

# Building Work Progressing

The Limited Number of Workmen Making the Best Speed Possible in the Construction of Liberty Building

## FEW ORDERS FOR BLOCKS OF FIVE

Many Subscribers Delinquent for Subscription Have Given no Attention to Bills Sent Out Some Time Ago

During the past week nothing of especial interest has occurred in relation to the construction of Liberty Building. It is now one story high and the work of construction is progressing slowly. More men could be put to work to advantage, but we have not yet felt safe in increasing the pay roll. The orders for blocks of five have been comparatively few and we are proceeding cautiously as much depends on the successful outcome of the undertaking. We have nearly 3,000 cards left that must be sold before the end is in sight. We gave the figures in the last issue and asked for orders to clear them out as soon as possible. Only a few have responded. We hope for better results this week. If you can dispose of a block of five subscription cards in your locality send for them without delay.

We have also found receipts from delinquent subscribers less than we had expected. Several weeks ago we sent bills to all who are delinquent and asked for prompt payment, explaining that we needed the money to complete the construction of Liberty Building. Many seem to have regarded the request lightly and of no importance. To those we wish to say

that we did not make out the bills and put two-cent stamps upon the letters to send them out as a mere joke. For years we have dealt generously with all our patrons and have given time to all who desired it. Now that we need the money it would seem but proper for those who are delinquent to make an effort to send the amount due. Don't make it necessary for us to send you a second bill.

When you send in the pay for your own subscription why not include with it an order for a block of five and help to dispose of the remaining 3,000 cards?

If all our readers will put a shoulder to the wheel and take a pull together it will be but a short time until all the cards are sold. Send your order today. Here's the honor roll to date. Let us add your name to the list:

- Previously acknowledged.....5241
- To state committee.....2500
- A. M. Jones, Elmwood, Neb..... 5
- J. D. Swamy, 110 No. 9th st., Beatrice, Neb..... 5
- Otto Bostrom, Big Spring, Neb..... 5
- Wm. B. Reeser, Leinbachs, Pa..... 5
- Hon. Frank F. Loomis, Edholm, Neb..... 5
- J. C. May, Buck Horn, Wyo..... 5
- Total.....7771

### ORDER BLANK—LIBERTY BUILDING SUBSCRIPTION CARDS.

Gentlemen: You may send Subscription Cards, which I will be glad to receive. It is understood that any cards not sold may be returned without charge. Your name..... State..... Postoffice..... Remarks.....

me a Block of Five Liberty Building endeavor to dispose of as soon as possible. not sold may be returned without charge. State.....

## The Plan

For many years the greatest need of The Independent has been a permanent location—a home of its own. Once secured, expenses can be reduced and the paper made a greater power for good and more valuable and interesting to its readers. To build this home The Independent has asked the co-operation of its readers in the sale of 10,000 subscription cards. The cards are printed on regular U. S. postals and are put up in blocks of

five. Each card is good for a year's subscription. For the five cards (five different persons) the charge is \$3.00, 60 cents for each card. The regular subscription price of The Independent is \$1.00 per year, and for single subscriptions it does not accept less than that. It is only because funds are needed for the construction of Liberty Building that the unparalleled offer of five yearly subscriptions for only \$3.00 is made.

### Populist State Committee

- Adams, John S. Logan, Hastings.
- Antelope, R. H. Rice, Neligh.
- Boone, H. C. Keister, St. Edward.
- Box Butte, Ira Reed, Alliance.
- Boyd, Jos. Leatherman, Butte.
- Brown, W. P. Potter, Alnsworth.
- Buffalo, Peter O'Brien, Kearney.
- Butler, Fred A. Allen, David City.
- Cass, James Reynolds, Union.
- Cedar, John H. Felber, Hartington.
- Chase, Dr. Hoffmeister, Imperial.
- Cherry, A. M. Morrissey, Valentine.
- Cheyenne, Gus Wellner, Sidney.
- Clay, Theodore Griess, Clay Center.
- Colfax, J. A. Grimison, Schuyler.
- Cuming, C. L. Sieck, Wisner.
- Custer, C. H. Jeffords, Broken Bow.
- Dawson, Con. Lindemann, Crawford.
- Dawson, E. D. Johnson, Lexington.
- Dodge, R. D. Kelly, Fremont.
- Douglas, J. J. Pointe, Omaha.
- Dundy, M. M. Chase, Halgler.
- Fillmore, C. S. Smrha, Geneva.
- Franklin, John A. Barker, Franklin.
- Frontier, James H. Baylun, Stockville.
- Furnas, John T. McClure, Beaver City.
- Gage, H. T. Wilson, Beatrice.
- Garfield, Ed M. Tunnichiffe, Burwell.
- Gosper, B. F. Downer, Arapahoe.
- Greeley, Patrick H. Barry, Greeley.
- Hall, Bayard H. Paine, Grand Island.
- Hamilton, F. M. Howard, Aurora.
- Harlan, W. J. Furse, Alma.
- Hayes, L. H. Lawton, Fallsdale.
- Hitchcock, A. L. Taylor, Trenton.

- Howard, C. B. Manuel, St. Paul.
- Jefferson, F. A. Carmony, Fairbury.
- Johnson, Grant Blausser, Tecumseh.
- Kearney, E. C. Dalley, Minden.
- Knox, Charles Crockett, Bloomfield.
- Lancaster, H. E. Dawes, Lincoln.
- Lincoln, A. F. Parsons, North Platte.
- Loup, R. S. Scofield, Taylor.
- Madison, C. S. Evans, Norfolk.
- Merrick, Thomas Farrell, Chapman.
- Nance, W. P. Hatten, Fullerton.
- Nemaha, E. B. Quackenbush, South Auburn.
- Nuckolls, C. G. Sowy, Nelson.
- Otoe, E. S. Whitaker, Syracuse.
- Pawnee, D. D. Davis, Pawnee City.
- Pierce, Hason Turner, Pierce.
- Phelps, A. J. Shater, Holdrege.
- Platte, Clarence Gerrard, Columbus.
- Polk, C. C. Bennett, Stromsburg.
- Red Willow, R. A. Green, McCook.
- Richardson, F. Greenwald, Falls City.
- Saline, Fred Hier, Crete.
- Sarpy, Charles Nownes, Papillion.
- Saunder, J. L. Coleman, Memphis.
- Seward, G. W. Fuller, Seward.
- Sheridan, H. F. Wasmund, Rushville.
- Sherman, H. M. Mathew, Loup City.
- Sioux, W. J. A. Raum, Harrison.
- Stanton, W. H. Woodruff, Stanton.
- Thurston, E. G. Kellener, Pender.
- Valley, J. A. Ollis Jr., Ord.
- Washington, C. B. Sprague, Blair.
- Wayne, H. C. Kellogg, Wayne.
- Webster, William Craybill, Reed Cloud.
- Wheeler, J. N. Larson, Bartlett.
- York, Cliff Frank, York.

## LINCOLN SANITARIUM

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A Thoroughly Equipped Scientific Establishment

All forms of baths: Turkish, Russian, Roman and Electric, with special attention to the application of Natural Salt Water Baths for the treatment of all acute and chronic non-contagious curable diseases: Rheumatism, Gout, Blood and Nervous Diseases, Liver and Kidney Trouble, and all forms of Stomach Trouble are treated successfully. Atrark of the Stomach and Bowels, Heart Disease, acute and chronic, are all greatly benefited and many permanently cured by taking the Natural Salt Water Baths (Solebath) as first given at Nauheim, Germany. A separate department, fitted with a thoroughly equipped surgical ward and operating rooms, offers special inducements to surgical cases and all diseases peculiar to women. The Sanitarium is thoroughly equipped for treating all diseases by modern successful methods. It is managed by physicians well trained and of extended experience, specialists in their several departments. Trained nurses, skillful and courteous attendants. Prices reasonable. Address

### Lincoln, Sanitarium

### LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

### Taxation in History

Two significant papers were read at the recent meeting of the National Educational Association at Minneapolis, July 7. One by N. H. Schaeffer of Harrisburg, Pa., state superintendent of public instruction in Pennsylvania, on "Taxation as It Relates to School Maintenance," and another by Albert G. Lane, district superintendent of schools, Chicago, on "Taxation and Teachers' Salaries." This may be "politics," but teachers are finding out that "politics" vitally concerns them. Superintendent Schaeffer declared that as taxation for school purposes is now the accepted policy of every civilized country, its nature and purpose should be taught in connection with history and civil government. He said: "One of the highest tests of patriotism is found in a willingness to pay a just share of the tax for the education of the people. Let us imagine a history of the United States which would include a full and complete history of taxation from the beginning of our government, with full explanations of how the taxes are levied and collected, and on what classes they rest the most heavily. What a flood of light would thus be thrown upon history! Add this same feature to the accepted histories of the European nations, and what interesting and vital facts would be revealed. How we would all be surprised. How were Alexander's, Caesar's and Napoleon's armies sustained? How the splendor of glory and the glamour of romance would disappear from the careers of these nations' great warriors as the facts concerning the expense of their maintenance and the source of their funds would become known! Our youth (and ourselves) should be taught these facts. Taxation is a vital part of history, and it is a shame that it has been omitted so long. School boys and college students should be taught the burdens, as well as the privileges, that are thrust upon them, and the privileges always been fairly distributed? This is a legitimate and important inquiry for the student of history.

Here is a little lesson on taxation. The power of corporations in politics is well known. One of the results of that power is illustrated as follows: In Pennsylvania the taxation on farms and homes is, per \$1,000, \$18.50. On street railways, per \$1,000, 4.75. On telegraphs and telephones, per \$1,000, 3.29. On steam railroads, per \$1,000, 2.75. How is it in other states? How long do farmers and home owners propose to stand such discrimination? Let us fully realize that every dollar of just taxation that the railroads escape, is shifted to the backs of the people, and every dollar of just taxation that the rich escape, is shifted to the backs of the poor. Has this shifting of burdens from the powerful and rich to the backs of the weak and poor always been done? Will it always continue? Will the spread of intelligence, moral courage and determination, and a realization by the masses of the right and their power, correct this evil?—Dr. C. F. Taylor in Medical World for August.

### Put Up or Shut Up

W. B. Price of Lincoln, formerly insurance deputy under Auditor Cornell, is evidently getting tired of the State Journal's tactics with reference to Hon. W. H. Thompson. The Journal charged Thompson with being local attorney for one of the railroads running into Grand Island, then a flat denial from Thompson was published in the World-Herald—but the Journal has made no correction. It is saying nothing editorially about the matter, but nearly every day quotes from some country paper something along the line of its first charge—an echo, in fact, of what it first published. On the other day, through the columns of the Lincoln Daily Post, made the republicans a very flattering offer if they have any notion they are right. He offers to bet \$100 against \$75 that W. H. Thompson is not now and never has been attorney for any railroad company, and imposes this condition: That the net winnings shall be donated to the state university students to partially reimburse them for the "Dietrich tax" they were required to pay in order that the necessary repairs might be made and the university buildings be kept up—a matter of about \$3 each. This "Dietrich tax" is so called because it was imposed after and because of the veto by Dietrich of a legislative appropriation of some \$90,000 for repairs and improvements for the university. Price believes that the bet can be raised to a thousand dollars against \$750, and as he would surely win the republican money, he would be able to donate \$750 to the university boys who suffered because of Dietrich's hostility to our great institution of learning. It's a clear case of put up or shut up.

### Secretary Marsh

Heretofore The Independent has felt that among the whole gang of republican officials at the state house, Secretary Marsh was about the best of the bunch; but his speech before the Lincoln young men's republican club Wednesday causes a decided change of opinion. The Independent cares nothing for the glittering generalities interspersed in by Mr. Marsh or his sweeping accusations about fusion candidates and all that—it is certainly his privilege to be as bitterly partisan as he wishes. The fusion administrations speak for themselves. No other have ever reached them in the matter of economy; and those who have visited the institutions under different administrations know that as to efficiency the fusion officers and employes have never been excelled. Under any and every administration there has been more or less wrangling, but Savage's Beatrice difficulties will offset those of Poynter, and there never was anything under the fusion administration that approached the sneaking resignation of Mallick at Kearney. What "The Independent" does object to is plain, every-day lying—and Mr. Marsh indulged in that freely in his speech. Among other things he said: "The present administration has had no larger appropriations to run our state institutions with than the fusion administration had. It is not a question of increasing Cuban residency."

## WHEN OTHERS FAIL CONSULT DOCTORS

### SEARLES & SEARLES

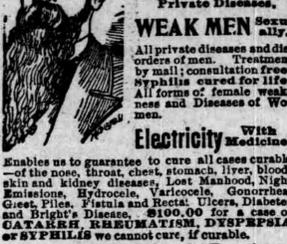
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**Stricture & Gleet** Cured at Home by new method without pain or cutting. Consultation FREE. Treatment by mail. Call or address with stamp. Main Office: Searles & Searles, 1002 Richards Block, LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.



Dr. Bourneville, the great French psychological specialist, has actually succeeded in discovering an unfailing cure for idiots and is doing phenomenal work in ameliorating the condition of abnormal infants and adults. The results of this humanitarian's work in the Medico-Pedagogical Institute at Vitry, France, is the all-absorbing tonic in medical circles on the continent. The wonderful results of his cure have gone the round of the press and of magazines during the past months. Dr. Bourneville is receiving letters every day with crested headings imploring him to do something for some young scion of a royal house. The writers want the physician to come to their castles, but to all these entreaties there is but one reply: "Send your child to Vitry." To mix with the plebeian crowd in the Vitry institute is a sacrifice which patrician pride is not always willing to make, so that most of the inmates belong to the proletarian class. Dr. Bourneville said in an interview a few days ago: "Nothing has been left undone to bring speech and hearing to the deaf mute, and everybody knows of the marvelous results obtained in the cure of the blind and in their education, which relies mainly on their fine sense of touch." Dr. Bourneville is noted especially for what he has done for Jacques Menod, a boy from Marseilles, 16 years old. It is difficult to imagine an uglier monstrosity than young Jacques, even now after six months' scrupulous treatment. Jacques looked like a wild gorilla when he was brought to Vitry last winter. The mouth was abnormally large, with saliva dripping in generous quantity over the thick, sensual lips. His hair grew over his forehead almost down to his eyebrows. He was ever groaning and grumbling and refused to walk or stand up so that he had to be carried all the time, though there was nothing the matter with his legs or spine. Jacques was even lower than the ape, in that he would not stretch out his hands to seize his food. He had to be fed like an infant and then almost by force. Once his eyes were attracted by some bright colored object in the room or garden and he would sit and stare at it for hours, nor could he be induced to fix his attention elsewhere. If left to himself this wretched being would surely perish from starvation. As if by a miracle from heaven Jacques has been put in his right mind and in a few months will be sent home entirely cured to his happy parents in Marseilles. He is now learning the carpenter's trade, and he will be apprenticed as soon as he returns home. How has all this been accomplished? Dr. Bourneville says that he has not uttered a harsh word to Jacques nor punished the boy at any time for disobedience or transgression of discipline. First, there was a week of patient observation of his peculiar form of idiocy and a daily examination of the malformed organs. He was treated as at home, fed with a spoon, conveyed into the garden in a rolling chair, left to mutter and stare at will and at night carried to bed. His nurse in all details gave him maternal care. In the case of Jacques, Dr. Bourneville determined that massage, followed by a special gymnastic course was the best treatment, for his diagnosis revealed that his form of imbecility was traceable mostly to an imperfect development of the facial, manual and pedal lineaments and other peculiar deformities contracted before birth and permitted to become aggravated by ignorant nursing. Electric and medicated baths were also prescribed by the doctor. It was weeks before Jacques could stretch out his arms and months before he could stand up without assistance. As to feeding Jacques his fondness for certain delicacies were soon ascertained. These were finally given to him at every meal, but only when he would reach out his hands for them. Curious musical instruments attracted the patient's attention. The only time when he was known to smile was when the doctor would play on his violin. Jacques soon learned to walk from his room to the farther end of the garden play. After three months Jacques fed himself, could walk and talk and dress himself. Then began a slow course of gymnastics, while Dr. Bourneville left nothing undone to reduce the abnormal facial formations by massage and the mental restoration by the pestalozzian method of instruction. The latter method consists in object lessons, the garden and the streets and the rooms taking the place of books.

Now, you say "the present administration has had no larger appropriations to run our state institutions with." You know that is not true and you knew it when you made your speech to the young republicans, whom you urged to "stand by our country in time of war, whether right or wrong." As we have official word for it that there is no war in the Philippines, and "hasn't been for 10 years," many of them—not even when Hell Roaring Jake was making Samar a "howling wilderness"—it must be that you had in mind the present war in Nebraska, the war against railroad domination and republican rottenness. You knew when you made your speech, for example, that the fusionists had in 1899 a total appropriation of \$2,591,373.60 to pay everything; and that in 1901 you had \$2,875,283.57 for the same purpose. You might have known, if you really cared to know, that \$604,870.32 of the fusionists' appropriation (1899) was for items of an extraordinary nature—new buildings, executive mansion, bounty, deficiencies, etc., and that similarly \$661,106.72 should be deducted from your (1901) appropriations. Accordingly, the remainder in each case will represent what each had for ordinary maintenance expenses, including "appropriations to run our state institutions with." The figures are: You (1901) had net.....\$2,314,182.79 We (1899) had net.....1,986,652.28 Excess in your favor...\$ 327,679.51 In the face of this, will you still persist in such statements as above quoted?

### Discreetly Waited

Mr. Roosevelt discreetly waited until congress was safely adjourned before making the important discovery in behalf of the immaculate and impeccable Knox that more legislation is needed in dealing with the trusts. Had he made the discovery sooner he might have felt impelled to ask congress to pass the necessary laws—and then what would the trusts have done when the hat was passed around?—Johnstown (Pa.) Democrat.

### Governor Savage

Governor Savage is evidently trying to get even with Edward Rosewater for so unmercifully lambasting him as the Bartley pardon. He has appointed as one member of the Omaha fire and police commission ex-Mayor W. J. Broatch—a man perhaps more cordially hated by the editor of the Bee than any other in Omaha, Frank Ransom, G. M. Hitchcock, or David Mercer not excepted.

### There must be a pressing demand

There must be a pressing demand for campaign funds at republican headquarters. Within the past month the Standard Oil trust has put up the price of gasoline 3 cents—a total raise of nearly 19 per cent. Thousands of families use gasoline for cooking purposes in summer, believing it to be cheaper and it is certainly more pleasant to use; but this rise in price renders the questions of economy a doubtful one. A Lincoln woman said to her husband the other day, after the second raise of a cent had been made: "Hadm't we better break up house-keeping and put the children in the home for the blindless? I can probably get a job cooking or waiting table in some restaurant; you might get work with the 'white wings'; and in that way we might be able to live."

### Closing Out Sale

Fred B. Humphrey, 138-142 So. 12th st., is closing out his stock of vehicles at cost. Columbus top buggies, \$115. The T. G. Mandt farm wagons at \$57.50 complete. All other goods at similar prices. Nothing reserved. Fred B. Humphrey, 138 So. 12th st., Lincoln, Neb. Chicago Journal.

## A CURE FOR IDIOCY.

PHYSICAL CULTURE THE METHOD USED. Remarkable Results in the Case of Jacques Menod, a Boy of 16—Massage Followed by a Gymnastic Course—Imperfect Physique.

Dr. Bourneville, the great French psychological specialist, has actually succeeded in discovering an unfailing cure for idiots and is doing phenomenal work in ameliorating the condition of abnormal infants and adults. The results of this humanitarian's work in the Medico-Pedagogical Institute at Vitry, France, is the all-absorbing tonic in medical circles on the continent. The wonderful results of his cure have gone the round of the press and of magazines during the past months. Dr. Bourneville is receiving letters every day with crested headings imploring him to do something for some young scion of a royal house. The writers want the physician to come to their castles, but to all these entreaties there is but one reply: "Send your child to Vitry." To mix with the plebeian crowd in the Vitry institute is a sacrifice which patrician pride is not always willing to make, so that most of the inmates belong to the proletarian class. Dr. Bourneville said in an interview a few days ago: "Nothing has been left undone to bring speech and hearing to the deaf mute, and everybody knows of the marvelous results obtained in the cure of the blind and in their education, which relies mainly on their fine sense of touch." Dr. Bourneville is noted especially for what he has done for Jacques Menod, a boy from Marseilles, 16 years old. It is difficult to imagine an uglier monstrosity than young Jacques, even now after six months' scrupulous treatment. Jacques looked like a wild gorilla when he was brought to Vitry last winter. The mouth was abnormally large, with saliva dripping in generous quantity over the thick, sensual lips. His hair grew over his forehead almost down to his eyebrows. He was ever groaning and grumbling and refused to walk or stand up so that he had to be carried all the time, though there was nothing the matter with his legs or spine. Jacques was even lower than the ape, in that he would not stretch out his hands to seize his food. He had to be fed like an infant and then almost by force. Once his eyes were attracted by some bright colored object in the room or garden and he would sit and stare at it for hours, nor could he be induced to fix his attention elsewhere. If left to himself this wretched being would surely perish from starvation. As if by a miracle from heaven Jacques has been put in his right mind and in a few months will be sent home entirely cured to his happy parents in Marseilles. He is now learning the carpenter's trade, and he will be apprenticed as soon as he returns home. How has all this been accomplished? Dr. Bourneville says that he has not uttered a harsh word to Jacques nor punished the boy at any time for disobedience or transgression of discipline. First, there was a week of patient observation of his peculiar form of idiocy and a daily examination of the malformed organs. He was treated as at home, fed with a spoon, conveyed into the garden in a rolling chair, left to mutter and stare at will and at night carried to bed. His nurse in all details gave him maternal care. In the case of Jacques, Dr. Bourneville determined that massage, followed by a special gymnastic course was the best treatment, for his diagnosis revealed that his form of imbecility was traceable mostly to an imperfect development of the facial, manual and pedal lineaments and other peculiar deformities contracted before birth and permitted to become aggravated by ignorant nursing. Electric and medicated baths were also prescribed by the doctor. It was weeks before Jacques could stretch out his arms and months before he could stand up without assistance. As to feeding Jacques his fondness for certain delicacies were soon ascertained. These were finally given to him at every meal, but only when he would reach out his hands for them. Curious musical instruments attracted the patient's attention. The only time when he was known to smile was when the doctor would play on his violin. Jacques soon learned to walk from his room to the farther end of the garden play. After three months Jacques fed himself, could walk and talk and dress himself. Then began a slow course of gymnastics, while Dr. Bourneville left nothing undone to reduce the abnormal facial formations by massage and the mental restoration by the pestalozzian method of instruction. The latter method consists in object lessons, the garden and the streets and the rooms taking the place of books.

### How to Address Clergymen

A candidate for ordination is not a clergyman, and is not entitled to the prefix "Rev." Address him as "Arthur Jones, Esq.," or "Mr. Arthur Jones." The term "Rev." is not used in conversation, when speaking of a clergyman. To designate his calling, say "Mr. Jones, pastor of St. Martin's Church." It would be incorrect to write "Rev. Mr. Jones." It should be "Rev. Arthur Jones." When ignorant of the Christian name or initial, it is permissible to replace it by a dash, thus "Rev. — Jones."

### The Ordinary Beer Glass

The ordinary beer glass is regulated by law in Bavaria, and must hold exactly half a litre, or nearly nine-tenths of a pint, and must be of uniform thickness and shape.

## Realism vs. Romanticism.

BY F. H. LANCASTER. (Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) They were sitting on the gallery in the twilight and the discussion began by the Woman Who Wrote taking exception to the extravagant praise bestowed upon a modern book.

"It is not true; not possible. If a human woman had attempted to live through such a series of sensations she would have died of heart failure in a week; or, been sent to an asylum for the insane." "The Newspaper Man cut in dryly: "Realism will never appreciate romanticism." "I wish to goodness that I could understand what is meant by realism and romanticism," announced the Green Girl.

"Why, the difference is just this," responded the Woman Who Wrote. "Realism deals with what would probably happen—every-day flesh and blood. Romanticism with impossible creations of nerve and fury. For instance: "Once upon a time there was a man and a woman in a gaudy little garden and life looked glad. But as the sun hastened to its setting the glow of their gladness began to dim, for to the man sunset meant return to camp, and to the woman, making hot biscuit for supper. So they watched the setting sun and their words were fewer as their eyes grew wistful. For this is ever so in life, novelist to the contrary, notwithstanding. A full heart makes not a ready tongue. "Then into the garden came the maiden aunt of the woman, and she made obeisance to the man and said to him in pleasant, every-day, ungrammatical talk, that she would be much pleased to have him make a third at their tea-table. Let any man who has learned to prize the presence of one woman above all others say what was in the heart of the man as he followed the old maid and the



The bread knife was in the left hand of the man and his right arm was about the woman's shoulder. woman into the dining-room that smelled of new bread and sad salmon. "We will not bother about biscuit to-night, Polly, if you will slice some cold bread," spake the aunt. But the man interferred, declaring himself to be familiar with the weapons, and laying hold upon the bread knife, attacked the loaf valorously. Whereupon the old maid went to the pantry for the tea. The door latch clicked in closing and the bread-knife was in the left hand of the man and his right arm was about the shoulders of the woman. His breath raised her hair, and then that happened which will always happen when any ordinary man and woman whose hearts have gone into each other's keeping, chance to find themselves alone together and safe from the eyes of others. For the space of a moment, heaven hung over the breadboard, then a loose plank squeaked and the woman began to lay places for six and the man cut slices of a thickness to beat the band.

The man's hand touched the woman's intentionally as he passed plate and platter. Marvel not, ye mortals of mundane flesh and blood, that the tea drank that night was a nectar compared to which the ambrosia of the gods was but as milk and water. For all that I have told is very true and has come to pass many hundreds of times, and if the world holds will come many hundreds of times more. At last they said good-night in the moonlight. And if there be any among you who have not counted the moments by the delicious quiver of a heart beat against your own, I shall not strive to picture to you that pleasant parting, for no words could make it plain; and if there be those among you who have, neither will I expend energy upon useless endeavor, for you know that no words may do it justice.

So for the sunshine. The shadow came next day with his letter. "My own dear Polly, The Indians are up and we have been ordered against them." Do not condemn him for breaking it so rudely. His heart was hurting him too badly to think of finess. It is ever so with an ordinary man, pain makes him impatient. Well, the woman felt troubled; because she missed him, and because all at once she could think of him only as of a still, white face upturned to the moon. She went to the machine and made a couple of shirt waists with tucked fronts and insertion as per order, then she read the newspaper to keep from going into the garden. She did not care to talk about it—sympathy upsets one's self-control. The door burst open. Genevieve Trevalion sprang to her feet. "The door burst open, Genevieve Trevalion sprang to her feet. The man stood before her. His grand eyes, black and passionate as the night, burned into hers. His breath came in hoarse, gasping sobs. Pallid, spent, unkempt as the storm, he stood before her. Wet as a drowned rat!" "Ah, how outrageous!" "But he was wet," she protested. "Butter; if we cannot escape prosa details let's have tea." As the Woman Who Wrote arose to follow the others, the Newspaper Man stopped her. "Did you really kiss that knife's handle?" "What knife?" "The one I cut ham with that night." "Why, you crank, you and I have never been anything to each other." "Don't be too sure of that. Remember the damage I did to your mother's china. If you hadn't been as cold as an iceberg you would have been better posted on realism. When your own heart is going like a buzz-saw you can't see the back of your head."

the day died and when the time came for tea, she felt as though the food was choking her beforehand. The eyes of the woman grew warm with tears as she looked upon the bread knife and thought of those great, clumsy slices, but she assented as a matter of course. Her fingers closed over the horn-handle and that haunting, upturned face left her. She saw him again beneath the hanging lamp, his eyes aglow with mixed up love and mischief. Ah! how good to be able to think of him once more as her dear bad boy.

When the house was still, she carried the knife to her room and covered its handle with tears and kisses. Trouble not yourself with idle questionings, whether the man came back from the wars or no; for when a man has won such love from a woman that she kisses handles for his sake, he has seen his Austerlitz; let him beware lest he live too long and so look upon his Waterloo.

"That's realism." "In all save one particular," commented the Newspaper Man. The Woman Who Wrote spoke hurriedly. "Now for romanticism." "It was a wild, dark night, dark as death. The rain poured down in ceaseless torrents; the wind tore the thousand-year-old monarchs from the forest and lashed the sea into a raging mass of inky waters. Against it all, in the very teeth of the storm, the man held on his way. Heedless of the howl and roar, heedless of the jagged lightning that leaped from the lowering heavens. Deaf, blind, lost to consciousness of aught save the sting of wounded pride and the fierce resentment of an outraged love. None save gods or devils would have braved such a night, but he— What was beat of rain and lash of wind? What was this wild storm without, compared to the fiercer one raging within? The rage of passion that sent the blood seething through his veins, and beat in his brain like hammers.

The crimson curtains with their satin fringes swept to the floor, shutting out the storm and the night. They could not shut out the wind that howled and shrieked like a thousand fiends in torment. Genevieve Trevalion crouched over her fire, her great, violet eyes staring in dense terror at the flames. For hours she had sat there cowering under a sense of impending doom; suffering the agony of a hundred deaths. No torture devised by man so intense so agonizing as that of undefined fear. She clenched her hand until the blood sprang from her tender palm and dyed her perfect nails; low moanings broke from her pallid lips. He would not come, he would not come, and to-morrow would be too late, too late. Oh, God; the bitterness of a luxury that defeats love.

"The man fought on, not knowing that he fought. Over rage and resentment a desire had come to him, more blinding than the blue flare of the lightning. The desire to be with her, to breathe the intoxicating perfume of her hair, to feel the wild beating of her heart on his, to crush her lips beneath kisses strong as eternity, eager as life. His foot sunk into deepening water and a stream of heaven's blue fire showed him the bridge—a mass of broken timbers heaped upon the farther shore. Before him, wild, wicked water, but not hell a-gape, would have stopped him now. Into the raging water, beating against it defying it, his magnificent muscles strained like whipcords, his face blanched, his lips numb.



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