

Government-Built Warships.

The government builds the best ships that float. That is certain. The Connecticut is the finest vessel of her rate and size in the world, and she was built in a government navy yard.

The Actor and His Voice.

The supreme gift of the actor is his voice. A singer may or may not be vocally gifted. Yvette Guilbert gives all the effect of melody, even evokes the spirit of tragic horror, with vocal organs that are stiller and smaller than the proverbial voice of conscience.

A substitute for beeswax has been discovered in the leaves of the rafia palm, a product of the island of Madagascar. The wax is extracted by the simple process of beating the dried leaves on a mat to small bits.

The first building ever erected in the United States for the public use of the federal government, under the constitution, was the mint at Philadelphia.

Mrs. George H. Gorham, a well-known Washington woman, has just accomplished a herculean and unique task, which is the compilation of a French-English dictionary that affords the means for those desiring to learn either French or English to master those tongues sufficiently to converse and also to enjoy the literature of both.

A college girl out in New York is going into business this summer as an Adirondack guide. If the Maine girls ever follow her example, the guides now licensed for the Maine wilderness may have to cut rates in order to get business.

The king of England is a publisher. He has the exclusive right to issue mariners' charts and English mariners are forbidden by law to use any charts but his. The copyright on these royal charts, furthermore, never runs out.

It is rather petulantly pointed out that most of his time since he has been in the army Peary has spent on leave. But if he brings home the north pole nobody will kick about the salary he gets.

Charles A. Eich, of Cohasset, Mass., now that Thomas Wigglesworth is dead, is Harvard's oldest living graduate. He was 18 years old when he was graduated in the class of '33. He is 82 years old, and has practiced law nearly 70 years.

A Miss Farmingham lays claim to being the oldest woman journalist in England. No one has claimed the honor in America, and there are lots of woman journalists in this country, too.

The Castle of Lies

BY ARTHUR HENRY VESEY

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Like the others, you think I have forfeited the right to one word of sympathy." "More than all the others, I should think," she answered calmly, without hesitation.

"Thank you for saying so much. If there were any reparation I would make it. You should know that." "Reparation?" Her eyes flashed. "How can you speak of reparation?"

"I vouch nothing for the world, and certainly not," she added, haughtily, "for myself." "I felt an emotion that was very near that of triumph. It is extraordinary how in the most sacred of moments the passion to conquer, to subdue, intrudes itself.

"I felt an emotion that was very near that of triumph. It is extraordinary how in the most sacred of moments the passion to conquer, to subdue, intrudes itself. Henceforth, whether this woman would have it or not, there was a bond between us. She had suggested a way of escape! I accepted it with passionate gratitude. I swore to myself, as I stood before her, that I would not rest until I had accomplished the sacred task she had set me. I answered with a boldness that surprised even myself.

CHAPTER VI.

The Other Woman. There is no enemy that the average man must crush more ruthlessly beneath the iron heel than his imagination. The ties of home, of society, the necessity of earning his daily bread—these are barriers that hem him in the narrow rut of routine and duty.

From dreaming to action is but a step. It is true that the divine madness too soon passes; the reaction comes; one is restored sharply to the normal pose by the rude awakening that comes with failure or with self-consciousness. But sometimes consequences are already set in motion, and it is too late to draw back; there is nothing for it but to be borne onward with the tide.

So it was with me. I might return to America—take up the threads of life where I had left them—laugh at the newspaper accounts of the tragedy—say them, or at least live them down. If I did that, I should know exactly what would happen to me. I

could count upon just how much happiness would come to my life, how much interest routine and duty would yield me. But my imagination had been set aflame. A world of chivalry and romance beckoned to me alluringly. And if I trod the mazes of that fairy world, there would be none to ridicule, for there would be none to know that I had set out to find it. If it proved to be only a world of dreams and fantasy, I should at least have had the delicious excitement of seeking it, of playing make-believe—the most fascinating game, after all is said, for boy or man.

"And why do you not believe the account of this newspaper?" "You are a race of warriors. One with such blood in one's veins does not play the coward. No!" She struck her hand together to emphasize her conviction.

"I am not even a friend," I said, still more coldly. "Good night, madam." "Good night, monsieur." She sank into a fauteuil, as one who is too astonished to make even the physical effort of standing. For the first time since she had spoken she was not acting. As I walked toward the door she stared after me, frowning in her perplexity.

"I am not even a friend," I said, still more coldly. "Good night, madam." "Good night, monsieur." She sank into a fauteuil, as one who is too astonished to make even the physical effort of standing. For the first time since she had spoken she was not acting. As I walked toward the door she stared after me, frowning in her perplexity.

It was the woman again. still smiling; and more sensuous, more brilliant, more devouring than the gleam of the jewels about her person, was the flame that burned in her eyes. She laughed again. It was impossible not to know that she was challenging me. The pose, the look, the laugh—all were a challenge. But I was in no mind to accept it, and glanced idly at the papers on the table. Presently I walked toward the door. Again her light laughter pursued me.

CHAPTER VII. Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why it promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

both hands the English journal in which my photograph had appeared. Our eyes met. I gazed at her standing perfectly still. It was not embarrassment or anger that held me; it was rather wonder. For on the face of this woman was the same intent, curious surprise that had astonished me so much earlier in the evening, when I first met Mrs. Brett and her daughter.

I entered the hotel. I paused uncertainly in the hall, then walked swiftly into the reading room. Apparently it was deserted. I reached for the paper; I tore out the page in which my photograph appeared; I crushed it savagely in my hand. There was a light, mocking laugh. I looked up, startled. It was the woman again.

CHAPTER VII. Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why it promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

CHAPTER VII. Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why it promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

CHAPTER VII. Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why it promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

CHAPTER VII. Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why it promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

CHAPTER VII. Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why it promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

graphs in the hotel reading rooms! That is a new rule I shall have placed upon the walls to-morrow." She clasped her hands delightedly. "A beautiful and much-needed rule," she murmured, her eyes sparkling. Then she came toward me a few steps, and stood, a dazzling and fascinating figure in the full light. Her eyes no longer mocked; they beseeched.

CHAPTER VII. Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why it promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

CHAPTER VII. Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why it promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

CHAPTER VII. Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why it promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

CHAPTER VII. Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why it promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

CHAPTER VII. Countess Sarahoff Wins and Loses. The next morning, when I first awoke, I wondered vaguely why this day seemed to be so different from the long and dreary succession of yesterdays—why it promised eager hopes and eager interests to be fulfilled. Then I remembered, and my pulses beat faster. Yesterday I despaired; to-day I hoped.

SENATOR BORAH DENIES WRONGDOING



Senator Borah of Idaho, who was in Washington last week, made the following statement: "The reports that indictments have been returned against me or my clients for alleged land frauds are simply rumors. I know nothing of any such indictments. The grand jury has not yet reported its findings and no one seems to have any official knowledge of the reported indictments."

ARAB STEEDS SANS SPOTS.

Man Fresh from Desert Shattered Fond Tradition of Circus.

Homer Davenport, who is described in the woman's Home Companion as "fresh from the Arabian desert," declares there is no such thing as a spotted or piebald Arabian steed.

THE WORST PART OF IT.

Comments on Broken Mirror Much Worse Than Actual Cost.

There was a cigar store opened up town the other night, and as the building was not provided with steam heat a gas radiator was supplied, says the New York Press. Three hours later a huge plate mirror directly behind was cracked from top to bottom by the unequal expansion in a tight frame.

PLAN TO CREATE NEW STATE



Showing Boundary Lines of Proposed New State. Academic as may have seemed to outsiders the discussion of plans to form a new state out of parts of Idaho, Washington and Oregon with Spokane as the center, the project has taken on definiteness and force as a result of a report of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce, just made by its "new state" committee and given out to the public after adoption. The proposed state would comprise the panhandle of Idaho, northeastern Oregon and eastern Washington.

know it, that spotted anything is created by a mixture of different races, of different breeds, and that likely accident for the fact that the Arabian desert in all its history has never produced a spotted or piebald horse; possibly from the fact that there is never any mixture of blood."

Carpets Hold Tenants. "Have you rugs or carpets?" asked the landlord of a prospective tenant. "Carpets," said the woman. "I'm glad of that," said the landlord. "I've got so I always ask that question, and whenever possible I rent to the people who are so old-fashioned as to cling to carpets. There is nothing like a carpet to hold a tenant in a place. A lease isn't half so effective. Carpets are cut to fit the floors and it will require pretty big inducements to get their owner to pull up stakes and go some place else where the carpets will have to be made all over again. The advocate of rugs is held down by no such considerations. Rugs will fit any floor and the person using them will move every time he feels like it. Therefore, give me tenants with the carpet habit."

Providing for an Old Dog. A Kentucky judge recently showed his affection for an old bird dog by formally committing him to the county farm, sending this order: "Dear Sir: You will please receive and safely keep the body of 'Dewey Johnson.' He is a little old, but he has been raised a gentleman and has always kept the very best of company. His associates have been governors, generals, majors, judges, doctors, etc. You will please credit the old gentleman to magisterial district No. 3."

Willing to Try. "Remember," said the lawyer, "you have undertaken to tell nothing but the truth." "I'll do my best," answered the expert witness, "but I won't know how far I have succeeded until I'm through with the cross-examination."

A Good Reason. "Do you believe old Millington's young widow is really grieved over his death?" "I know she is. Black is awfully unbecoming to her complexion."

Luxemburg a Quaint Country

Only a twelfth as large as Holland, the little grand-duchy of Luxemburg is one of the most delightful of European countries. Yet it is almost always neglected by the tourist who travels from Paris to Berlin unconscious of its nearness. Luxemburg is free and independent, and according to Robert Shackleton, writing in Harper's Magazine for January, it is quaint and fascinating. It boasts free speech and a free press, it has free schools of commerce, philosophy, farming, gardening, manual training, and housewifery. But with all its modernity its ways are still old and its customs characteristic, including an annual official hunt for wild boar; and when the city bells ring out the hours, they play some operatic bit or a strain from a gay song.

look into our neighbor's heart, be that neighbor man or woman, we might find there, cherished aspirations and fancies fantastically at variance with the said neighbor's conventional demeanor and orderly life. "A man I know, energetic, capable, effective, successful and in all his life notably systematic, tells me that if he could do as he would like to do he would be a tramp. No less a person than Mrs. Billtops, paragon of domesticity and devotion, confides to me that she always wanted to be an actress. Let us be grateful that actually she chose to play her charming part on the Billtop household stage."

As to Dreams. "We all dream dreams," said Mr. Billtops, "and I suppose if we could