The COMMICT COUNTRY: or FIGHTING for MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," A Tenement Tragedy, "Anila" Etc.

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CHAPTER XXII.—Continued. the ordinary was to take place.

gan. "Are we human beings, or ani- raignment. mals of low degree?" His very daring made him eloquent. "As individuals, have we rights that this body coring Paradise as citizens we have voluntarily thrown off the yoke of alle- ing to his feet, and by a gesture with giance to every reigning potentate in his hand commanding silence, "citithe world. We threw off the yoke zens of Paradise, allow me to say a heavy, the laws too strict, and the his say; now I want mine. Golden privileges too few. In vowing alle- has accused me of crimes I am not giance to the king and laws of Paraa- guilty of. Louis Lang is a convict; I not strike back? I say No!

n. But Louis Lang, as an honorable me and struck me! an, saved her from a life of misery anocent man to slavery for revenge. actions have always been above board, his luck with him, and after a long

deafening. If Golden had been al-Richard Golden rose to his feet. The lowed to put his proposition instantly shouting ceased, and the people read- there could have been but one soluily understood that something out of tion to the problem. But before the test was taken, Schiller rose to his "Ladies and gentlemen," Golden be- feet and began his reply to the ar-

CHAPTER XXIII.

porate is bound to respect? In enter- Schiller Makes a Proposition to Lang. "Before you vote," said Schiller, risbecause we thought our bonds too word. I have allowed Golden to say dise, we expected more freedom and sentenced him to death, not through more rights-we did not expect to be spite but because he struck me-me, made slaves! If I obey the law, has the king! It is a fit and the only punany one person the right to punish ishment for that crime. I did not deme for nothing. Is the king better tain his wife in my palace, though it than you or I? Is he supreme, the is true that she was found at my owner, body and soul of the subjects | home. She came to my palace and | over which he rules? Would I be a asked the whereabouts of her father man to stand idly by and allow him, and I told her he was safe. Because or any other man, to strike me and she did not see her father, she said. his wife. Somehow or other Pearl's 'I will not believe it!' She doubted | welfare did not seem to trouble him "Ladies and gentlemen! Louis my word, and said, I will remain here much. There was something about

Lang, the man you see in the arena until you bring my father to me!' It Lang that forced the doctor to trust there covered with blood, incurred was not my place to argue with her; our hero implicitly. As Schiller had the enmity of the king-as you know I ordered my guard to remove her. been somewhat restricted in power. -by winning the heart and hand of While the guard was doing so. I was | no fear was entertained from that Pearl Huntington, this woman here visited by Lang, Golden and Rogers, source. whom the king wished to be revenged | Lang saw the struggle between the upon. If there is any law we are guard and his wife, and struck him; bound to respect it is an honorable I was about to explain to Lang the marriage. It was no honorable mar- circumstance of his wife being in my iage our king wished with this wom- house when the ruffian sprang upon

"Even then, under the circumnd shame. There is not a married stances, I would not have exacted the an among us who would not have penalty from Lang but I was dared town of Waterford, where he neard of tone the same! (Great applause.) to do it by Golden and Rogers, who, John White, who had the reputation for daring to thwart the king he was no doubt, saw a chance to dare me of working on Sunday, although all condemned to work a year in the to do what my conscience forbid me. the ministers in the neighboring nines! I claim that not even the It is but a put-up scheme to ruin me. towns had argued with him and tried ing has the right to condemn an I am willing to obey the people; my to stop it. Mr. Moody decided to try



"Every word that he has uttered is a lie!"

Last night, after working hard in the | and if they want me to abdicate, I. mines all day, he came home, expect- for one, am ready to do so!" That ing to find his loving wife waiting for | was all he said. He felt that he had him. Was she there? No! Tracing made out a very plausible tale-if for her to the very palace of the king, no other reason than of the power he Lang dared to tell the tyrant to his | held. face that he was detaining her against her will. Whalen, whose body you Rogers. "Our king has accused me of see lying in the dust before you, has paid the penalty of less than this with his life. Convict or no convict, I tion of our king! But every word that would have killed the man, king or he has uttered is a lie! And his acsubject who would have dared to lay tions, this base subterfuge, shows him

his hands upon my wife. (Applause.) to be but a coward! A scoundrel born "I maintain that when a man enters this place and takes the oath of twice or thrice he essayed to arise, allegiance to our law, that he has rights that we are bound to respect. Because we have found it necessary to be here is no sign that we are beasts-human brutes! (Applause.) We are banded together for mutual benefit, not to embrace slavery! (Right! Right!) Dr. Huntington, the doctor who was abducted away from his home and wife and brought here against his will, took the oath of allegiance this morning. He is now a citizen of Paradise as much as you or I. He has never done us any harm; why should he be condemned to serve the rest of his time in our hospital without the privileges usually granted to men of talent and honor? If he is compelled to remain and work for us, should we not at least attempt to make it pleasant for him in return? At least allow him the privilege of breathing, unfettered, the fresh air once in a while, and sleeping near to one he loves. We should not stoop to revenge. We are not devoid of all feeling! Schiller, though he be king. has no right to torture his helpless victim, and we as men should not allow him to do so. There can no good come from allowing injustice to tramnle upon our laws, and I ask you, the people of Paradise, to grant me the privilege of allowing Dr. Huntington | chance for a masterstroke of diplo- in the world. the privilege of our city the same as | macy. "I can take care of myself if | "She called before breakfast at the

"Louis Lang has paid the penalty not, however, want to see injustice for his crime-if crime it may be done to anyone. It is time to quit called-in striking the man who would this revenge business and grant Lang so far forget himself as to war on and Huntington the freedom of our Now that again he has city. I think the people good enough place?" proven himself a man of nerve and to rule, and Rogers and I, as the mahonor, I would ask you to grant him jority of the Council of Three, think complete freedom. It appears that the these people punished enough. What since I need a cook myself, I thought king hesitates to pronounce the victor | do the people think?" free!

"While I am in the mood of asking and while the people's minds are so shout. And the turmoil was deafenvividly wrought up with the scenes ing. here enacted to-night, I wish to ask "We accept your pardon of Lang." that the king be deprived of the power | said Golden, "but I do not wish to be | etables for years conceived the idea of life and death! that we establish a king. Neither Rogers nor I hold any that the raising of pond lilies would court of justice, wherein, before a grudge against Schiller-all we want prove profitable. man can be sentenced to death, he is to see justice done! Curb his maifirst shall be tried and proven guilty. esty a little; make his office one of men to do the work, with the result There is such a thing as going too mayor; see if he is not worthy of that this summer he had a pond of far, and I think our king has gone trust, and make a man of him. If lilies that was not eclipsed by any in too far in condemning Lang to death that don't work then make Rogers New England. His pond, while small without trial. If our king is a true king-there's a man for you!" man, he will not object to having his | "So be it!" was the cry. "We will being 300 by 60 feet, yields thousands further actions made known; but if give him another chance!" he wishes to rule as a tyrant, he | The people having expressed them- August it has been no uncommon plainly shows that he is not a fit per- selves, the meeting broke up. Golden thing for him to pick 500 lilies a day. son to rule at all! What is the will and Rogers were overwhelmed with There is a ready market for the lilles

of the people?" The applause that greeted Golden the helpless (?), and Lang was as- being \$4 a hundred.-Kennebec courat the conclusion of his speech was sisted home on the shoulders of a nal.

and bred!" Schiller's face was livid,

but only to fall back in his chair,

trembling with excitement (or fear).

"I saw Lang strike the king. I would

have done the same-under the same

circumstances. What made Lang a

convict here in the first place? I will

tell you. Schiller wanted to put Gold-

nipped the plot in the bud; that's the

claimed a voice, and Sam Pearson

stood up. "I have been a tool of

Schiller's long enough. I was present

when he made the offer to Revolver

Rob to kill Golden. I like fair play,

and I will not stand by and see him

condemn an honest man to death,

who has not harmed anyone, just for

helpless in the net he had woven for

crown at this time for fear of the

"Life to Lang!" was the cry.

"Make Golden king!" was another

king has gone far enough!"

bull's-eye.

guereau. "I can hardly believe that Bouguereau is dead," said he. "Paris, without him, will not be Paris. What a keen and brilliant mind the man had. "I remember a discussion on spiritnalism that once took place in Bou-"Now I wish to say a word!" said guereau's studio.

"'If there is nothing good in spiritinciting him to do a wrong. A poor ualism,' said a widower, 'why is it so excuse for a man in the exalted posipopular?

'Why is it so popular? I'll tell you,' said Bouguereau.

"A friend of mine lost his wife two years ago. Last week he heard of a beautiful medium in the Square De L'Opera, and attended a couple of her seances. I saw him yesterday. He had already become an enthusiastic spiritualist.

'Why, it is ridiculous,' said I. "'Ridiculous! Indeed, no,' he returned. 'My friend, do you know that at each seance the spirit of my dear en out of the way and Louis Lang dead wife returned and kissed me?"

"'Nonsense,' I exclaimed. 'Nonsense. reason-and our great king now wants | Do you mean to tell me that your dead wife honored those miserable seances revenge on Lang!" Rogers hit the enough to come and kiss you in her "I agree with Rogers there!" ex. own person?"

"'Well, not exactly in her own person,' he replied. 'Her spirit took possession of the medium's person and kissed and embraced me through her.' "-Chicago Chronicle.

Advertising by Proxy. Miss Caroline Powell of Boston is the pleasure of revenge. I think the the only woman wood engraver in America. Miss Powell was a pupil

The suddenness of the uprising of of Timothy Cole and at a dinner rethe people stunned Schiller. He was cently she said of her master: "Mr. Cole had a horror of stingy persons. He was continually railing "I do not wish to bring my case against such people, continually pointbefore the people," said Golden, who ing out to us glaring examples of

really did not want to be tendered the | meanness and greed. "He said one day that he had heard after-climax, and who also saw a that morning of the meanest woman

only you give me a fair chance. I do house of a neighbor of his and said: "'Madam, I see that you have advertised in the papers for a cook.' "'Yes, I have,' returned the other: 'but surely you are not after the

> "'No,' said the stranger, 'but I only live two blocks away from you, and you might send to me all the applicants you reject."

> Cultivating Pond Lilies. A Saco florist who has been engaged in cultivating flowers and veg-

He went to work, or at least hired compared with some in Massachusetts. of blooms during a season. During praise for their action in befriending in the big cites, the prevaling price

BXPIONS

His Discretion Defined.

crowd of enthusiasts who were car-

ried away with the youth's marvelous

exhibition of skill in dueling. Schiller

was scarcely noticed when he took

himself from the amphitheater-a

beaten man. However he was not one

For a brief spell our party had a rest

from labor and worry. Golden, at the

request of Lang, was able to send a

letter written by the doctor to Mrs.

Huntington, notifying that lady of

the safety of her husband and child.

Wilson was the only person who

was not made more comfortable than

before by the exposure of Schiller.

Rogers would have pardoned him-or

had him pardoned-but Louis and Wil-

son both felt that it was better that

he remain in the mines as before. Wil-

son's place was an easy one, and his

privileges about as many as if not

confined at all. The two detectives

were in hopes that he could be made

of assistance in gathering the con-

victs together and in furnishing ma-

terial with which the miners could

blow up the mines in making their

Dr. Huntington, when he was made

aware that his letter had been sent to

his wife, was at ease, comparatively,

and looked upon his detention as a

matter of no great importance. He

gained the respect of the citizens by

his kindness and care in sickness and

was looked upon as a valuable acqui-

sition to the city. Dr. Huntington had

great hopes of ultimately being made

free, of being allowed to return to

(To be continued.)

EFFECT OF CONVERSION PLAIN.

Sinner Had Improved in Observance

of the Sabbath.

gelist Moody happened to be in the

talk succeeded in convincing him that

.The next Sunday White was in

church and his name enrolled. In a

few days Mr. Moody left the town,

feeling that he had done a thing which

had proved too difficult for others,

and that at least one sinner in that

town had been turned from the error

A few weeks later, while driving a

load of lumber into the town. White

was met by the deacon of the church.

and the following conversation en-

"Now, Mr. White," said the dea-

con, "isn't there a difference since the

spirit of God has entered your soul?"

answered White, frankly. "Before

when I went to work on Sunday

used to carry the axe on my shoulder,

Reason for His Enthusiasm.

telligence of the French painter Bou-

An art editor was praising the in-

but now I carry it under my coat."

"Yes, there is quite a difference,"

of his way.

it was wrong to work on Sunday.

While going through Maine, Evan-

to give up easily.

escape.

"My wife wants me to get another suit of clothes like the one I have on," said Mr. Meskton.

"We can give you something much better," returned the salesman, "at a very little increase of cost."

"Excuse me. I am simply a courier in this matter, not an envoy plenipotentiary."

An Enterprise Came to Naught. "What Crimson Gulch needs," said Broncho Bob, "is a race track."

"Why don't you start one." "Tried it. But it was no use. There wasn't anybody that would bother about gallopin' the ponies. Everybody wanted to be a bookmaker."

Couldn't Stand That Test. "Jack, I have decided at last that I don't love you.'

The blow had fallen, yet the young man did not quail. With pale cheek, but resolute eye, ing it. I went up there last night to

he stood erect and returned her gaze | call on his pretty daughter and he sat unflinchingly. "What has enabled you to come to at me. When I came away I said I'd

that decision, Mehitabel Garling- be pleased to call again and he turned horn?" he asked. "Has some other | and said to his wife, 'Don't let me forman-

"No. Jack." she said, shaking her head with immeasurable sadness. "After you had gone last night I asked myself this question: 'Could I still care for him if he should become baldheaded and fat?' And my heart said, 'Good gracious, no!'"

HOW HE SHOWED HIS LOVE.



Friend-I suppose the baby is fond of you? Father-Fond of me? Why, he sleeps all day when I'm not at home and stays up all night, just to enjoy my society.

His Last Beat.

The editor of the Punkville P-stilopposition as long as he could. He ton sadly, finally armed himself and waited on his loath some contemporary.

"Where's the editor?" he shouted, as the office boy opened the door. "He's dead. Shot himself last fore she got to it."

night." "Scooped again, by Snakes!"-Cleveland Leader.

A Retrograde Movement. as he fiercely confronted the trem- | al"? bling young man. "The day you lay \$100,000 on this desk my daughter is yours. What! do you back out?"

"I do," replied the unnerved youth, "I certainly do." And he backed all the way across the apartment with both eyes keeping a close watch on the fiery old man's | Stax, patronizingly, heavy shoes.

Particular About His Critics. to submit my poems to friends for sug- | equal." gestions and criticisms before publication and I have brought some pages for you to look over.

Bibbler-Um-Yes, of course; but why not take it to Nibbler? Scribbler-Huh! He's a born idot! The last time I showed him a poem he found fault with it .- New York Weekly.

A Collapsible Peck. "I just saw Gudger and he was very

happy indeed." "Why, that's funny. I saw him this morning and he seemed gloomy enough. He said he was having a peck of trouble--"

"Well, he appears to have disposed of that peck in a pint flask."-Philadelphia Press.

Hard Cider.

"Why, dear me. Mr. Longswallow!" said a good lady, "how can you drink down a whole quart of that dreadful hard cider at a single draught?" As soon as the man could breathe again he replied, "I beg pardon, madam, but upon my soul it was so hard I couldn't bite it off."-Judge.

Anything to Please Baby. Mrs. Popley-Oh, John, you must

raise sidewhiskers: Mr. Popley-What! you never would let me raise-Mrs. Popley-I know, but Mr. Burn-

sides was here to-day, and it was too cute to see the baby pulling his side-

fortune teller, "you have come to find your future husband?" "Not much!" replied the pretty lady.

"I've come to learn where my pres-

ent husband is when he's absent."

A Line on Him.

"Ah! pretty lady!" exclaimed the

Lucky It Wasn't the Samples. Mr. Kangaroo-What's the matter? Mrs. Kangaroo-Why, when I went shopping I had the baby, some samples and a transfer in my pocket, and now

I've gone and lost the baby.

birth. I'm not an infant."

Very Precise.

"Last Friday week was your birthday, wasn't it?" asked Miss Wabash "Nonsense!" retorted Miss Boston. "Why, what's the matter?" "It was the anniversary of my

He Has Learned the Language. "Did your husband find that golf

improved his health."-"Yes. It improved his health. But unless he learns to play better it will spoil his disposition."

····· His Mistake.

"It was the old misunderstanding ence had stood the taunts of the vile about the last word," said Mr. Meek-

> "Of course. But on this occasion I was so careless as to go to sleep be-

Quite a Free Translation.

The Arrogance of Poverty. "I can remember when I was as poor as you are," said Mr. Dustin

"Yes," answered the impecunious

Scribbler-I always make it a point assuming that you are now my social

Mrs. Reeder-I wonder what this paper means by this: "Mr. Kadley's method of entertaining his guests "Ha!" remarked the stern parent was quite original and unconvention-

Mr. Reeder-It means simply that he is boorish, but has plenty of stead of watching the thermometer money."

man who has been reading about tainted money. "But that is no reason for you feel gloomy?"

"Dey say dese yer mosquitoes car-"But I thought you always let your | ries trouble with 'um wharever dey wife have the last word?" goes?" "Yes," replied Brother Dickey, "but still de mosquito teaches a lesson, en

> -Detroit Free Press. Bound to Worry. "Bliggins will soon find no further cause to complain of the weather,' said the cheery citizen.

"Yes, but he won't be happy. Inall day he'll sit up and watch the gas meter all night."

It Didn't Sound Hospitable.

was hospitable."

"So he is."

ary life time."

"Yes?"

"I see."

"Well?"

"I thought you said old Cornsilk

"Well, he has a queer way of show-

in the room all the evening glowering

get to-morrow to get new fasteners

Convincing the Agitator.

"Oh, yes, I admit you are worth

million; but no man is capable of

earning a million dollars in an ordin-

"I won't admit that you earned it."

will come with me and meet the lady

whom I married in order to get that

million I think you will admit that I

Has Reached the Senile Age.

had too much sense to let him marry.

"While he was under 30 his parents

"While he was under 50 he had too

"He's going to take a wife."-Louis-

Two Languages.

graduated from Harvard. What stud-

Jack-I took up a little bit of every-

Fred-How many kinds of language

Jack-Two. English and profane.

Seems Like It.

"If a man meant to put 5 cents in

the church contribution box and put

in a \$5 gold piece by mistake what

"Why, I would call that contributory

The Lesson of the Mosquito.

dat is dat even trouble kin sing along

de way. He sings whilst he stings!"

thing, but studied languages consider

ies did you take up principally?

Fred-I hear, Jack, you have just

"You are not obliged to; but if you

for these dining room windows."

"I earned mine, all right."

earned it."-Houston Post.

much sense to wed."

ville Courier-Journal.

can you speak now?

Yes, my son.

would you call it?"

negligence, my boy!"

"Pop!"

"Now that he's 85-"

An Exception.

"The skies have a good deal to do with a man's moods."

"I hadn't noticed it." "Doesn't a gloomy sky tend to make

"Yes, but a blue sky doesn't make me feel blue."

VERY HIGH PRICED.



Mrs. De Long-I have a new milliner, dear. Don't you think my hats are more becoming than they used to be. Mr. De Long-Yes, and your bills are becoming more than they used

Gallant. "I see dat all de angels what got

wings is wimmen." "Well, dat's all right en proper. matter with it?" Give a man wings, en Satan would levy on 'um 'fo' he could fly ten yards."-Atlanta Constitution.

Money in Them. "It's remarkable how easily these

idle rumors gain currency." "Yes; and it's still more remarkable how some idle stock market rumors enable others to gain currency."

Most Unusual. "My!" suddenly exclaimed Henpeck, with a start, "I must have been dream-

"Why?" snapped his wife. "Why, I haven't heard you say word to me for fifteen minutes.

Same Old Growlers. "We'll soon be in cold weather." "Yes; but all summer you've growled at the heat." "Yes; all I want of Providence is a middlin' climate."

No Wonder.

"Julia!" yelled the poet, "why don't you keep that kid quiet? What's the "I'm sure I don't know," replied his patient wife; "I'm singing one of your

lullabies to the little darling." Carrying the Bluff. McBluff-Yes, o' course, the alli-

gator is an ambidextrous animal. Newitt - You mean, "amphibious." Ambidextrous means dextrous with either right or left hand.

Something Long Needed.

Mrs. Knicker-I suppose you find new virtues in your husband every day?

Mrs. Youngbride-Yes, he is so orderly; he is getting up a system for horse races.-New York Sun.

Not Suitable.

Lady-Do you think this medicine would do my husband any good? Druggist-I'm sure of it, madam. Lady-Hum! What other kinds have you got?-Judge.

WHIMS OF WORLD'S GREAT ONES

Men of Genius Who Have Been Noted

for Their Eccentricity. The men of genius whose works are; among the world's most precious possessions have ever been the most eccentric of the most normal of mankind, says W. H. Cotton. All readers: of "Romola" will remember Pieri di Cosimo, that misanthropic painter who lived completely isolated from his fellows in his queer, squalid studio, with its garden of weeds and flowers growing rankly as they willed. because he preferred them so; his only companions toads, rabbits, spiders and even more loathsome creatures; his diet consisting wholly of eggs, hard-boiled, by the dozen and eaten when required, no matter what condition. Goya, the Spanish Rembrandt, was the wildest and most irascible of men. When he was painting the portrait of the Duke of Wellington he kept the hero of Waterloo in a rigid attitude for hours, at the least movement threatening him with a dagger, and when the duke complained of weariness the painter seized a plaster cast and hurled it at his head. Michael Angelo's method of working was one of his greatest eccentricities. Often he would get up in the middle of the night to hack and hew his marble by the light of a single candle fastened to the visor of his cap, and then, worn by his great labors, he would throw himself down to sleep again without removing his clothing or his shoes-sometimes keeping the latter on so long that when they were removed the flesh came off with the stockings. It is generally credited that at one time a year passed in which he never once removed his shoes.-Leslie's Weekly.

CLOTHES FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

Woman Who Has Them a Rarity and a Relief, Says an Exchange.

She's such a relief to meet withthe woman who always has her clothes ready for any occasion she may be invited to, and she's almost as great

When the seasons change she puts her mind upon the subject of clothes with a will, and quietly decides just what she will get to carry her through the whole season. Then as quietly, and as surely, she gets each thing, so that by the time half her world is rushing around trying to get something made in time for this affair or for that she is ready with everything -ready to accept those invitations to delightful affairs planned on the spur of the moment-thing that there isn't

time to get something made for. The result is she's never hurried, nor its almost invariable accompani-

ment, flurried. Probably she doesn't get many clothes, and the friends who have closets and wardrobes filled to overflowing, yet who complain so bitterly that they've nothing ready to wear, or not exactly the right thing, find her almost provoking in her serene read-

iness. But it was hard work in the first place, for choosing a few things that will suit all occasions, and yet give you a few changes, isn't easy by any means, and requires a mighty clever

But, she's such a relief to invite anywhere!-San Francisco, Cal.

Intentions. There is no French law against suicide, but those who have attempted recently to drown themselves in the Seine, and have failed have been arrested and punished on the authority of an old law which forbids throwing bodies into the river. One such arrest was made recently. The

prisoner pleaded not guilty. "But," said the judge of instruction, "you admit that you cast yourself into

the river. That is illegal." "The law," said the prisoner, "provides for the punishment of those who cast dead, not living, bodies into the river, else every one who went swimming in the Seine would be a criminal."

"But," said the judge, "you intended to be dead. You had wickedly planned to make of yourself an offensive corpse and with that most loathsome thing to corrupt the waters of the Seine. I fine you a thousand francs." "Very well," remarked the prisoner. "Take it from the sum which was con-

at the time of my arrest." "There was no money in your pockets." said the judge.

fiscated from my pockets by the police

"True," said the prisoner, "but I had intended that on that date there should be a million francs there."-Judge.

Styles That Are Souvenirs. Did you ever hear of how the tightwristed blouse got its name? It is called the "Garibaldi" blouse,

It dates from the Corsican leader's days of peasantry. He was poor then, and he used to wear an old red jersey with full sleeves and tight wrists. When he became famous his soldiers petitioned him not to cast it off. So he wore it on through all his triumphs. Years after, when the Corsican was dead, a society lady in London fancied a blouse with the same full sleeves and drawn wristbands. "Call it the 'Garibaldi,' " suggested a shopwalker. And they did,

There is the "Gladstone" collar and bag. The famous statesman was the first to wear the one and the first also to use the other. Now every busy man and woman has a "Gladstone." As to the collar, this is not nearly so popular, but it lives in memory.

Children Taught to Swim.

At this period of the year, when so many drowning accidents occur, the annual report of the London (Eng.) Schools Swimming Association possesses special interest. The organization, which is supported by voluntary subscriptions, is the largest swimming association in the world, having affiliated to it nearly 1,000 schools. The branches are spread all over London, and every year about 5,000 certificates are issued to boys who can swim 100 yards, and to girls who can swim fifty yards. No fewer than 60 .-000 children are taken to the baths every week and instructed in swimming. Life-saving is also taught. The Roll of Honor contains the names of forty-five boys and girls who have attempted to save life from drowning. All these young people have been rewarded by the Royal Hamane Society.