

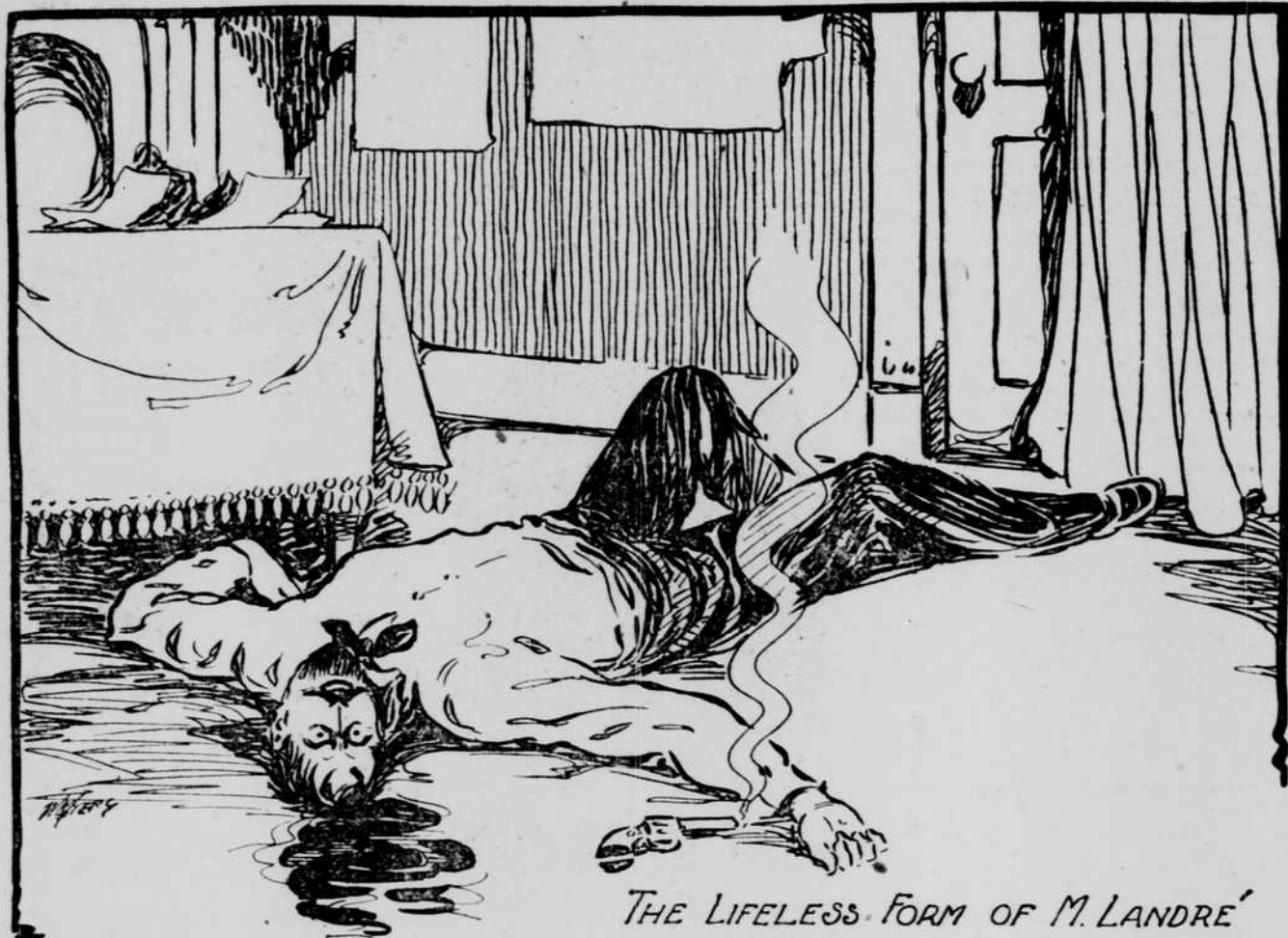
THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MONSIEUR CLAUDE

Edited by George Tickell

BEING THE CHRONICLES OF A FAMOUS PREFECT OF POLICE DURING THE REGIME OF THE SECOND EMPIRE, IN THE REIGN OF NAPOLEON III, NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

THE SCARLET ARROW

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THE LIFELESS FORM OF M. LANDRE



CLAUDE, seated at a desk alone in his private sanctum, looked up in response to a soft knock on the door and bade the applicant enter. A petite woman of slender figure appeared, and throwing back a heavy veil that enshrouded her features greeted the redoubtable chief of police with a gracious smile.

The visitor was Mme. Rigault, an acknowledged belle of the court of Napoleon III, high in favor with the emperor and a beauty whose capricious ways wrought devastation in the hearts of a legion of admirers. There were, however, a favored few among whom was numbered M. Claude, aware that under the butterfly existence affected by this spoiled child of Fortune there lurked a talent for intrigue and a deeper purpose than appeared on the surface. The olive loveliness of her perfect face did not conceal the determined outlines of an obstinate little chin, and the languorous glances of her dark brown eyes often served to conceal the subtle light of penetration that shone behind their long silken lashes. For Mme. Rigault's skill as a Chateau spy was second to none in the realm, and there were few secrets of the prefecture unknown to the wonderfully resolute and radiantly beautiful coquette of the imperial court.

The chief rose and, having provided a chair for his visitor, smiled good humoredly in response to the ringing burst of laughter that issued from the red lips of the vivacious little lady.

"I accept your cheerfulness as a good omen, Mme. Rigault," said the chief, when the sounds of her merriment had died away into silence. "At all events I may infer that it portends success in your mission."

"Success!" repeated Mme. Rigault. "Well, yes, M. Claude, and a goodly omen as far as we are concerned; but one of evil import for other people among whom may be mentioned our cunning and sanguine compatriot, M. Landre."

"M. Landre!" exclaimed the chief. "Then our suspicions were correct?"

"Even so," rejoined his visitor. "That excellent citizen, not content with betraying emperor and country in the interests of Prussia, has plotted vigorously at home with the object of obtaining vengeance on certain Parisians who have incurred his enmity, the list of whom includes one M. Claude, head of the prefecture."

"I am well aware of the dislike entertained by M. Landre for your humble servant," he remarked. "Confident of his influence with the emperor he has repeatedly endeavored to bring about my dismissal. Fortunately, his imperial majesty, having no reason to doubt my fidelity, resisted the pressure brought to bear upon him in the matter."

"Louis Napoleon would indeed be ungrateful," responded Mme. Rigault, "were he to forget the services you have rendered the empire."

The chief smiled slightly at the compliment, but made no comment, and Mme. Rigault continued:

"But a person of M. Landre's caliber is not to be easily dissuaded from the execution of any project he conceives. Other means having failed him he has arranged a plot whereby he hopes to silence forever your voice, that has told him unpalatable truths on more than one occasion."

"I expected as much," returned the chief; "and it will be strange if the final attempt to remove me from his path does not result in a complete check to his play. All I require is absolute proof of his connection with the band of assassins known as the 'Society of Avengers,' that has endeavored to establish a reign of terror in Paris during the past year."

"And that evidence," interrupted Mme. Rigault, "I have secured, thanks to my maid, Louise Autran. Louise's beauty has long attracted the amorous eyes of M. Landre, whom you know is an ardent admirer of our sex. Last night she attended a masked ball given by Landre in his mansion at Autel"

to the creatures of the underworld with whom he is affiliated. He paid her the most flattering attentions and when the night was far advanced and he and his associates were well under the influence of wine, she managed to explore the upper portion of the house. In a desk in his library, opened by the aid of one of the skeleton keys you provided, she discovered a paper containing the minutes of the last meeting held by the society. Here it is. You will perceive that M. Claude is named as the next victim to be marked by the Scarlet Arrow."

She tossed a folded paper on the chief's desk, and M. Claude, spreading it out, perused the contents with eager eyes. At the conclusion of his examination he said:

"This document establishes beyond a doubt the complicity of M. Landre in the series of mysterious murders, nine in all, that have taken place recently. In each case one of these tokens was attached to the victim's clothing."

Opening a drawer, he produced a miniature metal arrow painted a bright scarlet, with a pin attachment apparently intended for the purpose of allowing it to be worn as an ornament.

"In the first two instances," resumed the chief, "where this symbol made its appearance, I was disposed to look upon it as a mere coincidence. But when a third corpse was discovered, this time in the waters of the Seine, also bearing the scarlet arrow, I saw that the thing possessed a sinister significance. Since then six more murders have occurred, with the arrow as sole clue to the perpetrators. Within the last month my men have succeeded in tracing eight of these crimes to the so-called Society of Avengers, which numbers among its members over 50 of Europe's most desperate and daring criminals."

"Yet no arrests have been made," remarked Mme. Rigault.

"That is so," returned the chief, "because I held my hand, with the design of obtaining evidence against the master fiend who organized the society and whose cunning enabled it to exist. To wound a serpent's body is not sufficient; one must crush the head in order to render the reptile harmless."

It was for that reason I required your assistance in snaring M. Landre. The position he holds at court and the powerful political influence he exerts made it necessary to be cautious when dealing with him."

"What possible advantage can M. Landre hope to derive through his association with a band of depraved criminals?" inquired Mme. Rigault, curiously.

"The advantage of having dangerous instruments at his command," replied the chief. "The society's avowed object is to avenge the betrayal of any criminal to the law on those who have, either unwittingly or by design, assisted in his capture. Each of the nine victims so far sacrificed was a man who had supplied information to the police that resulted in the apprehension and punishment of some malefactor. But M. Landre is clever enough to know that with such evil forces under his direction he could also employ them to serve his personal ends. The scarlet symbol was undoubtedly chosen for the purpose of impressing the public with the existence of a mysterious and deadly power in its midst which it would be fatal to offend. M. Landre looks forward to would materially assist the designs of Prussia upon this country. With anarchy rampant in the principal city of France, our government would be put to serious straits in the event of aggression by a foreign power."

"These proofs should be submitted to the emperor at once," exclaimed Mme. Rigault in agitated tones.

"My dear lady," rejoined the chief placidly, "the fruit is not yet ripe for plucking. Something more is needed ere Louis Napoleon can be convinced that the man whom he has loaded with benefits is a traitor most foul. M. Landre, although possibly the most dangerous, is not the only Prussian spy in the Chateau, as you are well aware."

Mme. Rigault nodded dejectedly. "I have oftentimes marveled," she said slowly, "that the emperor remains blind to the dangers that surround him."

"Not altogether blind, Mme. Rigault," dissented the chief. "There are certain things that for reasons of state his majesty does not wish to see. Therefore, as I said before, we must proceed cautiously. To-night, by virtue of the information you have furnished, I will visit a part of the city where some disreputable allies of M. Landre make their headquarters."

"Then I will bid you adieu for the present, M. Claude," said Mme. Rigault, rising. "With the copies of M. Landre's Prussian correspondence that I obtained safe in your hands, my task is finished."

"Accept my eternal gratitude, Mme. Rigault," returned the chief, with a polite bow, as the little lady smiled brightly and made her exit from the room.

In those days the quarter known as the "Cite" was the rendezvous of all the scum of Paris. Close to the walls of the Palais de Justice there existed a labyrinth of streets where criminals of all kinds lurked after nightfall. It was in these gruesome regions where dark and winding alleys led to filthy-encrusted stairways that a mass of bandits, human vermin, swarmed. It was there that hideous crimes were planned and the perpetrators of the deeds sought refuge from the officers of the law.

The hour of midnight was close at hand when M. Claude, cunningly disguised, and assuming the reckless air of a half-drunken loafer, entered the wine-shop of the Lapin Blanc, one of the most notorious lairs of the Cite, and situated in the center of the Rue Aux Feves. The tavern consisted of a large low room furnished with eight broad tables secured by chains to the whitewashed walls. These tables were lined before a bar upon which stood a number of jugs and drinking vessels, bound with iron. At the back of the room a door opened upon a long alley which stretched as far as the eye could penetrate into the darkness.

The three tables nearest the entrance were occupied by several noisy ruffians engaged in playing cards and drinking from the pewter measures that stood before them. At the last table in the rear of the room, a young girl sat alone, with her head buried in her hands.

It was toward this solitary female that M. Claude's eye wandered instantly. Crossing the floor with swaggering strides, he seated himself beside her and placed his hand on her shoulder. She started and looked up, revealing a face that had once been beautiful, but whose features were now indelibly stamped with the coarse lines of dissipation, although the owner could scarcely have passed her seventeenth year.

"What do you want?" she queried in a hoarse, cracked voice, as she gazed sullenly at the disturber of her reverie.

"Don't be afraid," responded M. Claude, jovially. "Drink with me, my beauty, and forget your troubles. I'm not a bad sort, Nina Fleurette, as you'll find out when you've known me a while."

"I don't know you," returned the girl suspiciously. "Who are you and where do you come from?"

"All in good time," replied the chief. "Here comes the wet for our throats. Drink and then we can talk better."

He caught up the jug of brandy that had made its appearance in response to his signal to the tall, bony woman who presided at the bar, and passed it to his companion. She no longer hesitated, but raising the vessel took a deep draught of its fiery contents and set it down with a harsh laugh.

"That's the stuff that makes us all happy," she cried in discordant accents, as M. Claude grasped the jug and carried it to his mouth.

"I've something important to tell you, Nina Fleurette," said the chief, replacing the jug on the table. "Send your head over till I whisper my news; we want no spies to hear us."

The girl leaned toward him and M. Claude muttered something in an undertone. She started back and stared at him curiously.

"You say you come from M. Landre," she whispered hoarsely. "How do I know you are speaking the truth?"

"Look down and behold the sign," replied M. Claude in the same cautious tone.

The girl glanced rapidly at her companion's hand which was held under the edge of the table. In the open palm there gleamed the scarlet outline of a small arrow.

"Very well, Monsieur," she said. "I see you are one of us. What is your message?"

"You are to come with me to a house in the Rue du Temple, where your lover, Emil Chatelein, awaits us," returned M. Claude. "There is work on hand and your help is needed. Follow me quietly and at once, for the 'traps' are abroad and for aught we know may be watching us here."

Nina Fleurette made a gesture of assent, and M. Claude, with a quick glance around to assure himself that their movements were not observed, arose and passed swiftly through the rear door, the girl following at his heels. As they emerged on the street into which the alley opened, the chief led the way to a cab standing at the edge of the pavement and opening the door signed to his companion to enter. She did so and as soon as M. Claude had followed her the driver whipped up his horse and started off at a rapid pace.

On the afternoon of the second day after his visit to the Lapin Blanc, M. Claude entered a police station in the Rue de Jerusalem, and bowed formally in response to the salutation of the inspector in charge.

"Good day, M. Blauvert," said the chief. "Have you taken Emil Chatelein, according to my instructions?"

"Your orders were carried out promptly, M. Claude," replied the inspector. "Chatelein was decoyed by a message to a quiet spot where he was seized, forced into a cab and brought here without the knowledge of any of his pals. We gathered him in only three hours ago, so that he is not likely to be missed from his regular haunts until to-night."

"You have done well," commented the chief. "In what condition is the prisoner, Nina Fleurette, whom I delivered to you last Tuesday night?"

"She suffers terribly," returned Blauvert. "The supply of morphine she carried was taken away from her. As she is a habitual user of the drug she has raged and wept alternately, beseeching us to give her a few grains of the stuff, but acting under your instructions Dr. Martine not only refused but declined to administer any medicines that might alleviate her distress."

"Tell Dr. Martine I wish to see him," said the chief curtly.

In a few moments the police surgeon, a tall, well-built man of 50, with iron-gray hair and beard, made his appearance.

"I sent for you to make some inquiries as to the condition of Nina Fleurette, inmate of cell 15, M. Martine," said the chief.

"Ah, yes," responded the surgeon. "Number 15, a bad case, M. Claude. She is partly delirious and unless relief of some kind is given her death can only be a question of hours."

"How long can she live in her present state?" demanded the chief.

The surgeon pursed his lips and meditated. "I would like to visit her again before answering," he said.

"Come then, Inspector Blauvert and I will accompany you," said the chief. They proceeded to the door which gave admission to the narrow stairway leading to the cells beneath, and as it swung open a faint moaning became audible.

"That is No. 15," remarked the surgeon. "An hour ago she was shrieking violently, but I presume she is almost exhausted now."

Reaching the cell in which the girl was confined he beheld a figure lying prostrate upon the stone floor and twitching convulsively. The girl of the Lapin Blanc presented a truly ghastly and terrifying appearance. Her eyes, bloodshot and hollow, with pupils contracted until they had become mere pin points, glared horribly from out the sunken, pallid face; her tangled black hair hung in unkempt masses over her slender shoulders, and shreds of cloth torn from her garments lay scattered around.

At the sound of the officials' footsteps she turned and struggled to her knees, holding out imploring hands, the palms of which were lacerated and bleeding from the furious attacks of her nails on the agonized flesh.

"Mercy, Messieurs," she moaned despairingly, "mercy for the love of the Bon Dieu—only a little—just a little morphine. Holy Mother—what pain—what torture! The fiends are running red-hot knives through my body—give me help or death—death; do not let me live thus—"

Her voice died away into a hoarse gurgle, and falling back into her former posture she sobbed and chattered incoherently. M. Claude looked upon the sufferer with an impassive countenance.

"How long may she exist—so, M. Martine?" he demanded of the physician.

The latter bent over the girl, felt her pulse and peered curiously into the shrunken pupils of her eyes.

"She might linger on for ten hours, but no longer, in her present exhausted condition," he declared with professional coolness.

"That is long enough to serve my purpose," returned the chief. "M. Blauvert, bring hither Emil Chatelein."

The inspector made a sign to one of his subordinates, and two stalwart guards appeared in charge of an athletic young man, whose wrists were heavily ironed. At sight of the wretched figure lying in cell 15 the newcomer uttered a terrible cry of anguish, and M. Claude, pointing to the girl, said with deliberate earnestness:

"Your liberty and the life of Nina Fleurette depends upon you, Chatelein. She is already suffering horrible agony and will die miserably within the next ten hours unless you intervene to save her."

"What do you require of me?" asked the prisoner feverishly.

"Simply this," replied the chief grimly. "You were selected to lure me to a certain spot to-night and slay me. It is unnecessary to enumerate the details of the scheme, as you are thoroughly familiar with them. Now, in a few hours you will be set at liberty and I intend you to visit M. Landre, president of the Society of Avengers, for the purpose of informing him that you have executed your commission and thrown my body into the Seine. You will present my signet ring to him as a token of success, return here and report to me."

At the mention of M. Landre's name the prisoner turned pale. Then he spoke in defiant accents.

"I refuse!" he said sullenly. M. Claude shrugged his shoulders.

"A foolish choice," he said coolly. "By complying with my request you would have won freedom for you wretched creature and yourself, with the stipulation that you must both leave Paris. As it is I repeat that she will linger on in hellish torment for ten hours without medical aid and perish horribly. And for you—there remains the gallies or scaffold as a reward for some of the crimes you have committed."

"I'll do it," Chatelein said savagely, "for her sake, not for my own, curse you!"

M. Claude smiled indulgently, as one might upon an angry child.

"It is agreed then, my friend," he said sullenly; "but beware if you play me false! A failure to execute my orders in the smallest degree means death for Nina Fleurette and a heavy reckoning for you to pay in the near future. And please to remember that I possess an exceedingly long arm that will reach out and secure you sooner or later, should you be tempted to err in following my instructions."

Before leaving the station the chief held a short conference with M. Martine and the inspector.

"You will release Chatelein at ten o'clock, M. Blauvert," said his superior. "He will return in an hour or so and you will detain him until you receive further orders from me. How is your patient, now, M. Martine?"

"Resting quietly," replied the surgeon. "I administered a dose of morphine sufficiently large to satisfy her craving and she will receive a similar quantity at stated periods, while under my care."

On the day following all Paris was thrown into commotion by the announcement in the newspapers that M. Claude, head of the prefecture, had disappeared, and that the finding of his coat on the banks of the Seine gave grounds for suspicion that the famous chief of police had met with foul play. A miniature metal arrow, scarlet in color and pinned to the garment, recalled the fact of a similar token having figured in several mysterious murders during the past year, and left small room for doubt that M. Claude was the victim of a secret band of assassins. Meanwhile, the missing man, preserving his identity in a cleverly designed disguise, strolled leisurely about the boulevards listening to the many conjectures of interested citizens as to his probable fate. Shortly after midnight he was cloaked with Napoleon III. in the latter's private cabinet, narrating to the astonished emperor the details of his investigation into the operations of M. Landre.

"You have managed your part with rare skill and diplomacy, M. Claude," said the emperor at the conclusion of the tale. "Yet, while there appears no doubt of M. Landre's guilt, I would fain apply another test to wring his dastard soul. He believes you dead. Well then, we shall see what dismay will seize him when confronted with a vision from the grave."

He walked to the western wall of the cabinet and drew aside the tapestry, disclosing a small door which he threw open.

"This is an entrance of which I sometimes avail myself, M. Claude," he said. "Remain in the corridor. M. Landre is close at hand; I will send for him, and when he leaves me I shall request him to retire by this door."

M. Landre soon made his appearance in response to the imperial summons. He was a tall, dark man of elegant carriage but sinister cast of countenance, and a certain amount of nervous anxiety was perceptible in his manner as he bowed low and seated himself at the emperor's command. After a few moments of conversation Napoleon signified that the audience was at an end, and M. Landre arose to go.

"You will leave by this door," said the emperor carelessly, lifting the tapestry which overhung the western wall.

M. Landre bowed again and opening the door stepped into the gloom of the corridor.

Scarcely had he taken one step forward when his eyes fell upon a shadowy form facing him with outstretched hand pointing menacingly. The features of the phantom were those of a murdered man, and uttering a cry of horror he sprang back into the cabinet, falling in a swoon at the emperor's feet. When he recovered his senses he found himself lying on a sofa, while Napoleon, seated at the table, was eying him with a sardonic smile.

"I trust you are better, M. Landre," said the emperor. "Your nerves must be badly unstrung. What was there lurking in yonder corridor to occasion your alarm? I looked, but saw nothing save darkness?"

"It was—" began M. Landre, and then stopped short. "Your majesty will pardon my weakness," he said confusedly, "but indeed I am hardly master of myself. I have not been feeling well of late."

"You need rest, M. Landre," said the emperor smoothly; "rest undisturbed by dreams of political intrigue and plots, domestic and foreign. Your energy and ambition form too heavy a burden for you. Go home, M. Landre, and sleep—if you can."

A hint of something ominous in the imperial master's remarks grated unpleasantly on M. Landre's nerves, and in obedience to a motion of the emperor's hand he left the cabinet hastily by the door at which he had entered.

Scarcely had the sound of his footsteps died away when Napoleon summoned his chief of police from his hiding place.

"There remains but the punishment of the traitor, M. Claude," said the emperor. "His guilt is sufficiently established."

The chief glanced keenly at his imperial master's countenance, which bore a look of intense gloom and anxiety.

"If I am not mistaken, sire," he said, "the arrest of M. Landre in connection with his traitorous conduct would undoubtedly expose a condition of affairs which must cause much unsavory comment in France and abroad?"

"It is so," assented the emperor wearily; "but how can such an exposure be averted?"

"By letting him decide his own fate, sire," responded the chief. "M. Landre's position is that of a man between two fires. He cannot leave Paris, for he is watched by my men day and night. Even if he could fly he would not obtain a welcome in Prussia. A renegade spy is useful to his employers only as long as he is undetected by those he deceives. Remains then for him either the scaffold, as a penalty for a traitor to his sovereign and country, or the gallies for complicity in the murders wrought by the Society of Avengers. Confronted with these specters of ruin and disgraceful death, it is probable that he would prefer to solve the problem with his own hand. If your majesty wills it so, I myself will lay the proofs before him."

"You say well, M. Claude," replied the emperor. "Go then, and conduct this affair to its ending, according to your own discretion."

An hour later M. Claude entered the magnificent mansion occupied by M. Landre at Autel, just without the gates of the city. In answer to the inquiry of the chief, the servant who admitted him stated that his master had not yet retired and was alone in the library.

M. Claude ascended the stairs and without knocking opened the door and stepped into the apartment. M. Landre, gazing upon the stern features of the man whom he imagined to have been done to death by his orders, uttered a scream of horror, and stood rigid where he had arisen from his chair. M. Claude's voice, cold and implacable, broke the silence.

"Traitor and assassin," he said in slow, measured accents, "it was no visitant from another world that struck terror to your craven heart to-night. M. Landre, your day of subterfuge and villainy has come to a close, and the darkness gathers fast around you. Your plots are laid bare and the hour of retribution has arrived. Behold the tokens!"

He thrust his hand into his breast and brought forth a bundle of papers which he placed upon the table.

"There lie the duplicates of your treasonable correspondence with Prussia," continued the chief, "and here is the token that marked the victims of your murderous band."

A small arrow-shaped piece of scarlet metal rang sharply on the floor at M. Landre's feet.

"Ere the dawn rises in the east," spoke M. Claude solemnly, "the members of the Society of Avengers will be in the grasp of the law awaiting their doom. As for you, this house is surrounded by police, but there will be no attempt made to arrest you for half an hour. At the expiration of that time I will return for you—should you still be alive."

The perspiration trickled down M. Landre's forehead and he trembled violently, but no reply came from his quivering, pallid lips. M. Claude, producing a brace of loaded pistols, tossed one of them on the table.

"The alternative!" he said grimly, pointing to the weapon.

Then with his eyes still fixed upon M. Landre, he stepped into the corridor and closed the door behind him. The chief slowly descended the stairs, but ere he reached the middle landing a muffled report from the library rang through the air, followed by a heavy fall.

M. Claude ran hastily back to the room he had just left and threw open the door. Before the threshold lay the lifeless form of M. Landre, his head resting in a pool of scarlet.

WILEY'S GREAT WORK

HOOSIER SCIENTIST WHO HEADS BUREAU OF CHEMISTRY.

Has Done More Than Any Other One Man to Place American Agriculture on Scientific Basis—Father of Pure Food Laws.

Washington.—No branch of applied science has made greater progress during the last 25 years than agricultural chemistry and Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, present chief of the bureau of Chemistry in the department of agriculture unquestionably has accomplished more than any other living man in the work of placing American agriculture on a more scientific basis, thereby adding enormously to the productivity and wealth of the country. Scientific agriculture, or as it may otherwise be termed, agricultural chemistry, is a science of comparatively recent origin, and the Indiana man has been the leading spirit in it for nearly a generation.

Prof. Wiley's interest in scientific agriculture began with his connection with Purdue university as professor of chemistry, in 1874, a year after his graduation at Harvard, when he was also appointed state chemist of Indiana. He remained at Purdue nine years.

Dr. Wiley's connection with the government work began in 1883 when he was offered the position of chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture. The offer was accepted, and from that time the development of that bureau and its activities became Dr. Wiley's life-work. Today he is recognized as one of the world's great chemists, with a membership in many foreign and American scientific societies.

Arriving in Washington to take up the duties of his new post, Dr. Wiley found his quarters confined to a laboratory in the basement of the antiquated agricultural department building and a little office upstairs. His full working force consisted of four assistant chemists and a dishwasher. The first year's appropriation for the work of the bureau was \$15,000. During

the fiscal year which will end on June 30 of this year, Dr. Wiley finds himself in charge of a corps of 350 persons, 200 of them chemists, and the budget of the bureau will total \$800,000.

To-day the government also maintains 60 experiment stations which are now in operation in every state and territory, including Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines.

Mere growth in expenditures would not necessarily argue increase of usefulness, but in the case of the department of agriculture its benefits to the farming interests and to the country at large have been immeasurably enhanced during the last 25 years. To these increased benefits the bureau of chemistry, of which Dr. Wiley is chief, has made large contributions. By the analysis of soils and the investigation of the effect of environment on the chemical composition of plants the bureau of chemistry was able to define the limits of sugar beet growing territory in the United States and open the way for the establishment of the beet sugar industry, which promises great results in the near future.

In 1880 there were only four beet sugar factories in the United States, with an invested capital of \$365,000 and an annual product valued at \$282,572. In 1905 the factories numbered 51, the capital invested was \$55,923,459, and the value of products was \$24,393,794. From 1900 to 1905 the number of beet sugar factories increased 70 per cent.; the capital invested in the business increased 177 per cent., and the value of the yearly output increased 323 per cent.

Another service of inestimable value rendered to the country by the national bureau of chemistry is in starting and promoting the pure food and drug movement. If Dr. Wiley is not the father of that movement, he has been the head and front of it from the beginning. When he began work on that line, upward of 20 years ago, not a state in the union had a pure food law; now most of them have laws on the subject and commissions to enforce them. Dr. Wiley was the pioneer of the movement in America and he made chemistry a most effective instrument in promoting it. It was mainly through his efforts that the analysis of foods, drugs, spices, edibles and beverages showed adulteration to be an almost universal practice, and started a movement that has resulted in widespread reform. He is the father of the national pure food law which took effect January 1, 1907, and chairman of the national commission for constraining and enforcing it.

Another Black Hand Communication. "What's Brown looking so glum about? Has he received a Black Hand letter?"

"No, but it amounts to the same thing. I understand it's from a lawyer, and it reads: 'Please pass this bill at once or we shall take harsher measures.'"

Rather Twisted. "What does the doctor say in the matter with Mirandy?"

"He says she has pneumatic tendencies and that she's threatened with spiral trouble."

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.

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