

order. To enlighten him on the subject I must make a digression.

The civil service has at all times had strong attraction for French fathers and mothers, who like to see their young hopefuls "functionalaires." The work is not excessive. The pay is not excessive either (it must be added), for the commencing salary is but 1,800 francs (\$290) per annum, and if promotion does not come it remains at that figure. There is, however, a small pension at the end, and it sounds well to say, "My son is at this or that ministry," and this is a title to consideration when the young man is an aspirant to the hand of a young lady.

SWELL THE BUDGET.

The consequence is that the public departments, the ministries especially, are crowded with officials, young and old, whose only "raison d'être" appears to be to draw their salaries regularly and help to swell an already enormous budget. The staffs could probably be reduced by one-third, or even one-half, without the public service being any the worse from the point of view of work accomplished.

Now it is not to be supposed that these civil servants and "attaches" are "chairwarmers," as they are irreverently termed, are inferior in mental and intellectual capacity to their brethren who have chosen other careers. They are the product and the victims of a bad system, which consists in setting two men to do the work of one, both being underpaid in consequence.

Hundreds of them turn an honest penny in and out of office hours. This worthy paterfamilias has no sooner reached his little home in the suburbs than he develops into an accountant or a copyist. That correct ministerial func-

tionary except to draw his salary. He had been earning 9,000 francs a year (\$1,400) as an inspector of the Paris Mutual (the only form of public betting allowed by law) and, of course, had no time to devote to his ministerial duties. He was promptly dismissed and accepted his misfortune without a murmur. Another truant only escaped a similar fate by proving that his chief had begged him to stay away, "as there was nothing for him to do."

That M. Clemenceau is not insensible to the humorous side of the situation is apparent from a little incident which happened the other day. The terrible minister suddenly walked into one of the offices, and surprised an attaché fast asleep.

The culprit's colleagues hastened to rouse him to consciousness, when M. Clemenceau waved them back with the words: "Don't wake him; he might go away!"

Even when the minister was at Carlsbad taking the waters he did not forget his circular. He sent a cipher telegram to the ministry one day ordering the presence sheets to be passed around. Not a functionary was absent. Days off for burying grand-aunts and christening new-born infants have become regretted memories of the past.

ZEAL FOR REFORMING.

M. Clemenceau's reforming zeal has extended even to the prisons. His first visit was not encouraging. The porter of St. Lazare prison, in the rue du Faubourg St. Denis, opened the gate one morning to a little old gentleman. The following dialogue took place:

"What do you want?"
"I wish to visit the establishment."
"Have you the prefect's permission?"
"No, I am the minister of the inter-

their fright except that they had to eat cold victuals for a fortnight.

Clemenceau's right hand man at the ministry of the interior is M. Albert Sarraut, the under secretary, and when, a while ago, M. Sarraut fought a duel with M. Pugliesi-Conti, the Liberal deputy, his famous chief acted as his second. For a Frenchman, indeed, M. Clemenceau's energy is quite abnormal. There is something distinctly American about it. Perhaps that is due to the fact that he spent four years in America. When he was only nineteen he was thrown into prison for shouting "Vive la République" at a medical students' meeting. He was kept three months in jail for this, and the experience left an indelible impression on his powerful and rebellious character. As soon as he was released he made tracks for the land of the free.

BREAK UP OF EMPIRE.

He might have spent the rest of his days there and perhaps by this time have been a United States senator, but for the Franco-German war and the break-up of the empire. These events brought him back to Paris from many a distant corner of the earth the men who had fought the empire in its days of glory and omnipotence. They caused Clemenceau to pack up his portmanteau and bid a life-long farewell to America. Once back in the capital he abandoned medicine—he is a full-fledged doctor—for journalism and politics. He has an intellect as keen as a razor, a will as hard as the granite cliffs of his own native La Vendée. To these qualities he unites dauntless courage, moral and intellectual, not less than physical.

For nearly forty years he has been battling in French politics—with voice and pen, sword and pistol—and yet it is

KEITH-O'BRIEN

Autumn's First Big Event.

Purchase of a Big Sample Line.

The alert buyer, when fortunate in obtaining a sample line, feels pretty good. In this instance it was a master stroke.

Samples represent the manufacturer's best efforts. They are choice selections. Traveling men show them to buyers thruout the country. They are subject to rigid inspection. On the strength of them large orders are placed. About this time in the season the traveling men are back in New York. The manufacturer assembles their samples and offers them in one lot to one of his customers. Big houses scramble for this purchase. Sometimes it goes to Chicago, sometimes further East, sometimes West—this time Keith-O'Brien captured the prize. It's a big thing for the house that gets the Samples. It means a big selling event—prices to the customer about as low as the store's original purchase price of regular goods.

Bought away below market prices Keith-O'Brien is enabled to offer bargains—decided bargains.

Beautiful Models, New Styles, New Colorings, New Fabrics
One Third Less than the Usual Price.



Every new style is shown—models of every description, including the more elaborate conceptions in which designers have made radical departures.



These suits are very handsome, strictly high grade, and in assortments large enough to warrant careful selection.



These values are strong features to which we can scarcely refer too emphatically. These striking models are priced exceptionally low for this occasion.

\$14.75—\$18.75—\$25.00—\$35.00—\$45.00—add a third to these figures—and you find the amounts at which the suits regularly sell.

Sizes, 36 to 38. Alterations extra.

\$14.75

Prince Chap cloth suits—homespun gray cloths and brown mixtures; long coat suits in chevron chevrot, in blue and black; also some very handsome mannish mixtures. These suits are worth upward to \$25.00.

\$19.75

Long Coat suits in mixtures and plain colors; pony coat suits, 22 inches long; tailor made suits, all colors, including a few velvet suits. These are worth upward of \$35.00.

\$27.50

In this lot are broadcloths, chevrots, and handsome mixtures; long and short coat suits; etons, blouses, pony coats and striking tailor made suits. All of this season's colors. Values upward to \$45.00.

\$35.00

This lot comprises velvet suits in both the long and short coat styles; pony suits, eton and blouse styles; green, blue and some very attractive mixtures. Values upward to \$60.00.

\$47.50

In this lot are beautiful velvet suits, long and short style coats; broadcloths in colors and black; handsome gray mixtures; smart checks and a few smoke broadcloths in very late novelties.

Orders by mail will receive careful attention.



MEN WHO KEEP KING EDWARD IN FUNDS.

King Edward is very hard up for cash again. The state allows him only \$2,500,000 a year, so his majesty has to practise the most rigid economy. He is the worst paid among the great sovereigns of Europe. The czar with his income of \$20,000,000 a year, is a Croesus in comparison. The kaiser and Emperor Francis Joseph take more than twice as much out of their subjects' pockets each year as England's king.

Lacking money, King Edward finds Windsor Castle so expensive that he passes only three or four weeks in the year there.

Lord Farquhar, one of the king's oldest friends always keeps a careful eye on the royal purse.

Even as it is, despite Lord Farquhar's vigilant management, the king could not meet his necessary expenses did not his millionaire friends in the financial world give him substantial and systematic assistance. For example, Sir Edward Cassel, who is reputed to be worth \$50,000,000 and who is interested in all the great flotations of stocks and other vast financial enterprises, is believed to have put the king in the way of making handsome profits out of speculations.

tionary (who would suspect it?) rises at 4 a. m. and is an inspector at the Central Market—Lea Haller—until 7 a. m. Another sits in the box office of a theater and acts as "controller," and so on.

HOW DIFFERENT.

The general public knows, of course, very little of the servants of the republic, who are popularly supposed to judge from caricatures—to sit slumbering all day long amid piles of papers. How different is the reality! The state administrations are lives where the arts, physical culture and intellectual games flourish. Civil servants are often artists of real talent. If you could peep behind the closed doors of this or that ministry you would often see a painter hard at work on a canvas, while a friend is preparing the frame. In another room a dramatist will be reading his latest piece to a select audience of his colleagues. In another two "chansonniers," poet and musician, will be interpreting the next song or vaudeville for a Montmartre café concert and all Paris, the midnights especially, will be humming it in a few days.

Certain "bureaux" of the ministry of finance are decorated with beautiful mural paintings, the work of functionaries. This ministry, in spite of the columns of dry figures in which its members are supposed to be immersed, furnishes the most formidable literary and artistic competitors for the prizes offered by various great dailies.

Beautiful crayon drawings of mythological subjects adorn the walls of the education department at the Hotel de Ville. The prefecture of police is famous for its chess players. At the ministries of commerce, public works and the colonies there are excellent accountants (sub rogers) and even commercial travelers who manage to be absent the greater part of the year from their ministerial duties! In an important municipal office four incorrigible card players have had the audacity to post up a notice "Private" on the door of one of the rooms, in order that they may remain undisturbed. Life under such conditions is evidently tolerable. Indeed there is on record the case of a functionary who came into a comfortable fortune at the death of a relative and forthwith asked and obtained leave of absence nine die. A year afterward, one fine morning, he turned up at his office. His astonished colleagues asked him the reason of his return. "Well, you know, I was bored to death. I did not know how to fill up my time. The fact is, this is the only place where you can enjoy yourself." And he stayed.

No wonder, then, that M. Clemenceau's circular, spread of consternation among the staff of the ministry of the Interior. Loud protestations were raised against the arbitrary methods of this "Republican" minister who, as the opposition papers have already pointed out, was preventing the "brave fonctionnaires" from earning their daily bread. But M. Clemenceau held firm. "When I am at my office," he said, "I am not too much to require the ministerial staff to be at their posts. Seven hours' work is not excessive at a time when the eight-hour day is demanded. The gentlemen who are reported absent from duty will take the consequences." The utmost that the minister could be induced to concede was that the afternoon hours should be from 2 to 6 instead of from 3 to 7.

In order to insure that the new regulation was being complied with, presence sheets were handed round from time to time, each official being required to append his signature.

ASTOUNDING ABUSES.

It was then that astounding abuses came to light. It was discovered that the functionary had never set foot in his office. Go and call the governor."

The porter stood agast. Finally he stammered, "Monsieur le Directeur has gone out, Monsieur le Ministre."

"Well, then, call the chief warden."

Again came the stammering reply that the chief warden was out also.

The same was the case with the sister superior, and finally M. Clemenceau interviewed the clerk. For weeks the governor, chief warden and sister superior hardly ventured outside the prison gates for fear of another surprise visit from the terrible minister. It is impossible to crowd into the limits of an article the sensational doings of M. Clemenceau during the short period he has held the portfolio of the interior.

It began with Courrières. The awful mining catastrophe, by which more than a thousand lives were sacrificed, occurred, as will be remembered, in March, almost immediately after the formation of the Sarrien ministry. Between 50,000 and 75,000 under the influence of revolutionary agitators struck work and for a time the situation was extremely grave. M. Clemenceau went post haste to Lens, the headquarters of the Basly and Brouchou syndicates, the latter being openly revolutionary. The minister first of all interviewed the Baslyes, whose leader is the mayor and parliamentary representative of Lens, and then, to the utter dismay of prefect, mayor, police and all officialdom, announced his intention of intervening with the Brouchouists. A minister in the revolutionary camp! Never had such a thing been heard of. What if an anarchist outrage were committed? What if his excellency were seized and held hostage? Nothing daunted, the little man, in bowler and lounge suit, and unattended, walked into the Brouchouist den, heedless of scowling, suspicious glances, and announced his intention of addressing the miners assembled in the hall.

"Bonjour, citoyens." "Bonjour, citoyens, ministres."

And then when silence had been obtained, M. Clemenceau told the miners that he had come to inquire into their case and exhorted them to be calm and avoid disorder, promising them that if there were no disorder no force would be used.

"And what will you do, citizen," cried a miner, "if there is disorder?" "If that case," was the bold, unhesitating reply, "the government will enforce order and protect the mines. But I promise you that you shall not see a single soldier. They shall be brought in by the night and held posted within the works, and if there is no disorder not a single pantalon rouge (red trousers) shall be seen in the streets."

A PERILOUS GAME.

It was a perilous game to play, but the miners were visibly overawed by the minister's undaunted attitude and he was cheered as he left the hall. M. Clemenceau kept his word. Thousands of troops were brought into the northern departments by night and posted about the mines. Unfortunately there was disorder, the military were frequently seen in the streets of Lens and throughout the mining districts, and M. Clemenceau was severely criticized by his opponents for parading with revolutionaries.

The echoes of Courrières had scarce died away when all France was thrown into a panic by the approach of May day. It was firmly believed that the country was on the eve of a terrible Socialist and Anarchist upheaval. Here again the energy of the minister of the interior was apparent. Fifty thousand troops preserved order in Paris alone, and the good citizens who had laid in stores of ham, sausages and biscuit against a siege were none the worse for their vigilance. The last six months he has had the opportunity of revealing some

of his greatest qualities to the world. His enemies say that he is ill and old—he is on the shady side of sixty-five—and, therefore, in a hurry. If that is so the republic would be all the better for a few more "invalids" spurred on by age and debility.

R. F. TATE.

JULIUS CAESAR

Was a man of nerve—but sickness left its mark and he became aged before his time. Sickness is often caused by a torpid liver. Herbine will regulate your liver and give you health. Mrs. Carrie Austin, Holton, Kansas, writes: "I consider Herbine the best medicine I ever heard of. I am never without it." Sold by Z. C. M. Drug Dept. 112 and 114 South Main Street.

GOOD SOLDIERS IN SIX MONTHS

(Continued from page seventeen.)

of its manhood such service is impossible. The militia cannot provide an adequate auxiliary force unless the conditions of the service are changed.

"We hold," says Mr. Strachey, "that the militiamen of the future should receive a thorough six months' training on the lines of the Spectator company and that after that he should serve in the militia on what we may term volunteer conditions—that is that he should do only a week's training each year under canvas and a certain amount of drill and rifle-shooting in his evenings or other spare hours. We hold that the spectator experiment shows that if it were once made clear to the youth of the nation that they could have six months' instruction between 17 and 18, which would improve them morally, physically and intellectually, and then afterwards serve for, say, five or six years under volunteer conditions, the country might have, at comparatively small cost, a militia force of 300,000 men—a force which would be formed from material equal to if not better than that to be found in any army in the world."

REMEMBER IT EASILY.

The experience of the Swiss proves that drill and other things that go to make up a soldier, once acquired, can no more be forgotten than swimming, skating or bicycling. A short occasional practise is all that is necessary to keep him up to the scratch. It is argued by Mr. Strachey that young men would readily give up six months of their time before entering into the regular life in order to learn to be real soldiers. That is, they would give six months in a lump although they cannot afford to give six months scattered over six years, because no employer will engage them with such a mortgage on their time. The great obstacle to the adoption of the scheme—or at least giving it a fair trial—lies in the obtuseness of the solons of the war office who have made a mess of every reform they have attempted.

ELLIS ELLEN.

A MOST WORTHY ARTICLE. When an article has been on the market for years and gains friends every year, it is safe to call this medicine a worthy one. Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, positively cures coughs and all pulmonary diseases. One of the best in the world. It is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the lungs. I have used it for five years my family has not been troubled with the winter coughs; we owe this to Scott's Emulsion. I know it has saved my children from many ailments." Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept. 112 and 114 South Main Street.