

A Rich Field for the Antiquarian

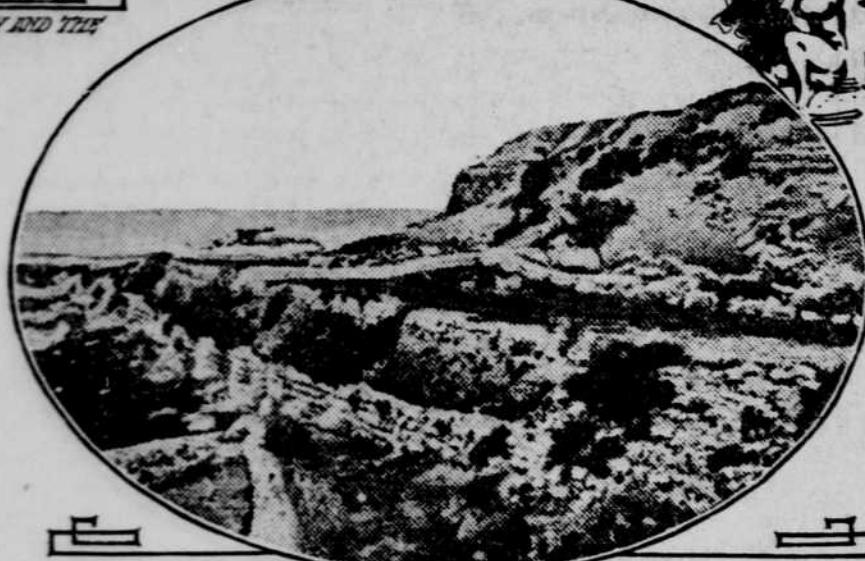


THE THYOPHIS ISLAND—THE SILENT SILENT AND THE TWO HERONS

COLLECTORS of antiques have always kept Cnidus well in mind. A curious document, which purports to be a marble-hunter's vade mecum, drawn up by one Henry Petty, who

scoured the Levant on behalf of noble virtuosi in the seventeenth century, sets down Cnidus as one of the likeliest spots; and various excavations have pecked at the place, from the Dilettanti in 1812 to an American party a few months ago; but no one has ever dug it deeply or widely. Perhaps the Germans, when they have finished with Miletus, may send Dr. Wiesend to do justice at last to Cnidus with his immense experience and his large resources; perhaps the Americans who have been foiled at Cyrene by the Tripolitan war, and are looking for a fresh field, may anticipate him. The British Athenian school, as it happens, is going to begin excavations within a day's ride of the place—at Datcha, the ancient Akanthos. One could wish it had taken its courage in both hands and gone for the greater city. The great sites demand, of course, more time and money and men; but it is in them that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the great works of art and the great historical records are found.

And Cnidus is a great site on all accounts. Its area is very large as Greek sites go; the scale of the visible remains is big, the indications of yet bigger things below ground are frequent. The place was always in the forefront of Asiatic Greek history; and treasures of art which it is known to have possessed were of the very first quality. Even what has already been found there by hasty diggers is out of the common. The great marble lion, which is supposed to have commemorated Conon's victory at Cnidus in 394 B. C., is not more remarkable as a historical monument than a work of art. The Cnidian Demeter is the finest extant statue which can reasonably be ascribed to the hand of an Asiatic Greek master. But splendid as is that figure of the mourning Mother—or, at least, as her head is, for her body is far below another Cnidian statue, were that still preserved for some one's lucky spade. We know the Aphrodite of Praxiteles only from coin types and copies, of which the best is that Vatican figure whose charms a prudish pope caused to be veiled by metal drapery from the too



THE SITE OF THE NEULAND CITY

earnest eye; but we know, too, that some ancient critics (among them Lucian) held the original the most beautiful of all Greek statues in the world which still knew a hundred masterpieces now lost. Probably that perfect type of feminine nudity was rapt long ago from Cnidus—though why more probably than that of Hermes should have been rapt from Olympia?—but, even so, is it not still well worth any art lover's while to dig the site of the town which put up at Delphi the "Treasury of the Cnidians" whose beauties the French school at Athens have revealed to our time? All through the classical Greek age Cnidus was a capital city, the chief of five famous neighbors on the mainland and in Rhodes; and the Dorian games, which were the bond of the six cities, were held always on the Triopian headland beneath her walls. To dig Cnidus, therefore, would be to follow the best rule of excavators, which is to dig capitals. It was also a mother-city, able to send out colonies of its citizens to the Adriatic and even the western Mediterranean. Its situation secured it wealth from the sea, for it lay just at the southern angle of Asia Minor in the track of every ship which beat up from the Phoenician and Egyptian seas into the Greek. The Triopian island, which is now Cape Krio, lay so near the mainland that it could be joined by a causeway, and the strait thus bridged gave the city two bays, one looking westward, one eastward, and both well screened. In the latter, whose old mole still breaks the southeast swell, a modern steamer of much larger tonnage than the average coaster can ride at ease. The site is a good English mile in length, and the walls

In Leap Year

BY
Martha McCulloch-Williams

Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press

Morna's eyes were troubled. Therefore her Faithful Heart lost something of his joy in the joyous summer day. He knew every change of the eyes—beautiful brown eyes, dark and liquid, set under arched brows and curtained with long, soft, straight lashes. Most lashes so long and thick have a trick of curling upward. Morna's rather lay in soft dusk fringe over the splendors underneath, or made a fairy shadow against the healthy palor of her oval cheeks.

Faithful Heart, of course, had another name—indifferent folk called him John Speer—"Honest John" more commonly. He was as honest as he was sturdy and ugly. It was an engaging ugliness, that made children hold out imploring arms to him, and dogs follow him, wagging the tail in joy.

He had grown up knowing Morna and loving her. He could not recall the day since he was ten and she a fairy of four that he had not been conscious of somehow having her in charge. After a sort she belonged to his people, being orphan daughter to the aunt who mothered him most. He did not live with the mother, but with two of her spinster sisters. Both adored him, but being stiff and shy, never dared show him the open tenderness he got from Mrs. Ware.

Morna was rising twenty now—in another six months she would come into her property, a small competence inherited from her mother, and kept sacredly intact by her stepmother. Mrs. Ware was eager to have John press for marriage—no telling what a girl might do when she had ready money and absolute freedom in the spending of it.

John was not afraid either would go to Morna's head. Also he had a certain man's pride in showing his world and hers that if she came to him it would be open-eyed and free from choice, without a trace of compulsive family influence.

He was, indeed, a Faithful Heart—foolishly faithful, foolishly fond it might be. Even as he loved Morna he trusted her. In reward she had always been open as the day toward him. That made her present state at once puzzling and unpleasant. If any other way.

"Who is he?"

John really troubled her. John felt it at once his right and his privilege to know it and seek a remedy.

It was tantalizing that he could not go straight to her—he had Aunt Martha's Sunday school boys in charge, to say nothing of the old folk from the poorhouse whom Aunt Mary had fastidiously brought to the basket meeting. Since it came off upon a Saturday rather than Sunday it owned a holiday aspect in which there was nothing of sacrilege.

The countryside for ten miles round about, and almost the whole of two villages, had come together in the big shady grove rimming Asbury meeting house, to sit under a brush arbor fanned by winds from heaven, hear and glad tidings of great joy, then between serious eat the fat and drink the sweet and hear the news of a whole year.

Morna was looking out for the Ware dinner baskets, helped by a slim darkish young fellow wholly strange. John wondered, raging inly, if the dark fellow could be her perplexity.

He was lithe and light on his feet, moving as if on springs. Yet there was something tense in his face, an edged timbre in his voice when he hung gay banter right and left.

As Mrs. Ware sailed majestically past, John caught her arm, asking under breath with the faintest nod to ward the stranger: "Who is he?"

"Why! Hasn't Morna told you? Her cousin Len—all the really blood cousin she's got in the world!" Mrs. Ware said in half whisper. "Son to her mother's brother—you know she was a Gordon. This Lenox is awful friendly and bright spoken, but some way—well, I wish he hadn't come."

"Don't worry—he shan't make trouble for anybody," John said stoutly, though in heart not quite as ease. His aunt passed on with a sigh of relief. The morning service was over—the intermission was fairly a-buzz with hospitality. Yearly the basket dinner was a sort of housewifely competition. Though all baskets were spread upon common tables free to everybody, those who had fetched them made a point of seeing that their own friends got the best of their own choice edibles. Also that the poorer folk, and especially the county charges, were not slighted. John Speer and his spinster aunts were not singular in their determination that God's poor should be considered when they had come to the services in God's house.

Waiting upon them, looking out for the small boys, with side efforts for Aunt Martha and Aunt Mary, kept John so occupied he could do no more than smile at Morna, until everybody fed to repletion, the crowd began to scatter and clot for intimate gossip. Lenox Gordon had momentarily left her—John almost ran to her, caught her arm and drew her apart, saying huskily: "Tell me the trouble, dear!"

"I can't! I—I mustn't—but oh! I do wish I could," Morna answered breathlessly.

John smiled at her. "I am sure you will tell me—whether or no you can," he said. "Out with it! At once."

"I—I don't know—how to begin," Morna said flushing a little.

"It's about your cousin," John said with decision, not interrogation.

She started. "How do you know?" she asked.

DR. PRICE'S Cream BAKING POWDER

IS ABSOLUTELY HEALTHFUL

Its active principle solely grape acid and baking soda. It makes the food more delicious and wholesome.

The low priced, low grade powders put alum or lime phosphates in the food.

Ask Your Doctor About That

STATES AWAKING TO DANGER

Additional Hospital Beds for the Treatment of the Tuberculous Are Being Established.

Nearly 4,000 additional hospital beds for consumptives in 29 states were provided during the year ending June 1, according to a statement issued by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. This makes a total of over 30,000 beds, but only about one for every indigent tuberculous patient in this country.

In the last five years, the hospital provision for consumptives has increased from 14,428 in 1907, to over 30,000 in 1912, or over 10 per cent. New York state leads in the number of beds, having 8,350 on June 1; Massachusetts comes next with 2,800; and Pennsylvania a close third with 2,700. Alabama showed the greatest percentage of increase in the last year by adding 57 new beds to its 42 a year ago. Georgia comes next with 109 beds added to 240 a year ago. New York has the greatest numerical increase, having provided over 1,800 additional beds in the year.

EFFECTIVE.



First Waiter—Did that Arizona ranchman give you a tip?
Second Waiter—I should say he did! He told me if I didn't step lively he'd blow off the top of my head!

Mixture of Caution and Economy.
At the Union depot a few evenings ago a mother who had gone to see her daughter, a miss of about eighteen years, safely started on a journey, was heard to give the young lady the following words of advice just before the train started: "Now, goodbye, my dear. Take good care of yourself and remember not to be too free with strangers on the train. But if a nice looking man should speak to you be polite to him—he may buy your supper for you."—Kansas City Star.

No Social Tact.
At a club dance an enthusiastic member approached a rather dull member and said to him:
"Say, for heaven's sake go over and talk to Miss Fryte. She is sitting all by herself."
"But—what shall I say to her?"
"Tell her how pretty she is."
"But she ain't pretty."
"Well, then, tell her how ugly the other girls are. Ain't you got no social tact?"

The Hairloom.
A Pittsburg drummer, in a small town dropped into a place to get a bite to eat. The place looked familiar, but he didn't know the proprietor.
"Been running this place long?" inquired the drummer.
"No; I just inherited it from my father."
"Ah, yes, I knew him. I recognize this old cheese sandwich on the counter."

Getting Rid of It.
Tyres—I tell you the man who takes care of his own motor car has a good deal on his hands.
Byres—Well, soap is cheap.

Living Up to Its Name.
"How do people seem to like your new song, 'The Aeroplane'?"
"Just carried away by it."

I say the degree of vision that dwells in a man is a correct measure of the man.—Carlyle.

"He bit the hand that fed him" said Teddy of Big Bill, And didn't tell us if the bite had made the biter ill. Now had Toasties been the subject of Bill's voracious bite He'd have come back for another with a keener appetite.

Written by WILLIAM T. HINCKES, 27 State St., Bridgeport, Conn.

One of the 50 Jingles for which the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich., paid \$100.00 in 1912.

How Professor Got Radium

Easterner Tells How He Obtained Enough Precious Stuff for Experiments.

An eastern college professor was lecturing on radium.

"Radium is so valuable," he declared, "that laboratories have to get along as well as they can without the actual experiments. In fact, there are many colleges in this country which do not possess any radium at all, and all that can be learned of the element is from books on the subject. I will tell you how I secured the radium with which I have been performing experiments for a number of years."

"It was not long after the Curies made their discovery when a noted French scientist came over to this country with a small quantity of the newly discovered substance. He performed a number of the stock experiments before several hundred students in this lecture hall. When he concluded his discussion he took the small piece of paper on which the radium was lying and poured the precious grains back into the especially prepared receptacle. After doing that, he, with the utmost care, brushed the tiny dust from the paper, thereby causing his large class to burst into laughter at his seemingly exaggerated frugality.

"You may laugh," said the lecturer, "but know that there are hundreds of institutions in this country that would give a great deal for that little coating of dust I have just saved. Many experiments could be performed with that alone for several years. I know what I am doing all right."

"The class broke into applause after this rebuke had been administered and the gathering broke up. The French scientist went on his way lecturing and experimenting. A week later before one of my own classes I performed all the experiments we had had during the visit of the foreign physicist. Where did I get my radium?"

Problems in Egg Culture

Scientific Experiments to Be Made to Demonstrate the Possibility of Improvement.

The Cambridge School of Agriculture is trying to make hens lay red eggs. There is always the best market for eggs which are of the richest red brown in color, and the problem is to develop the right kind of hen.

The Cambridge experimenters hope to produce a red egg-laying hen of prolific habit, just as they have produced a strong rust-resisting wheat of high yield by working on the wheat law of Mendel. Hens have so far proved admirable examples of the working of this law. In respect of single and double combs and in respect of color they are perfectly obedient to the proper scientific principle. They "behave" as they ought, to use the technical verb. Why should not the eggs behave as well as the feathers and comb?

There is also the subsidiary question of food. It may be possible to alter the egg color by food as well as by hereditary influences. It has been done in the case of canaries.

um? I didn't steal it as you may suspect. You will recollect that I mentioned the fact that the radium had been brushed from a small slip of paper. The Frenchman got his radium and threw the paper away. I picked up the paper and with the particles of radium still adhering to it I can now perform all of his experiments. I have been doing so for several years and will continue for several more, when I expect to buy a larger quantity after the price goes down."

Problems in Egg Culture

If Cambridge achieves the poultryman's ideal of a hen that lays yearly 250 two-ounce red eggs, no one will then say that the universities are not practical or even commercial.—New York Sun.

Sugar Cane Introduced by Jesuits.

Sugar was first made in Louisiana in 1751 by the Jesuit fathers from San Domingo.

The cane grew well, but all attempts to manufacture sugar from it were abortive, and it was not until 1791 that Don Antonio Mendez succeeded in extracting sugar from cane.

Three years later Etienne de Bore made such a large crop of sugar that many were induced to go into the industry, and it is to him that the real credit of being the father of the industry belongs.

In common with all industries in the experimental state, the sugar cane industry of Louisiana was at its inception a very crude and unimportant one, but by 1820 the crop approximated some 20,000,000 pounds of sugar.



"Who is he?"

John really troubled her. John felt it at once his right and his privilege to know it and seek a remedy.

It was tantalizing that he could not go straight to her—he had Aunt Martha's Sunday school boys in charge, to say nothing of the old folk from the poorhouse whom Aunt Mary had fastidiously brought to the basket meeting. Since it came off upon a Saturday rather than Sunday it owned a holiday aspect in which there was nothing of sacrilege.

The countryside for ten miles round about, and almost the whole of two villages, had come together in the big shady grove rimming Asbury meeting house, to sit under a brush arbor fanned by winds from heaven, hear and glad tidings of great joy, then between serious eat the fat and drink the sweet and hear the news of a whole year.

Morna was looking out for the Ware dinner baskets, helped by a slim darkish young fellow wholly strange. John wondered, raging inly, if the dark fellow could be her perplexity.

Century Plant in Bloom

The beautiful specimen of the "century plant," *Agave striatovirens*, which has been a conspicuous object in the Succulent house at Kew gardens, London, England, for many years has been invested with a halo of romance, because, unlike Peter Pan, who never would, outstripping its neighbors and passing its way far up into the glass

roof. Early in March of the present year the plant—which, by the way, was called the "century" because formerly it was supposed to flower only once in a hundred years—showed signs of flowering, the upper leaves that were formed being smaller and less spines than ordinary leaves. The inflorescence or "pole" soon made its appearance, and growing rapidly, reached

A Few Browning Echoes

Before the Browning centenary passes out of mind we may put together a few of the things that have been said this week on the timeless subject of the poet's alleged obscurity. Mr. Henry James says he clings to "the dear old tradition that Browning is difficult." Professor Saintsbury (in the Bookman) says that there is only one poem in the whole vast range by which he is baffled, and that is "A

Serenade at the Villa" ("That was I, you heard last night, when there rose no moon at all"). Dr. Darrell Figs (in the English Review) speaks of "My Star" as "a puzzling lyric"—which is odd. The books that baffled a Ruskin and were too tough for a Jewett are everybody's reading today," said Mr. Dixon Scott in Tuesday's Manchester Guardian, and he is right. Perhaps, however, no queerer

thing has been said about Browning in these days than Mr. W. L. Courtney's condemnation of "Bishop Blougram's Apology" as an "unpleasant piece." Think of that, now!—Manchester Guardian.

Envy.
Bald One—I would give anything for your splendid head of hair.
Woolly One—Would you, really?
Bald One—Yes, I would like to go to the barber shop just once and feel that I am getting my money's worth.

True Heroism

The bravest man in New York made his appearance in a Broadway store one day last week.

He carried an enormous bandbox which contained an enormous hat, on which the man wanted what he considered an enormous amount of money refunded. The man was pretty mad, and while looking for some one who had the authority to negotiate the transaction, he talked loud enough for everybody to hear.

"My wife bought this hat," he said. "She doesn't need it. She has already bought three hats."
"She paid \$35 for this one. She has never worn it. It just came home last night. I can't afford to throw all that money away, and I want you to take the hat back. She wouldn't bring it down, so I undertook the job myself."
By the side of that man Napoleon Bonaparte was a cringing coward," said the young woman who had made the sale. "Imagine Napoleonouncing

True Heroism

into a Parisian millinery shop with a hat that he didn't want Josephine to buy! He could not have done it."

Rendering Unto Caesar.
W. B. McKinley, Illinois representative, is a magnanimous chap. Some months ago he took a party of friends over his electric railway lines in a special car. When it was over they all began to make a fuss over him, telling how nicely he had arranged everything for their comfort and pleasure. McKinley dragged in his superintendent, introduced him to the crowd and graciously declared: "You're making a big mistake in thanking me. Here's the fellow that really did it."

As he was about to begin a speech, last fall out at Champaign, McKinley said: "The facts and figures I am about to give you are mine, and I stand ready to vouch for them; but the oratory, eloquence and flowing periods are my secretary's."