The Heart of Night Wind

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A STORY OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST

CHAPTER I.

Out of the Vine Maples.

Siletz sat, her knees drawn up to her chin, on the flat top of a fir stump. Beside her lay Coosnah, heavy muzzle on huge paws, his eyes as pale as the girl's were dark. They were hill-bred both. Perhaps that accounted for the delight both found in the solitude of this aerie, where they could look down toward the west on the feathery, green sea of close-packed pine and fir, of spruce and hemlock—and toward the east on the narrow strip of tide-water slough and the unpainted shacks of the lumber camp huddled above its rollway. It was the magnificent timber country of the great Northwest.

Siletz was wondering, as she always did, how far the mountains ran to the south, how far it was to that 'Frisco of which she had heard so much from the tramp loggers who came and went with the seasons, their "turkeys" on their backs and the joyous liberty of the irresponsible forever tugging at their eccentric souls.

Over the facing ridge she knew that the cold Pacific roared and coaxed on the ships, to play with them in the hell of Vancouver coast. She could hear it sometimes when the pines were still; yet she had never seen it.

She had pictures of it in her mind, many pictures. She knew well how it would look when she should see it—a gray floor, a world of it, shot through with the reds and purples of a tardy sun. Of the cities she had no clear pictures. They were artificial, man-made, therefore alien to her, who knew only nature, though she had listened intently to roamers from every corner of the globe; for Daily's lumber camp had seen a queer lot.

It all resolved itself into these dreams when she sat on the edge of a fir stump, or, better yet, in the exalted cloud-high airiness of the very apex of the Hog Back.

There had been no sun, neither today nor for many days; and yet there was as surely prescience of approaching night as if shadows forewarned Siletz had hoped for a break, one of those short pageants when the sun should shoot for a moment into the gloom, transfiguring the world. Now, as she scanned the west, the dog suddenly rose from beside her, peering down with his huge head thrust forward, his pendulous ears swaying. A hundred feet below in a tangle of vine maple something was laboring. Presently the slim trees parted and out of their tangle struggled a horse, a magnificent black beast with flaring nostrils and full, excited eyes. After every few steps it turned its head to right or left with the instinct of the mountain breed to zigzag, and as often the man in the saddle pulled it sharply back.

With the first sight of the intruders the girl on the high stump had sprung up, leaning forward, a growing excitement in her face. It was the horse that caused it. Something was stirring within her all suddenly and her heart beat hard. She gripped her braids tight in both hands and swallowed.

"Blunderer," she said aloud. "Oh, the blunderer!"

Then she cupped her hands at her lips and called down: "Let him alone! He knows how to climb! Let him alone!"

The man looked up startled, and tightened his grip on the rein. The gallant animal went down upon its side, rolling completely over, to lodge, feet downward, against a stone. The man swung sidewise out of the saddle, saving himself with a splendid quickness. Before he could gather himself for action the girl tore down upon him.

"What have you done?" she cried wildly, "what have you done to it?"

She dropped on her knees and her hands went fluttering over the black head in a very passion of pity, touching the white star on the forehead, smoothing the quivering nostrils.

"Why didn't you let him climb his own way? He knew—he's a bunch-grasser. Nothing could go straight up!"

She raised her eyes to him and he saw they were burning behind a film of tears. He saw also what gave him a strange feeling of shock—a faint, blue tracery extending from the left corner of her lips downward nearly to the point of the chin, a sharply broken fragment of a tattooed design. Her eyes were very dark and her hair, parted after the first fashion of woman, was straight and very dark also.

The accusing words irritated him.

"You're right," he said coldly, "nothing could—in such a country. Stand back, please."

Siletz looked up at him and instinctively rose to her feet, though her slim body was alert with an unconscious readiness for prevention of something.

But the man only stepped to the black's head, tightened the rein a bit and clucked encouragingly.

"Come up," he said sharply, "up, boy!"

The horse stretched its head forward, arched its neck, gathered its feet and lurched mightily upward, finding difficulty and floundering a little by reason of the stone which had saved it from rolling down the mountain. It placed its feet gingerly, bracing against the declivity, shook itself vigorously, drew a good, long breath and turned its soft nose to investigate the girl. With a little gurgling cry her hands went out again to caress it, hungrily, forgetful of the man, her face alight with the joy of its escape from injury. She smiled and passed her hands along the high neck, over the shoulder, down to the knee, bending to finger with a deft swiftness the fetlock and pastern.

When she looked up again she smiled at the man frankly, her anger gone.

"He's all right, but you want to give him the rein. He knows how to go up all right. All Oregon horses can climb if you give them their time and way."

He slipped the bridle over his arm.

"I'm looking for Daily's lumber camp. Can you tell me how to get there and how near I am?"

"It's right over the ridge. You'll see it from the top!"

"Thanks," he said, lifted his soft, gray hat perfunctorily and turned up the slope.

He took the ascent straight, with a certain grimness of purpose. Soon he felt a slight pull on the reins toward the left, which slackened immediately to repeat itself to the right. The black was trying to zigzag in the narrow

"Blunderer!" She Said Aloud.

play of the confining bridle. After an interval that tried him severely in muscle and breath the stranger reached the sharp crest of the ridge.

Below him lay the valley, the winding slough, the yellow huddle of the camp, the toy railway, with its tiny engine, the donkey whose puffing rose in a white spiral, the rollways and the huge log trail winding up the other slope like a giant serpent. Even as he looked there came the staccato toots of the whistle-bob whose invisible line crept away into the hills above the cables, the engine got down to work with a volley of coughs, the spools screamed and the great steel rope lifted heavily along the trail.

Presently a long, gray shape, ghostly and sinister, came creeping over the lower ridge, gliding down the face of the hills, silent, relentless, a veritable thing of life. He leaned forward, watching it come to rest above the rollway, halt a little while the antlike men darted here and there, and then roll sidewise into position against the stays.

When the small play of the woods was over, just as he started down he glanced involuntarily back along the way he had come.

The girl still stood by the bowlder looking up, her face illumined by that light he had noticed, and he was quick enough to comprehend that it was passionate longing for the big black behind him. She had forgotten his presence. Out of the ferns had crept the mammoth mongrel. They two stood together in a subtle comradeship which struck him by its isolated sufficiency.

CHAPTER II.

An Amazing Arrival.

It was quitting time—quitting time in the coast country, which means whatever time the light fades. Presently the loggers came creeping down the trail, sturdy men in spiked boots laced to the knee, blue flannel shirts, and, for the most part, corduroys. They trooped down to the cook-shack, a long building of unpainted pine, its two side doors leading, the one into the dining room, the other sheltered by a rude porch, into the kitchen.

Inside, "Ma" Daily, a white-haired general of meals and men in their order, creaked heavily from oven to pine sink, her placid face flaming with the heat of the great steel range.

The eating room was long and narrow, its pine floor innocent of covering. From end to end ran two long tables, neat in white oilcloth, with intervals of catchup bottles, pepper sauce, sugar bowls, cream pitchers, and solidly built receptacles for salt and pepper. Along both edges stood an army of white earthenware plates, flanked by bone-handled knives and forks and tin spoons.

At the west, beside an open door, was a high pine desk littered with papers, a telephone hung at one side. A small table stood before a window, with a rocking chair in proximity—one of those low, old-fashioned rocking chairs that old women use, and that invariably hold a patchwork cushion with green fringe, and a white knitted tidy. That rocker was part of Daily's camp. It had followed the march of progress as the camp cut its way into the hills.

"It's my one comfort," Ma was wont to say, "though land knows I don't get to set in it more'n a quarter what I'd like."

As the loggers slid noisily on to the benches, their caulks giving up the mud they had held purposely for the swept floor, Siletz came and went, setting the substantial viands in the open spaces left in the expanse of white oilcloth. She exchanged a word here and there, always a sensible word, something of the work, the day, or the men themselves. She was putting a plate of cookies, sugar-sanded, with currants on top, between Jim Anworthy and a black-haired Pole, when a foot struck the step at the west door. There was something in the sound that drew every head around at once. A stranger stood against the misty darkness between the jambs.

He was young, apparently about twenty-five or six, well set up, with straight shoulders above narrow hips and a poise that claimed instant attention. He removed his soft hat, holding it in his hand, while his bright, blue eyes looked impersonally over the room. Over his shoulder a pair of big, dark ones peered anxiously, while a black muzzle with a small white patch nosed his elbow aside.

"John Daily?"

It was a call that demanded, not a question.

From the head of the nearest table a giant of a man, easy natured, lax featured, loose joints banded together by steel sinews, rose lumberingly.

"I'm him," he said.

The man in the door brought his eyes sharply to focus on his face, reading it with lightning rapidity.

"I'm the Dillingworth Lumber company—or most of it," he said clearly, "and I've come to stay. Where shall I put my horse?"

There was a startled silence after these amazing words. An unexpressed ejaculation went from face to face up and down the tables. Then John Daily showed why he was the best foreman in that region. He got himself loose from the end bench and walked over to the door.

"All right, Mr.—?"

He waited easily, as if it was perfectly natural for strangers to drop from a hilltop and announce themselves the ruling power of the country, or more strictly speaking one of the ruling powers, for there were two.

"Sandry," finished the other, "Walter Sandry—from New York."

"Come in, Mr. Sandry—you're just in time."

Daily turned back to the lighted room.

"Siletz, give Mr. Sandry my place Harrison, I'll have to take your filing shed for tonight. Tomorrow we'll fix things in better shape."

The saw-filer, an important personage and one to be conciliated, frowned in his plate, but the foreman had lost sight of him. He reached out a huge, hard hand and took the bridle-rein from the newcomer.

Already this man was standing inside the rude building, with a high-headed air of force, of personality that made itself felt in the most stolid nature present. He glanced down the double line of faces and for a second, just a fractional, fleeting moment, seemed to hesitate. Then he laid his hat on the small table, walked round to Daily's empty seat, swung a leather puttee and a well-built shoe over the bench and sat down. He was in place, and a vague feeling of adjustment, of solidity, accompanied him, as if he was there, as he said, to stay. Every man in the room felt it; and one of those strange sensations of portent communicated itself to them, as when the everyday affairs of life come to a turn in the road.

Daily's was on the eve of a change.

The girl was putting a thick, white plate, hot from boiling water, before him, deftly laying the simple cutlery, pushing back an intruding dish

It Was a Call That Demanded.

There was an air of detachment about her. No portion of her garments touched him. She was always so, aloof in a quiet way. Now, as she tended the stranger silently, one of her long braids slipped over her shoulder and fell across his hand. He drew away from the contact sharply and a dozen pairs of eyes saw the action.

"Hell!" murmured a man at the other side in mild amazement.

But not even the importance of the arrival of the Dillingworth Lumber company could keep silent this bunch of men from the ends of the earth.

They were free lances, following wherever fancy and the lumber camps led them through the mountains and the big woods, contented in this place or moving on, bound by no rules, as independent and unholdable as the very birds of the air.

In three minutes the laughter was sweeping gustily again, accompanied by the solid clink of cook-shack dishes, the clatter of knives for the most part used as very adequate shovels, and Walter Sandry was forgotten or passed over.

An hour later he stood alone in the middle of a tiny room at the south of the building, looking fixedly at the yellow flame of a glass hand-lamp on a stand. Under the lamp was a woolly mat of bright red yarn, a wonderful creation—under that a thin, white scarf, beautifully clean, the ironed creases standing out stiffly. Beside the lamp lay a pink-lipped conch shell and a Bible.

Sandry looked longest at the Bible beside the lamp and presently he took it up curiously, fingering it with a quizzical, weary smile.

Its edges were thin and frayed and he noticed that it was greatly worn.

Walter Sandry smiled and glanced at random through the book.

"Motherhood," he said half aloud, "Is there nowhere a father?—a dear old chap of the earth, a gentle old man with white hair? One who has raised a son—" As if in answer to the whimsical words, the fragile leaves separated at the tragic record of King David and the words of that ancient father-heart stared up at him. "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son!" vital in their anguish. With a snap he closed the book, holding it tightly clasped in his hands while he stared into the flame of the lamp with knit brows and twitching lips.

It was as if the fateful cry had touched some sore spot in his heart, set throbbing some half-healed pain. For a moment a shadow as of a vague remorse darkened his expressive face. Then a resolute strength tightened his lips and he laid the Bible gently down and blew out the light.

It was cold in the little room and the rain was dripping from the eaves.

CHAPTER III.

The Wondrous Hills at Dawn.

He was awakened next morning by the thunder of heavily shod men storming in from the bunkhouse. The smell of cooking was in the air and the crack under his door showed lamplight.

The rain was still dripping softly from the eaves. As Sandry came into the eating room the old woman of the kitchen was looking over the crowd of men as impersonally as he himself had done the night before, with a poise as assured and a subtle force as strongly indicated.

Her bright, old eyes, blue as his own, met his lifted glance as he hesitated.

"Set down in the place you had last night, Mr. Sandry," she said in a rich voice, "it's yours now. John'll move down a notch."

She went back into the mysterious region of pies and doughnuts, and Sandry was conscious of a slight feeling of wonder. He was already taken in as one of the family in a subtle way, and it did not quite suit him to be so. If he missed certain lifelong attributes of service and surrounding, if he took his place among these rough men with an inward tremor of rebellion, he made no sign.

Again the girl he had met on the farther side of the mountain tended in silence, a trifle more aloof. She was clad in the same sort of blue flannel shirt the men wore, with a red tie under the turndown collar and a rather short blue skirt showing her feet laced trimly into miniature boots. The latter were even full of small steel caulks.

It was still dark when the loggers trooped out into the fine rain.

John Daily came to him.

"Now, what would you like, Mr. Sandry?" he asked. "Will you come into the hills with us, or would you rather rest around camp? You come a long ways, I guess."

"Yes. From New York."

"I was thinkin' yesterday mebby you'd rather just loaf around—"

"Yesterday? Did you expect me?"

"Oh, yes. I got a letter from Mr Frazer last week. He said the company had made a change and I might look for a visit."

"I think I'll go about," said Sandry.

Outside it was fresh and slightly cold. A thick, white fog struck him in the face with an almost palpable touch. It lay close to the earth, a sluggish monster spread down in the valleys as if for warmth. Through its enshrouding whiteness a lantern gleamed faintly across the slough.

Already the little locomotive was getting up steam and the donkey showed a red throat for an instant as McDonald shoved in more wood.

From ahead came shouts and a laugh or two as the men straggled up to the rollway.

There were five cabins set around on the edge of the small, sloping mountain meadow which gave back ground for Daily's camp; and in all the windows lights were gleaming. In one cabin a door opened and a man came out, stopping a moment on the sill to reach up and kiss a woman who stood silhouetted against the light, when the door closed and Sandry could not see the man, though he could hear his footsteps. The foreman swung ahead in the path.

"They's a foot-log here," he said "tidewater slough. 'Tain't deep."

They stopped at the foot of the ridge where the donkey, the rollway and the track terminal huddled against the bold uplift, and Daily introduced him to Hastings and Murphy the latter of whom hung out of the window of his diminutive cab and peered at the stranger out of laughing eyes whose forbears had twinkled on Donegal's blue bay and Erin's red-cheeked daughters with impartial joy.

"Ah, Misther Dillingworth," he said heartily, "an' phat d'ye t'ink av the West Coast now?"

"Sandry, Murphy," caught up Daily easily, yet with a warning note.

"Shure! Sandry 'tis! Excuse me, Misther Sandry, but ain't th' scenery foine?"

"What I've seen, yes, Murphy," answered Sandry after a slight pause. As he turned after Daily the Irishman stuck his tongue in the corner of his lips and drummed a minute on the sill, the broad smile lessening on his reckless face.

"An' phat d'ye know about thot?" he asked retrospectively of the fog.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Scientists Interested in Find.

At a recent scientific gathering, Professors Edgeworth, David and Wilson described a completely mineralized human skull found near Warwick, in the Darling Downs of Queensland. It probably dates from a period when the great fossil marsupials were still living, and is earlier than any other human remains hitherto found in Australia.

Was Not a Roman.

While a sergeant of a certain British regiment was engaged with a company of the National Reservists a short time ago in physical drill—a drill that demands, to say the least of it, a small amount of agility—a private, who looked as if he had been younger in his day, complained to the non-commissioned officer in charge that he was too old for that sort of practice.

"How old are you?" said the instructor.

"Fifty-three," said the private.

"Why," exclaimed the instructor, "the Romans used to do this sort of thing at the age of sixty."

"That may be," said the private, "but I'm not a Roman; I'm a Wesleyan."

Lucky English Angler.

A lucky angler, on the first experience of fishing, has caught at Staines, England, a golden tench, stated to be the first caught in the Thames for the last 20 years. It was 14 inches long and weighed one pound and fourteen ounces.

GETTING A START

By NATHANIEL C. FOWLER, Jr.

OBSERVATION.

Mary Smith—that isn't her name, but it will do—was a junior stenographer for a manufacturing concern. Her prescribed duties were limited to taking dictation and to transcribing the result upon a typewriter. She had two eyes, and she used both of them.

The headquarters of the company are in a large office building. There is a mail chute on every floor, and the mail is collected hourly. Most of the letters of this company are dictated in the morning, and a large proportion of them are ready for mailing by noon. Comparatively few of them, however, are mailed until the close of business.

The company has a large branch house in a Western city. If a letter is mailed before noon, it catches a limited Western train, and will reach its destination the next day in time for delivery in the early afternoon. If it is mailed later, it catches the train reaching the distant city too late for its delivery on the following day.

Miss Smith discovered this, and, of her own volition, saw to it that all letters directed to the branch house were mailed before noon, provided, of course, that they were ready.

The advantage is too self-evident for comment.

The president learned what she was doing. From that moment she was a marked woman in the office, and, today, she is at the head of the stenographic department and assistant office manager, drawing a salary of about $2,000.

John Smith—and that isn't his name either—a few years ago was office boy for a wholesaler. He, too, used his eyes. One day he was obliged to wait in the post office. Instead of gazing into the street, he poked his head into one of the windows which overlooked the mailing rack. He noticed that letters enclosed in envelopes of ordinary size were immediately placed in the pigeonholes, and that the distributing clerk usually dropped the larger envelopes onto the mailing table, because they did not fit into the pigeonholes and because it was difficult to tie them up with the ordinary envelopes.

John made inquiries, and found that not infrequently the large envelopes missed the earlier mail, and, therefore, were not delivered as promptly as were letters enclosed in envelopes of ordinary size. He reported this to his employer.

The incident, insignificant though it may seem, placed John in the eye of the man for whom he worked. Today he is chief clerk.

Your employer expects you to be on time, to be faithful, and to do the work allotted to you. For this service he pays you the regular market price. He does not ask you to do more, and 99 per cent of employees do not do more.

The fellow who uses his brain is always observant, and he is pretty sure to discover something which will benefit his employer. It may be a little thing, or a big one, but it lifts him out of the ranks and is the beginning of his success.

Doing what you have to do, or what you are told to do, means a livelihood. Taking the initiative, and doing what you are not told to do, or expected to do, stand for promotion and a liberal salary.

CRAMMING.

This article is not addressed exclusively to students, but also to those who are using the common methods of obtaining information by pressure or force.

So unqualifiedly am I opposed to cramming for examination, and to any other similar process, that I have become a strong advocate of a reform in this direction, looking toward the establishment of a new scheme whereby the pupil will be prevented from continuing this vicious practice, which has nothing to recommend it.

I would suggest irregular periods for examinations, so that the pupils would not be advised in advance of the ordeal, and, therefore, would be obliged to study regularly and persistently, if they wished to be prepared for the tests.

It is quite likely that the pedagogue, kiln-dried and unconventional, would take exceptions to anything which would disturb the dregs of his academic tea, and would claim that examinations would not be complete or satisfactory unless they followed a full term of study.

Perfection in this direction, as in others, is impossible. Better be nearer right than farther from right, always assuming that there must be objections and often valid ones, to every action, educational or otherwise.

My investigations show that fully ninety per cent of college undergraduates and high school pupils, including those who are studious, cram for examination. It has become a custom, and still remains in force.

The cramming-for-examination method, instigated in the school, is carried through life, and enters business and profession. Instead of learning by study and persistent effort what is required, nearly everybody especially prepares himself to meet some anticipated examination or test, which is usually scheduled to occur on a definite date. The knowledge obtained in this way does not remain. It is forced in and forces itself out, usually leaving the mind as empty as it was in the first place.

The business or professional man of marked accomplishment is always ready to meet emergency. He assumes its constant occurrence. He grounds himself in what he should know, ever studying, ever learning, ever open to suggestion, ever anxious to obtain information. Of course, if an unusual task is presented to him, he may read up or study the subject more intently, but he does not depend upon this special loading of the mind.

A short period of daily study accomplishes more than double the amount of time spent in cramming, and that which is obtained naturally and regularly is not easily forgotten, but remains as a permanent asset.

Work, whether you have to study or do something else. Keep everlastingly at it, whatever may be your duty or your vocation. Learn something every day, and do not make a specialty of overloading on any one day. If you do, you will be like the overcharged gun which is more likely to burst than to send the shot to the target.

Another Egg Problem.

Two much-bedecked porters were given leave to go to the races. They were standing at Fourth and Oak, waiting for the car, when a casual glance toward the church caused one of the colored worthy's thoughts to take a peculiar trend. "Look here, Jim," said one of them, "there has been a question in my mind for a long time and I can't figure it out. I lahks chicken, you lahks chicken, all our ancestors lahked chicken, but where did dat chicken come from? Dere had to be an aig befo' dey could be a chicken, an' dey had to be a chicken to lay dat aig. If dere wasn't no chicken on earth how did dat aig get here, an' if dere wasn't no aig on earth how did dat chicken get here?"

James maintained that the chicken was first and poured forth arguments to that end. His friend became angered, a mixup followed and an officer became interested in the discussion. He heard both sides, gave neither a verdict, but decided to let the judge have a chance to hear such a peculiar argument. And as they were being escorted to the jail one of the colored men remarked:

"Jim, I believes dat fust chicken was de work of de devil."—Louisville Times.

Laws Against Kissing.

On July 16, 1439, an act was passed forbidding kissing owing to the pestilence raging over England and France. That is the only enactment passed again kissing in England; but in several countries there are stringent regulations against kissing in public. The Bavarian state railways forbid kissing on their railway system, and the New York Central Railway company now build in connection with every new station a "kissing gallery," or elevated platform, where passengers are requested to take leave of their friends, and kiss to the limit of their emotion. One of the French railway companies some years ago promulgated a by-law by which kissing was added to the list of things banned, but the physicians of Milwaukee about the same time went a step farther and prepared a bill for the absolute suppression of kissing on the ground of the practice being a menace to health.

Making a Place in the World.

The world is no longer clay, but rather iron in the hands of its workers, and men have got to hammer out a place for themselves by steady and rugged blows.—Emerson.

HAD NOT THE SAME RESULT

Soldiers Saw Great Difference in Rewards Offered by the Two Hospital Nurses.

There is on the Breton coast a little seaside resort nestled in an admirable setting of rocks and groves and equipped with a Grand Hotel of the Beach, which has been transformed in these sadly changed days into a hospital for wounded soldiers of France. For all that there are other people on the sands besides the convalescent heroes, and especially any number of pretty women, always ready to lend their help to the doctors in charge. Among these a charming dancer from the Theater of Varietes in Paris was particularly lavish with her attentions to the soldiers. One day when she was present a big, dark fellow from the South manifested an invincible repugnance to a bitter dose which, by the doctor's orders, he was to drink.

"If you are a good boy and do what the doctor tells you," said the dancer, "you may kiss me."

Instantly and with one gulp, the big fellow swallowed the stuff, wiped his great mustache, and claimed his reward. It was all done so prettily that even the head surgeon permitted himself to smile.

But the real comedy began when the head nurse, a matron turning fifty, appeared next morning and announced:

"Every one of you who takes his medicine will be allowed to kiss me."

The effect was immediate. Each and every patient made a face and put down on the table beside him the dose which he had been about to swallow.

Now the head nurse is goodness itself, and her goodness is well spiced with wit. She was the first to laugh at the result of her invitation. Then she pretended to be angry.

Not Surprising Nowadays.

King Peter of Serbia snatched a rifle from a dying soldier in the trenches and proceeded to load and fire the thing. Nowadays we are as much surprised at a king who really fights as the knights of old would have been at a king who did not.—Detroit Journal.

RESEARCH STOPPED BY WAR

Observations of Wireless Telegraphy on a Large Scale Had Been Planned by Nations.

World-wide co-operative observations in wireless telegraphy were planned by a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which reported at the Australian meeting a year ago this summer that the project had been cordially embraced throughout the British empire and in other countries. A variety of statistics were to be collected three days each week and suitable forms had been distributed on a large scale. The outbreak of the European war, however, wrought havoc with this undertaking, which had promised to throw light on several obscure questions in radio-telegraphy, and only a few stations in India, Australia, Canada, the West Indies and the United States are now keeping up the work. Private wireless stations throughout the British empire were either dismantled or taken over by military authorities, while naval and other official stations stopped all purely scientific observing. Similar conditions prevailed in the other belligerent countries. The same circumstances led to the complete failure of the extensive scheme of special observations planned in connection with the solar eclipse of August 21, 1914, except for a few observations made in Norway and Sweden.

Sea-Wall Proved True.

The value and durability of the great sea-wall built at Galveston following the disaster of 1900 were amply demonstrated on August 17 and 18, when a storm probably equaling in fury that which devastated the city 15 years ago, swept the harbor. Communication across the six-mile arm of the sea between the Texas mainland and Galveston immediately was cut off, the concrete causeway on which the railroads enter the city having been breached. The wind and sea hurled themselves upon Galveston for two days and nights. But the great concrete sea-wall successfully resisted the fury of the elements, although the rain turned the streets into rivers.

PROPER PRIDE IN A NATION

May Have as Strong Virtues as in the Case of Individual Members of Society.

Pride has its place among virtues, in the lives of individuals as well as in the lives of nations. Pride, in so far as it is a virtue, is a determination not to be turned aside from the ends which a man thinks good, no matter what outside pressure may be brought to bear upon him. There is pride in Condorcet, sentenced to the guillotine, spending his last days in writing a book on human progress. There is pride in those who refuse to recant their religious convictions under persecution. Such pride is the noblest form of courage; it shows that self-determination of the will which is the essence of spiritual freedom. But such pride should have as its complement a just conception of what constitutes human welfare, and as its correlative a respect for the freedom of others as absolute as the determination to preserve freedom for ourselves. Exactly the same kind of pride is good in the life of a nation. If we think ill of war, while some other nation thinks well of it, let us show our national pride by living without war, whatever temptations the other nation may put in our way to live according to their ideals rather than according to our own.—Bertrand Russell, in Atlantic.

Carbon in Gravity Cells.

Carbon can be used instead of copper in gravity cells with good results. Several carbons should be removed from wornout dry cells, thoroughly cleaned and connected together. After a few hours of short circuit a coating of copper from the copper sulphate solution will form on the carbon surface which will perform the function of the usual copper electrode very well. It must be understood, however, that a loss of efficiency will result, as carbon has much greater resistance than copper.—Popular Science Monthly and World's Advance.

Excellent Motto.

"Practice with science" is the motto of the Royal Agricultural society of England.