

ences in Siam and blocked France's purposes everywhere. Russian designs and French pretensions go hand in hand. The war beginning in the Balkans must finally involve the continent, and France, with Russia in arms, can muster more real armies, a more warlike soldiery, than the triple alliance or the English shopkeepers.

This is the intimate reasoning of French and Russians. This is the ominous underplay of the drama just beginning in the far east.

This is a long step from the Macedonian question, but it has been the prophecy of diplomats for years that when the war cloud burst there would be no stopping until the map of Europe had been materially changed. Perhaps Tolstoi is right in the abstract. Only those who read the stars can guess any better at present.

ARTHUR FIELD.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon

Sigma Alpha Epsilon was founded at the university of Alabama, March 9, 1856, and although its progress was greatly retarded by the civil war, the organization has since been extended until its chapters reach from Massachusetts to California, and from Wisconsin to the Gulf. There are sixty-two chapters in all, five chapters having been granted by the last National convention, which met in Washington during the holidays. The colors of the fraternity are purple and old gold, and its flower the violet. The fraternity publication is the Record.

The chapter at the university of Nebraska, known as Nebraska Lambda Pi, was granted a charter in 1892, and at present has twenty-four active members. Last summer arrangements were made with Prof. Barbour, whereby the fraternity secured a five-year lease on his house at 1225 R street. The house was completely remodeled with the idea of converting it into a modern club house, with ample accommodations for eighteen men. The house is situated only half a block from the campus, and connections have been made with the university whereby classes are rung in the house the same as in the university building. Eighteen men live here.

The active members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon are: William Wallace, Cliff Crooks, George Shidler, Leon Jouvenat, Will Shork, Murray Townsend, Willard Clapp, Guy Greenwald, Eric Seicke, Roscoe Davidson, John Bender, Oscar Veit, Norton Ware, Earl Eager, Ralph Minor, Wray Lindlay, Arthur Millenz, Clarence Steen, Roscoe Gore, Elmer Robinson, Ed Quillin, Alvinous Hayman, William Sizer, and Frank Brown. The members in urbe are: Ray De Putron, Arthur Beckman, George Bartlett, Albert Fawell, Hugh Edmiston, Fred Funke, Ed Funke, Ray Elliott, Edward Roth, Guy Peters, Everett Sawyer, Elmer Holben, Orlie Thorpe and Arthur Ryons.

Alfred Beckman, Allan Field, Ted Faulkner and Elliot Graves are pledged members.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon will celebrate Founders' day with a banquet at the Lindell on March 7.

A German clergyman, on a journey, stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The guests used all their artillery of wit upon him, but he ate his dinner quietly, without seeming to observe their jibes and sneers.

One of them at last, in despair at his forbearance, said to him: "Well, I wonder at your patience! Have you not heard all that has been said to you?"

"Oh, yes; but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum."

"Tommy, how are you coming on at school?"

Tommy—First-rate, ma.

"Mention the names of some of the domestic animals." "The horse, the dog, the pig." "What animal is that which lives mostly in the house, but often makes a dreadful noise so that people cannot sleep?" "Four-legged animal?" "Yes." "Doesn't let people sleep?" "Yes."

Tommy (triumphantly) Piano.—Golden Days.

Gerald—May I kiss you?

Geraldine—Mother is in the next room. Gerald—That's all right; your father can kiss her.

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Oh, yes! He never takes advantage of me except to benefit himself."

The Water Tank

By U. Francis Duff.

The Arizona sun blazed down until the wastes of sand and alkali seemed to dance before the eyes. The sky was an arch of polished steel across which the great disk of white fire swept glowing in its tedious track from east to west. The waves of heat blazed up from the furnace-like surface, and beat against the faces of the trudging column. Alkali dust flew in clouds, choking the brick-red marchers, and aggravating the agony of parched and burning throats in which the mucus thickened, till it was as cotton.

For thirst had fallen upon them. Three hundred soldiers were caught in a desert, in which all the water-holes had dried up, forty miles from the nearest station. One small tank of water, drawn by six mules, must last them over that hell of waste. The Colonel, upon realizing the situation, made a rapid calculation, discovering thereby that one pint every ten miles for each man would exhaust the supply. He knew, also, that even experienced soldiers, when half crazed with thirst, might, in their extremity, forget not only the army rules and regulations, but, for that matter, any other rules and regulations under heaven.

A guard was detailed for the water-tank, with "Lieutenant Dick" in command—otherwise, Lieutenant Richard

Roberts; rough and loud, ever ready with a blow for brawlers and laggards, but a man of "sand." A pint was issued to each man at starting. Ten miles on a pint of water—and Tophet itself a paradise by comparison! Ever hotter glowed the sun—ever fiercer the blazing flats of sand and alkali. The miles fell slowly behind—heart-breaking links in a chain of suffering. Five, six, seven, eight and the column was growing uneasy. Nothing definite that one might put his finger on—just simply uneasy. Some of the men had developed a curious, dry, rattling little cough; and when they spat, the throat contracted spasmodically with an awful aching. Only two more miles—surely they could stand that! And they did. But the ground seemed unstable beneath their feet, and the hands that fumbled at the throats shook as with a palsy.

Another pint; and again the long crawling line shambled on. What sort of country was this, anyway, in which the sky spun so, and the distant mountains seemed wheeling to meet them? Then there was a curious swelling and throbbing in the temples. And that excruciating ache in the throat—would nothing stop it? Six miles of the lap were passed, and the Lieutenant was struck with the hollow-eyed, deathlike look of many of the men. The lips of all were swollen enormously. Seven miles—was the column moving, or was it simply the earth moving under them? And were they moving with it, or against it? But the dull jarring of the wagons and the muffled mouthing curses of the mounted drivers—not too thirsty for

that—chained them to reality. Eight—was the water never coming? Occasionally a plodder slipped softly to the earth, his face showing an ugly, pasty white through the red and grime. Nine—and endurance, long tried, flamed up in mad protest. An ominous rattling of unshouldered arms, a grating crunch of the sand, not noticeable when they stepped before—the grind of decision—and the whole body moved as one man upon the water-tank. No man spoke; nor was it necessary. Their staring faces spoke for them. The stock little Lieutenant, with the Durham-bull head and small blue eyes, set his teeth. He knew the grip was coming. The horses were stopped and men swarmed up on the tank—only to find the lids closed and padlocked. The guard fixed bayonets, and, gently as might be, thrust them down, the iron jaw of Lieutenant Dick working as he expostulated with them, crying that the guards had not had, nor should they have, any more than the regular ration, and that himself would march the whole distance without touching a drop—that their only hope of saving their lives lay in husbanding their little supply.

A glistening hedge of bayonets surrounded the tank—more precious than all the riches of earth. The click of breechlocks, as some of the maddened men forced home the cartridges, punctuated the Lieutenant's speech. He, with bared head and foam-flecked lips, faced the main body of mutineers—no longer the reckless, care-free, kindly jesters of the day before, ready to toss up with death in another form and let the result go as it might, but rather creatures who had gone back to primitive instincts; those instincts which had animated their far forefathers in the gloomy forests of Europe ages before, when they fought the wolf and the cave-bear breast to breast.

And still, so ingrained was discipline—so much was it a part of themselves—that even now there was a sort of system in their actions, albeit they were of a nature that tended toward the doing away with all systems whatsoever.

Twenty rifles leaped to as many shoulders, the officer staring fixedly into the black muzzles, with one hand raised in protest which was not wholly lost even upon that mob.

In the instant of hesitation he spoke again; and in the great stillness which had fallen upon them it seemed that his voice might be heard for miles. In hoarse tones, which had yet that certain ring which no man ever hears unstirred, he asked if there was one man among them who would march beside him to the journey's end without water. Lieutenant Dick did not speak hurriedly, but he lost no time. There was death in those fumbling fingers. It might be simply accident; but some accidents might as well have been design.

A lizard rustled across the sand at his feet; the sun beat; the far hills glimmered, and the whole landscape appeared to bend toward them expectantly. Then a little, sandy, "sawed-off" fellow who had been picked with many misgivings, simply to fill the ranks, separated himself from the mass, walked to one side and stood at attention; a big Norwegian followed; and in the general rattling of rifles being "recovered," the drummer, with an eye for situations, beat a long, quick call to the road; the column swung into line and moved off—Lieutenant Dick tucking under each arm a rifle which he had gently taken from a couple of boysoldiers, leading the way. The civilization of a thousand years, acquired through racking stress and travail, had proved itself adequate.—From Out West.

She that naggeth a man sitteth down to many a lonely meal.

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