

THE RAILROADS

Some Astonishing Facts Made Public—An Enormous Rise in Freight During the Year

The annual report of the interstate commerce commission has just been published. The report covers the twelve months ending June 30, 1901, and among the interesting facts shown is one bearing upon cost of transportation. The summary states that tonnage carried for the year decreased over 12,000,000 tons and still the gross receipts from operation increased over \$101,000,000, disproving the claim that there has been a general reduction in freight rates.

The number of railroads in the hands of receivers was forty-five, a net decrease of seven as compared with the corresponding date of the year previous. The capital stock represented by the railroads in the charge of receivers was \$49,478,257, funded debt \$54,748,662 and current liabilities \$14,183,230. These figures show a decrease in capital stock represented by companies with 1900 of \$58,618,598 and in funded debt of \$52,644,360.

The total single track railway mileage in the United States was 197,237 miles, this mileage having increased during the year 3,892 miles. The operated single track mileage, in respect to which detailed returns were made, was 195,571 miles, this mileage including 5,906 miles of line on which track privileges were granted. Including tracks of all kinds, the aggregate length of railway mileage was 265,368 miles, an increase of 6,582 miles.

There were 39,584 locomotives in the service of the railways, which was 1,921 more than were in use the preceding year. The total number of cars of all classes in the service of the railways on the date stated was 1,550,839, there having been an increase of 99,995 in rolling stock of this class.

The number of persons in the employment of the railways of the United States was 1,071,169, or an average of 548 employes per 100 miles of line. As compared with June 30, 1900, the number of employes increased 53,516. The amount of railway capital outstanding was \$11,688,177,991. This amount, on a mileage basis, represents a capitalization of \$61,528 per mile of line. Of the total capital stated \$5,806,597,104 existed in the form of stock, of which \$4,475,439,721 was common stock and \$1,331,157,383 preferred stock.

The amount which existed in the form of funded debt was \$5,881,490,887. The amount of railway liabilities, which is not included in the foregoing figures, was \$620,402,419, or \$3,266 per mile of line. The number of passengers carried was 607,278,121, showing an increase for the year of 30,412,891.

The number of tons of freight carried during the year was 1,089,226,440, a decrease of 12,453,738 being shown. The gross earnings from the operation of the railways in the United States were \$1,588,526,037, being \$101,481,223 more than for the fiscal year of 1900. The operating expenses were \$1,030,397,270, having increased in comparison with the year preceding \$68,968,759.

The total number of casualties to persons on account of railway accidents was 1,044, the number of persons killed having been 8,455 and the number injured 53,339. Of railway employes, 2,675 were killed and 41,142 were injured. The number of passengers killed during the year was 282, and the number injured 4,988. The number of persons other than employes and passengers killed was 5,498, and injured 7,269.

A Growing Question

The "growing question" idea, if not an invention of Editor Metcalfe of the Omaha World Herald, has on many occasions been used by him with telling effect. The constant repetition of the question, each time in type a little larger than the time before, finally attracts public attention to such an extent that it must be answered or the silent one will suffer.

In this campaign the republican candidates for congress are badly handicapped in Nebraska because of the Fowler bill. The branch bank feature especially is repugnant to Nebraska bankers, and some of them are thoroughly frightened. Others still have confidence that the bill will never pass—but those who are better informed know that it will. Every republican candidate for congress in this state is silent as the tomb as to what he will do when the bill comes up for passage. It is said that Mr. Burdett when he first came home, with the atmosphere of Washington clinging to his garments in chunks, confidentially told a Lincoln banker that "you have no idea what a sentiment there is in favor of the Fowler bill" and the banker abruptly told him that the sentiment here is the other way and that it might be necessary to get some other man for congress from this district. Since that time Mr. Burdett has discreetly kept his mouth shut about the Fowler bill.

Every republican candidate for congress is making a campaign of false pretences on this question. He dare not say he favors the bill—for that would mean the antagonism of every banker in the state. He dare not denounce the bill—for that would be denouncing a party measure that was introduced by the whole committee. So he attempts the silent act.

MR. BURKETT, DO YOU FAVOR THE ENACTMENT INTO LAW OF THE FOWLER CURRENCY BILL?

The Fowler currency bill embodies all the iniquitous features of the old wildcat banking plan. It provides for bank notes issued on bank assets, for branch banks, for retirement of the greenbacks, and for making silver dollars redeemable in gold on demand of the holder. It is the foundation stone of a bankers' trust. The Fowler bill has been recommended for passage by the republican majority of the house committee on banking and currency.

every week from now until election day. Set the question in a little larger type each week, even if you have to spread it over three columns toward the last. Keep asking it in a little louder tone week after week and bye and bye everybody will be asking it.

Barry vs Kinkaid

Gen. P. H. Barry, populist-democratic nominee for congress in the Sixth district, has issued the following challenge to Judge M. P. Kinkaid, his republican opponent: Greeley, Neb., Aug. 25, 1902.—Hon. Moses P. Kinkaid, O'Neill, Neb.—My Dear Judge: In view of the fact that we are both aspiring to represent the Sixth congressional district of Nebraska in congress, I suggest that we arrange a series of joint debates throughout the district, the places and dates to be mutually agreed upon. I believe a discussion of the political issues now claiming the attention of the American people, as enumerated in the platform of the respective parties to which we belong, in all candor and fairness would be of interest to a very large number of our people, and I also believe that in this way we could meet face to face more of the voters of the district than in any other way.

Therefore I trust that you may see fit to accept this challenge in the friendly spirit in which it is tendered. I am, very sincerely yours, P. H. BARRY.

The Omaha Auditorium

Omaha will within a few months have one of the finest and best equipped Auditoriums in the country, and as a result that city is already planning to secure national conventions and other large gatherings which will directly and indirectly benefit the entire trans-Mississippi country. Through the Omaha Auditorium company, the officers of which are prominent business men who serve without pay, the citizens of Omaha have donated and taken stock in the company to the amount of \$175,000. To provide funds for completing and furnishing the Auditorium the company has two projects on hand, in both of which people get the worth of their money and at the same time help the Auditorium. The first is the Musical Festival, which opens August 21 and closes September 17, fifty-four concerts being given by the Royal Italian band, the largest and most noted musical organization now in this country. Cavaliere Emilio Rivela came from Italy this spring to take the leadership of the band, which has created a musical sensation wherever it has appeared.

The second project, which is already attracting a great deal of attention all over the country, is called "the Auditorium stock contest." Tickets entitling the purchaser to one share of common stock in the Omaha Auditorium Co. are sold for 25 cents each, and with each ticket the purchaser receives two guessing slips. There are 1001 regular prizes, the 700 cash prizes being headed by a \$5,000 prize in gold, and the 300 other prizes by a \$3,500 house lot. The prizes will be distributed to the 1001 persons making the 1001 closest estimates on the total number of votes cast for all candidates for governor. In New York next November. Special cash prizes are awarded every two weeks to persons making the closest estimates on the amount of the Omaha bank clearings on the 1st and 16th days of each month. In order that all may have the same chance to win prizes the Omaha Auditorium Co., Omaha, Neb., is furnishing free on application full information and figures regarding the number of votes cast during the past ten years in New York state, and the amount on previous dates of the Omaha bank clearings.

"Maupin's Way of Thinking" Will M. Maupin, in addition to writing his "Whether Common or Not" page in Mr. Bryan's Commoner, finds time to furnish The Alliance Herald a couple of columns of political notes under the heading, "Maupin's Way of Thinking," written in his inimitable style. His habit of standing-up for Nebraska and Nebraska newspapermen led him to throw a number of undeserved bouquets at the associate editor of The Independent last week which we quote with the warning, "Cum grano salls."

The fusionists honored the newspaper profession when they nominated Charley De France for auditor of public accounts. De France is one of the real newspaper men of the state. He has "rolled," "pulled press," set type, made up forms, written locals and ground out editorials—in fact, has experienced all the trials and worries of country newspaper existence. He is one of the boys. He is an expert accountant, has been admitted to the bar and knows more about the state house than any republican official now occupying an office in it. If the taxpayers of Nebraska do not elect Charley De France to the office of auditor it will be because they don't care a tinker's dam about getting good men to transact their business for them.

That Debate

Mike Harrington and J. N. Baldwin will discuss the railroad taxation problem. That is the way will hold joint debates if Mr. Baldwin will accept the challenge that has been sent him by the fusion committee to take the stump and defend the corporation interests. We hold to the opinion that Mr. Baldwin will have business elsewhere and will not find it convenient to accommodate the redoubtable Mike.—N. J. Ludt, in Wahoo Democrat.

Representative Ollis

J. A. Ollis Jr. is a thoroughly representative citizen of Valley county, a good farmer and business man, and made an admirable record in the legislature and should be re-elected with an increased majority.—Jason L. Claflin, in Ord Journal.

Ohio State Journal

"But, father," replied the erring son, "you know every young fellow has to sow his wild oats." "Yes," answered the father, "but you ought to know when you have a big enough crop."

Morgan Will Settle the Strike.

Seven men can end the strike and J. P. Morgan is their ruler.—New York World, August 24. Of why should the people shed lachrymose tears, When Morgan will settle the strike? He scuttled for home when republican fears Said, "Morgan must settle the strike." He's been buccaneering for nautical "stuff."

Got "liners" and "coalers" and mud-scows enough To play a new role in a salt-water bluff. No! Morgan won't settle the strike.

With tide-water coal at twelve dollars a ton, Old Morgan don't settle the strike; He says the high prices have only begun.

So, Morgan won't settle the strike. With Ted at his elbow and Knox at his back He'll stretch the consumer upon his trust rack.

A round billion steal before changing his tack. Then Morgan will settle the strike.

The poor may implore while the coal baron grins, For Morgan to settle the strike. When he freezes over and skating begins.

Then Morgan will settle the strike; But when the freeze comes and the marching gets nice, And every coal user is pinched by the price, We'll fight the d— robbers right there on the ice.

And the people will settle the strike! C. Gouverneur, N. Y., Aug. 26.

A Question of Pedigree

At the Tecumseh chautauque, Mr. Mickey apologized for the name his mother gave him and said he wasn't Irish, but a cross between the Welsh and Scotch.—Central Farmer.

This paper had been led by the statements of the Omaha Bee to believe that Mr. Mickey was a cross between the Union Pacific and the Burlington. But, good Lord, we don't know anything about pedigrees and anybody can fool us.—W. J. Waite, in Western Enterprise. "Mickey by name, but not by nature," declared the "farmer" candidate some three weeks after Baldwin's conference had chosen him. And now there is another cross—cross Irishmen who don't relish the contemptuous manner in which Mickey disavowed any kinship with the men of the Emerald Isle.

With the Paragraphers.

Houston Post: Smith would doubtless like to give orders to kill and burn every president over 10 years of age. Columbus Press: Judge Jackson has enjoined the miners from doing almost everything except slaving for the coal trust and breathing Pittsburg Dispatch: It is now given out that General Smith did not issue that "kill-and-burn" order, but merely hinted it. Which defense is worse than the indictment.

New York Life: It is officially reported that the Filipinos are learning to love our institutions. Is this another exemplification of the old saying that "many waters cannot quench love"? Memphis News: The Littlefield anti-trust bill will either be so bad for the trusts that the g. o. p. campaign manager will say to the magnates, give us the campaign funds and we will not pass it, or it will be so favorable to the trusts that the manager will say give us the money and we will pass it. It has not yet been discovered whether the policy will be blackmail or sell out.

Rock Island Argus: The administration mouthpiece, the Philadelphia Press, in its editorial correspondence, says that the president and Attorney General Knox are proceeding against the trusts in their own way. They are trying to bring down their game with blank cartridges and the game has gotten so accustomed to it that they sit still and allow themselves to be shot at.

County Conventions

The populists and the democrats of Lancaster county will hold their convention to nominate county officers on September 12. They will convene at 1 o'clock p. m. at the Auditorium in the city of Lincoln. The delegates are the same persons that represented the different precincts at the convention on June 14 this year.

Could Not See Them.

There is a citizen of New York, says an exchange, who decided to treat himself to a horse and a runabout. In every case he insisted upon knowing the attitude of the prospective purchase in relation to automobiles. "I don't want my neck broken daily," he would say.

There was a horse that suited him. "I can warrant him on the automobile question," said the Jersey farmer who owned him. "I will guarantee that he will pass a dozen an hour, all day long, and never look at one of them."

"Will you give me a written statement to that effect?" "I will."

The sale was made. For once a Jersey farmer had told the truth in a horse trade. The horse was blind.

Before and After.

"You say you have good grounds for a divorce, madam? What are they?" "Well, before marrying me my husband made as many promises as a republican platform."

"Yes?" "And after our marriage he acted like a republican administration elected on the platform."

Being well posted the attorney instantly realized that his client had a good case.

The Wrong Connection.

The bill clerk and the telephone girl were engaged. Sitting in front of the fireplace, they fell to talking about the happy time when they would be one.

From one little detail to another the talk finally drifted to the subject of lighting the fires in the morning. On

this point the young man was decided. He stated it as his emphatic opinion that it was a wife's place to get up and start the fires, and let her poor, hard-working husband rest. After this declaration there was silence for the space of about three-quarters of a second. Then the telephone girl thrust out the finger encircled by her engagement ring and murmured sweetly, but firmly: "Ring off, please. You have got connected with the wrong number."—Exchange.

Items of Interest

Many severe cases of burns from celluloid have been reported. The demand for American goods is increasing throughout Canada.

Every one of the large automobile factories is far behind its orders. A Londoner has perfected a method of manufacturing paper stockings.

Methodism has gained in New York city nearly 47 per cent since 1875. The transfer system is not used by any street railway in Great Britain.

About 70 per cent of the population of the Klondike is from the United States. Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Walsh of Brooklyn has given nearly \$800,000 to Catholic charities.

A beetle one-third the size of a horse would be able to pull against more than a dozen horses. The state of New Jersey is about to build a sanitarium for indigent sufferers from consumption.

One of the public playgrounds in Kansas City is to be fitted with a shower bath for children. Two torpedo boats of the imperial German navy will always be stationed in future on the Rhine.

Seventy pounds profit was made on the first week's working of the Yarmouth municipal electric tramways. Wakes time is a fair which occurs every year in each of the groups of English towns which form the Potteries.

Lord Acton, who died recently in London, had the finest private library in England, consisting of over 60,000 volumes. The dairy business is increasing rapidly in New Zealand, and the government is doing all in its power to boost the trade.

The Berlin de Hirsch school fund in Galicia maintains 50 schools. The number of teachers amounts to 247, and there are 5,634 pupils. Military spectators present at the review of the Argentine army are reported to have said that the evolutions and appearance of the troops were worthy of the best organized armies in Europe.

Thirty thousand dollars was paid recently for a bronze statue of Hercules at the concluding sale of the Bardin collection in London. The total amount realized by the entire collection was \$228,640. The native clematis can scarcely be valued too highly. A fairly hardy perennial, it will thrive and bloom generously under much more trying conditions than those usually considered necessary for its success.

Brain Links.

The true standard of morality knows no sex. A trust in subjection will be worth two in New Jersey. Modern love laughs at locksmiths, but not at goldsmiths.

Giving the swag to charity makes robbery none the less a crime. Heaven is nearest the home where happy children laugh and play.

Better be preparing for tomorrow than regretting yesterday. The greater the obstacles surmounted the better the Christian.

Reading maketh a full man, but not all the full men you see are readers. Some men excuse their wickedness by carefully training their conscience.

The money-changers were not driven from the temple by a writ of injunction. The man who prepares for death misses much that is enjoyed by the man who prepares to live.

The difference between foresight and hindsight is the difference between rejoicings and regrets. It is fortunate for humanity that it will be judged by its intentions and efforts, and not by its achievements.

The man who moans loudest about "disreputable politics" is usually the man who is too negligent to attend the primaries. Some men are like unconfined gunpowder, easily ignited, go up in a puff of smoke and leave no trace save a disfiguring mark.

Some men believe that they could have made a better world than the Creator, but it's a good thing for the rest of us that they were not given an opportunity to try. —Will M. Maupin.

Wanted to Know.

"Johnnie," remarked the mother as she prepared to run across the street to a neighbor's, "I am going away for an hour or two. While I am gone you must not get into the pantry. Now heed my injunction."

"Mamma," replied Johnnie, who happened to be a close reader of the daily papers, "is this a Philander Knox sort of injunction, or do you really mean it?"

Proof.

"What makes you think Dulwite is devoid of a sense of humor?" "He can't see the joke in the assertion that the tariff should be revised by its friends."

A Sad Case.

"I hear that Bently has been adjudged insane. What is his mania?" "O, the poor fellow actually came to believe that trusts were really organized for the purpose of reducing prices to the consumer."

An English Joke.

London Answers prints the following, which may be accepted as a fair sample of English humor: A Chapman young lady recently, on inspecting her drawing room, found the furniture and ornaments covered thickly with dust, and evidently they had not been touched that day. "Mary!" she called the servant, "you haven't dusted the room this morning, have you?" "No ma'am, I haven't; I am just decomposing."

"Decomposing! What on earth do you mean?" "Well, ma'am, I am just returning to dust."

No Doubt of Identity.

One morning a banker stepped into his office, says the New Yorker, and most effusively greeted his bookkeeper, who had entered his service just twenty-five years before, at the same time handing him a closed envelope with the remark: "This is to serve you as a memento of the present occasion."

The grateful recipient did not venture at first to open the envelope, until encouraged to do so by a nod and a smile from his employer. And what do you think it contained? The banker's photograph—that, and nothing more. The bookkeeper was dumb for the moment.

"Well, what do you think of it?" his principal inquired. "It's just like you," was the reply.

First Prayers.

William E. Chandler and Henry W. Blair, the New Hampshire statesmen, were bitter enemies for a time, but have become reconciled in a measure since the former's defeat for re-election to the United States senate, says the Philadelphia Times. Meeting recently, Chandler said to Blair: "I'm not feeling well this morning. Awful pain in my back—lumbago or something, I fear."

"Too bad!" said Blair, sympathetically. "When did it come on?" "Last night," replied Chandler, "just as I knelt down to say my prayers."

"Too bad!" said Blair again. "Must be awful discouraging to have such a thing happen the first time you ever tried it."

A Marked Man.

"There goes the most prominent man in our city." "Indeed? Has he built a library or endowed a college?" "Neither. He is the only man in town who has not been decorated by the kaiser for favors shown to Prince Henry while here."

The Squeaker.

A bachelor in Mozambique. For a life partner long did squire. He, while unwed, Bore high his head— He's married now, and very mique.

A Little Fable.

While walking through a public highway an Humble Citizen was set upon by a band of Arrogant Trusts, severely beaten and all of his personal effects divorced from his pockets.

"Why am I thus beaten and robbed?" wailed the Humble Citizen. "What have I done to deserve this treatment?"

But the Arrogant Trusts were so busy dividing the swag that they did not deign to make reply. "Have I not always defended you against unjust attacks? Have I not insisted that you were the natural result of industrial evolution? Have I not always voted in your interests and yielded to no man in my defense of the system whereby you have waxed fat?"

But the Arrogant Trusts had not yet completed the division of the swag and replied by Haughty Silence. "I insist," continued the Humble Citizen, "that I am not deserving of this treatment."

"O, come off!" ejaculated one of the Arrogant Trusts, growing impatient at the importunities of the Humble Citizen. "You've been such an easy mark all these years that you've no right to make a Holler at this Stags of the Game."

Moral: It's your own fault.

A Chapter on Boys.

Many bad boys would be good boys if given as much attention as the average hunting dog or trotting horse. Boys will be boys; and they will be gentlemen, too, if properly taught.

There are as many ways of training boys properly as there are boys. Boys who are led thrive better than boys who are driven.

It is useless to expect many boys if we have no many fathers. The man who cannot remember that he was once a boy is a very poor hand at interesting boys.

Boys follow example better than they do precept. 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 finesse. 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. But the hurt in her heart grew worse as

Realism vs. Romanticism.

BY F. H. LANCASTER.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) They were sitting in 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 teatable. 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 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 Trevallion 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 palid 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 whiplords, his face blanched, his lips numb.

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 an 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 loane 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.

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The door burst open, Genevieve Trevallion 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. "Bother; if we cannot escape prosaie 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 feel the beat of another against it. See? This is realism."

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