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LETTER FROM CHAS. T. SCHOEN

The Prominent Capitalist.

Philadelphia, October 18, 1905.

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Newark, N. J.

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CHAS. T. SCHOEN.

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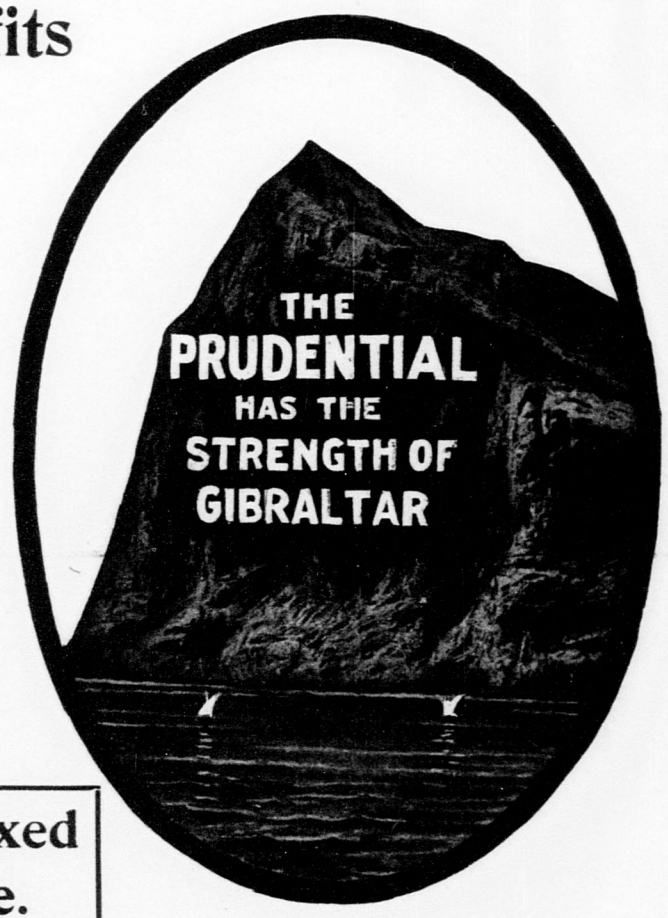

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SIR NIGEL:

A Companion to The White Company

By SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters at End of This Instalment

Illustrated by Joseph Clement Coll

CHAPTER IX.

How Nigel Held the Bridge at Tilford

THE King looked at the motionless figure, at the little crowd of hushed expectant rustics beyond the bridge, and finally at the face of Chandos, which shone with amusement.

"What is this, John?" he asked.

"You remember Sir Eustace Loring, sire?"

"Indeed I could never forget him nor the manner of his death."

"He was a knight errant in his day."

"That indeed he was—none better have I known."

"So is his son Nigel, as fierce a young war-hawk as ever yearned to use beak and claws; but held fast in the mews up to now. This is his trial fight. There he stands at the bridge-head, as was the wont in our fathers' time, ready to measure himself against all comers."

Of all Englishmen there was no greater knight errant than the King himself, and none so steeped in every quaint usage of chivalry; so that the situation was after his own heart.

"He is not yet a knight?"

"No, sire, only a Squire."

"Then he must bear himself bravely this day if he is to make good what he has done. Is it fitting that a young untried Squire should venture to couch his lance against the best in England?"

"He hath given me his cartel and challenge," said Chandos, drawing a paper from his tunic. "Have I your permission, sire, to issue it?"

"Surely, John, we have no cavalier more versed in the laws of chivalry than yourself. You know this young man, and you are aware how far he is worthy of the high honor which he asks. Let us hear his defiance."

The knights and squires of the escort, most of whom were veterans of the French war, had been gazing with interest and some surprise at the steel-clad figure in front of them. Now at a call from Sir Walter Manny they assembled round the spot where the King and Chandos had halted. Chandos cleared his throat and read from his paper:

"'*A tous seigneurs, chevaliers et escuyers*,' so it is headed, gentlemen. It is a message from the good Squire Nigel Loring of Tilford, son of Sir Eustace Loring, of honorable memory. Squire Loring awaits you in arms, gentlemen, yonder upon the crown of the old bridge. Thus says he: 'For the great desire that I, a most humble and unworthy Squire, entertain, that I may come to the knowledge of the noble gentlemen who ride with my royal master, I now wait on the Bridge of the Way in the hope that some of them may condescend to do some small deed of arms upon me, or that I may deliver them from any vow which they may have taken. This I say out of no esteem for myself, but solely that I may witness the noble bearing of these famous cavaliers and admire their skill in the handling of arms. Therefore, with the help of Saint George, I will hold the bridge with sharpened lances against any or all who may deign to present themselves while daylight lasts.'"

"What say you to this, gentlemen?" asked the King, looking round with laughing eyes.

"Truly it is issued in very good form," said the Prince. "Neither Claricieux nor Red Dragon nor any herald that ever wore tabard could better it. Did he draw it of his own hand?"

"He hath a grim old grandmother who is one of the ancient breed," said Chandos. "I doubt not that the Dame Ermyntrude hath drawn a challenge or two before now. But hark ye, sire, I would have a word in your ear—and yours too, most noble Prince."

Leading them aside, Chandos whispered some explanations, which ended by them all three bursting into a shout of laughter.

"By the rood! no honorable gentleman should be reduced to such straits," said the King. "It behooves me to look to it. But how now, gentlemen? This worthy cavalier still waits his answer."

The soldiers had all been buzzing together; but now Walter Manny turned to the King with the result of their counsel.

"If it please your majesty," said he, "we are of opinion that this Squire hath exceeded all bounds in desiring to break a spear with a belted knight ere he has given his proofs. We do him sufficient honor if a Squire ride against him, and with your consent I have chosen my own body-squire, John Widdicombe, to clear the path for us across the bridge."

"What you say, Walter, is right and fair," said the King. "Master Chandos, you will tell our champion yonder what hath been arranged. You will advise him also that it is our royal will that this contest be not fought upon the bridge, since it is very clear that it must end in one or both going over into the river, but that he advance to the end of the bridge and fight upon the plain. You will tell him also that a blunted lance is sufficient for such an encounter, but that a hand-stroke or two with sword or mace may well be exchanged, if both riders should keep their saddles. A blast upon Raoul's horn shall be the signal to close."

Such ventures as these where an aspirant for fame would wait for days at a cross-road, a ford, or a bridge, until some worthy antagonist should ride that way, were very common in the old days of adventurous knight errantry, and were still familiar to the minds of all men because the stories of the romancers and the songs of the trouvères were full of such incidents. Their actual occurrence however had become rare. There was the more curiosity, not unmixed with amusement, in the thoughts of the courtiers as they watched Chandos ride down to the bridge and commented upon the somewhat singular figure of the challenger. His build was strange, and so also was his figure, for the limbs were short for so tall a man. His head also was sunk forward as if he were lost in thought or overcome with deep dejection.

Again with a clash of metal the two riders meet.

"This is surely the Cavalier of the Heavy Heart," said Manny. "What trouble has he, that he should hang his head?"

"Perchance he hath a weak neck," said the King.

"At least he hath no weak voice," the Prince remarked, as Nigel's answer to Chandos came to their ears. "By our lady, he booms like a bittern."

As Chandos rode back again to the King, Nigel exchanged the old ash spear which had been his father's for one of the blunted tournament lances which he took from the hands of a stout archer in attendance. He then rode down to the end of the bridge where a hundred-yard stretch of greensward lay in front of him. At the same moment the Squire of Sir Walter Manny, who had been hastily armed by his comrades, spurred forward and took up his position.

The King raised his hand; there was a clang from the falconer's horn, and the two riders, with a thrust of their heels and a shake of their bridles, dashed furiously at each other. In the center the green strip of marshy meadow-land, with the water squirting from the galloping hoofs, and the two crouching men, gleaming bright in the evening sun, on one side the half circle of motionless horsemen, some in steel, some in velvet, silent and attentive, dogs, hawks, and horses all turned to stone; on the other the old peaked bridge, the blue lazy river, the group of open-mouthed rustics, and the dark old manor-house with one grim face which peered from the upper window.

A good man was John Widdicombe, but he had met a better that day. Before that yellow whirlwind of a horse and that rider who was welded and riveted to his saddle his knees could not hold their grip. Nigel and Pommers were one flying missile, with all their weight and strength and energy centered on the steady end of the lance. Had Widdicombe been struck by a thunderbolt he could not have flown faster or farther from his sadde. Two full somersaults did he make, his plates clanging like cymbals, ere he lay prone upon his back.

For a moment the King looked grave at that prodigious fall. Then smiling once more as Widdicombe staggered to his feet, he clapped his hands loudly in applause. "A fair course and fairly run!" he cried. "The five scarlet roses bear themselves in peace even as I have seen them in war. How now, my good Walter? Have you another Squire or will you clear a path for us yourself?"

Manny's choleric face had turned darker as he observed the mischance of his representative. He beckoned now to a tall knight, whose gaunt and savage face looked out from his open bassinet as an eagle might from a cage of steel.

"Sir Hubert," said he, "I bear in mind the day when you overbore the Frenchman at

Caen. Will you not be our champion now?"

"When I fought the Frenchman, Walter, it was with naked weapons," said the knight sternly. "I am a soldier and I love a soldier's work, but I care not for these tilt-yard tricks which were invented for nothing but to tickle the fancies of foolish women."

"Oh, most ungallant speech!" cried the King. "Had my good consort heard you she would have arraigned you to appear at a Court of Love with a jury of virgins to answer for your sins. But I pray you to take a tilting spear, good Sir Hubert!"

"I had as soon take a peacock's feather, my fair lord; but I will do it, if you ask me. Here, page, hand me one of those sticks, and let me see what I can do."

But Sir Hubert de Burgh was not destined to test either his skill or his luck. The great bay horse which he rode was as unused to this warlike play as was its master, and had none of its master's stoutness of heart; so that when it saw the leveled lance, the gleaming figure and the frenzied yellow horse rushing down upon it, it swerved, turned and galloped furiously down the river-bank. Amid roars of laughter from the rustics on the one side and from the courtiers on the other, Sir Hubert was seen, tugging vainly at his bridle, and bounding onward, clearing gorse-bushes and heather-clumps, until he was but a shimmering, quivering gleam upon the dark hillside. Nigel, who had pulled Pommers on to his very haunches at the instant that his opponent turned, saluted with his lance and trotted back to the bridge-head, where he awaited his next assailant.

"The ladies would say that a judgment hath fallen upon our good Sir Hubert for his impious words," said the King.

"Let us hope that his charger may be broken in ere he venture to ride out between two armies," remarked the Prince. "They might mistake the hardness of his horse's mouth for a softness of the rider's heart. See where he rides, still clearing every bush upon his path."

"By the rood!" said the King, "if the bold Hubert has not increased his repute as a jouster he has gained great honor as a horseman. But the bridge is still closed, Walter. How say you now? Is this young Squire never to be unhorsed, or is your King himself to lay lance in rest ere his way can be cleared? By the head of Saint Thomas! I am in the very mood to run a course with this gentle youth."

"Nay, nay, sire, too much honor hath already been done him!" said Manny, looking angrily at the motionless horseman. "That this untried boy should be able to say that in one evening he has unhorsed my Squire, and seen the back of one of the bravest knights in England is surely enough to turn his foolish head. Fetch me a spear, Robert! I will see what I can make of him."

The famous knight took the spear when it was brought to him as a master-workman takes a tool. He balanced it, shook it once or twice in the air, ran his eyes down it for a flaw in the wood, and then finally having made sure of its poise and weight laid it carefully in rest under his arm. Then gathering up his bridle so as to have his horse under perfect command, and covering himself with the shield, which was braced upon his left arm, he rode out to do battle.

Now, Nigel, young and inexperienced, all Nature's aid will not help you against the mixed craft and strength of such a warrior. The day will come when neither Manny nor even Chandos could sweep you from your saddle; but now, even had you some less cumbrous armor, your chance were small. Your downfall is near; but as you see the famous red martins on the blue ground your gallant heart which never knew fear is only filled with joy and amazement at the honor done you. Your downfall is near, and yet in your wildest dreams you would never guess how strange your downfall is to be.

Again with a dull thunder of hoofs the horses gallop over the soft water-meadow. Again with a clash of metal the two riders meet. It is Nigel now, taken clean in the face of his helmet with the blunted spear, who flies backward off his horse and falls clanging on the grass.

But good heavens! what is this? Manny has thrown up his hands in horror and the lance has dropped from his nerveless fingers. From all sides, with cries of dismay, with oaths and shouts and ejaculations to the saints, the horsemen ride wildly in. Was ever so dreadful, so sudden, so complete, an end to a gentle passage at arms? Surely their eyes must be at fault? Some wizard's trick has been played upon them to deceive their senses. But no, it was only too clear. There on the greensward lay the trunk of the stricken cavalier, and there, a good dozen yards beyond, lay his helmeted head.

"By the Virgin!" cried Manny wildly, as he jumped from his horse, "I would give my last gold piece that the work of this evening should be undone! How came it? What does it mean? Hither, my Lord Bishop, for surely it smacks of witchcraft and the Devil."

With a white face the Bishop had sprung down beside the prostrate body, pushing through the knot of horrified knights and squires.

"I fear that the last offices of the Holy Church come too late," said he in a quivering voice. "Most unfortunate young man! How sudden an end! *In medio vitæ*, as the Holy Book has it—one moment in the pride of his youth, the next his head torn from his body. Now God and his saints have mercy upon me and guard me from evil!"

The last prayer was shot out of the Bishop with an energy and earnestness which was unusual in his orisons. It was caused by the sudden outcry of one of the Squires who, having lifted the helmet from the ground, cast it down again with a scream of horror.

"It is empty!" he cried. "It weighs as light as a feather."

"Fore God, it is true!" cried Manny, laying his hand on it. "There is no one in it. With what have I fought, father Bishop? Is it of this world or of the next?"

The Bishop had clambered on his horse the better to consider the point. "If the foul fiend is abroad," said he, "my place is over yonder by the King's side. Certes that sulphur-colored horse hath a very devilish look. I could have sworn that I saw both smoke and flame from its nostrils. The beast is fit to bear a suit of armor which rides and fights and yet hath no man within it."

"Nay, not too fast, father Bishop," said one of the knights. "It may be all that you say and yet come from a human workshop. When I made a campaign in South Germany I have seen at Nuremberg a cunning figure, devised by an armorer, which could both ride and wield a sword. If this be such a one—"

"I thank you all for your very gentle courtesy," said a booming voice from the figure upon the ground.

At the words even the valiant Manny sprang into his saddle. Some rode madly away from the horrid trunk. A few of the boldest lingered.

"Most of all," said the voice, "would I thank the most noble knight, Sir Walter Manny, that he should deign to lay aside his greatness and condescend to do a deed of arms upon so humble a Squire."

"Fore God!" said Manny, "if this be the Devil, then the Devil hath a very courtly tongue. I will have him out of his armor if he blast me!"

So saying he sprang once more from his horse and plunging his hand down the slit in the collapsed gorget he closed it tightly upon a fistful of Nigel's yellow curls. The groan that came forth was enough to convince him that it was indeed a man who lurked within. At the same time his eyes fell upon the hole in the mail corslet which had served the Squire as a vizor, and he burst into deep-chested mirth. The King, the Prince and Chandos, who had watched the scene from a distance, too much amused by it to explain or interfere, rode up weary with laughter, now that all was discovered.

"Let him out!" said the King, with his hand to his side. "I pray you to unlace him and let him out! I have shared in many a spear-running, but never have I been nearer falling from my horse than as I watched this one. I feared the fall had struck him senseless, since he lay so still."

Nigel had indeed lain with all the breath shaken from his body, and as he was aware that his helmet had been carried off, he had not understood either the alarm or the amusement that he had caused. Now freed from the great hauberk in which he had been shut like a pea in a pod, he stood blinking in the light, blushing deeply with shame that the shifts to which his poverty had reduced him should be exposed to all these laughing courtiers. It was the King who brought him comfort.

"You have shown that you can use your father's weapons," said he, "and you have proved also that you are the worthy bearer of his name and his arms, for you have within you that spirit for which he was famous. But I wot that neither he nor you would suffer a train of hungry men to starve before your door; so lead on, I pray you, and if the meat be as good as this grace before it, then it will be a feast indeed."

"I pray you to unlace him and let him out"

CHAPTER X.

How the King Greeted His Seneschal of Calais

IT would have fared ill with the good name of Tilford Manor-house and with the housekeeping of the aged Dame Ermyntrude had the King's whole retinue, with his outer and inner marshal, his justiciar, his chamberlain and his guard, all gathered under the one roof. But by the foresight and the gentle management of Chandos this calamity was avoided, so that some were quartered at the great Abbey and others passed on to enjoy the hospitality of Sir Roger FitzAlan at Farnham Castle. Only the King himself, the Prince, Manny, Chandos, Sir Hubert de Burgh, the Bishop and two or three more remained behind as the guests of the Lorings.

But small as was the party and humble the surroundings, the King in no way relaxed that love of ceremony, of elaborate form and of brilliant coloring which was one of his characteristics. The sumpter-mules were unpacked, squires ran hither and thither, baths smoked in the bed-chambers, silks and satins were unfolded, gold chains gleamed and clinked, so that when at last, to the long blast of two court trumpeters, the company took their seats at the board, it was the brightest, fairest scene which those old black rafters had ever spanned.

The great influx of foreign knights who had come in their splendor from all parts of Christendom to

Continued on page 13

CLANNISHNESS

By The Duke of Argyll, K.G.

"It Is Right That Men Should Respect Hereditary Reputations, if Unsullied"

Drawing by F. Vaux Wilson

CLANS are still known in the social world of to-day. In name at least they survive as bonds of union for political or national aims.

The Clan-na-Gael of Ireland uses the name of clan simply in the sense of an association for the furtherance of its objects. It puts on the dress, at all events, of ancient family association, that it may awake sentiments which were formed under other ideas; for the real idea of a clan meant blood-relationship—it was not the bond of political partisanship, but the bond of kinship, which made the real clan. When a brotherhood of cousins, near or distant in kinship, became powerful enough and sufficiently numerous to have an influence in the social and political life of its day, then men belonging to other families and bearing other names sometimes joined a clan by taking the name, and so insured for themselves that protection which a numerous clan could in troubled times extend to its members. There was a kind of freemasonry among them that made it incumbent on each person belonging to one race and descended from one well-known ancestor to give a hand in the protection or for the welfare of his namesake.

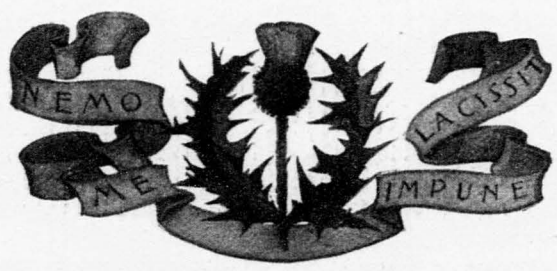
This was a feature of ancient society. You see it more plainly the more people were divided off from each other by mountains or seas. When thus cooped up together in narrower or wider places, as the case might be, it was natural for them to marry among each other, rather than to seek for brides farther afield. The more mountainous the country is, the longer does this tribal feature live. In Montenegro and among the Corsican hills, as in Scotland, the tribe was a natural outcome of neighborhood and geographical condition. The seafaring folk who made the world their home did not live in tribes to the same extent as did others. Travel and movement destroys the separate feeling that looks upon all strangers with dislike or distrust.

There are instances to the contrary, notably in Japan, where peculiar tribal affinities remained, although the people were good sailors. But Japan is a country which kept itself to itself for many ages, and is divided, district by district, by physical peculiarities, tending to make the people of one part stay there and deem those farther off less akin than are their neighbors. But it is probable that in all early civilizations the tribe was the ground plan of all government and social machinery. It was a patriarchal and hereditary system, as compared with the equality and "I'm-as-good-as-you-and-better" sentiment of social existence that succeeded to it. Japan has still perhaps the most perfect survival of the spirit of ancestral government in the sovereignty of the Mikado. He governs by a council of Elder Statesmen who take much the same place as did, on a smaller scale, the councils of the Scottish Highland or Irish Chieftain under the heads of clans. Just as the generals of the Japanese Emperor piously observe after some astonishing victory that all their success is due to the supernal virtues of the Mikado, so the chieftains were ready to ascribe all their prowess to the greatness of the head of their great family.

The respect due to such a man was a kind of worship. It did not hurt their pride to give implicit obedience. On the contrary, it was a homage to their own dignity that they should follow all commands given by the leading representative of their own blood. It was to a father and not to a commander that they owed their allegiance. It was an honorable service, to do honor to one who had the distinction to be the eldest of those who could trace descent from a common ancestor. In our own days even, Southerners were amused at a Highland country place to hear the excuse given by a man for the merciless whipping he was administering to a dog. "Why do you beat the poor beast, Duncan?"—"Hoot, why do I beat her, the nasty baste? Why, she was vomiting before His Hieland Glory," pointing to a chief of a great clan who was present. "His Hieland Glory" is no inapt expression of the adulation an old mountaineer was proud to accord to his chief. Nothing was too good to give to him. Self-sacrifice was an honor. Death was a tribute to his preëminence that might be exacted and given most willingly any day and for any or no reason.

As one among many instances of their devotion, take the case of the fighting at Inverkeithing between General Lambert and Highlanders in Cromwell's time. There were only eight hundred MacLeans in the field under Sir Hector MacLean. The Lowland cavalry and infantry had fled and left this body of MacLeans and Buchanans alone to meet the Commonwealth troops. They had no artillery to oppose to Lambert. But striking his sword into the ground, Sir Hector declared that he would neither yield nor retreat. Cromwell's guns ruined their ranks, and the survivors were soon completely surrounded. In number the two clans showed a mass of about fifteen hundred swordsmen. From over four thousand muskets the Royalists received a constant discharge into their ranks.

During four hours desperate charges were made by companies of the Highlanders, only to be mowed down by the infantry fire. The Lowland cavalry at last penetrated the despairing ring of fighting swordsmen. Their chief was covered with wounds, and to reach him was the constant effort of the troopers. But again and again his followers warded off the rush of the horsemen, and as each in succession rushed forward to throw himself on the enemy to shield Sir Hector the repeated shout was heard: "*Feir eil airson Eachuinn!*" or "Another for Hector!" Eight of the leading chieftains among the MacLeans, with many of their men, perished thus to guard the life of the representative of their chiefship, and there was not a man around his body who was not wounded at the close of the conflict.



It is not surprising that the position or rank which gained such hereditary love should have been much coveted and prized from the earliest times. It was all essential for the head of such a community to recall the fact that he was "King *de jure*." In ancient days when reading and writing were accomplishments known only to clerics, it was trebly important that men should never forget to whom they owed their allegiance and why it was that they owed it.

There could in Celtic eyes be no allegiance to anyone but one born to it. Therefore he who possessed the dignity by birth was bound on all occasions to prove his case, and to make his people, young and old alike, remember on what descent his right reposed. It was this that made it necessary and therefore customary at all great public occasions for the seannachie or herald to record by proclamation the descent of the chief. "The long line of mythical descent for which there is no warrant" is a frequent expression of disbelief in modern writings. But the constant oral repetition of ancestral claim was really of the highest historic value because it was alone on this record being faithfully kept by oral repetition that the position was maintained. If no man could repeat the descent the legal title was lost. This is how such descents are fully as valid as those afterward written on parchments. The essence of tenure was the memory of such genealogy. "No blood, no crown," might have been the motto taken. The chief's right was in the mouths of his people. There could be none among them who did not know it. There were none who could escape remembrance of it.

That the proclamation can have been "no joke" or no sinecure for the herald, you may judge from the names of the descent of the MacLeans, to take another instance from this West Highland clan. An American woman seated at a London banquet at which a piper began playing turned to her neighbor and said when she saw the piper advancing round the long dining-table: "What, you don't mean to say that one man is making all that noise?" She thought a whole orchestra was advancing upon her. And so when the seannachie began at the ancient banquet to recite a pedigree some awe-stricken stranger may have exclaimed in amazement: "What, you don't mean to say that all those names must be shouted for one man?"

And this is the sound that sonorously rolled over the ancient gathering: "Aonghus, Turmi Tearnhreach, Ollion Erin, Ferghis-Firghie, Man-M'or, Earngheal, Roihtren-Trêwn, Shi'on, Didhie, Ollial, Eri, Eoghuin-Eddior Seevil," and so on and so on, with an "O" or a "Mic" to signify "son of," for another score of names, only that the patience of the old audience was greater than that of any modern, for the list given begins at the beginning, whereas the old seannachies recited from the present day backward, to be certain that the hearers should get well mixed in the shadows of the remotest past.

The cohesion that was obtained by patriarchal rule was most remarkable. A traitor to his clan was a most uncommon production. Even as late as the middle of the last century there was not a Campbell to be found among the Jacobites. All

known men of the name voted, wrote and fought for the Protestant succession and against arbitrary royal rule and Roman domination in the Church. Nor is it easy to find a Stewart who did not take the part of his royal kinsfolk. Even now, when MacLeans or MacDonalds, or even Lowland Buchanans, have to be extolled or defended, you will find that writers are as keen partisans as ever for the men of their name. Blood may have been mixed with other strains for generations, but the name is enough. It is not, however, a mere cry to say "of the same blood." Many tribes carry on with the most curious fidelity the lineaments of race, almost as do the Jews. There is a type of face, fair, with one class of features that you are told, and told truly as a rule, belongs to one name, and another dark with aquiline nose and blue eyes that belongs to the Mackinnons, which you will find repeated pretty constantly among men of this name. Skye used to be full of this type, unmistakable if once known.

Nor was the sentiment of blood-brotherhood one resulting only in a picturesque effect that gave to each tribe its own badge, such as the sweet-gale, the stag-horn moss, the broom, or the heather-bloom. The military value was great. The Campbells, for instance, could put five thousand men into the field. This may seem a petty force in these days of great hosts. But in the then condition of Scotland it meant considerable power. Remember that the whole army of the Bruce, the King of Scotland, consisted only of thirty thousand men at Bannockburn. The feudal plan by which lands taken from enemies, or belonging to the chief, were allotted in feu or perpetual tenure to his kinsmen provided offices for the men who were bound in consideration of their cousinhood and tenure of land to "follow their chief to the field." Military service was universal, because each man held his place because he was willing to form a link in the chain of defense.

The practice of use of arms was unfortunately only too well nurtured by the constant feuds between the tribes, those especially between the MacDonalds and MacLeans in the Hebrides, lasting for generations. Expert at sailing their birlins or war galleys, they could invade each other's island possessions. The horrors of these wars were hideous. The MacDonalds burned a barn in Lorne full of women and children. They themselves were consequently refused quarter by the troops under General Lesley. It is remarkable how the clan system took possession of all the Hebrideans, though they were in blood partly Norse and their islands were for three centuries under the Norwegian crown. But the Celtic organization was as complete there as anywhere, and to this day if the head of the MacLeans visits the lands of his ancestors, though he has now no possessions there, he is acclaimed as their chief, and has been presented with the three eagle's plumes which the head of a clan has alone the right to wear.

It is a right and a good thing that men should respect hereditary reputation, if unsullied in their day by disgrace. It is well that the memory of heroic ancestors should be set before their descendants, that they too may strive to live as lived their fathers. It is folly to sneer at any means, however rude and imperfect, that gave discipline to ignorant men, who, however barbarous, learned through clanship the blessings of coöperation, and adored fealty founded in the knowledge of the past. The art of government by personal example and effort made a good training for chief and chieftains. The vigor of the race was nourished on the strong food of strenuous endeavor and obedience to constituted authority, however limited its area of operation. The results are seen in the success of their descendants, who in all regions of the globe have made the Highland name a symbol of faithful service and of the power of vigorous command.

MAN AND HIS FOLLIES

By Sarah Grand

Author of "The Heavenly Twins," Etc.

MEN individually are nice creatures, quite tolerable. There are some even who may be trusted to do the right thing under any circumstances. But man!—and men, alas! are the minions of man—man is a misery-making animal. His whole career from the time he began to keep an account of himself proves it. He was put into possession of the knowledge of good and evil as soon as he was able to use it. This he owes to the enterprise of woman, and blames her for it, naturally. When you are doing that which you ought not to be doing, it is irritating to know better all the time.

It is hard to determine whether man was created to make women weep or to keep them laughing (in their sleeves)—to make them weep, for sure, when they are in his power.

But probably he was intended to answer both purposes. It is this dual effect which makes it difficult in dealing with man (in the abstract) to be even more than half in earnest. To be in earnest on the subject is to be in tears. Laughter, if it alters nothing, at least relaxes the tension. Laughter is an anodyne, harmful if persisted in out of season, but good on occasion as a help to endurance. Happiness is a state of mind which can be produced by careful cultivation; but it does not result from the careful cultivation of the condition in ourselves; it is the outcome of disinterested devotion to the good of others. In the world as man has arranged it for himself, bit by bit, it is for the expansion and growth of misery by the careful cultivation of extreme selfishness that he has made the most ample provision.

In man's precepts there is a fine flavor of altruism, but in his practices he sacrifices the masses for the benefit of the classes. In the axioms which he has preserved for us with especial care and respect, he insists that happiness is promoted by moral grace, not by material prosperity; yet all his practice is to promote material advance, and all his habit is to vaunt it. When things go wrong man excuses himself on the plea of his poor weak human nature; in the full tide of success he boasts of his wondrous works; but the works upon which he prides himself are seldom great moral achievements. It is this divergence between his precepts and his practices which has resulted in the muddle-mindedness that is now apparent in all that he undertakes.

In nothing is the muddle-mindedness of man more obvious than in his favorite pronouncements with regard to his own destiny. He insists that man was made for misery as surely as that the sparks fly upward. He takes Job's word for that but Job at the time that he uttered the exclamation was a puppet in a curious and cruel game of God and Devil, horribly tormented, and consequently not in a normal state of mind. The pronouncements of a man in such a condition cannot be accepted as evidence of anything but his own peculiar circumstances.

People who accept the Book of Job as inspired revelation of the divine Principle at work among us are on the same plane of spiritual evolution as the Kentucky pioneer who was swimming a river one day, and met a bear when half-way across. There was no escaping an encounter, so the backwoodsman prepared himself. "Lord, help me!" he prayed. "But, O Lord, if thou willst not help me, don't help that bear! Jest stan' by fur fair play, and thou willst see the finest fight thar's been down here since thou makest the place."

All the evidence is against the morbid-minded who assert that we are not made to be happy. Moments of misery we are certainly destined to have, but the constitution of the normal healthy human being makes for happiness inevitably. The strongest bent of our nature is to enjoy ourselves and avoid suffering; and every healthy function of mind and body helps the endeavor. The great pleasures of life may be rare, but there is a fine variety of minor pleasures which we might enjoy in our time; and the effect of these is cumulative, so that in the aggregate they should make up a happy life.

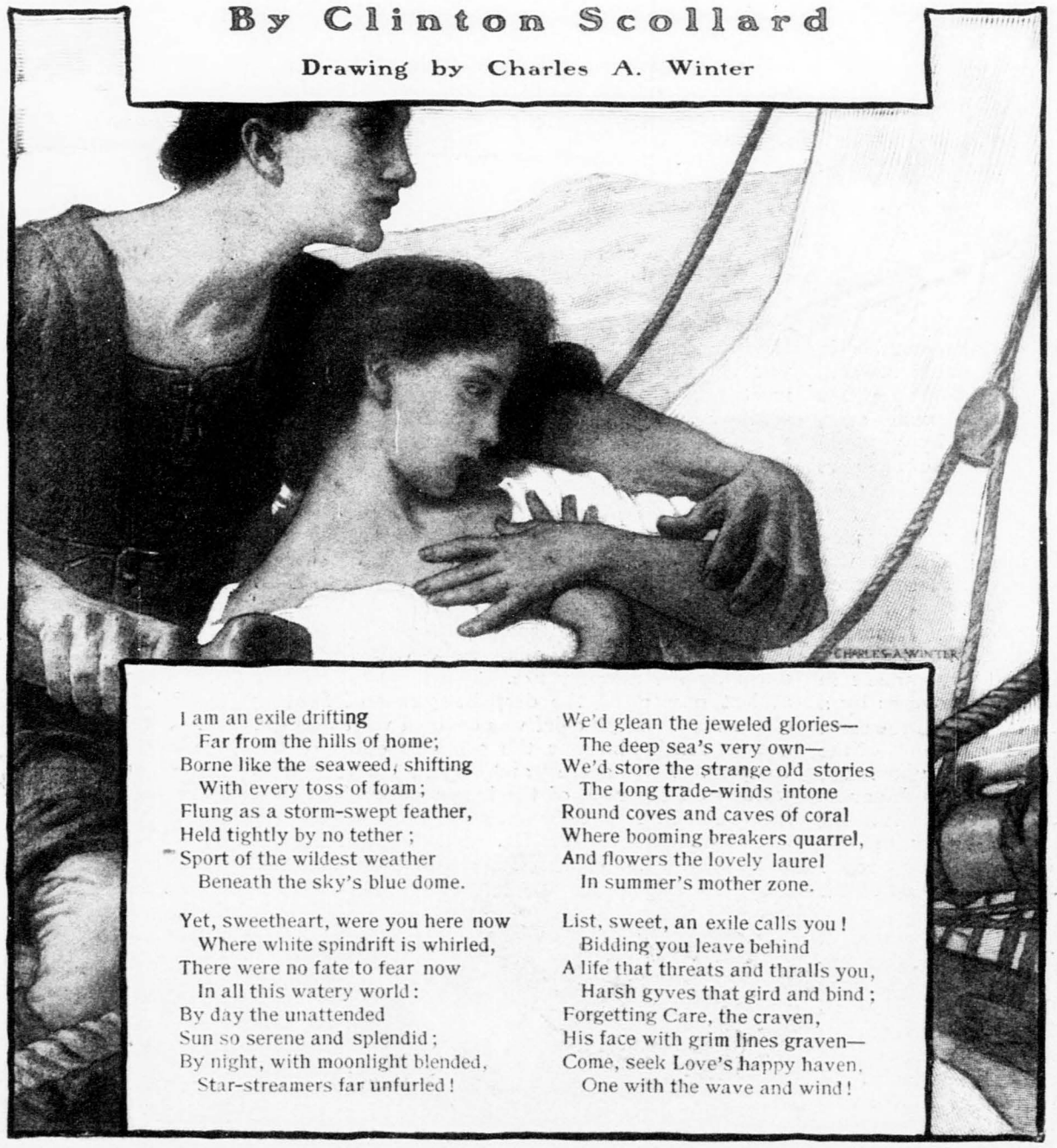
But man, having decided that mankind is made for misery, proceeds to make the misery. His capacity for happiness he crushes out of existence by an accumulation of bad habits. He teaches that there are two great laws of life, the law of good and the law of evil. He has no illusions on the subject of right and wrong. He knows that right-doing makes for happiness and wrong-doing makes for misery; yet he has so ordered the world that the last thing he can expect of himself is that he should do right. He

Continued on page 11

A SEA EXILE

By Clinton Scollard

Drawing by Charles A. Winter



I am an exile drifting
  Far from the hills of home;
Borne like the seaweed, shifting
  With every toss of foam;
Flung as a storm-swept feather,
Held tightly by no tether;
Sport of the wildest weather
  Beneath the sky's blue dome.

Yet, sweetheart, were you here now
  Where white spindrift is whirled,
There were no fate to fear now
  In all this watery world:
By day the unattended
Sun so serene and splendid;
By night, with moonlight blended,
  Star-streamers far unfurled!

We'd glean the jeweled glories—
  The deep sea's very own—
We'd store the strange old stories
  The long trade-winds intone
Round coves and caves of coral
Where booming breakers quarrel,
And flowers the lovely laurel
  In summer's mother zone.

List, sweet, an exile calls you!
  Bidding you leave behind
A life that threats and thralls you,
  Harsh gyves that gird and bind;
Forgetting Care, the craven,
His face with grim lines graven—
Come, seek Love's happy haven,
  One with the wave and wind!

THE BOX ON THE GRAND TIER

Wherein a Great Russian Tenor Recovered the Lost Happiness of His Youth

By ZONA GALE

Who Was She, in the Box of the Holliday-Noels?

SO" cried Sonia as the carriage door shut smartly (how that smart closing of a carriage door sets the blood dancing when there is an adventure afoot!)—"so now will come the opera! I have only to sit here in the dark and immediately I shall see the opera. But it can never be I, Sonia, and it must be that there will be an earthquake beneath the pit before ever the curtain lifts itself."

Opposite to Sonia in the shadow sat two deeper shadows—her Aunt Aniela and her Uncle Sergius—the one ponderous, suspicious of a duty in every pleasure, a mound of purple and black; the other ponderous, suspicious of pleasure and duty alike, a mound of opinion. The lights on Fifth-ave. flashed among these shadows and touched the jet and gems and the glass of a *pince-nez*, and departed without betraying anything of deeper interest, save only Sonia—Sonia, little, vibrant, eager thing in a mist of white cloaked by a blur of rose; Sonia, who in the joy of this night could almost imagine herself back in St. Petersburg and could almost forget the long winter of her discontent in the American school where her Uncle Sergius—that mound of opinion—had condemned her at the beginning of his own indignant exile. How should it not be good, thought Sonia, to be free at last of the convent walls, at large upon this great Fifth-ave. of America, with the opera less than an hour away?

"I love it!" she said, half without knowing.

"One loves one's friends, Panienka. One only likes occasions," remarked the mound of opinion from out the cave of shadow.

"One cultivates repose when one is twenty," remarked the mound of purple and black in exactly the same tone.

"But I love it, all the same," whispered Sonia to herself, with the elastic convictions of twenty.

In the glitter and crush of the carriage entrance at the Metropolitan, in the glitter and crush of the lobby and corridor, Sonia looked about her with eyes of delight. But it was Petersburg itself, she decided exultantly: there were lights and jewels and laughter at nothing at all and the sounds of the world even in this America, which had seemed made up of convent walls and wistful nuns who spoke the language of gentle though perpetual reproof.

"I shall hear the opera," Sonia repeated, longing to draw in a deep breath of the bright air, "and I shall hear him sing. Can he be so near—can Dragomir himself really be beneath this roof?"

Sonia moved forward, smiling a little for the very joy of the hour, forgetful of the mound of opinion, unconscious of the existence of all the purple and black in the world. Therefore, how it happened is not in all respects a mystery; similar things occur in broad daylight all day long; and it must be borne in mind that this great Aunt Aniela and this great Uncle Sergius had long been wont to come to the opera with no little mist of white and blur of rose to be considered. At all events, in the light of what came after, they must have one's merry forgiveness for the perplexity with which they turned to each other outside the door of their box in the second tier; for it was inconceivable, amazing, eminently impossible—but Sonia was not with them.

There was a moment of stifled reproaching—well-bred, modulated, conjugal reproaching suited to the hovering ear of the concerned usher—then Aunt Aniela billowed into the box and subsided in a torrent of drapery, and Uncle Sergius, ponderous, suspicious of the entire matter, bundled away back down the corridor, alarm in the very light upon his *pince-nez*. In ten minutes he returned, the usher, with anxious, lifted eyebrows, following after.

"Of all things extraordinary!" he ejaculated, and dropped like a fallen star on the edge of a fragile chair of gilt. "The child is nowhere. She is not to be found. She is not anywhere!" he announced.

"But have you—did you—what have you—" squeaked Aunt Aniela with the incoherence of the desperate and the useless.

And in the mist of explanations which followed, with two added ushers arriving to put their explanations in the mist, down went the lights, up trembled the first faint thread of a violin, and the best to be done for fifteen minutes was to abide in the knowledge that the entire corps of ushers in the Metropolitan, the private detectives, the men at the door, in the box-office, out on the very street with the carriages, were each absorbed in the search, his palm tingling with the phantom touch of his reward.

"The rich Russian's niece," the word went round, "niece of the subscriber who looks like a cinnamon bear!"

And meanwhile Sonia, with the most innocent intent in the world, had turned aside in the most innocent mistake. At the top of the grand stairway—Aunt Aniela was more suspicious of the "lift" than of a bomb—Sonia's eye had been caught by an approaching cloud of butterfly women as blue and gold and glittering as civilization allows; and while she watched them disappearing with soft laughter into the crimson interior of their waiting box, Aunt Aniela and Uncle Sergius, ponderous, absorbed, near-sighted, had turned to mount the second stairs. Thus when Sonia missed them she kept on, with the most innocent intent in the world, straight down the broad corridor of the grand tier.

Sonia Turned Aside in the Most Innocent Mistake

There followed the inevitable moment of bewilderment, a return, a hurried survey of the gay throng in which she was herself like a little lost butterfly in an exceptionally brilliant field, and at last her appeal to a faint polite usher who listened to her anxious explanation, pricked to more than professional regret at the quandary of the mist of white and the blur of rose. And while he listened, a bit bewildered by Sonia's beauty and by her appeal to him, he suddenly bethought himself, as even faint polite ushers may do, of an expedient:

The box of the Holliday-Noels! Was it not empty? Had not the Holliday-Noels sailed that day for Carlsbad, as all the world knew? Why not—what was to prevent? In the name of charity now, the little usher told himself, and immediately stammered out a suggestion, given authority by the deep brown of Sonia's eyes and the cloud of her dark hair. Even an usher may look upon a damsel in distress.

Sonia's eyes sparkled bewilderingly. A box on the grand tier! But to sit there safely in a box on the grand tier until her uncle came to claim her, breathing out a thousand opinions! Perhaps even to sit there alone and hear Dragomir sing! She cast a terrified glance over her shoulder—the round, white shoulder from which the rose cloak had slipped—and her glance was all of apprehension—but apprehension, if the truth must be told, lest her Uncle Sergius be already returning.

"Quickly then! Oh, but quickly!" she bade the usher, her little gloved fingers fumbling in her bag for her purse of seed-pearls.

In another instant the faint polite functionary had thrown wide the door of the box of the Holliday-Noels and had closed it upon the vision of white and rose and turned away, his professional mien fairly disarranged by the look of the crisp thing that Sonia had slipped in his hand. No wonder that he thereafter remained loyal for a space, though in the teeth of the entire force of his brother ushers! An hour later, so he arranged it with himself, he would impart to the cinnamon bear how matters stood. Meanwhile, in gratitude, he blessed the Holliday-Noels.

And so did Sonia. For a moment, as the door of the box closed upon her, she stood breathless, dazzled by the lights, by the stir in the pit, by the shining of the great splendid horseshoe of boxes of which she found herself a part; the next, she had stepped boldly forward and sunk in the depths of a plump, hospitable fauteuil of dark velvet, her cloak falling in a blur of rose about the slim grace of her little figure in its mist of white.

"But no!" she breathed in an ecstasy. "This cannot be I, Sonia! There must this moment be an earthquake beneath the pit!"

There was no earthquake. But twenty glasses in the opposite boxes were instantly turned and focused upon the girl. The word of wonder and amazement went softly round. Who was she—who was this girl in the box of the Holliday-Noels? But she was beautiful, distinguished, exquisite—her gown, her air, the cunning of that line of rose where

her cloak fell along her white skirts! And alone!—it was impossible. Who was she, in the box of the Holliday-Noels?

Then the lights were lowered, and there uptrembled from the orchestra the faint thread of a violin. The twenty glasses in the opposite boxes had found out nothing. And presently Sonia, with a delicious breath of excitement, saw that although Uncle Sergius was manifestly nowhere at all, and though no earthquake disturbed the clouds of chiffon in the pit, the curtain was slowly lifting itself and the opera was begun.

They were singing "The Rhinegold." Sonia, as she listened, was half of the opinion that it was she herself who was gliding and waving forward and back in the maze of green waters—surely it was no more wonderful to be a Rhine maiden than to be Sonia, free of convent walls and alone in a box of the grand tier listening to the opera, waiting to hear Dragomir? All the sweet of her liberty and her adventure were singing in her veins, all the sweet of young life and the "honey of romance" were in her heart—so little it takes to make one mad with delight when she is twenty and safe away from two who are ponderous and done with glamour.

> Wavering waters, weaving and whirling
> Rhinegold—Rhinegold!
> Glorious joy!—

Sonia could have sung aloud with the gliding figures in the green waters on the stage. And all the while she was waiting for one voice—the voice that was almost the first memory of her little girlhood, the voice of Dragomir, now the great Russian tenor who had driven two continents mad. Could it be Dragomir—her Dragomir? she wondered, as she waited tensely; and she dreamed again of the long-ago picture that had never faded: the great white room in the winter palace at Peterhof where she had been caressed and paid homage by the idle women-in-waiting, when in had burst Dragomir, his dark eyes alight with the news of his permission to go to Berlin to study and to sing.

"But Dragomir," she had wailed in the midst of the rejoicing, her baby hands tugging at his sleeve, "you said I was to grow up to be your wife! When shall I grow up to be your wife now?"

Whereat he had laughed and caught her up and kissed her and, with her throned on his knee in the midst of the idle women-in-waiting, he had set a little ring upon her hand and called them to witness that when he was great and rich and famous and happy he would come back to claim her for his own. Then had followed troublous times, disorders at home and abroad, suspicion and revolt, and in the end her Uncle Sergius, deposed from his place of trust, wounded and outraged by those nearest his office, had fled to America—and since then there had been only the walls of the school and the gentle reproof of the nuns, and no word at all of Dragomir. Save that now, this very night, he was to sing!

Sonia waited, sunk in rememberings and thrilling with anticipation. For it was not strange that in the pleasant confusion of her entrance to the busy shining lobby she had missed what had sent numbers from the place: the chilling perfunctory announcement that Dragomir was indisposed and would not appear that evening. Sonia waited, unconscious of this, sunk in her rememberings and her dreams. And nothing told her that Dragomir was not to sing, and nothing warned her that though he was not to appear he had, against his physicians' orders, slipped from his hotel, minded to hear a bit of the opera from the front. Nor could she know that, as he came down the corridor of the grand tier, he was passing the doors of a dozen boxes that would gladly have opened to him; and instead, acknowledging his insufferable weariness of all that they had to offer, was remembering with gratitude the key that day placed at his disposal by his departing friend—young Holliday-Noel himself.

She heard the door of the box softly open, and turned, with a sinking heart, expecting to meet the hoarse reproaches of Uncle Sergius. Instead she saw a figure—huge, towering, erect—outlined for a moment against the brightness of the door, then cut solidly in blacker shadow than that of the box's dimness. He sank in an arm-chair beside hers, and it was as if some one living, instinct with life and with the pride of strength had come,

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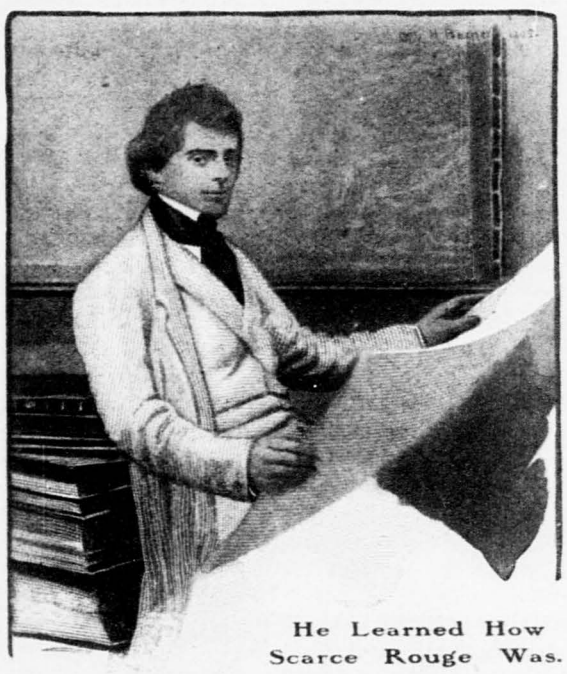
ONE OF THE JESTS OF FATE

By Tudor Jenks



He Learned How Scarce Rouge Was.

PEOPLE used to talk of business and of romance as if the two were in all ways opposed. Only of late years have poets and artists so far departed from the conventional as to find subjects for pen and pencil in the minor skirmishes of that great battle with inanimate things which in its entirety is known familiarly as "business." Kipling, in "McAndrew's Hymn," demonstrated that there was no impassable gulf between ancient poesy and modern engineering, and we may be sure that wherever mankind is engaged in the struggle against nature, or against his fellows, to secure for his loved ones that which will make their lives happy, there is the essence of romance, even though it be hidden behind the sordid phrase, "trying to make money."

In the numberless documents that have passed through or that remain filed in the Patent Office at Washington are stories as thrilling and as varied as the one which the genius of Charles Reade evoked from the dry chronicles telling of the life of the parents of the great Erasmus.

A pathetic little story has come to the writer of this, indirectly from the lips of General Leggett, who many years ago was a prominent patent lawyer, with offices in Cleveland, Ohio, and in Washington. He was a man of large practice, having business connections throughout our own country and Europe. He became known later in his life as the head of a great electric-light company, when that business was in the experimental stage. The incidents of the story were said by General Leggett to be found among the records in the Patent Office.

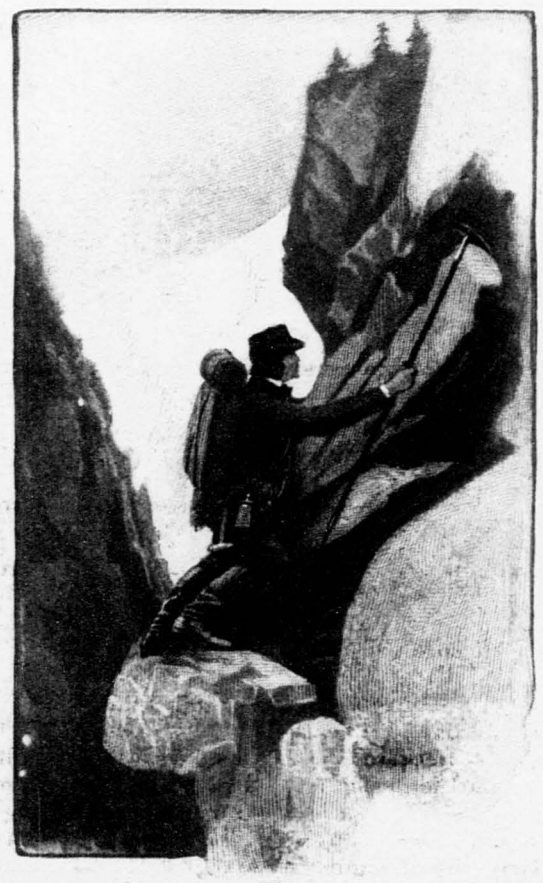
It is hard, lacking the genius of Charles Reade, to tell the incidents in such a way as to round them out and give them life, and I shall not attempt more than a brief suggestion of the outlines of the story, relying upon the reader's imagination to supply the details.

In a small town in Pennsylvania a young man made his living partly from a farm which he owned and partly from a small jeweler's shop, exhibiting a few bits of old-fashioned jewelry interspersed among a number of cheap clocks and watches, such as might find purchasers in a small town. Inside, back of the little counter, was a work-bench, the tiny lathe, bits of watch-maker's materials covered by bell-glasses, the high stool and the jeweler's glass, the engraving-pad, and other tools of trade with which the old Swiss watchmakers began, and which remain the insignia of the good old craft wherever machinery has not supplanted it.

But like many another man apparently immersed in the monotonous round of unchanging routine, this jeweler had his dreams and his ideals. It is true that they were connected closely with his trade. He does not seem to have been a man whose thoughts strayed far from the beaten path. He had been impressed by the high price which was charged for that fine pink powder known as "jeweler's rouge." He had made inquiries of those who supplied him and found that it was not a manufactured but a natural substance. For a long time they could not inform him whence it came.

His curiosity was aroused, and out of his slender profits he sent for such books as he thought might inform him as to the source of supply. In his leisure hours he pursued the subject, until he had learned that in all the world there were only a few localities in which this precious rouge was to be found; hence the high price, for nothing else could give the same beautiful polish to articles of the precious metals and gems. Gradually he became overmastered by one ruling passion: he would discover a mine of rouge. This became to him the *auri sacra fames*.

Apparently he was not led to the quest by avarice, for the chances of success were remote. A long search was certain, and he could have no clue pointing to localities where the rouge might be found. It occurred, so his books told him, in isolated pockets, a few of which had been found in America "East of the Alleghanies," they said—and the finding of one brought no likelihood that there was another in the neighborhood. I do not know what this jeweler's rouge is; but it may be the remains of some prehistoric shell, to be found where communities of the ancient shellfish happened to meet with a favorable environment.



Hunting for His Precious Product.

At last the jeweler sold his shop and stock of goods, homestead and farm, to supply himself with the funds for his explorations. We may be sure that he had little hope of success, for he still retained prudence enough, or sentiment enough, to reserve from sale one portion of his farm—that in which was the burial-ground of his family. With all his other worldly possessions converted into cash, this modern knight of commerce sailed for Europe, and there wandered for years among familiar and unfamiliar, accessible and inaccessible, localities that seemed to him likely to contain the object of his search.

We often hear of the total depravity of inanimate things; in the case of this knight errant, we shall find a new proof that there may be a diabolical nature at work among the ions that vibrate endlessly around us. The quest was neither a success nor a failure. As if some Mephistopheles had so placed the rouge as to lure him ever on, he came now and then upon little pockets of the precious material, but all too small to reward his efforts.

At length, disappointment or the exhaustion of his resources put an end to his mission. With the remnant of his wasted possessions he returned, broken-hearted, to the village where his only home was a burial lot, and like one crossed in love and disappointed in his life's object, he laid him down and died.

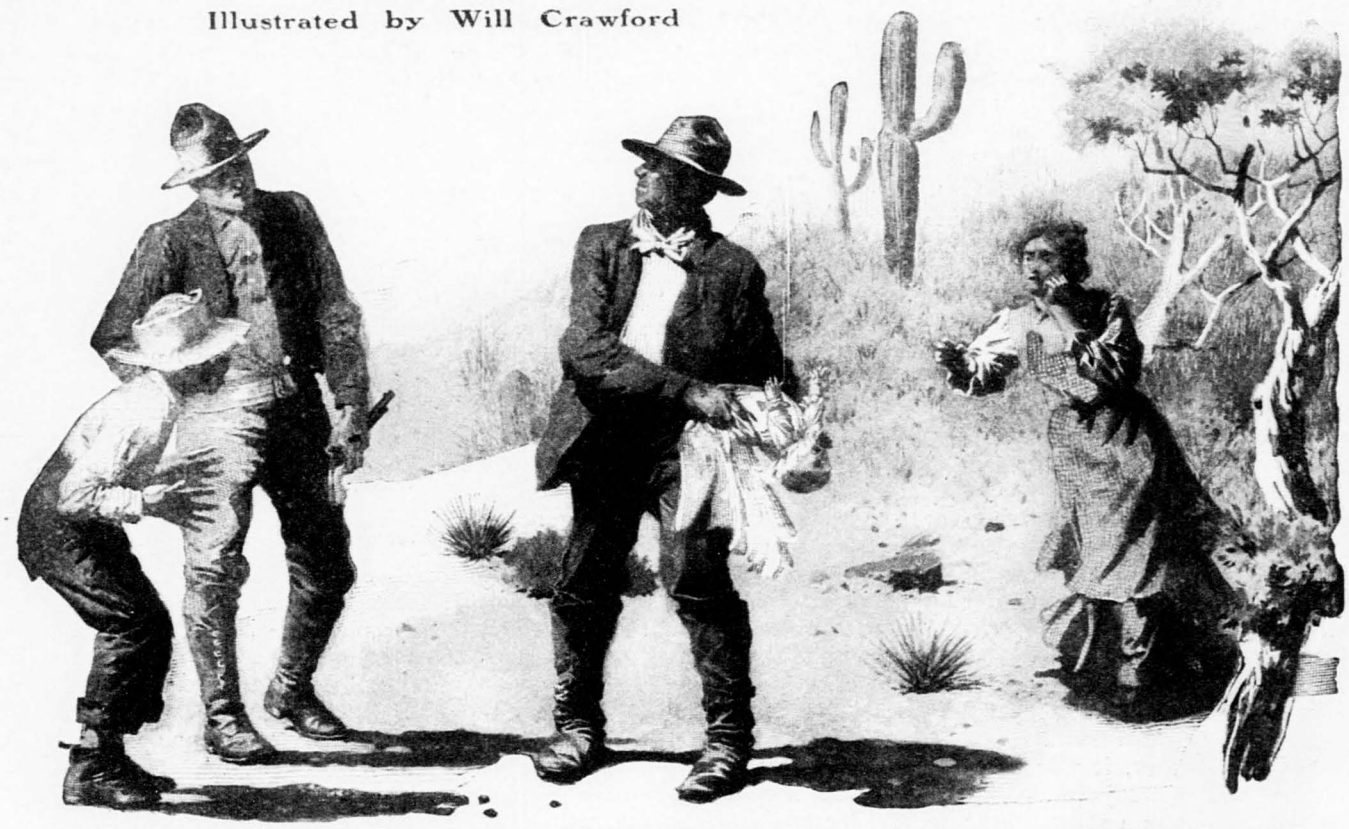
Then came the last jeering smile of the mocking Mephistopheles; for when the grave was opened for his long rest, by the veriest irony of fate the trench prepared for his body proved to be an opening into the long-sought deposit of jeweler's rouge; and even worse, instead of being a small and unimportant pocket of the precious material, this proved to be of almost unlimited extent, and for years furnished the rare mineral in ample quantities. It was one of the pockets "East of the Alleghanies."

CUPID OF THE CHAPARRAL

Story of Wool, a Widow and the Woebegones

By EDGAR WELTON COOLEY

Illustrated by Will Crawford



"We Saw the Poor Unfortunate Infant Dangling Head Downward in Mose's Grasp."

WHICH the same is," remarked Flanders retrospectively, "any human critter, demmycrat, publican or sinner, who goes mushin' over and across numerous and various degrees of longitude chasing the ignorant fatuus of idle pleasure and thereby lets the land pirates swipe his claim that was fuller of gold than a Keeley graduate, that mortal ain't got no license, gov'ment, state or poetical, to holler.

"So Mose and me didn't—leastwise not audible. Although it ain't betraying no family secret when I remarks kind of apropos that the cuss-words clabbered in our throats till our facial impediments came purt' nigh precipitating a conflagration.

"Howsomever, we just stood around, suffering with ingrowing language to a degree that was scandalous to contemplate, and watched 'em rock out an ounce every fifteen minutes. Then we trailed back to town and converted ourselves into the primy-facie evidence of a spree that was sure lurid and Swede-like.

"In general proportions and enthusiasm the same could have been conveniently distributed over a period of six months and still had enough sheet lightning and fireworks left over to have made a respectable showing in the years to come. But to save time we compressed the exhibition into twenty-four consecutive and continuous hours and kept something doing in each of the three rings simultaneous, to say nothing of the elevated stage and the hippydrome track.

"When we woke up we were the phalanx and thorax of the most spectacular emigrant train that ever navigated the foot-hills. Talk about the dead march in Saul! Pardner, it was a continuous ovation compared with the cortège in which me and Mose was the corpse, pall-bearers, mourners, *et cet'ry*. Pardner, from start to finish that there parade was a dark-green streak of verdigreed melancholy, thirty miles long, six feet high and twenty-nine inches wide. Beneath our feet the dreary waste burst into a luxurious growth of wormwood and weeping willers. You could have trailed us precipitous by the gloom that hung like a cloud by day.

"About the time that Mose's mental, moral and physical condition set me to meditating upon sending in a hurry-up call for an ambulance, two hospitals, a lunatic asylum and the *post-mortum* general, I saw something between a hundred and forty million sheep gamboling amid the verdure.

"'Moses Montmorency,' says I, diving after my submerged spirits—'Moses Montmorency, if you want to desecrate this peaceful valley by surrendering your mortal breath hereat and forthwith, I'll give you a Christian burial; but for me—mutton chops appeal to my better nature.'

"'Oh!' says he, bullfroggy, gazing through the environments of his desperation. 'Oh!' Then he stood like a cigar-store Indian, his hand shading his eyes, squinting at them sheep. He didn't say nothing, but his optics was singing the prettiest ditty you ever heard. I savvied he was pondering upon the days when he was a barefoot kiddie, chasing the little lambkins across the medder back at the old home or scampering across sun-lit stretches of sand along the river, or plunging through the tangled grasses, or wading in the placid trout-pools in the alder shadders. But I didn't volunteer no ejaculations. Pretty soon he broke forth into a rhapsody.

"'Mother used to tell me—' he begins; but I interrupts.

"'Moses,' says I, 'don't waste none of your eloquence upon the desert air; it will keep, and besides, I ain't feeling the jolliest myself.'

"Moses looked at me a moment like a kid that wants you to kiss its bruised finger; but I turned and walked away, and he follered.

"We hadn't gone more than half the distance to a little cabin, nestling on a hillside, when we saw a young feller coming to meet us. He kept mumbling to himself and his eyes was glistening worse than a glaring falsehood. He sure had brain-fag bad—poor kid!

"When we met up with him he just grabbed our hands and hung to 'em like he was scairt to death. 'Oh,' says he, the joy spilling out of his eyes, 'I haven't seen a human since my partner went loco and jumped off the cliff!'

"'Well, sonny,' says I consolin', 'we ain't humans exactly. We're just two frayed remnants of a glorious and hopeful past; but perhaps we'll fill the requirements made and provided.'

"'And you'll stay with me?' says he, real earnest; 'you'll stay awhile?'

"'Sonny,' says I, 'the two pu'sonal pronouns you see before you have side-stepped their destiny and for all intents and pu'poses it won't have any material effect upon the universal plan where they hibernate, eh, Mose?'

"'No,' says Moses. 'As far as I can see at this particular interval of time, we ain't no cussed use for anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath, and if you can utilize us for decorative or medicinal pu'poses, f'r instance—'

"But that poor lonesome kid interrupted further conversations by dancing around like a freckled terrier what's renewing the acquaintance of his master after quite a considerable separation. He bowed us into his sod house like he was entertaining royalty, and from the grin that revolved three consecutive times around his face it wasn't hard to savvy that joy had stampeded him and sorrer had clumb a tree.

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"Now it's my opinion—which the same isn't worth a cuss, Lord knows! being generally dealt out with a free and reckless hand when the spirit moves me—it's my opinion that the real joylessness of mortal existence is idleness. Them that have considerable less practice in being busy than me, differs with me there, and perhaps they ought to know; but I still maintain I'm right, especially if the idleness referred to is stuck in the dead center of four thousand acres of sage-brush, alfalfy, bleating sheep and miscellaneous scenery that has fallen into the habit of looking precisely similar upon each and every occasion whatsomever.

"If you want to set a human critter to wondering why the good Lord ever took the trouble to make him anyhow, just maroon him in the midst of a job lot of picturesque environments with the wool on the outside. If so it isn't that he gets preoccupied at times in keeping his knee-caps from gliding round behind, he wouldn't have any more regard for the infernal fitness of things than the misinformation on a monument. Let your ideas filter through the everlasting symphony of adult sheep that ought to know better but don't, and what you got? The first thing you savvy, your imagination's working overtime trying to keep up with the demands made upon it, and more curious critters—birds, reptiles, *et cet'ry*—are chasing you around than was ever writ up on a circus poster.

"That was what had been eating the kid, and that was what petrified my disconsolation before I had been there a month. Pardner, if I'd a died during the elapsing of that period of history, I don't believe I'd have known it in time to have gurgled a last fond message—leastwise, 'tain't likely. The change would have been too imperceptible to have given any reasonable previous warnin'. If it hadn't been for Moses and the light entertainment he furnished me and the kid, I sure don't know what would have become of yours truly.

"The first dinky little indication that the unexpected had happened was when Moses came trailing into camp one evening, his face shining like new money and his number nine boots hitting the ground as ponderous as a tumbleweed. The change in his pu'sonal appearance was so startling that I came near choking to death on my mortal breath. I was for demanding some explanations forthwith and immejit, but Moses avoided me with tenacious success.

"But just before I turned in I found him sitting on a granite boulder looking up at the stars and expectorating sighs at regular and right frequent intervals. As I approached him I heard him mumbling to himself, and as I got closer I made out that he was quoting poetry.

"Here, thinks I, is where we ropes Moses to a tree and hikes out for the lunatic commish. Just then he looked at me with the shiniest eyes, then elevated his optics to the heavens.

"'See the stars,' says he. 'Ah, the stars, like a million sheep in the green pastures of Lebanon! Hear 'em singing the praises of the universe!'

"'Moses,' says I, seeing that the moment for action had arriv', 'will you come peaceful, or will it be necessary—'

"'Oh, go to blazes!' he yells, jumping to his feet. 'It's real queer a gent can't enjoy the beauties of nature without the interference of them that can't see nothin' in life worth living for nohow.' And with that he tucked himself in his little bed.

"The next morning, when the kid summoned us to flapjacks, Moses wasn't nowhere visible. I didn't think much of the circumstance for awhile, being of the opinion that he'd materialize all right, 'gainst he got good and hungry. But about ten o'clock I savvied something must be done, so I told the kid what had happened the night previous, and we started scouting.

"After about two hours of the heart-renderest search that a mortal ever procrastinated and lived to tell the tale, something floated to us from the midst of a thicket of chaparral which the same brought us up short. It certainly was the most terrifying noise that ever scairt me to death.

"'What's that?' gasps the kid, growing pale.

"'That,' says I in an awed whisper, as a piercing wail froze the blood in my veins, 'sounds to me like a human being in the last throes of mortal agony.'

"The kid began to shake with apprehensions. 'It's Moses!' hegasps—'Moses in the hands of the hostiles!'

"'They're sure fricasseeing him to a rich brown hue,' says I.

"So we unlimbered our artillery and the kid

creeped cautious to an opening in the bushes and peered through. A moment of such intense silence followed that I could hear his wonder grow, while his optics protruded like a double-barreled gun. Directly he signaled me to advance. I did so, and when I squinted at the object of our heart's emotions, I perceived something I wouldn't have believed, if so I hadn't seen it with these same eyes.

"Setting on a grassy mound, rocking back and forth and singing, was Mose, and in his arms was a yearling baby.

"The kid grabbed my hand for comfort, and for about two minutes we lay there staring at the phenomenon like a guilty conscience. Then I turned beseeching to the kid.

"'What,' says I, 'do you observe?'

"'I sees Moses,' says he, 'stepfatherin' an orphan asylum.'

"'Pardner,' says I, articulating through the mazes of delicious bewilderments, 'please repeat that welcome intelligence.'

"He did so.

"'Then,' gurgles I in bold relief, 'it isn't me to an oculist, eh, kid?'

"'No,' says he; 'but where in thunder did Mose get that—'

"'To Moses,' whispers I, 'it isn't what you might, with reason and sober judgment, expect; it's what you couldn't possibly imagine under any circumstances whatsomever that happens. At first thought, not stopping to study the situation careful, you'd look on Mose as the most unreasonable cuss unhung; but after the matter has had time to filter through the cracks in your dome of intellect, you wonder why it is that Moses never meets up with anything really worth while. If he ever does,' says I, 'it will be the most tremendous sensation since the flood.'

"Well, pardner, it was sure curious to see Mose fondle that there juvenile, handling it as keerful as though it was a stick of dynamite. Me and the kid, we was so infernally enraptured with the spectacle that we kept pushing harder and harder ag'in' the bushes, until finally, 'Snap!' says something right in front of us, and the next second we were end-over-ending in chorus down the bank.

"When we finally untangled ourselves from the dizzy whirl and got upon our knees, Moses had riz up and was scowling at us like a Chinese joss, his hands clasping something behind his back, which the same was creatin' more confusion in the same period of time than I thought possible in one so young and inexperienced.

"'G-g-go way!' splutters Mose, his countenance assuming the visible aspects of a prairie fire in action and the embarrassments dripping from his pores in a continuous stream. 'Go way, you cussed pirates! Don't you know no better than to intrude upon the privacy—'

"Just then here came a woman who looked about thirty years older than she had been at the beginning of her modest career—here came a woman tearin' through the brush like a wild animal. Moses turned and faced her in despair, and we saw the poor unfortunate infant dangling head downward in Mose's grasp, its mouth so wide ajar that its expression of innocence was jammed into its eyes and its eyes and its face as black as a Fiji insurrection.

"'Moses,' cries I in horror, 'reverse the infant! Mortification's settin' in.'

"But Moses had other thoughts to occupy his mind just then, for the maternal parent of that there violent paroxysm grabbed our friend and brother by the arm, yanked him about forty-five degrees to the windward, plucked the rose-bud from his clammy embrace, restored it to the vertical position in which fond nature preordained that it should live and breathe and have its being, hugged the kiddie to her breast, and stood regarding Moses in silent disdain, her eyes ablaze, her lips scornful.

"Moses looked like a jimson-weed in a simoon. He struggled desperately with a stagnated vocabulary, utilized a few facial expressions that would have been of material assistance in diagnosing anything from paralysis to cholera morbus, and at last ejaculated a few quotations from some fureign language I'd never bumped up ag'in' in all my wild career.

"And the woman! She stood like a queen, her bosom heaving, her long ebony hair rippling over her shoulders, her pretty pink caliker gown trailing round her like the mist from Devil's Falls at sunrise, and her azure eyes eating him up at ten paces. Then she swept away through the brush like a young deer.

"The kid rubbed his eyes like he'd been dreaming. I shut my jaws upon my escaping breath in the nick of time. Moses evoluted into a long-drawn sigh.

"The situation was sure ominous of tragic consequences when Moses should regain his vitality. I wasn't feeling first rate, myself, for I could sense that the kid and me had blundered upon a seance where we could do the least good.

"Howsomever, Mose suffered us to assist him on the homeward way in meekness and submission. Not until we had reached the end of the journey did he break forth in language at once voluptuous and picturesque. The way that feller plucked leaves from our chronylogical trees was scandalous, and the familiar manner in which he addressed by name distinguished individuals mentioned in Holy Writ was amazin'.

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"When at last he turned his undivided attention towards recovering his lost breath, I made a few remarks appropriate to the occasion. 'Anyway,' says I in conclusion, 'what right have you to go running amuck over the hemisphere, kidnapping infants and skeering helpless women?'

"Moses sat up, and the light of returning reason came into his face. 'Why,' says he, 'I wasn't kidnapping nobody. I was just introducin' myself to the duties of a stepfather, believin' that such things should be learned gradual, so to speak.'

"'Moses,' yells I, feeling queer in the immejit vicinity of the solar perplexus—'Moses, do you mean to assert that you—you—'

"'Yes,' says he, grinning, 'it's all agreed to. I'm going to marry the leddy.'

"Me and the kid purt' nigh fainted in each other's arms. 'Lord!' ejaculates the kid, after the elapsing of several solemn minutes, 'it does seem cruel and unjust, not to say pernicious, that a leddy of her perfections should have to endure the terror which a face like yours inspires. How comes it she suffered softenin' of the brain so sudden?'

"'Boys,' says Moses, as sober as a second thought, 'me and Minnie have known each other since we was infants. Why,' says he real tender, 'she was the first sure-enough sweetheart I ever had.'

"The kid and me swallered something like we're practising pantomime in chorus.

"'And why,' says I at last, 'didn't you marry her before?'

"'Oh,' says he, 'there was a quarrel and I hikes to this God-forsaken country. Minnie married a chap that didn't live long enough to appreciate her. She and the kiddie is out here tryin' to hold down a claim.'

"'Some feller,' says I retrospective, thinking of the time we turned sorrowful away from the grave of our late lamented hopes—'some feller, who the same had a better recollection of his name than I have, once writ, or if he didn't he should have, that misfortune is only skin deep. Generally,' I adds, 'we find that whatever isn't is better than if it was.'

"'Yes,' warbles Mose, disfiggering his freckled countenance with a grin, 'I was just thinking of that myself.'

"So me and the kid reasonably considered Mose's destiny no longer a matter for speculation. But that evening our friend and brother appeared at camp with a face that looked like it had been caught between a stone wall and a brick church during the festivities inaugurated by a cyclone.

"'Moses!' yells me and the kid in mutual accord, 'whatever has happened?'

"'Minnie,' says he, 'has idees I never saw writ in any book. F'r instance, she declares with a vehemence that proves itself that she ain't hankerin' to intrust her unpromising future to any male bein' who delights to torture innercent infants.'

"He was real cut up. Me and the kid poured the balm of inexperienced sympathy upon his lacerated feelings, but in vain. His disfiggeration was deep and permanent. He had cold feet and no mistake.

"That night he sat out on the old slab of granite, his head filling the hollers in his hands and his sociableness striking an average of about forty below zero. Me and the kid stayed in the cabin, swapping opinions and nursing the onpleasant thought that we was the innercent perpetrators of the downfall of Moses. We savvied that it was up to us to do something, all right, and by midnight we'd outlined our plan of campaign and turned in to get an early start.

"In the morning Mose was still tossing on his bunk when the board of arbitration started widderwards. We found her amputatin' the cuticle from a panful of spuds. If anything, she'd growed prettier since the memorable occasion she first burst upon our dizzy vision. When she raised her eyes she beheld two envoys extraordinary and ministers penitentiary shaking with a sudden attack of chills and fever.

"'Well?' says she, gazing at us like an angel of retribution.

"Me and the kid took off our hats and stood fumbling them in a mad endeavor to corral our frisky thoughts that was stampedin' in all directions.

"'Leddy,' says the kid at length, blushing like a school girl, 'it was our fault, leddy.' Then he looked at me for encouragement.

"'Yes'm,' says I, scairt at my own voice, 'it sure was. Ordinarily, mar'm,' continues I, 'a man that ain't had no more kindergarten training than Moses should be reasonably expected to keep a baby right side up with care, even though it isn't marked that way. But,' says I, gaining confidence as I proceeded, 'when a man is taken with a sudden cramp, like Moses was—'

"The leddy interrupted with an ejaculation that might have meant something, and then again might not, only she broke out into a laugh that was sure discommodin' to me and the kid. We stood off an attack of nervous prosperation the best we could and waited for her to proceed.

"'Gentlemen,' says she fin'ly, dipping her words in honey before handing them to us—'gentlemen, I thank you for your interest in the matter, but it occurs to me that the party most interested could best plead his own case.'

"'Moses,' says I, not knowing how else to keep the embarrassments from takin' root—'Moses means well, mar'm. He's a good boy and deservin' of as lovely a leddy as you, which the same me and the kid here hopes to see consummated, eh, kid?'

"'Yes'm,' replies the kid, 'and I'll kill a fatted sheep, mar'm, for the occasion.'

"'And,' I ejaculates, before the missus had time

AFTER MANY DAYS

Drawing by Grace G. Wiederseim

By M. G. HAYS

Mother said: "My little daughter,
Cast thy bread upon the water,"
An' lots of other words she said—
I could not keep them in my head.
But I am casting mine, you know,
Upon the cold and shivery snow,
Thinkin' of my mother's words,
An' feeding little hungry birds,
Cause I had a sweet canary
Flyed away last January,
An' if I feed the birds, you see,
Some day Dick may fly back to me.
The wind might carry him a crumb—
Then back to me my bird would come.

to interrupt, 'I'll go get the parson, mar'm, and the license and—and the cake.'

"The leddy laughed again. 'Sometimes,' says she, 'I think Moses acts so queer.'

"'He is queer, mar'm,' says I; 'but that's the beauty of him. There's nothing, leddy, like having a husband that you can distinguish among a million. Now take Mose, f'r instance. There isn't another human critter like him nowhere. You couldn't lose him, leddy, if you wanted to, and if you did, his identification would be complete. Besides, if you don't marry him, mar'm, who will?'

"'If it's necessary to save his life—' says she, laughing like a bubbling spring.

"'It is, leddy!' bursts out I, grabbing at the idee like a speckled trout at a fly. 'From all present and perspective symptoms Moses is already suffering the tortures of untimely dissolution, and so me and the kid here, we organized ourselves into a kind of a mattermonial encouraging society for the pu'pose of aidin' and abettin' Cupid in the case under consideration. We are obliged to you, mar'm, for your kind assistance, and we will now proceed to carry the news to the party of the second part.'

"The widder blushed real happy and shook our hands, and me and the kid started back real cheerful.

"When we got to the door of the cabin, there was Moses sitting on the edge of his bunk lookin' like a forlorn hope gone to smash. The kid and me held an *ante-mortum* consultation, and it was decided that I should impart the glorious tidings. So I advanced and put my hand on him.

"'Moses,' says I, 'now do be calm.'

"'Did you ever see a man excited when he's going to his own funeral?' says he.

"'But,' says I, 'it's not a funeral, it's a weddin'.'

"'What?' says he, showing symptoms of chronic apoplexy.

"'Kid,' says I, 'git the ax, and if he jumps hit him! Now, Moses,' continues I, 'the leddy says she'll have you.'

"For a minute Moses wrestled with an ungratified desire to orate, then he kind of staggered to his feet and grabbed our hands, and there was a cloudburst somewhere inside of him.

"Me and the kid app'inted ourselves a committee on arrangements, and the weddin' would have been a grand success if it hadn't been for Mose.

"I drove forty miles after the parson and transported all the way to camp on the hurricane deck of a mouse-colored cayuse the most ambitious cake that ever inspired the pangs of dyspepsia. Pardner, that cake was worth traveling miles to see. It was an architectural dream. The superstructure was varnished with diluted chocolate lozenges, the south and west wings were calcimined with coagulated sugar, and the dome was bedazzled with cinnamon and peppermint candy and trimmed with real lace, cut *en train*.

"The kid resurrected from his wardrobe a full-dress suit, a b'iled shirt, collar and cuffs, a white tie, patent-leather shoes and a stiff hat, and when Moses was arrayed therein he didn't look like anything I'd ever seen before.

"But, pardner, as I have previously remarked, it wasn't what you could possibly imagine under any circumstances whatsomever that happened to Mose.

"So it was that when the moment for the splicin' arrove, when the parson stood with Bible in hand and the bride in her prettiest duds entered the parlor, Moses wasn't nowhere in sight.

"Wrestling with a great apprehension, me and the kid trailed out to find him, and in a quarter of an hour we saw him danglin' by the posterior portion of his bridal array from a tree.

"'However did it happen, Mose?' says I, when we'd plucked him from the branch.

"'I dun'no,' say's he, 'not exactly. I was takin' a little stroll to steady my nerves, when I felt a sudden jar and the next minute I was gazin' up my trousers' legs and turning round real rapid. Once I kinder thought I saw a gentleman sheep lookin' up at me, but I ain't sure. Then I heard something a rippin' down through the branches, and I looked and it was me.'

"Not having a ladder convenient, we couldn't recover all of Mose's raiment. Howsomever, we stood him up in the corner and the ceremony proceeded."

MAN AND HIS FOLLIES

Continued from page 6

makes laws for the general good, and fosters customs which nullify the laws. By this dual method he is enabled to change wrong into right and right into wrong to suit his convenience. In the matter of chivalry to women, he teaches a double code with iron-bound emphasis. To preserve the honor of the women of his own family is a sacred duty; to attack the honor of other women is an agreeable pastime. He makes stringent rules for the conduct of women, then offers them tempting inducements to misconduct themselves, and if they yield he punishes them.

He prides himself on his intellectual possibilities, which are limited, and suppresses his spiritual powers, which are infinite. He has glimmerings of the divine; but even his God must conform to the exigencies of an argument. In one mood he says that God does not willingly afflict us; in another mood he ascribes all that we suffer to the will of God.

In this last year 1905 man's favorite definitions of the Deity had not advanced beyond the curious conglomerate of contradictory attributes which he allows to himself. The tribal god of the Hebrews—a very demon of cruelty, jealousy, vengeance, wrath and caprice—is still imposed upon us in the churches by grown men, who offer us a list of atrocities in proof of His divine nature, and would have us believe in His goodness on the evidence of acts which, were they committed at the present time by an insane criminal, the clergy themselves would be the first to condemn as too monstrous to mention without horror in polite society, and would certainly not expect to hear quoted out of Bedlam in evidence of love and mercy. Man establishes religions by way of escape from his troubles, and then proceeds to mangle all the efficacy out of them.

When he pinned his faith to the Religion of Love, he gave himself a fine opportunity to retrieve his mistakes; but since he adopted the Religion of Love, he has made himself conspicuous by his efforts to destroy at its source such capacity for love as there may be in the world; for has he not made the religion of love an excuse for the bitterest animosities? The simplest of religions, it requires of him nothing but that he should love his neighbor as himself; by the cultivation of this most agreeable of feelings he would bring within his reach all the good in life that he yearns to obtain.

But instead of teaching the religion of his choice in all its pure perfection, he has overlaid it with rituals and dogmas and subjects for endless controversies which result inevitably in ecstasies of hate; instead of requiring of every man that he should know his religion and use it for practical purposes as he knows and uses the alphabet and the multiplication table, that he should, by promoting the happiness of those about him, be continually adding to the source of happiness in the world at large—man has created a class apart, whose special business it is to attend to these things and relieve him of the responsibility.

At an early date, and with the help of his class set apart for the purpose, man had made by his religion a mass of contradictions impossible for any sane, honest person with an unmuddled mind to accept; but if any questioned his decrees, he argued the point with red-hot pincers. It was not the love of the Lord that he was concerned about at that time, however, but the safety of his own institutions. This jugglery of man with right and wrong is very ingenious; but there is no safety in it, nor comfort, nor help.

RAINY-DAY DIVERSIONS

By Carolyn Wells

ONE wet afternoon Uncle Bob heard a light tap at his study door. "Come in," he said cordially, and Lucy entered.

"Oh, uncle," she said, "we were going nutting this afternoon—a big party of our schoolmates with us—and now it's pouring rain and we can't go. So the whole crowd came over here, and they're all in the play-room. And, Uncle Bob, won't you please come in there and do some trick or game or something? Do, please!"

Uncle Bob looked a little dubious. "I'll go with you for a few minutes," he said. "How many visitors have you in the play-room?"

"Oh, about a dozen."

"Do I know any of them?"

"No, Uncle Bob, I don't believe you do. But I'll introduce you."

"No, don't do that. Or rather, you may tell them my name, but let me tell them their names."

Lucy stared. "Do you mean you can tell their names without knowing them?" she demanded.

"I'll try," responded her uncle meekly.

Somewhat mystified, Lucy led her uncle to the big play-room, which was just the place for a lot of merry children on a rainy afternoon.

"How do you do, young people?" said Uncle Bob in his cheery way as he met the group. "Do any of you know my first name?"

"Yes, indeed," cried several, "you're Lucy's and Fred's Uncle Bob."

"That's right, my name is Robert. Now as I've never seen any of you before, have you any reason to think that I know any of your first names?"

"Not unless Lucy or Bob has told you," said Ben Peterson.

"No, they've never spoken to me about any of you individually, and if they have mentioned your names in conversation, of course I don't know which is which. But I give you my word of honor that I don't know the Christian name of any one of you; but I intend to discover each one and announce it without being told."

The children gazed at him in wonder.

Uncle Bob seated himself in a large arm-chair and drew another smaller chair up to his side. "Now," said he, "it doesn't matter who comes first, but will one of you please take this small chair beside me?"

"You go," said Lucy, touching the arm of a merry little black-eyed girl.

So smiling Marguerite Ross sat in the chair by Uncle Bob.

"Now, my child," he said, "I will hold my hand open thus, and do you tap with your forefinger on my palm as many times as there are letters in your name—your first name. And the rest of you will please keep quiet, in order that the knowledge of the name may pass from her finger to my hand, and so up my arm to my brain."

This sounded delightfully mysterious, and the children sat as still as mice, while Marguerite gave ten timid little taps on Uncle Bob's broad palm.

The latter sat with his eyes closed and a look of intense thoughtfulness on his face. After the taps, he sat for a moment without saying a word, and then remarked slowly: "The name is working up my arm; it has reached my shoulder; it will soon reach my brain, and then I can pronounce it. Oh, it is coming, it is almost clear to me. There is a G in it, is there not?"

"Yes," said Marguerite breathlessly, gazing at the speaker.

"Is it the fourth letter?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh yes, I now see it clearly. Your name is Marguerite."

The children clapped their hands and applauded like mad. That is, most of them did. But a few were skeptical and seemed to think that Lucy or Fred had in some way indicated Marguerite's name to their uncle. But Lucy and Fred declared this was not so, and they pointed out Ben Peterson to try it next. Ben was one of the doubting ones; but he sat down by Uncle Bob and awaited orders.

"Tap the letters of your name on my hand, please," said Uncle Bob.

Now, Ben's real name was Benjamin, so he tapped on the palm eight times.

"You doubt me," said Uncle Bob after a short pause. "You think this is trickery and not a real experiment. Therefore, your name doesn't flow up my arm so easily as it should. What is the first letter of it?"

"B," said Ben.

"Oh, it is growing clearer to my mental vision. There is an N in your name?"

"Yes, sir."

"Two N's?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Benjamin, you have a fine old name."

"How could he tell that it was Benjamin?" exclaimed Ed Murray. "Please, sir, will you tell my name next?"

Uncle Bob consented, and Ed tapped only twice on the outstretched palm.

"Does your name begin with A?" asked Uncle Bob.

"No, sir."

"Of course it doesn't! I only asked you for fun. Your name begins with E, and it's Ed."

The game went on, and Uncle Bob correctly named all the children, asking each two or three questions as to certain letters which didn't appear clearly to him at first. So wonderful did it seem that the children could scarcely believe it after all, and Uncle Bob, seeing this, said:

"Now look here, boys and girls, I don't blame you for thinking that I might know your names some other way than through my arm; but I'll prove to you that I don't. Ben, you're the most skeptical one. Now I'll engage to tell you in the same way the Christian name of your grandmother, or great-uncle, or anybody you may select in your family. Of course, you know I can't know the first names of your old or distant relatives."

"All right, sir," cried Ben, with sparkling eyes. "I had an ancestor who fought in the Revolution. Will you tell me his first name?"

"I'll try. But you must help all you can. Sit down here and try to think only of your ancestor and his name. Concentrate your mind just on his name. That is the way to transfer it to my mind. Now tap out the name on my palm."

Ben's ancestor's name was Andrew, but none of the boys and girls knew it except himself, and he said not a word as he tapped slowly six times.

"The letters are coming to my mind," said Uncle Bob, looking puzzled, "but they are all jumbled up. Which is the initial?"

"A," said Ben.

"Oh yes, of course. Now they are all straightening out. Only the third one is a little blurred. The third letter is—"

"D," said Ben.

"Ha, now they are all in position, and as clear as day at last. Your ancestor's name was Andrew."

At this, even Ben's skepticism was satisfied, and then Uncle Bob had to tell the names of other ancestors and relatives.

The young people went away marveling at the wonderful magic power of the Boylston children's uncle, and no sooner were their guests gone than Lucy and Fred begged for an explanation of the game.

"Well," said Uncle Bob, "it isn't an easy trick, but with a little practice I think you could learn it. The main thing is to preserve a mysterious air and pretend to know more than you really do know."

"Of course the name going up your arm is all make-believe, isn't it?" asked Fred.

"Yes, the real principle of the trick

is founded on a good knowledge of all names. And the first point is the number of letters in a name. That is of course told to me by the number of taps on my palm. The next thing is to get the first letter. For beginners, it is better to ask the first letter right out, as that is a great help."

"But you told Marguerite's name at once, without knowing the first letter."

"That was a lucky chance. When she tapped ten times, I felt pretty sure her name was Marguerite, for that is the most popular of the few names that contain ten letters. Indeed, the others are such as Christabel and Wilhelmina, and are uncommon. But to be sure, I asked her if the fourth letter was not G, and when she said yes, I knew the name. Then Ben tapped eight times. Now there are a good many boys' names of eight letters, so I had to ask the first letter. When he said B, I thought it must be Benjamin, but in order to make no mistake I went along slowly, found there were two N's in his name, and then was ready to announce it."

"I begin to see through it," said Lucy; "but nobody could learn all the names in the world."

"You don't have to, my child. You'd be surprised to know how few names are in general use. And the long or short names are easy to guess. For instance, when I received only two taps from a boy, I knew it was Ed or Al, as there are no other usual names of two letters. So I asked if it began with A, and when he said no, I announced it as Ed. Of course I might have been mistaken, but I was more than likely to be right.

"Now that you begin to understand, you see that it doesn't matter whether I am guessing the name of the child sitting by me or of a distant relative. Only, the names vary with the times. We expect to find boys now named Ed and Clarence, but for a revolutionary ancestor we look for a more dignified name, though of course this is not an infallible rule. But when Ben tapped six times for his ancestor's name, I knew I had to ask for the first letter, for there are more names of six letters than any other number. Then he told me A, and I was baffled again; for among six-letter names are Arthur, Albert, Arnold, Andrew, Alfred, Archie, Austin and many others. But they are best got at by knowing the third letter. So when he said the third letter was D, I knew it was Andrew, for I can't think of any other name that fulfils the conditions.

"So you see it is sometimes easy to guess a name, and sometimes difficult. But if you make some failures, they are always forgiven, because you are sure to make more successes. Long names are the easiest. If a girl taps nine letters, and you find out that the first letter is E, you can safely say Elizabeth at once. But if it is five letters, beginning with E, you are at sea among Elsie, Ellie, Edith, Ethel, Eliza, Effie, Ellen and many more. In such a case pretend that you can't clearly see the third letter. When you get this, it will generally indicate the whole name. If not, you must ask for another letter.

"But usually, if you know the number of letters, the initial and one other letter, you can be sure of the name."

Sunday Talk for Week-Day Consumption

By Warwick James Price

If the saints were half as persevering as the sinners, the millenium would be due next week.

Repentance is like exercise, in that the only kind worth the name must be kept up steadily.

No one can love his neighbor who has not trained himself to translate that word into acts of friendship.

"Moral courage" sounds like something mighty fine; but it is as simple as doing what one knows to be right.

More often than not the secret of misery is discovered with the realization that the miserable one is trying to please himself.

There are two kinds of goodness, and the one which springs from the lack of animal courage to do wrong isn't worth much to the world.

"Kick away the ladder by which you have climbed to comfortable respectability." That advice is customary, but scarcely redolent of Christian gratitude.

The word "savage" to most Christians conveys the idea of dark-skinned men and women not yet bowing down to the discomforts of corsets, high collars and tight shoes.

This world would be a pleasanter place to live in if only the powers that be were as anxious to discover and reward the good as they are to catch and punish the bad.

True religion, like true science, is based upon actual rules. The true Christian, like the true scientist, is he who learns these rules and faithfully obeys them.

When you see real good being done in the world, don't pay too much attention to the agent. Moses never looked to see what sort of bush was burning when the Lord appeared in the flames.

Life is a mighty business, at once solemn and joyous; but that is far from the same thing as saying that it is best lived by the aid of what the world at large has accustomed itself to regard as "business habits."

When Shakespeare's exiled duke said he heard "sermons in stones," he meant not only the stones of retired Arden. True religion goes everywhere. The cobbles under foot preach lessons to those who have ears to hear.

SIR NIGEL

Continued from page 4

take part in the opening of the Round Tower of Windsor six years before, and to try their luck and their skill at the tournament connected with it, had deeply modified the English fashions of dress. The old tunic, overtunic and cyclas were too sad and simple for the new fashions, so now strange and brilliant cote-hardies, pourpoints, courtepies, paltocks, hanselines and many other wondrous garments, party-colored or diapered, with looped, embroidered or escalloped edges, flamed and glittered round the King. He himself, in black velvet and gold, formed a dark rich center to the finery around him. On his right sat the Prince, on his left the Bishop, while Dame Ermyntrude marshaled the forces of the household outside, alert and watchful, pouring in her dishes and her flagons at the right moment, rallying her tired servants, encouraging the van, hurrying the rear, hastening up her reserves, the tapping of her oak stick heard everywhere the pressure was the greatest.

Behind the King, clad in his best, but looking drab and sorry amid the brilliant costumes round him, Nigel himself, regardless of an aching body and a twisted knee, waited upon his royal guests, who threw many a merry jest at him over their shoulders as they still chuckled at the adventure of the bridge.

"By the rood!" said King Edward, leaning back, with a chicken-bone held daintily between the courtesy fingers of his left hand, "the play is too good for this country stage. You must to Windsor with me, Nigel, and bring with you this great suit of harness in which you lurk There you shall hold the lists with your eyes in your midriff, and unless some one cleave you to the waist I see not how any harm can befall you. Never have I seen so small a nut in so great a shell."

The Prince, looking back with laughing eyes, saw by Nigel's flushed and em-

barrassed face that his poverty hung heavily upon him. "Nay," said he kindly, "such a workman is surely worthy of better tools."

"And it is for his master to see that he has them," added the King. "The court armorer will look to it that the next time your helmet is carried away, Nigel, your head shall be inside it."

Nigel, red to the roots of his flaxen hair, stammered out some words of thanks.

John Chandos, however, had a fresh suggestion, and he cocked a roguish eye as he made it: "Surely, my liege, your bounty is little needed in this case. It is the ancient law of arms that if two cavaliers start to joust, and one either by maladdress or misadventure fail to meet the shock, then his arms become the property of him who still holds the lists. This being so, methinks, Sir Hubert de Burgh, that the fine hauberk of Milan and the helmet of Bordeaux steel in which you rode to Tilford should remain with our young host as some small remembrance of your visit."

The suggestion raised a general chorus of approval and laughter, in which all joined, save only Sir Hubert himself, who, flushed with anger, fixed his baleful eyes upon Chandos' mischievous and smiling face.

"I said that I did not play that foolish game, and I know nothing of its laws," said he; "but you know well, John, that if you would have a bout with sharpened spear or sword, where two ride to the ground, and only one away from it, you have not far to go to find it."

"Nay, nay, would you ride to the ground? Surely you had best walk, Hubert," said Chandos. "On your feet I know well that I should not see your back as we have seen it to-day. Say what you will, your horse has played you false, and I claim your suit of harness for Nigel Loring."

"Your tongue is overlong, John, and I am weary of its endless clack!" said Sir Hubert, his yellow mustache bristling from a scarlet face. "If you claim my harness, do you yourself come and take it. If there is a moon in the sky you may try this very night when the board is cleared."

"Nay, fair sirs," cried the King, smiling from one to the other, "this matter must be followed no further. Do you fill a bumper of Gascony, John, and you also, Hubert. Now pledge each other, I pray you, as good and loyal comrades who would scorn to fight save in your King's quarrel. We can spare neither of you while there is so much work for brave hearts over the sea. As to this matter of the harness, John Chandos speaks truly where it concerns a joust in the lists, but we hold that such a law is scarce binding in this, which was but a wayside passage and a gentle trial of arms. On the other hand, in the case of your Squire, Master Manny, there can be no doubt that his suit is forfeit."

"It is a grievous hearing for him, my liege," said Walter Manny; "for he is a poor man and hath been at sore pains to fit himself for the wars. Yet what you say shall be done, fair sire. So, if you will come to me in the morning, Squire Loring, John Widdicomb's suit will be handed over to you."

"Then with the King's leave, I will hand it back to him," said Nigel, troubled and stammering; "for indeed I had rather never ride to the wars than take from a brave man his only suit of plate."

"There spoke your father's spirit!" cried the King. "By the rood! Nigel, I like you full well. Let the matter bide in my hands. But I marvel much that Sir Aymery the Lombard hath not come to us yet from Windsor."

From the moment of his arrival at Tilford, again and again King Edward had asked most eagerly whether Sir Aymery had come, and whether there was any news of him, so that the courtiers glanced at each other in wonder. For Aymery was known to all of them as a famous mercenary soldier of Italy, lately appointed Governor of Calais, and this sudden and urgent summons from the King might well mean some renewal of the war with France, which was the dearest wish of every soldier. Twice the King had stopped his meal and sat with sidelong head, his wine-cup in his hand, listening attentively when some sound like the clatter of hoofs was heard from outside; but the third time there could be no mistake. The tramp and jingle of the horses broke loud upon the ear, and ended in hoarse voices calling out of the darkness, who were answered by the archers posted as sentries without the door.

"Some traveler has indeed arrived, my liege," said Nigel. "What is your royal will?"

"It can be but Aymery," the King answered, "for it was only to him that I left the message that he should follow me hither. Bid him come in, I pray you, and make him very welcome at your board."

Nigel cast open the door, plucking a torch from its bracket as he did so. Half a dozen men-at-arms sat on their horses outside, but one had dismounted, a short, squat, swarthy man with a rat face and quick, restless brown eyes which peered eagerly past Nigel into the red glare of the well-lit hall.

"I am Sir Aymery of Pavia," he whispered. "For God's sake, tell me! is the King within?"

"He is at table, fair sir, and he bids you to enter."

"One moment, young man, one moment, and a secret word in your ear. Wot you why it is that the King has sent for me?"

Nigel read terror in the dark cunning eyes which glanced in sidelong fashion into his. "Nay, I know not."

"I would I knew—I would I was sure ere I sought his presence."

"You have but to cross the threshold, fair sir, and doubtless you will learn from the King's own lips."

Sir Aymery seemed to gather himself as one who braces for a spring into ice-cold water. Then he crossed with a quick stride from the darkness into the light. The King stood up and held out his hand with a smile upon his long handsome face, and yet it seemed to the Italian that it was the lips which smiled but not the eyes.

"Welcome!" cried Edward. "Welcome to our worthy and faithful Seneschal of Calais! Come, sit here before me at the board, for I have sent for you that I may hear your news from over the sea, and thank you for the care that you have taken of that which is as dear to me as wife or child. Set a place for Sir Aymery there, and give him food and drink, for he has ridden fast and far in our service to-day."

Throughout the long feast which the skill of the Lady Ermyntrude had arranged, Edward chatted lightly with the Italian as well as with the barons near him. Finally, when the last dish was removed and the gravy-soaked rounds of coarse bread which served as plates had been cast to the dogs, the wine-flagons were passed round, and old Westhercote the minstrel entered timidly with his harp in the hope that he might be allowed to play before the King's majesty. But Edward had other sport afoot.

"I pray you, Nigel, to send out the servants, so that we may be alone. I would have two men-at-arms at every door lest we be disturbed in our debate, for it is a matter of privacy. And now, Sir Aymery, these noble lords as well as I, your master, would fain hear from your own lips how all goes forward in France."

The Italian's face was calm; but he looked restlessly from one to another along the line of his listeners.

"So far as I know, my liege, all is quiet on the French marches," said he.

"You have not heard then that they have mustered or gathered to a head with the intention of breaking the truce and making some attempt upon our dominions?"

"Nay, sire, I have heard nothing of it."

"You set my mind much at ease, Aymery," said the King; "for if nothing has come to your ears, then surely it cannot be. It was said that the wild Knight de Chargny had come down to

St. Omer with his eyes upon my precious jewel and his mailed hands ready to grasp it."

"Nay, sire, let him come. He will find the jewel safe in its strong box, with a goodly guard over it."

"You are the guard over my jewel, Aymery."

"Yes, sire, I am the guard."

"And you are a faithful guard and one whom I can trust, are you not? You would not barter away that which is so dear to me when I have chosen you out of all my army to hold it for me?"

"Nay, sire, what reasons can there be for such questions? They touch my honor very nearly. You know that I would part with Calais only when I parted with my soul."

"Then you know nothing of de Chargny's attempt?"

"Nothing sire."

"Liar and villain!" yelled the King, springing to his feet and dashing his fist upon the table until the glasses rattled again. "Seize him, archers! Seize him this instant! Stand close by either elbow, lest he do himself a mischief! Now do you dare to tell me to my face, you perjured Lombard, that you know nothing of de Chargny and his plans?"

"As God is my witness I know nothing of him!" The man's lips were white, and he spoke in a thin, sighing, reedy voice, his eyes wincing away from the fell gaze of the angry King.

To be continued next Sunday

Explanatory Notes

A TOUS seigneurs, chevaliers et escuyers.—To all gentlemen, cavaliers and esquires: the address of the challenge.

TROUVÈRE.—The French form of troubador, that is one of a class of lyric poets and musicians who flourished from the eleventh to the end of the thirteenth century in the south of France and portions of Spain and Italy.

BITTERN.—A bird belonging to the heron family, inhabiting bogs and morasses, and emitting a hollow guttural cry, which in some of the species so much resembles the roaring of a bull that in some languages the bird is called the bull of the swamp, the ox of the marsh, and the like.

BASSINET.—A steel cap originally of simple form taking name from its resemblance to a little basin. It was the commonest form of headpiece during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and varied greatly in form.

In medio vitæ.—In the midst of life, etc.

SUMPTER-MULES.—Pack-mules.

CYCLAS.—Ornamental tunics worn by Roman women, and in Sir Nigel's time an outer garment, circular in form, worn by women and by knights over their armor. The cotehardie resembled the cassock and was worn by men and women; for the latter it was cut low in the neck and close-fitting to the waist. The sleeves changed in fashion from time to time, just as they do in gowns of the present day. The pourpoint was originally a quilted or stuffed garment, and then became a close-fitting garment for men, which was superseded by the doublet. Courtpies or courtepy comes down to us in a roundabout way as "pea-jacket," which it was. In like manner paltock is the old form of paletot. Hanselines were a sort of breeches, or at one time a long loose robe.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

SIR NIGEL" is a romantic tale of the loves and adventures of Nigel Loring, a young Englishman of heroic ancestry, who took up the sword to mend the fallen fortunes of his noble house the year after the great plague devastated England in the fourteenth century.

Nigel and his grandmother are the sole survivors of the family, and the Cistercian monks of Waverley Abbey are engaged in preying upon their meager possessions. Young Nigel openly opposes them.

The monks, in satisfaction of a claim, have taken possession of a fiery untamed yellow horse of noted lineage, and several of their number have been viciously attacked and nearly killed by the animal. Believing the horse to be possessed of a devil, the monks are about to have him killed when Nigel interposes. The horse is given to him, partly in the hope that the beast will kill him and rid their community of its most rebellious, troublesome and dangerous opponent. But Nigel at once takes the horse, and in the presence of the astonished monks speedily reduces him to submission. He names the animal Pommers.

Nigel is forcibly taken prisoner to Waverley Abbey, to be tried because he has thrown the summoner into a morass and destroyed some legal papers that were being served. He is sentenced to bread and water for six weeks, with a daily exhortation from the chaplain. The indignant Squire defies the guards. Just as he is about to be shot down he is joined in his retreat by Samkin Aylward a bowman. As the conflict is about to begin, Sir John Chandos, one of the most valiant knights of King Edward, arrives in search of Nigel, announcing that his majesty is coming to spend the night at his house.

The enmity of the monks is at once transformed into servility, and Nigel leaves in the company of Chandos, followed by Aylward, who determines to follow the young Squire.

Lady Ermyntrude unpacks a lot of old trinkets for Nigel to pawn, to provide for the King's entertainment, and he starts off for Guildford, accompanied by Samkin. On their way they have a sensational, almost tragic, encounter with a brigand called the Wild Man of Puttenham, wherein the trinkets are nearly lost. Nigel secures enough money to purchase all they need for the King's festivities.

The royal train draws near to the Loring mansion; but is halted near the river by Chandos, who points to an armored, mounted figure on the bridge, as he promises the King and knights some rare sport.

TALES TOLD IN WASHINGTON

MRS. PICKETT'S ORATORICAL HINT

A BIG barbecue was on in Pulaski County, Virginia. Senator Daniel and another Senator were to speak, and the people of five counties were there to hear.

Everything was waiting, when a boy galloped up with a telegram, saying that the Senators had missed the train.

Hoge Tyler, a farmer and one of the leaders in arranging the festivity, but with no political experience or aspirations, was the only possible one in sight to fill the vacancy. He rushed to the carriage where his wife and Mrs. Pickett, wife of the General, were sitting, and said: "Do tell me something to say!"

Mrs. Pickett replied: "Begin this way: 'I remind myself of the boy in the Sunday-school class prepared for examination, when each was taught the answer he must give. After roll-call the boy at the head of the class was taken suddenly ill and went home. The first question was: "Who made you?" The second boy replied: "Of the dust of the earth."—"No, no!" said the Bishop, "God made you."—"No sir," the boy replied, "the one God made has gone home sick, and I am of the dust of the earth." Now the men God made have missed the train and you will have to listen to the dust of the earth.'"

The incipient orator followed instructions, creating such enthusiasm that day that it landed him in the Governor's chair at the next election.

WANTED TO GET RID OF HIM

A NUMBER of politicians in Washington were once discussing the good and bad points of various statesmen with reference to their attitude toward their friends and enemies, when Senator Kean was reminded of an instance in the career of the late Senator Sewell of New-Jersey.

It appears that Sewell had been a generous friend and an equally good hater, as was evidenced by his treatment of a Colonel Scovel, who it seems had dared to dispute Sewell's supremacy in Jersey politics. At one time Scovel imagined he had made his peace with Sewell, and ventured to ask a favor of his old enemy—something in the way of a pass to Chicago. The pass came to him by return mail.

The next day, at the offices of the railroad of which the Senator was an officer, Scovel thanked him for the courtesy; but as he did so he called attention to the fact that there was no provision made in the pass for the return trip east. "Probably an inadvertence on the part of the clerk that made it out," he observed.

"Clerk nothing!" roared Sewell. "I'll have you know, Scovel, that I myself filled out that pass! I'm willing to send you to Chicago, but I'll be hanged if I'll help you to get back to Jersey!"

HOW THEY WENT TO WASHINGTON

SENATOR CARMACK told this story the other night:

They were trying to make campaign stock of the lack of attention which Southerners received from the administration, to influence colored votes. It was a kind of free-to-all, where a speaker had just told the story of the Prodigal Son, rousing considerable feeling in the audience as he closed with the words: "But how are we treated in Washington? Have they killed for us the fatted calf? No!'

A colored man instantly replied: "De whole trouble 'bout dat t'ing's jes' dis yere way: De Bible's all right. De po' Prodergul he come an' says: 'Fader, I's done sinned 'g'in' Heaben an all dat in dem is, an' I ain't no mo' fitten to be yo' son. Mek' me yo' hired serbant.' Is dat de way yo'-halls went to Washington? No! Yo' buttons up yo' long coats, yo' put on yo' shinies' hats and yo' struts lak' turkey gobblings into de White House an' yo' says: 'Hi, dere! Look a-yere boss, whar's dat weal?'"

TOM OCHILTREE'S CARRIAGE

VICE-PRESIDENT HOBART was giving a little dinner to a few men, to which Tom Ochiltree was invited. But this time Tom had been lunching somewhere and was already maudlin beyond the dignity of Hobart's table.

The Vice-President had his carriage brought, and after the soup succeeded in quietly getting Tom into the hall, into his overcoat and out of the front door. At the top of the steps he laid his hand on his guest's shoulder, saying:

"Go down the steps carefully, Tom, then on to the curb. You will see two carriages waiting there. Take the first one, Tom, for the other one isn't there."

PHONOGRAPH FOR THE MAJOR

GENERAL CHAFFEE tells of an irascible Major in the army who, at the time of the maneuvers held a year ago at Fort Riley, Kansas, stumbled over a newspaper correspondent as he, the officer, was making his round of inspection. As the newspaper man was in a locality where he had not the slightest right to be, the Major's ire was awakened.

"Here, sir," shouted the officer, "you blankety-blank specimen of supreme impudence! What the dash are you doing here with that instrument?" And he pointed to the camera the newspaper man had with him.

Whereupon the latter replied: "Well, sir, I brought it along for the purpose of taking a few photos; but had I known that I was to have the pleasure of meeting you I should have brought a phonograph instead."

NEGROES' CONFESSION OF FAITH

I WAS greatly amused," says Senator Pettus, "by a discussion of things spiritual by two colored men that I overheard in Alabama.

"The talk of the negroes had become warmer and warmer, so that finally their voices rose to that pitch that made everything uttered distinctly audible to everyone within the radius of thirty yards. When the first had made a confession of faith and had given his views of the means whereby mortal man could gain salvation, the second one blurted out in a tone that implied that all his hope for the next world was embodied in the words:

"'What I thinks is, that what is goin' to be is goin' to be, that's all!'

"His companion grunted contemptuously. 'I gathers dat you believes in premeditashun,' he observed."

HE'D CONSCRIPT THE DEAD

ON General Farley's retreat, after his attempt to capture Washington, he stopped to rest over night at a Virginia home. The next day being Sunday, he was obliged either to attend church or be discourteous to his devout hostess.

In course of the sermon General Farley fell into deep thought over his recent failure, all for lack of men, and utterly forgot his surroundings, while the Rev. Dr. Hinkle, in the pulpit, in an earnest appeal for the souls of his hearers, exclaimed:

"Suppose, brethren, that the dead for centuries past were to pass in review before you, what would be your first thought?"

In utter unconsciousness the squeaky, penetrating voice of the General replied: "I'd conscript every blasted one of 'em!"

HOUSE VERSUS SENATE

MANY of the old-timers in the House of Representatives are extremely opposed to the notion so generally held among laymen that the Senate is the "whole thing." Among these is "Uncle Joe" Cannon, who is ever ready to take up the cudgels in behalf of the House as against the upper body.

"I remember Conger of Michigan," says Cannon. "He had been a powerful man in the House; but when they sent him to the Senate he disappeared, vanished. Some one was talking to Tom Reed about Conger's case. 'Curious, isn't it?' asked he, 'how little Conger amounts to in the Senate?'

"'Oh, well, what can you expect?' drawled Reed. 'When a man takes up his residence in a cemetery he oughtn't to complain if the gravestones don't publish his virtues to the world!'"

HOW TO GET IT PRINTED

LAST winter a great deal of interest was evinced by the public in a new treaty with one of the European powers. Some one asked Senator Morgan why the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate had enjoined secrecy on the text of the treaty, when the complete text was printed in the morning papers.

The Senator smiled enigmatically. "I presume," said he, "that was the very reason the injunction of secrecy was placed upon the treaty. My friends of the Foreign Relations Committee evidently were well aware that if they made it public not a paper in the country would print the full text."

BARON TEVARA'S LONG RESIDENCE

BARON TEVARA, until recently Austrian Ambassador to Washington, was as proud of his long term of service here as Washingtonians are of their alleged immaculate streets.

He was standing as godfather at a baptism in the Rev. Dr. Addison's church.

Dr. Addison, either absent-minded or uninformed, on being presented said: "Glad to know you, Baron Tevara. Have you been long in Washington?"

With a comprehensive gasp the Baron replied: "*Mein Gott!* I vas here since dere vas no streets!"

WHAT THE AILMENT WAS

A NEW-ENGLAND statesman was referring to the dry humor of the late Senator Hoar, when he was reminded of the following:

One day Hoar learned that a friend in Worcester who had been thought to have appendicitis was in reality suffering from acute indigestion.

Whereupon the Senator smiled genially. "Really," said he, "that's good news. I rejoice for my friend that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."

JAPANESE PROVERBS

By Mary Ogden Vaughan

IT has been said, and well said, that the proverbs of a nation are the distilled wit and wisdom of generations of its people. This saying seems especially applicable to the proverbs of Japan, where the distillation has been going on for so many centuries and where the most cherished national proverbs were old when the nations of Europe were still in their cradles.

The Japanese are essentially a philosophical people, and in consequence their language is rich in proverbial philosophy and proverbs are current coin in their interchange of thought. An apt quotation often puts an end to a dispute, and is considered a final argument unless the discomfited disputant can match it with a better one.

Among all nations, a similarity in these "pearls of wisdom" shows that from the garnered experience of the ages widely separated people arrive at the same conclusions. The manner of expressing the ideas, however, differs as widely as the nations themselves. Comparisons are interesting, and often show a choice of metaphor in keeping with the environment.

As a nation of boatmen, the Japanese say: "Too many boatmen will run the boat on a mountain," instead of "Too many cooks spoil the broth."

Where rice is a staple product, and irrigation the life of its fields, they have a saying: "He is trying to draw water to his own rice-fields." We express the same thing by: "He has his own ax to grind."

Our "Accidents will happen in the best-regulated families" is quaintly put in their proverb: "Even a monkey sometimes falls from a tree."

For "Despise not the day of small things," the Japanese say: "Famous swords are made of iron scrapings."

"Even the worm that eats smartweed finds it palatable," proves, as we say, that "There is no accounting for taste."

For "A fountain cannot rise higher than its source," they have: "The spawn of frogs will become nothing but frogs."

We recognize "A burnt child dreads the fire," in "A beaten soldier fears even the tops of the tall grass."

"Out of evil good may come," is beautifully expressed by them in "The lotus springs from the slime of the pond."

The Japanese do not say "A fool and his money are soon parted," but more tersely: "A wise man keeps his money."

As also: "When in a hurry, go around," instead of "The more haste the less speed."

But "Time flies" they elaborate poetically into: "Neither the sun nor the moon ever halts upon its journey."

"All or nothing" becomes: "If you eat poison, lick the platter."

Of a person who is obtuse or slow-witted, they say: "He has far-away ears." One weak of will and infirm of purpose is graphically set off in: "You cannot rivet a nail in a potato custard."

"Avoid even the appearance of evil," is most amusingly put in "Do not stop to tie your sandal in the melon-patch of an enemy." In such a case, undoubtedly, one would run the risk of having his action misconstrued.

Much has been said and written by travelers to Japan regarding the status of women in the island kingdom. Some proverbs bearing upon this subject are not without significance, as: "Though a woman has borne you seven children, do not trust her;" "A woman can have no home of her own in the three universes;" and "Love flies with the red petticoat." This fascinating garment is worn only by the maidens and is laid aside at marriage, so let us hope that some cynical old bachelor was the author of this dark saying.

That other nations than our own may have their fling at the mother-in-law, is suggested by the proverb: "While you have even three *go* of rice-bran left, do not become a son-in-law." When it is understood that a *go* is about a pint, it is plain that becoming a son-in-law is advised only as a last resort.

Of military proverbs they have: "A girded sword is the soul of a Samurai;" "To assist the people is to give peace to the Empire;" and an old proverb of especial significance at the present time: "After victory tighten the strings of your helmet." In other words, do not relax your vigilance. Cowards are described as "having no stomachs," and after a successful battle they say: "The soldiers carried their stomachs well."

To employ one who might be unfaithful to a trust is to the Japanese "Like placing a goat in charge of a kitchen garden," and the ungratefulness of cats is forcibly expressed by: "Feed a dog three days, and he will remember your kindness three years; feed a cat three years, and she will forget your kindness in three days."

Some crisp phrases are: "Short sermon—clever preacher;" "Crying faces, wasps sting;" "Snatch your luck where you find it;" "If you hate a man, let him live;" "From the decree of Heaven there is no escape;" "Opportunity is hard to find, easy to lose;" "The mind of man may change as quickly as the skies of autumn;" "I have wandered all over the world without finding one devil."

A narrow-minded man is said to "Look at the heavens through a tube," and a mean man is described as "Grasping millet with a wet hand." They say: "There is no seed to a great man," a truth which has been exemplified in the history of other nations.

In Japan, if one asks a question and apologizes for it, he is likely to hear the proverb: "To ask a question is the shame of a moment; not to ask it is the shame of a lifetime," which is equivalent to saying: "Never be above seeking information that you need, or admitting present ignorance for the sake of future wisdom." Somewhat apropos of this is the saying of an old Oriental, who was a renowned writer and teacher: "Out of many small things in which I do not excel, I will make one great thing in which I do excel."

The famous old warrior Iyeyasu, the first of the Tokugawa shoguns, who died in 1616, in a letter to his daughter-in-law written in his serene old age, speaking of his quiet and regular habits, says: "An old proverb says: 'If one wishes to know the manner of life of a man, ask him if he have a regular time for rising and for going to sleep, and if he can or cannot be moderate in eating and drinking.' That is also my way of looking at it."

Such sayings illuminate the national character, and on the other hand, to quote an old Japanese proverb, they show that after all "The hearts of men are of the same sort everywhere."

Song of the New Year

By S. E. Kiser

What shall the new year bring to me?
How shall this glorious year of years
Give of its triumphs and its glee
And of its failures and its tears?
Ah, let the idle dreamer sit
And sin through such vain questioning:
Let him ask what the year may bring;
I ask what I may give to it.

Here lie the riches of the past
Where we may claim them as our own;
Across expanses gray and vast
Time's treasure fleets are hither blown.
The dust is deep o'er Ilium's walls,
The past is silent with its wrongs,
The present unto us belongs,
And glad with hope the Future calls.

The sun with new magnificence
Sends forth his beams, and I am here
To hail with buoyant reverence
The dawning of this latest year.
I ask not what its gifts may be;
But, hoping, start upon my way
To make it richer day by day
Through profits it may gain from me.

BOX ON THE GRAND TIER

Continued from page 10

somehow giving something of his presence to the very air. Sonia turned—the glow from the stage was in his face and lighting his eyes—but across the gulf of the years that had separated them it was impossible for her to guess that this was Dragomir. Besides, she was happily expecting Dragomir upon the stage.

He had at first hardly been conscious that anyone else was in the box. When he saw the whiteness of her gown he half rose with a gesture of apology, and at the same moment he saw her face—dimly, as she saw his, but since she was so little a child when he had left her, without the possibility of recognition. But something else he did recognize, and his pleasure leaped impetuously to his lips:

"You are of my country?" he said.

She nodded, with the shy confidence of a child. Without her knowledge something in his manner impressed her—less, perhaps, as familiar to her than as remembered; but she had no thought that this was Dragomir, for whose coming she was waiting.

"Then have I permission, *mademoiselle*," he said, with the grave directness which was never bluntness, "to sit here until the act is closed? M. Holliday-Noel has kindly left me a key. Shall I intrude for these few moments?"

"Stay—but stay," said Sonia simply, and if there was a thought of what the twenty glasses would feel at this added impropriety it quickly gave place to assurance. "He is of my country," thought Sonia, brushing the thought aside.

On the stage, risen from a black chasm of rock, had appeared the Nibelung, and at his first call to the Rhine maidens Sonia bent eagerly forward.

"Is it he?" she asked, scanning the dim waters. "Is that Dragomir?"

Dragomir, courted by the multitude, yet felt an indefinable pleasure as she spoke his name. His eyes were wonted to the twilight of the place, and he was amazed at her beauty.

"No, *mademoiselle*," he said courteously, "it is not he. He will not sing to-night."

She turned upon him swiftly. "He will not sing?" she echoed. "Dragomir will not sing to-night? Oh, how unfortunate I am!"

"Pardon, *mademoiselle*," insisted Dragomir gravely, "the English tenor Waldwyn—he will sing in his place. He is infinitely suited to the rôle."

"The rôle!" said Sonia, her little gloved palm caressing her cheek. "I care nothing for the rôle! I wish to see Dragomir."

The great tenor scanned her face. "Tell me, *mademoiselle*," he said abruptly, "why do you wish to see this fellow Dragomir?"

Sonia hesitated. "He is of my country," she said at last inconsequently.

"But I, for example—I am of your country, *mademoiselle*," he rejoined—Dragomir, who was wont to call the Americans men and women of wood and ice because they chattered through the opera!

His words suggested to Sonia a remote possibility. "Do you know Dragomir, *monsieur?*" she asked.

"But assuredly," he answered tranquilly, as if one might know Dragomir every day.

Sonia made a little exclamation of pleasure. In an instant she was alive, eager, forgetful of both time and the hour. "Tell me!" she begged. "Tell me, *monsieur!* He longed to be great and rich and famous and happy. He is great and rich and famous. Do you know, perhaps—is he happy?"

It was no strange thing to the tenor to hear his ambitions, his traits, his tastes, on lips unknown. He was well accustomed to seeing his favorite flower, his make of cravat, his way of religion, set forth in the penny papers. Yet, weary as he was of the ironies of his importance, this unexpected encounter and its whimsical turn, and above all the fresh youth and ardor of Sonia, beguiled him. He watched the Rhine maidens for a moment, frowning at the absurd machinery of their swimming, and then:

"Ah, well now, since you ask me," he declared, "he makes no secret. He has found nothing of the sort. Who does?"

Sonia sighed. "There was happiness for him somewhere, though," she said with charming positiveness. "One is certain of that."

"Yes, *mademoiselle*," assented Dragomir, watching the antics of black Alberich, "he knows that very well. But he missed that. He threw it away, as we all throw away happiness. Is there anyone who does not? Is there anyone, do you think, there, or there," he swept the circle of the listening pit and of the boxes, "who has not thrown away happiness? Who does not long, hour by hour, for the second chance that never, never comes?"

"The second chance?" repeated Sonia vaguely. For Sonia at twenty the world held nothing but chances to happiness—shining, beckoning, everywhere manifest.

"This Dragomir's happiness, since you are graciously pleased to be interested, *mademoiselle*," said the tenor, turning to her, "lay in a cabinet-maker's shop in Petersburg where he was contented until the Empress heard him sing while he was at work in a closet of the Winter Palace. After that it lay once again in a certain dream—"

He had half forgotten Sonia. It was never the way of the great impressionable creature to cloak his moods or his estimates; what he was feeling was always for the eye to see. The twilight of the box, the caress of the music, the exquisite youth and response of Sonia and the mere picturesqueness of the interval tempted him.

"Will you believe, *mademoiselle*," he said, smiling," that this fellow Dragomir, in whom you show such generous interest, has a certain consolation, which is also a thing to grieve for: a very little dream of his youth which someway will not crowd itself out? That is very foolish, is it not, *mademoiselle*—to remember a thing of one's youth? But for Dragomir, I have heard that the thrill was there—and nowhere else. So he remembers."

Sonia listened.

"That is it, *mademoiselle*," said Dragomir suddenly, nodding toward the stage. 'There we are, all, all of us, saying in our own way precisely what Alberich himself said."

In the green waters Black Alberich was leaping to the rock where the Rhinegold lay, and crying out:

All the wealth of the world! For that who would not give up love?

"Did Dragomir say that, *monsieur?*" asked Sonia curiously.

"Ah, so I think, *mademoiselle!*" cried the tenor lightly. "He is a foolish fellow—I tell him this a thousand times. Fancy remembering a ring given to one's sweetheart when he was sixteen and she was six! But who would do that in this day? We of this adopted America have less of romance. Is it not so, *mademoiselle?*"

He spoke lightly, almost absently, and entirely without a wish, one would have said, to excite either sympathy or curiosity. He spoke simply, and chiefly, perhaps, because it was his royal way to say the greater part of what he chose to say. He was not unlike a god relating a bit of some Olympian lore to a child of earth, without in the least considering the effect of his words.

Sonia sat up straight in the velvet fauteuil. What had this man said? Was it really of Dragomir that he was speaking? Involuntarily she touched the ring beneath her glove—the ring now too tiny for all save her smallest finger, outgrown as she had thought that this great Dragomir had outgrown its memory, but cherished all these years. She bent for-

ward swiftly and looked upward to the dark face seen dimly in the twilight of the box. Who was he who knew this of Dragomir? And even as she wondered, with a swift flash of that magic intuition that is like an alien sense, suddenly and inexplicably she knew the truth.

"You are speaking of the winter palace at Peterhof," she said in an excitement that had something of entreaty to be told. "The women-in-waiting were there—is it not so, *monsieur?*—they were expecting a summons. And Dragomir came in to tell them of his going to Berlin? He was going to Berlin to be great and rich and famous and happy, and they were all glad, all save one."

Dragomir wheeled in his chair. "How do you know that, *mademoiselle?*" he said almost aloud—so that, indeed, the Americans in the adjoining box glared at them as at people of wood and ice who chatter through the opera.

Then she knew, and one little hand groped toward him. "Isn't it Dragomir?" breathed Sonia tremulously.

It is certain that those in the adjoining box and in the greater part of the house were at that moment listening with satisfaction to a sentiment of Woglinda, one of the Rhine maidens, who swam absurdly in the green stage-waters and sang:

We have nothing to fear! For everyone who lives must love!

But it is doubtful if the two who could have confirmed her words heard either this or anything at all that followed.

*

When the carriage door shut smartly—how that smart closing of a carriage door keeps the blood dancing when the world of adventure is one's own!—the lights of Broadway came flashing within upon the jet and gems and the glass of a *pince-nez*—exactly as if all the world was not changed in these four hours.

"Dragomir is quite like his old self," remarked Aunt Aniela absently. "To think of his saving you in that useful manner! And did you enjoy the opera, Sonia—when your fright was well over?"

"But I loved—loved—loved it!" cried Sonia.

"One only loves one's friends, Panienka," protested the mound of opinion from out the cave of shadows.

But Aunt Aniela had gone to sleep, and nobody heard.

The Boy Santa Claus Forgot

By S. E. Kiser

A little lame boy used to live in a house
That Santa Claus passed by
When he hurried through here on his journey last year,
And I often have wondered why;
For the little lame boy had no father, you know,
And his face was so thin and so white
That the saint, I should think, would have wanted to go
To pay him a visit that night.

When I looked at the gifts that old Santa had brought
I was never so proud or so glad;
But whenever I thought of the boy he forgot
It somehow kept making me sad;
For the little lame boy was a good little boy,
And I couldn't help wondering why,
If the ones that are best deserve more than the rest,
Good Santa Claus passed him by.

I took him some turkey and cookies and toys,
And it made him so glad that he cried,
And all day I kept thinking of lame little boys,
And felt kind of choky inside.
But I dreamed the most beautiful dream that night
About a bright angel that came
And sat on my bed and was dressed all in white
And sang of a boy who was lame.

The little lame boy isn't here any more.
And I guess that up in the sky
The Santa Claus there will always take care
To not go passing him by,
And all of the toys that a boy's ever had
Wouldn't make me so glad as the thought
That I made the poor little lame boy glad
When Santa, somehow, forgot.

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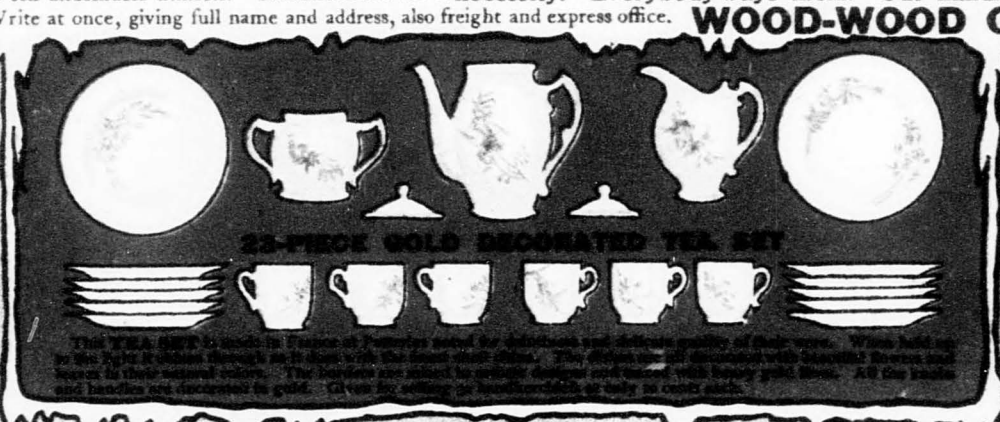

This TEA SET is made in France of fine porcelain and of the highest quality of decoration. When held up to the light it shows up in clear relief the fine gold effects. The shape is of the latest French design and the decoration is very delicate. The handles, spouts and knobs are heavy gold plate. All the inside and handles are decorated in gold. Given for selling 32 handkerchiefs at only 10 cents each.

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Fine American dust and damp proof movement. Accurate timekeeper. An elegant chain and charm with each watch. Keeps time equal to a $50.00 time piece, is fine enough for anyone to wear and will stand hard wear. These watches are guaranteed for one year. Given for selling 32 handkerchiefs.

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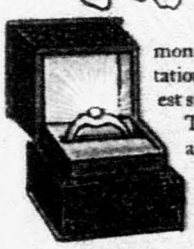
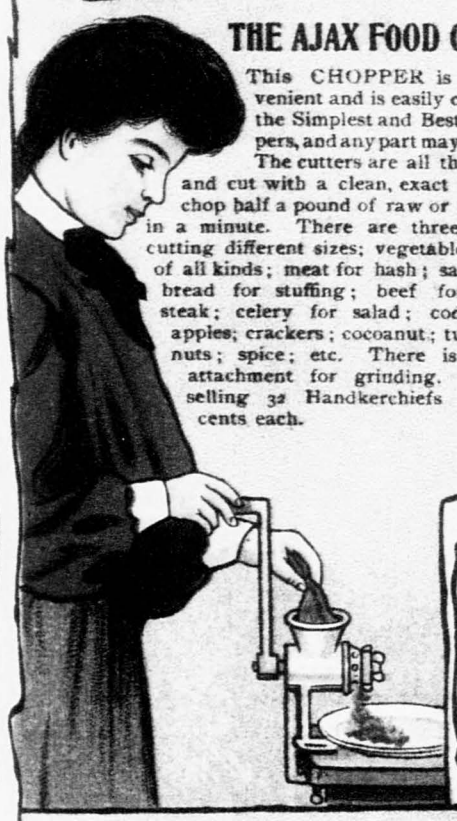
A Genuine Diamond Ring



Girls' or Ladies' size. The diamond ring we send is just like cut, not an imitation but a GENUINE DIAMOND in latest strong setting with ornamental "teeth." The diamond stands out free and clear and sparkles from every side. If you select this diamond ring send a strip of paper that just fits around your finger. Given for selling 32 handkerchiefs.

THE AJAX FOOD CHOPPER



This CHOPPER is handy, convenient and is easily cleaned. It is the Simplest and Best of all choppers, and any part may be replaced. The cutters are all the finest steel and cut with a clean, exact cut. It will chop half a pound of raw or cooked meat in a minute. There are three cutters for cutting different sizes; vegetables and fruit of all kinds; meat for hash; sausage meat; bread for stuffing; beef for Hamburg steak; celery for salad; codfish; pineapples; crackers; cocoanut; turkey; veal; nuts; spice; etc. There is a grinder attachment for grinding. Given for selling 32 Handkerchiefs at only 10 cents each.

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ROTARY PRINTING PRESS

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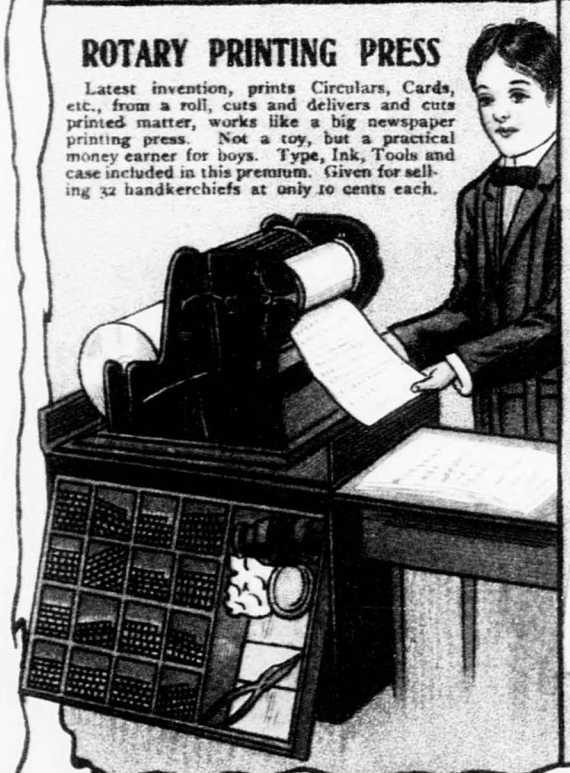

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