties to remind only argument in favor of fathers experience of the older men and be guided in the right direction, avoiding pitfalls and missteps which are occasioned through ignorance and absence of the spirit of brotherly

love and fatherly interest." There is a fine combination of common sense and conservation in this passage from the proclamation:

I further suggest and urge

that all fathers endeavor to be better comrades to their boys and more like big brothers the coming year than they have ever been before. I call upon the fathers of the boys of this state not to forget that they were once boys; not to expert their sons to believe what they believe just because their fathers believed it, and not to expect their sons to do what they do just because their fathers do it, and I respectfully suggest to the fathers of the boys of our state that if they have any ideals that they would like passed on to the next generation, that they pass them through their sons to the benefit of posterity, the strength of government and the happiness of the New Jersey home.

On this basis it would be profitible to nationalize the New Jersey movement; to use one Sunday a year as a sort of eye-opener to the worth WAR ZEAL MARKS START "Mr. Stover is coming to see me Satur- of the hoy and the need for closer cempanionship between him and his father. And in this connection we feel if timely to reprint from the an article that appeared therein the convention of the Daughters of just before Christmas, 1915.

his 10-year-old son a curious gift-in all sorts of war auxiliary work. a promissory note reading as fol-

For one year from date I promise to give to my son, one hour of my time every day. with two hours on Sunday. And promise that this time shall be solely his, without interference for business or pleasure of any other sort, and that I shall regard it as a prior engagement each day.

From the Philadelphia North American. | When asked how he had come to He's in your own home or next think of such a thing, the rich man

> Well, the other day a young fellow came to me for a job. I had known his father years ago and they were a fine family. Now, this son is down and out. He looked as if he'd been drinking. And evidently he had no funds.

When I asked how he had come to such a pass, "and with such a father," I added, he half broke down.

"My father must have been a fine man," he said, "but, unfortunately for me, I only knew it through others. He always was too busy to pay much attention to me. As a matter of fact, I never knew him as a companion, a friend or anything but a man who paid the bills."

As I sat listening to that poor chap I suddenly realized that he was painting my picture, too; I've been "too busy" many a time to take an interest in the things brought to me by my boy. I never have been a companion to him. We've not freinds now! Think of that!

Think of a man neglecting the most important business in which he can engage-the proper raising of a child or children to help strengthen humanity and carry on the world's work! It all came over we like a flash and I know I must have reddened with shame. And I gave the fellow a job and told him he'd given me the best job I'd ever had. He didn't say anything, but I think he understood.

So, you see, I'm going to put. it as a gift, though it's the highest sort of duty. And, really, I ought to make it more than an hour a day, considering the yaers I've been neglecting this biggest of all opportunities.

Dod you know, I feel like hiring a hall and inviting as many fathers as could crowd in and begging them to join hands with me in this sort of thing. Here Tve been all these years, rushing and working and worrying at a work any ordinarily intelligent and industrious man could do-and paying the least possible attention to a work no other man in the world can do but-

myself-being my boy's father! Now, I'm going to try to make up to him-and to myself-what 've lost. Already I've arranged matters at the office so as to get away an hour earlier in the afternoon. It may decrease the profits a little, but even if it should cut them in half, I'd rather leave my boy the remembrance of a father who was his comrade than a whole mint of

Anyway, the more you have to do with money, the more you understand how powerless it is to take the place of things that can't be seen or held or stored away-except in the mind or the heart!

In the rush and struggle of pres their boys-and, all boys-as that day business, many a father is not boy. Yet there's no getting around the age-old fact that they boy is our first and most important busi-

The 16 million of him now in this should be a boys' day, still our hat country will man the Nation and is off and our hand outheld to this help steer the race within twentyfive years. But if this were the the fathers of New Jersey to "take who are friends and comrades as more interest in the affairs of the well, it might not make much headsens, so that the young manhood of way, for, as Lincoln said in one of the state may have the benefit of the his earliest addresses, "few can be induced to labor exclusively for posterity, and none will do it enthus-

iastically." Fortunately, the benefits to be derived from such friendship and comradship are not wholly of future fruitage. Nor even mostly so,

The father who is his boy's "chum" gets measure for measure. "The educational value of such association is mutual." says Theodore H. Price, a keen minded analytical "chemist" in the field of commerce and finance.

But the largest and most lasting benefits of such companionship are not singular. They do not spend themselves on the individual nor are they confined by the four walls of any home.

In a growing spirit of human brotherhood is reflected the finest service of friendly fathers. Quite properly Governor Edge alludes to the "Big Brother" movement. Those two words sum up the first duty of every male parent-to be a big

brother named "Father." And it is well to pause and remember that this is a first duty!

OF D. A. R. CONVENTION By International News Service.

Washington, April 17.—Patriotic Optimist column of this newspaper enthusiasm marked the opening of the American Revolution here yes-It is the story of a successful bust- terday. The hundred thousand ness man who had planned to give members of the society are leading The convention will elect a suc-

cessor to its president, Mrs. William Cummings Story of New York city. The prominent condidates are: Mrs. John Milber Horton, regent of the Buffalo chapter; Mrs. George T. Guernsey, State regent of Kansas: Mrs. Coorge G. Squires, State regent of Minnesota, and Mrs. James Gamilten Lewis, wife of Senator Lewis lof Hlinois.