

## AN AUTUMN PRAYER.

When the dead leaves quiver earthward in the twilight of the year,  
Comes the time of love and dreaming, when the days of days appear;  
Purpling distance, mellowing sunshine, trees aflame with red and gold,  
Air brimful of life's elixir—nectar on Olympia old  
Was as water in its weakness when compared with this, methinks,  
And I wish life's chain were endless with sweet days like this for links.  
Music greets my every footstep in the dead leaves rustling here—  
When the ripe leaves quiver earthward in the twilight of the year.

Win the leaves come trembling earthward in the gloaming of the year,  
Then this life's perennial sweetness seems a thousand times more dear;  
Yet the million gorgeous death scenes that emblazon every wood  
As the leaves in splendid shroudings quit their dying brotherhood  
To return to earth that gave them in the spring so tearfully—  
Breathe a prayer like an incense through the very heart of me;  
"When life's sap is flowing feebly and my rest is drawing near,  
May my time for trembling earthward be the gloaming of the year."  
—Baltimore American.

## THE BLOOD OF A COMRADE.

A SHORT, severe war is less cruel than a long drawn out fight," said the captain, easily. "Of course it is! Everybody knows it! So why do the people at home criticize us because we use every means in our power to prevent further rebellion?"

"They ought to be thankful we don't use Spanish methods," said Wilcox, the junior member of the mess. He was only six weeks out of his cadet gray, and a new arrival at Camp Chicobang.

The captain smiled, pleasantly. "No?" he said. "Haven't we a reconcentrado system similar to theirs? Haven't we a blockade? We're merely taking up affairs where they left them, and following Spanish methods in our own way. When this rebellion began, we tried to treat the natives as civilized creatures, but, thank heaven, we're learning sense at last."

The subaltern flushed to the roots of his close-cropped hair. "Do you mean to say that any measure, however cruel, is justifiable in war?"

"About that," said the captain, amused at the boy's interest in a subject which was a stale one to the rest of the mess. "This business has got to be straightened out, and that's exactly what you and I are here for. War is wrong; therefore it is cruel and brutalizing. 'Benevolent assimilation' talk is all rot, and as for civilized warfare, there's no such thing. The measures used are adopted as circumstances arise, and must be cruel or barbarous, as the necessity calls for."

Wilcox was staring at him, half in horror, half in fascination. "And men can talk that way in the twentieth century," he murmured.

The captain smiled again. "The only way to carry on war with this people is to do to them as they first did to us. As long as we spare them, they're going to think we're weaklings, and grow bolder by result. They haven't any honor; you can't treat them as white men. Their own methods are what they expect, and their own methods are the only means by which this fighting will ever be stopped. It may involve an awful lot of suffering for non-combatants, but we can't help that. When the people cry out 'Enough!' then the insurgents will lose their support and the rebellion will be at an end—for a while."

Wilcox was playing nervously with his fork, and biting his lips as if to keep back words he would not speak. He was young, and his high ideals of the calling he had chosen had made him blind to the hard facts with which he was now brought face to face. It was impossible to believe that his own countrymen—officers of the United States army—could be so cruel, so barbarous. He did not care what the captain said; bloody treatment must serve only to alienate this struggling people. If the rebellion had once been handled differently, what was the cause of this reversion to the savage? Had the lust of blood so crazed the white men that they forgot their race, their civilization, their upbringing? Wilcox pitied the Filipinos; they, at least, were fighting for their liberty.

"By the way," said the captain, "did any of you fellows hear that the general expects to catch Luz Maha, who killed our policeman down at Binaran, and tried to murder the port commander?"

"Been wounded" asked some one. "No, but his wife had a baby recently, so he probably won't move his quarters so easily. They'll shoot him on sight."

"Well, I hope they see him soon," said the medic. "He's made more trouble for us than any other insurgent in that part of the island."

A sudden sound of running feet was heard through the din of the rain outside. The door of the mess-hall rasped open, and a dripping figure appeared on the threshold.

"The colonel's compliments to the commanders of K and O Troops, and will they please report to him immediately? Outpost No. 2 has been cut up

by insurgents, and Lieutenant Ellard and men at No. 4 have been captured."

In the blackness of the night before dawn, a long line of men, lying flat on the soggy earth, wormed their way through the tall rank grass. On the crest of a steep ascent, the leading figures halted cautiously, and one by one the men came to a standstill, each with a hand on the foot of the man ahead. A light was beginning to streak the east when the captain consulted the native guide in a soundless colloquy.

"What does he say?" asked Wilcox, the subaltern. He was wallowing in the mud like a carabao, and his clothes were coated with dirt.

"The hacienda of the insurgent comandante is just below us," returned the captain. "They'll be perfectly unsuspecting, and unless they've had time to move on, it's likely we'll find our men hidden there."

In the gray dawn the Americans drew their lines about the little plantation, and lay in an unseen circle a



AS THE NECESSITY CALLS FOR.

stone's throw from the brown nipahut. The subaltern saw a frowsy woman with two naked children go into the shack. A tall man in ragged white was putting out the wash to dry.

"By the eternal," whispered the captain, excitedly, "if it isn't a Spaniard! We've had rumors that the Gugas were keeping some prisoners up here as slaves."

The tall man glanced toward the jungle, and saw a line of blue and khaki-clad figures spring into view. His eyes bulged from his head, and he stood motionless with amazement. Suddenly with a shout of "Viva los Americanos! Viva Libertad!" he dashed forward, open-armed. A burly sergeant met him with a knockout blow on the chin, and the Spaniard staggered back, rubbing his face without resentment. He understood that silence was demanded.

"Over the hill!" he cried, dancing about with pain and excitement. "They've just left here with three Americano prisoners. Hurry, hurry, and you will catch them! Hurry, hurry, but take me with you."

Once more they dashed into the forest. The subaltern, running beside the rescued man, noticed that his shirt was stained with blood, and the fluttering rags gave glimpses of the raw, flayed skin beneath.

"What does that mean?" he asked in his schoolboy Spanish. The man smiled. Past sorrows were nothing to him now.

"I have been two years a prisoner," he said. "One receives many beatings." "Have you never tried to escape?" "What was the use? My friend tried, but they caught him and cut off his head—after roasting his legs."

Wilcox said nothing, but there was a strained look about his eyes. To him the last twenty-four hours had been horribly unreal. Stopping only for food and drink, the troop had followed the track of the insurgents deeper and deeper into the hills. He had seen his men surprise and shoot down a native in sight of his wife,

and as excuse the captain had said that the man was a war traitor, a leader of insurgents, and a persecutor of Americanists. But Wilcox felt sickened. The captain and the men became repulsive to him. They were like a lower order of beings to which he refused to be degraded. The army was his only outlook, but could he ever be in sympathy with such things as he was experiencing every day?

Suddenly a man in the ranks cried out, and the column came to a jolting halt. The subaltern looked, and turned pale. By the trunk of a moss-grown tree, his arms bound above his head, a rope about his half-naked body stood an American soldier. Across his mouth from corner to corner a bolo had slashed, and the bleeding flesh hung loosely over the jaw. His head was sunk forward, but he was not dead as his captors had intended he should be after a few days' lingering.

His "bunkie," who had first seen the pitiful figure, cut the heavy hemp with his bayonet, but the column waited only a moment. A hospital corps man was left behind with detail, and the troop took up its march the more cautiously for knowing that it was hot on the trail.

The subaltern felt that his nerves were strained to the breaking point. Through the throbbing whirl of his brain came a sickening thought. If the natives were capable of such a deed as this, how would they treat the other two prisoners? Surely they would not dare to harm an American officer. His mind refused to comprehend the thought of Ellard cold and lifeless. The image of his classmate and chum was too fresh, too vividly active to be rendered null. No, the natives could not be so cruel, they could not be so inhuman. And yet that bound figure by the tree. How slowly the men moved! Why did they linger when every minute might mean life or death to the prisoners?

The men passed over another spur, and dropped into the valley below. With every step they moved more cautiously. Tense and alert, the subaltern crept onward, braced for he knew not what. He saw the captain, crawling on all fours, become entangled in a trailing vine, and felt an uncontrollable desire to laugh. It was broad day now, and the heat grew stifling in the breathless woods.

A shout and distant laughter echoed across the valley, and the captain halted abruptly. After a moment's consultation, the troop divided, and at the head of his creeping file, the subaltern turned to the right. Nearer and nearer sounded the native voices, and the men knew that they were close to the insurgent camp. For ten heartbreaking minutes they wormed their way over the damp, brown loam, now and again catching a glimpse of the little clearing, until they had made a complete half circle.

Slowly they drew near the edge of the trees, and the subaltern heard the sound of hasty digging. A strange look appeared on the set faces of the men, but Wilcox did not notice. He wondered what the natives were doing, fearing to look for the dread of what he might have to see, and yet impatient to know if Ellard was alive. He moved his body until, dirt color himself, he could watch unseen.

Thank God! At the opposite end of the clearing stood Ellard, upright and unharmed. Before him, in the center of the field, was a rectangular hole like a grave, and the natives were throwing the earth clods into it. Evidently they were burying some one who had died, but why did they seem amused? Brady was nowhere in sight. Was it his body they were burying? Yelling like an army of blue devils, the captain's detachment burst into the clearing. Surprised and confused, the insurgents turned to flee, and met the fixed bayonets of the subaltern's men.

As soon as he could break away, Wilcox ran to one side. Ellard was standing as before, still bound hand and foot. His face was half averted, but on it the subaltern saw a look of the most intense horror and dread. With a cry of dismay, he dashed forward, but a naked, brown figure was before him. Twice the shining kris flashed in the air as the defenseless prisoner toppled backward. Then, dodging the subaltern's bullet, the native turned and fled. Two privates cornered and disarmed him, but before they could put in a finishing blow, Wilcox had shouted: "Hold on there! Wait till I come!"

"As you have mercy, put me out of this life!" moaned Ellard. The tall, strong, young athlete of a moment before lay helpless on the ground, a bleeding, legless trunk. Sobbing, the subaltern dropped to his knees beside his friend, and beat passionately at the earth with clenched fists.

"Don't, don't!" almost shrieked the wounded man. "I stood here powerless to move while they first cut up and then buried Brady alive, but I didn't cry! Kill me, shoot me, have mercy on me for Christ's sake, but don't cry!"

A hospital sergeant came running, the captain, white with horror, at his heels. The fight was over, and a

group of men were working at the grave.

Wilcox staggered to his feet, a strange curse on his lips. The beads of sweat plowed deep courses through the grime of his cheeks. Slowly, with infinite deliberation, he reloaded his revolver, and strode to where the troopers held the insurgent on the ground. As he went, he muttered like a man searching for some forgotten thought. "The measures used are adopted as circumstances arise, and must be cruel or barbarous as the necessity calls for . . . as the necessity calls for . . ."

Three times he fired into the prostrate body. "One for Brady, one for Wright, and one for Ellard!" and then he began to laugh.—San Francisco Argonaut.

## PERILS OF SURF BATHING.

Some Cannot Be Persuaded to Avoid Taking Risks.

Surf bathing is refreshing and healthful and, where proper precautions are observed, should be accompanied with scarcely more danger than bathing in a tub. Nevertheless season after season there are reports from the resorts throughout the length of both coasts of bathers being drowned.

State legislatures have taken cognizance of the matter and have passed laws designed to give protection to bathers, but while the laws may have served to diminish the number of accidents they have not had the effect of putting a stop to them. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful if any law could be devised that would have that effect. The safety of the individual rests primarily with himself or herself. And there is only one sure rule of safety. Never take chances.

The bather in the surf who is always sure of a footing on the shingle runs practically no risk of mishap. Unfortunately all bathers cannot be persuaded that it is folly to take risks. Some of them disregard strong ebb currents and go out too far. They find exhilaration in swimming among the rollers for a time, but when they attempt to come ashore they are dismayed to feel themselves being swept further and further away. There are numerous forms of indiscretion in connection with surf bathing, but they are all so patent that it is unnecessary to call attention to them. Since it is impossible to get everybody to follow, along the lines of safety it is not only advisable, but necessary, that measures be taken for their protection.

That is why the law requires a lifeboat and life preservers on the beach. These, however, are not enough. There should be at all times when there the persons in bathing in the surf an expert life-saver on duty with a long line about his waist or shoulders. He should patrol the bathing place, keeping his eyes constantly on the bathers, watching for the slightest sign of distress. Such a human safeguard would be worth a dozen lifeboats depending on the skilled hands to man them.—Savannah News.

## OUR ENORMOUS EGG CROP.

Over Forty-three Million Crates Produced Annually.

The egg and poultry earnings of the United States for one recent year amounted to \$280,000,000. Such an amount is sufficiently amazing as it stands, but you don't get its full significance until you study the relative financial values of other "industrials." We find, for instance, that the total value of the gold, silver, wool and sheep produced in America during the year in question was \$272,434,315. The sugar production of the country the same year was but \$20,000,000. That part of the wheat crop used at home, which many consider the most valuable of all agricultural products, was worth \$229,000,000. The great American hog, as consumed at home and abroad, brought \$186,529,035. The value of the oat crop was \$78,984,000. Potatoes grown in the United States were valued at nearly as large a sum as were the oats. The product of tobacco plantations was estimated to be worth \$35,579,225. Cotton, the dethroned king of staples, could show only \$259,161,640, as against the magnificent earnings of its feathered rival. The crops of flax, timothy, clover, millet, and cane seeds, broom corn, castor beans, hay, straw, and so forth, couldn't, all told, come within a measurable distance of the many millions of the poultry earnings.

The hens' eggs produced in this country annually would fill 43,127,000 crates, each of the latter holding 360 eggs; also, a train of refrigerator cars to carry these eggs would be nearly 900 miles long. Furthermore, it would take 107,818 such cars to make up this train.—Success Magazine.

When a girl wears a white dress on the streets every day, the people get angry, and decide that her mother must iron them. A girl should absent herself from the street at least one-half of a week to get the credit for ironing her clothing.

Patience is the best investment in the world to make when one is raising a boy, except charity when he has been raised.

## A SENATORS' LIFE STORY.

Mitchell of Oregon Has Had an Interesting Career.

Few men in public life have had the bitter matrimonial experiences of Senator John H. Mitchell, who had two families of sons and daughters and a wife who prefers the life of Paris to the deadly dullness of Oregon, says the New York Press. The present Mrs. Mitchell is a prominent resident of the French capital, where she makes her home with her daughter, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, and so the old man of 70 has no one to comfort him in these last days of his life. His three brothers and one sister have lived all their lives in Pennsylvania, from which place John Hipple, now known as Senator Mitchell, fled forty-five years ago to escape from his wife, Sarah Hoon. He took with him his eldest daughter and left behind a boy and a girl, for whom provision was made when Hipple's (Mitchell's) law partner was able to sell some property owned by the fleeing lawyer. Then began a turning point in Hipple's life. His wife had a cowboy brother in the West, who swore to kill Hipple on sight because of the allegations made against the woman. He tracked Hipple through four Western states, the trail being clear because of the little girl who was fleeing with her father.

The thoroughly frightened Hipple placed his daughter in a boarding school and applied to the San Francisco courts for leave to change his name from John Mitchell Hipple to John H. Mitchell, and gave proof of the oath of vengeance made by Hoon. The court granted the application and as John H. Mitchell, the brilliant young Pennsylvania lawyer, homeless and broken hearted, stole away to Oregon, where his talents were recognized within two years. He went to Oregon to bury himself from his brother-in-law, Hoon, was able to obtain a divorce, married Mattie Price, launched out as a lawyer, then went into politics, raised a large family and became a millionaire several times. In a stolen visit to his two children in Pennsylvania by his first wife Mitchell came face to face with Henry Hoon. The former cowboy, instead of pulling a gun, shook hands warmly with Mitchell. In the intervening years Hoon had learned the truth about the domestic trouble and had no kind words for his sister. The boy and girl left behind had been carefully educated in Mount Union College. The boy of those years is a lawyer in the Northwest under the proper name of Hipple. The baby girl of forty years ago is a happy matron in Canton, Ohio. The daughter carried away in the flight from home is 50 years of age and the wife of a prosperous San Francisco lawyer. These children had nothing in common with the second family of Senator Mitchell nor do they know their step-sister, the duchess. All this page of his life Mitchell buried from friends in his twenty-two years in the Senate.

## Making an Audience Laugh.

I am glad there is no recipe for making an audience laugh. We should thank heaven that it is so. There are enough people trying it now, but think of the hordes that would descend on the unsuspecting public if some one were able to tell 'how' in a few comprehensible lines. Either one is born with the power to make others laugh or he is not; there is no learning how unless you have the gift.

Some one has said that to make audiences laugh you must feel the laugh yourself—must be moved by the humor of the lines or of the situation. To my mind that is not so. Try saying the same line and making the same gesture at exactly the same place every night for six months and see just how much you are moved by the humor. It is easier far easier, to be moved by a pathetic situation each night than it is to feel like laughing.

An American audience naturally likes the American type of humor—where little is said and a great deal is left to the imagination. So, to my mind, it is best that the lines you speak shall be really humorous, in that they suggest some exceedingly funny situation or thought. But—and here is the secret—before you speak them you must really understand them and know what line of thought causes them to be spoken. If you can do this you can communicate their humor.—David Warfield in Success Magazine.

## Good Advice.

Magistrate—"So you want to get a separation from your wife. What's the matter with her?"

Appliant—"She behaves most brutally toward me. She treats me like a dog and works me like a horse."

"I'm afraid, my good man, I can do nothing for you. You'd better go to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."—Translated for Tales from "Jugend."

When we get time, we intend to study up the cannibal races, to see if any of them ever eat their kin.

If you are good natured, you will be imposed upon.