

The Bondman

By HALL CAINE.

Continued Story.

CHAPTER II—(Continued).

There are moments when the sense of our destiny is strong upon us, and this was such a moment to Red Jason. He saw Michael Sunlocks for the first time, but without knowing him, and yet at that sight every pulse beat and every nerve quivered. A great sorrow and a great pity took hold of him. The face he looked upon moved him, the voice he heard thrilled him, and by an impulse that he could not resist he stopped and turned to the warder leaning on the musket and said:

"Let me do this man's work. It would be nothing to me. He is ill. Send him up to the hospital."

"March!" shouted his own warders, and they hustled him along, and at the next minute he was gone. Then the bell stopped for an instant, for Michael Sunlocks had raised his head to look upon the man who had spoken to him. He did not see Jason's face, but his own face softened at the words he had heard and his bloodshot eyes grew dim.

"Go on!" cried the warder with the musket, and the bell began again.

All that day the face of Michael Sunlocks haunted the memory of Red Jason.

"Who was that man?" he asked of the prisoner who worked by his side. "How should I know?" the other fellow answered sulkily.

In a space of rest Jason leaned on his shovel, wiped his brow, and said to his warder, "What was that man's name?"

"A 25," the warder answered moodily.

"I asked for his name," said Jason. "What's that to you?" replied the warder.

A week went by, and the face of Sunlocks still haunted Jason's memory. It was with him early and late, the last thing that stood up before his inward eye when he lay down to sleep, the first thing that came to him when he awoke; sometimes it moved him to strange laughter when the sun was shining, and sometimes it touched him to tears when he thought of it at night. Why was this? He did not know, he could not think, he did not try to find out. But there it was, a living face burnt into his memory—a face so strangely new to him, yet so strangely familiar, so unlike to anything he had ever yet seen, and yet so like to everything that was near and dear to himself, that he could have fancied there had never been a time when he had not had it by his side. When he put the matter to himself so he laughed and thought "How foolish!" But no self-mockery banished the mystery of the power upon him of the man's face that he saw for a moment one morning in the snow.

He threw off his former listlessness and began to look keenly about him. But one week, two weeks, three weeks passed, and he could nowhere see the same face again. He asked questions, but learned nothing. His fellow prisoners began to jeer at him. Upon their souls, the big red fellow had tumbled into love with the young chap with the long flaxen hair, and maybe he thought it was a woman in disguise.

Jason knocked their chattering heads together and so stopped their ribald banter, but his warders began to watch him with suspicion, and he fell back in silence.

A month passed, and then the chain that was slowly drawing the two men together suddenly tightened. One morning the order came down from the office of the captain that the prisoners' straw beds were to be taken out into the stock yard and burnt. The beds were not old, but dirty and damp and full of foul odors. The order of the settlement said this was due to the filthy habits of the prisoners. The prisoners on their part said it came of the pestilential hovels they were compelled to live in, where the ground was a bog, the walls and roof were a rotten coffin, and the air was heavy and lifeless. Since the change of warders there had been a gradual decline in the humanity with which they had been treated, and to burn up their old beds without giving them new ones was to deprive them of the last comfort that separated the condition of human beings from that of beasts of the field.

But the captain of the mines was in no humor to bandy parts with his prisoners, and in ordering that the beds should be burnt to prevent an outbreak of disease, he appointed that the prisoner B 25 should be told off to do the work. Now B 25 was the prison name of Red Jason, and he was selected by reason of his great bodily strength, not so much because the beds required it as from fear of the rebellion of the poor souls who were to lose them.

So at the point of a musket Red Jason was driven on to his bad work, and sullenly he went through it, muttering deep oaths from between his grinding teeth, until he came to the log hut where Michael Sunlocks slept, and there he saw again the face that had haunted his memory.

"This bed is dry and sound," said Michael Sunlocks, "and you shall not take it."

"Away with it," shouted the warder to Jason, who had seemed to hesitate.

"It is good and wholesome, let him keep it," said Jason.

"Go on with your work," cried the warder, and the lock of the musket clicked.

"Civilized men give straw to their dogs to lie on," said Michael Sunlocks.

"It depends what dogs they are," sneered the warder.

"If you take our beds, this place will be worse than an empty kennel," said Michael Sunlocks.

"Better that than the mange," said the warder. "Get along, I tell you," he cried again, handling his musket and turning to Jason.

Then, with a glance of loathing, Jason picked up the bed in his fingers, that itched to pick up the warder by

the throat, and swept out of the place. "Slave!" cried Michael Sunlocks after him. "Pitiful, miserable, little-hearted slave!"

Jason heard the hot words that pursued him, and his face grew as red as his hair, and his head dropped into his breast. He finished his task in less than half an hour more, working like a demented man at piling up the dirty mattresses, into a vast heap, and setting light to the damp straw. And while the huge bonfire burned, and he poked long holes into it to give it air to blaze by, he made excuse of the great heat to strip off the long rough overcoat that had been given him to wear through the hard months of the winter. By this time the warder had fallen back from the scorching flames, and Jason, watching his chance, stole away under cover of deep whirls of smoke, and got back into the log cabin unobserved.

He found the place empty; the man known to him as A 25 was not anywhere to be seen. But finding his sleeping bunk—a bare slab resembling a butcher's board—he stretched his coat over it where the bed had been, and then fled away like a guilty thing.

When the great fire had burned long the warder returned, and said, "Quick there; put on your coat and let's be off."

At that Jason pretended to look about him in dismay.

"It's gone he said in a tone of astonishment.

"Gone? What? Have you burnt it up with the beds?" cried the warder.

"Maybe so," said Jason, meekly.

"Fool!" cried the warder; "but it's your loss. Now you'll have to go in your sheepskin jacket, snow or shine."

With a cold smile about the corners of his mouth, Jason bent his head and went ahead of the warder.

If the Captain of the Mines had been left to himself he might have been a just and even merciful man, but he was hindered by inhuman orders from Jorgen Jorgensen at Reykjavik, and one by one the common privileges of his prisoners were withdrawn. As a result of his treatment, the prisoners besieged him with petitions as often as he crossed their path. The loudest to complain and the most rebellious against petty tyranny was Michael Sunlocks; the humblest, the meekest and most silent under cruel prosecution was Red Jason. The one seemed aflame with indignation; the other destitute of all manly spirit.

"That man might be dangerous to the government," yet, thought the Captain, after one of his stormy scenes with Michael Sunlocks. "That man's heart is dead within him," he thought again, as he watched Red Jason working as he always worked, slowly, listlessly, and as if tired out and longing for the night.

The Captain's humanity at length prevailed over his governor's rigor, and he developed a form of penal servitude among the prisoners which he called the Free Command. This was a plan whereby the men whose partial liberty of living outside the stockade in huts which they had built for themselves. Ten hours a day they wrought at the mines, the rest of the day and night was under their own control; and in return for their labor they were supplied with rations from the settlement.

Now Red Jason as a docile prisoner, was almost the first to get promotion to the Free Command. He did not ask for it and he did not wish for it, and when it came he looked askance at it.

"Send somebody else," he said to his warders, but they laughed and turned him aside.

He began to build his house of the lava stones on the mountain side, not far from the hospital, and near to a house being built by an elderly man much disfigured about the cheeks, who had been a priest, imprisoned long ago by Jorgen Jorgensen out of spite and yet baser motives. And as he worked at raising the walls of his hut, he remembered with a pang the mill he built in Port-y-Vullin, and what a whirlwind of outraged passion brought every stone of it to the ground again. With this occupation, and occasional gossip with his neighbor, he passed the evenings of his Free Command. And looking toward the hospital as often as he saw the little groups of men go up to it that told of another prisoner injured in the perilous labor of the sulphur mines, he sometimes saw a woman come out at the door to receive them.

"Who is she?" he asked of the priest.

"The foreign nurse," said the priest. "And a right good woman, too, as I have reason to say, for she nursed me back to life after that spurt of hot water had scalded these holes into my face."

That made Jason think of other scenes, and of tender passages in his brief life that were gone from him forever. He had no wish to recall them; their pleasure was too painful, their sweets too bitter; they were lost, and God grant that they could be forgotten. Yet every night as he worked at his walls he looked longingly across the shoulder of the hill in the direction of the hospital, half fancying he knew the sweet grace of the figure he sometimes saw there, and pretending with himself that he remembered the light rhythm of its movement. After a while he missed what he looked for, and then he asked his neighbor if the nurse were ill that he had not seen her lately.

"Ill? Well, yes," said the old priest. "She has been turned away from the hospital."

"What!" cried Jason; "you thought her a good nurse."

"She was too good, my lad," said the priest, "and a blackguard warder who had tried to corrupt her, and could not, announced that somebody else had done so."

"It's a lie," cried Jason.

"It was plain enough said the priest, "that she was about to give

birth to a child, and as she would make no explanations she was turned adrift."

"Where is she now?" asked Jason. "Lying in the farmhouse at the edge of the snow yonder," said the priest. "I saw her last night. She trusted me with her story, and it was straight and simple. Her husband had been sent out to the mines by the old scoundrel at Reykjavik. She had followed him, only to be near him and breathe the air he breathed. Perhaps with some wild hope of helping his escape she had hidden her true name and character and taken the place of a menial, being a born lady."

"Then her husband is still at the mines?" said Jason.

"Yes," said the priest. "Does he know of her disgrace?"

"No."

"What's his name?"

"The poor soul would give no name, but she knew her husband's number. It was A 25."

"I know him," said Jason.

Next day, his hut being built and roofed after some fashion, Jason went down to the office of the Captain of the Mines and said, "I don't like the Free Command, sir. May I give it up in favor of another man?"

"And what man, pray?" asked the Captain.

"A 25," said Jason.

"No," said the Captain.

"I've built my house, sir," said Jason, "and if you won't give it to A 25, let the poor woman from the hospital live in it, and take me back among the men."

"That won't do, my lad. Go along to your work," said the Captain.

And when Jason was gone the Captain thought within himself, "What does this mean? Is the lad planning the man's escape? And who is this English woman that she should be the next thought in his head?"

So the only result of Jason's appeal was that Michael Sunlocks was watched the closer, worked the harder, persecuted the more by petty tyrannies, and that an order was sent up to the farmhouse where Greeba lay in the dear dishonor of her early motherhood, requiring her to leave the neighborhood of Krisuvik as speedily as her condition allowed.

This was when the long dark days of winter were beginning to fall back before the sweet light of spring. And when the snow died off the mountains, and the cold garment of the jokulls was sucked full of holes like the honeycomb, and the world that had been white grew black, and the flowers began to show in the corries, and the sweet summer was coming, coming, then Jason went down to the Captain of the Mines again.

"Why?" said the Captain, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing," said Jason, "but if you don't prevent me I'll run away. This Free Command was bad enough to fear when the snow cut us off from all the world. But now that it is gone and the world is free, and the cuckoo is calling, he seems to be calling me, and I must go after him."

"Go," said the Captain, "and after you've tramped the deserts and swam the rivers, and slept on the ground, and started on roots, we'll fetch you back for you can never escape us, and lash you as we have lashed the others who have done likewise."

"If I go," said Jason, defiantly, "you shall never fetch me back, and if you catch me you shall never punish me."

"What? Do you threaten me?" cried the Captain.

Something in the prisoner's face terrified him, though he would have scorned to have acknowledged his fear, and he straightway directed that Jason should be degraded, for insolence and insubordination, from the Free Command to the gangs.

Now this was exactly what Jason wanted, for his heart had grown sick with the longing for another sight of that face which stood up before his inward eye in the darkness of the night. But remembering Jason's appeal on behalf of Michael Sunlocks, and his suspicion regarding both, the captain ordered that the two men should be kept apart.

(To Be Continued.)

Census Taking in Russia.
The first general census in Russia was taken in January, in 1897, but—as may be expected in such a vast country—the difficulties are so great that the returns cannot be vouched for as absolutely correct. Compared with western countries, census taking in Russia is rather crude. Prior to 1897 the census had been taken ten times, but this was to find out how many males there were who paid or ought to pay taxes. The first census took place as far back as 1724, when the number of inhabitants was set down at 14,000,000 in round figures; in 1897 the number was given as 129,000,000, including Finland.—Pearson's Weekly.

Regiments on Ski.
In Norway the ski is in constant use during the winter, and the ease with which great distances can be covered is surprising. Peasants are thus able to get about their work and visit friends in far-away districts. Sportsmen, with gun on back and stick in hand, set out in pursuit of game on ski, and the soldiers are reduced to this means of getting about when exercising. A regiment of soldiers on ski is a sight by no means uncommon in and around Chistiana.—The Traveler.

Paris Gibson's Honesty.
Montana's new senator, Paris Gibson, is a popular man in Minneapolis, Minn. He started the first woolen mill in that city, but failed in the panic of 1877, owing his employees nearly \$10,000. Soon after Gibson went to Montana and a decade later returned to Minneapolis and paid off every cent of his indebtedness, with interest at 7 per cent.

Guns of Swiss Army.
The quick-firing artillery, with which the whole Swiss army is to be equipped forthwith, consists of nickel-steel guns, 7.4 centimeters caliber, firing 10 shots a minute, with a range of 5,800 yards.

COMMONER COMMENT

Timely Topics Intelligently Discussed By Bryan.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT ON DUTY.

Something About the Prosperity of Some Sections of the Country—Prediction of Panic By United States Investor—Notes.

Roosevelt on Duty.

The vice-president delivered a speech a few nights ago before the Home Market Club of Boston. A perusal of his remarks convinces one that he shares with the president the tendency to apply the term "duty" to those things which he desires. He says: "For good or for evil we now find ourselves with new DUTIES beyond the West Indies and new DUTIES beyond the Pacific. We cannot escape the performance of these DUTIES. All we can decide for ourselves is whether we shall do them well or ill."

The fact that these "duties" were self-imposed and are clung to in spite of the fact that they involve a violation of American principles, cuts no figure. It is all in the definition of duty. According to republican logic it is very wrong to steal unless you find something which is very valuable—then larceny becomes a duty. The fact that you may be compelled to take human life in order to get the thing desired is immaterial—call it duty and sin becomes a virtue.

A little later on in his speech the real secret of the Philippine policy leaks out. Mr. Roosevelt says:

"In developing these islands it is well to keep steadily in mind that business is one of the great levers of civilization. It is immensely to the interest of the people of the islands that their resources should be developed, and therefore it is to their interest even more than to ours that our citizens should develop their industries. The further fact that it is our duty to see that the development takes place under conditions so carefully guarded that no wrong may come to the islanders, must not blind us to the first great fact, which is the need of development."

The reasoning is complete. Business is a civilization; the Filipinos need civilization, and we are nothing if not business-like. Therefore, it is to the interest of the Filipinos that we should develop them for their good. This is strenuous life, and lest some might be restrained by conscientious scruples, the Vice President felt it necessary to impress upon his hearers that "the first great fact" is the "need of development." The "duty to see that the development takes place under conditions so carefully guarded that no wrong may come to the islanders" is simply a "further fact"—and, "must not blind us" to the principal thing—"the need of development."

Nowhere does Mr. Roosevelt discuss the effect of the new policy upon our theory of government; nowhere does he attempt to explain why a colonial system was wrong in 1776 and right now. His whole argument can be summed up as follows: We are in the Philippine Islands—no matter how we got there, we are there; whether there for good or evil, we cannot get away; it looks as if it were providential for them—and, besides, there is money in it for us.

The President Contradicts Himself.
At Decatur, Alabama, the president took occasion to defend the administration against the charge that it favored militarism and viewed blood and carnage with indifference. But in his anxiety to make the defense complete he found it necessary to contradict what he had said during the negotiations of the Paris treaty. The conflict between the speech made at Decatur and the instructions given to the peace commission can best be shown by presenting the two:

DECATUR SPEECH.
We have never gone to war for conquest, for exploitation or for territory, but always for liberty and humanity, and in our recent war with Spain the people of the whole United States, as one man, marched with the flag for the honor of the nation to relieve the oppressed people in Cuba.

INSTRUCTIONS.
United States Peace Commission, Paris, Nov. 3, 1898—10 a. m. (For the president.—Special.)—After a careful examination of the authorities, the majority of the commission are clearly of the opinion that our demand for the Philippine islands can not be based on conquest.

DAY.
Department of State, Washington, Nov. 3, 1898.—The president has received your dispatch of this date and awaits your letter. Meantime, however, the question may be ultimately determined. He assumes you have not yielded the claim by right of conquest. In fact the destruction of the Spanish fleet on May 1 was the conquest of Manila, the capital of the Philippines.

HAY.
Extract from correspondence between Day of the Peace Commission, and Hay, Secretary of War.

All the protection that an American industry needs when backed by American skill and ingenuity is protection against the rapacity of modern jugglers of financial stocks.

A London paper calls J. Pierpont Morgan the "Bonaparte of trade." Napoleons of finance have existed before, but the St. Helena of bankruptcy is covered with their bones.

The soundness of Senator McLaurin's democracy may be measured by noting that it is receiving the plaudits of the men who have opposed democratic principles all their lives.

Is This Prosperity?

The Philadelphia North American in a recent issue gives a discouraging description of the depression which prevails in the textile trade. The facts and causes are condensed by it into the following brief statement:

Total number of textile employees in Philadelphia..... 75,000
Number at steady work..... 30,000
Number on "half" or "three-quarter" time..... 25,000
Number idle..... 15,000
Number unaccounted for..... 5,000

CAUSES OF DEPRESSION:
1. Overproduction during prosperity.
2. Underconsumption due to low wages.
3. The war in China.
4. Competition of "substitute" commodities.
5. Change in styles.
6. Change in centers of textile industry.

If we had a low tariff protectionists would recommend a high tariff as a remedy; if we had bimetalism the gold standard would be proposed as a panacea, but as we have a high tariff and a gold standard this depression will be explained as one of those natural and necessary conditions which cannot be prevented by foresight or remedied by legislation. It comes, too, at a time when the stock markets are booming and when the speculators are boasting that railroad stocks have gained more than five hundred millions in market value within a few months.

The North American gives interviews with employers and employees. Here is a sample from each side. John Hamilton, proprietor of the Montgomery carpet mills, says:

"This thing is all a scare. The business is bad for some, and other manufacturers are running about the same as usual. We are running short handed, but that is because it is the end of our season. The talk about people starving is only the vapors of labor people starting. If they can't find work in the textile trades, let them get to work at something else. I have no reason to offer for the 'depression,' because there is no depression."

Mr. Hamilton is not worrying about the lack of employment or the lack of food complained of by some of the others. It is evident that his salary is paid regularly.

Edward Thornton, business agent of the allied textile trades, is quoted as saying:

"The 'busy season,' so long expected, has not come. Since November there has been no season at all. In the upholstery trade not seventy-five per cent of the thirty-two mills are running on anything like full time. A weaver in this line of work could make \$13 a week, but now the most skillful barely make a fair wage as long as there is work, but the periods of idleness are disastrous. There has been a great overproduction and a tendency to lower the quality of the goods manufactured. The tariff on wool has played havoc with the ingrain trade and has created a field for Japanese and Chinese matings. In fact people are not buying carpets as they did at one time. As yet there have been few appeals for help, but this will come later if the depression continues. Our men are living on credit to a great extent, but this is bound to end."

Predicting Panic.

A marked degree of pessimism concerning business conditions is noticeable in many republican papers. This is particularly true of great financial journals. The United States Investor, one of the leading financial publications, appears to be particularly blue. The Investor points out that the conditions at present are very similar to the conditions of 1893, immediately prior to the great panic of that year. It says "The whole industrial and financial structure in this country may be likened to a man in mid air on a tight rope, and it adds that the conditions 'might very well suggest to Wall Street the advisability of getting things in snug condition.'"

The United States Investor informs us that trusts are the agency which will produce the next panic in this country, and the Investor is of the opinion that "the wreck will equal any that has preceded it." How does it happen, then, that the financial journals, like the Investor, that were so anxious for the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law; that were so bitterly antagonistic to anything in the form of bimetalism; that held out to us such alluring promises if we would but adopt the single gold standard—how does it happen that these publications have no word of protest to utter against the system which they now openly declare will be responsible for a disastrous panic? When they thought, or pretended to think, that silver was responsible for our ills, they didn't hesitate to speak out. When they thought, or pretended to think, that the prospect of bimetalism aggravated our conditions, they did not hesitate to protest against bimetalism. When they thought that the single gold standard would provide a remedy for our financial evils they did not hesitate to urge the application of that remedy. How does it happen that at this moment they are content with making dire predictions as to the result of the trust system without entering any protest against the encouragement of that system?

Mrs. Nation Found Guilty.
TOPEKA, Kan., May 15.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Carrie Nation, charged with joint smashing, this evening returned a verdict of guilty. The trial was before the district court and sentenced will be pronounced tomorrow morning. It is the general impression that she will be released on the payment of a fine and costs.

Order Three Warships Home.
WASHINGTON, May 15.—The navy department sent orders to Rear Admiral Kempff, acting commander of the Asiatic station, to send home the ships Concord, Marietta and Castine during the latter part of the summer. This is in pursuance of the policy announced some time ago of reducing the naval strength in the east. The Bennington, Petrel, Oregon, Newark and Brutus already have been ordered home.

Scientists are trying to frighten the people by predicting the exhaustion of the fuel supply, but it has no effect on Messrs. Carnegie, Morgan and Rockefeller. They have money to burn.

ROOT MAKES HIS REPORT.

Sovereign Commander, Woodmen of the World, Gives Year's Resumé.

COLUMBUS, O., May 15.—The fourth biennial encampment of the Sovereign camp Woodmen of the World, convened here today, with Sovereign Commander Root of Omaha presiding. Delegates representing twenty-one states are present. The sessions will continue for a week.

After the delegates had been called to order addresses of welcome were made by Secretary of State Laylin, who represented Governor Nash, now in California; Mayor Hinkle and Secretary of Board of Trade Bassell. Responses were made by Sovereign Banker Sheppard of Texarkana, Tex., and Sov. Advocate T. A. Fallenkirk of Denver. Following the open session secret work was taken up.

The report of Sov. Commander J. C. Root of Omaha showed that the order now has a membership of about 250,000 in nearly 4,500 camps in the United States and Canada. The recommendations in the report will not be made public until it goes to the committee on officers' reports and has been acted upon.

The supreme forest, Woodmen Circle, an auxiliary organization, also convened here today, Mrs. Emma B. Manchester of Omaha, supreme guardian, presiding. The report of the supreme clerk, J. G. Kuhn of Omaha, showed the membership of the Circle had increased from 5,260 to nearly 15,000 in two years.

NO CHANCE FOR NEBRASKA.

This State Has Complete Representation at West Point.

OMAHA, May 16.—A number of applications have been filed with Senator Millard by young Nebraskans who have an ambition to become officers in the regular army. The West Point cadetships are filled, however, with no chance of immediate vacancy and Senator Millard can give the aspirants no encouragement. The cadets appointed by Senators Thurston and Allen will not graduate until 1904 and 1905 and until these years no other appointment can be made. From present reports the Nebraska cadets are doing good work and there is little prospect that they will fail in their examination or for any other reason leave the military school before the completion of their course.

In a recent letter on the subject Adjutant General Corbin said: "There will be no vacancies for the admission of senatorial candidates from Nebraska until the cadets now representing that state at large shall have left the military academy. One of these will not graduate until June, 1904, and the other in June, 1905."

CATCH AMERICAN BRIGANDS.

Manila Police Take Leaders of Band of Cunning Murderers.

MANILA, May 15.—Detectives and the police have broken up a band of American brigands who have been operating in the province of Pampanga, north of and not far from Manila. George Raymond, Ulrich Rogers and Oscar Muehler have been captured, and Andrew Martin, Peter Heise, George Munn and two others are still being pursued.

The band committed murders and other outrages at Baeolor, Pampanga province, and in that vicinity on Sunday last they killed Henry Dow, an American. The band sometimes represented themselves as American deserters and at others as American soldiers. George Raymond wore the uniform of a captain. Raymond and Martin were formerly policemen at Manila.

Labor Troubles at Albany.
ALBANY, N. Y., May 15.—A thousand National Guardsmen and 100 mounted men will occupy Albany streets today and attempt to force a riotous crowd to let the cars of the United Traction company run with non-union men. The Twenty-third regiment of Brooklyn, the Tenth battalion of Albany and the Third Signal corps will make up the complement of men. They will be reinforced by 200 special deputies, 300 policemen and over 100 Pinkerton detectives.

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