

Spain has nationalized the word "Tanker."

A curious thing about rumors in general is that they must either float or fly, not having any ground to stand on.

Sudden storms may come up as an accompaniment of battle, but that's no sign they're necessarily having a picnic.

French milliners protesting that their country is more than devoted to America is also a form of talking through their hats.

One benefit to the illiterate part of Spain is that they won't be under the necessity of learning the map of their possessions all over again.

A Detroit paper explains that in the Spanish language "Morro" means a "big bluff." That seems to be what Spanish warfare means, also.

From the number of cigarette smokers rejected as recruits, in time smokeless powder may be no more a military requirement than a smokeless cigarette.

The San Francisco Call editorially declares that "pie and cake are all right enough in their place." And isn't their place about three inches behind the third vest button?

Thirteen dollars a month is pretty small pay for a human target; but our boys in blue may thank their lucky stars that they are not serving in Russia, where the common soldier receives only three rubles—about \$2.25—per annum.

The war with Spain may bring many substantial advantages to this country, but none better than the present disposition to reunite completely the once divided sections of the country and to obliterate all useless and irritating memorials of domestic strife.

Here are two new illustrations of the pitifulness that is in the heart of little girls: Annie warmed the water for the kittens to be drowned in; Mary kept a light burning all night in the room where the new puppy was to sleep, that he might not suffer from fear and homesickness, as once she had done in the darkness of a strange house.

The Australian ballot system having come into general use in this country, the Australian system of land transfers is now proposed, and will probably be adopted. It provides for abolition of the present cumbersome and expensive scheme of searching titles, and is therefore opposed by lawyers who do that work, but by few others. It is worthy of note that the older nations of the world should have so many things to learn of some of the youngest.

The Spaniards are the Spaniards—a conglomerate of many distinct strains and marked by none of the grand race characteristics of the ancient world. The fictitious "grandeur" and "Latin race" delusions if they give satisfaction to some people unacquainted with history certainly do nobody any harm. But with nations, as with individuals, it is by their deeds that they are to be finally judged, and it is thus that we justly estimate the Spaniards.

A Madrid paper informs its readers that "the commander-in-chief of the American army is one Ted Roosevelt, formerly a New York policeman," who was "born near Haarlem," emigrated to America when young, was educated at "Harvard Academy, a commercial school" (there being "no universities or colleges in America"), and that his "background" is "stingily termed 'bought voters.'" All of which is extremely interesting, although it gives the aristocratic Dons a contemptible opinion of our army and civilization.

The alien who acquires American citizenship without any desire or intention to become a bona fide citizen of the United States is apt to go back to his native country, violate its laws, and when justice gets a grip on him, appeal to the United States for protection. When Congress gets time to consider such serious domestic affairs as assimilation, we suggest that it might be advisable to provide that, if an adopted citizen goes back to his native land to reside there his American citizenship shall lapse after a stated number of years. We don't desire or need citizens who are not and do not mean to be Americans.

Two elements are absolutely essential for success in any field of endeavor—the right man and the right conditions must meet. If these factors are present no others are necessary. Richmond W. Bellamy is one of the best-known men in America to-day, and his name is going to the uttermost parts of the earth; ten days ago he was merely one insignificant unit in a nation of 75,000,000 people. When the right opportunity came he demonstrated that he was the right man to meet it, and the whole world knows the result. Chance figures largely in such affairs. There are many instances in the American navy and the American army, and all that is required to insure their names upon the roll of enduring fame is an opportunity to command success. It is no disparagement to the crew who took the Lusitania to Santiago to say that the ship's officers and crew were not particularly brave, but that they were equally brave. Their

opportunity has not come, that is all it may never come; but a time of national stress, a period which tries men's souls, is a time when heroes are labeled and the uncertainties of war furnish the constant hope that some day, somewhere, somehow the chance that every boy in blue longs for may come.

Charles E. Tripler, the man who has performed such miracles in the production of liquid air, has been turning his attention to the practical uses to which this powerful product may be put. Liquid air is expected to overthrow all the present standards of force, and its development will give us new powers which seem beyond the dreams of possibility. Some idea of its expanding qualities may be gathered when it is known that a cubic foot of liquid air represents just 800 cubic feet of ordinary air. Mr. Tripler says that, by the use of liquid air in conjunction with steam, a battleship could almost double her speed on one-fourth the consumption of coal, and "would be able to keep away from a collier for the best part of a year." Liquid air would enormously increase the speed of the torpedo boats, and would enable them to move at night without telltale sparks from their smokestacks. Submarine boats could be managed splendidly. Moreover, liquid air, by reducing temperature, could control yellow fever, and consumption, so it is said, can be cured by its means. As liquid air is not very expensive, the new possibilities that it opens for peace, as well as war, for saving human life as well as for destroying it, seem to show that even at the end of the century we are just beginning to realize how little has been done, how much remains to be done. We are on the edge of progress.

Electricians will win the next war. Back in the month of March a sagacious naval commander said the war with Spain—if war should come—would be won by seamanship. He meant that the rapid handling of vessels would determine results. And the event has proved his wisdom. Whatever advantage either side has gained came from ability to maneuver quickly. The American fleet before Cavite would surely have suffered seriously if it had been compelled to take up a certain position and hold it. Even the worst of gunners could have found the target in time. The Spanish fleet in the Caribbean Sea enjoyed an advantage because of its superior speed. And that must be the problem of the future. Builders of naval vessels must not be content to launch floating fortresses. They may be more terrible than an army with banners once they are engaged. But they must be able to choose position, to surprise an enemy, to make of small account the leagues of distance which will always confront a force on the sea. It will not do to depend upon navies which can travel no more than ten miles an hour. They must go with the speed of the wind. And they must not sacrifice weight or power in doing it. An inventor is said to have constructed a boat to be propelled by electricity. It will cross the Atlantic in three days. It will run forty knots an hour. That is none too much. And added to the speed must be a fighting strength of the Indians or the Oregon. The battle is not to the strong alone, but to the vigilant, the active, the brave. And the greatest of these is activity.

The war with Spain has made every one familiar with "prizes." But after they have been seized, what becomes of them? In a general way, we may answer by saying that Spanish merchantmen, wherever captured, immediately become the property of the United States in so far as they and their cargoes are owned by Spanish subjects. The fact, however, that neutral persons may have property interests in such ships and cargoes compels the Government to hold a prize court to protect neutral rights and decide just how far the property seized is lawful prize. A captured Spanish merchantman, therefore, is taken to an American port where a prize court may be held. All the evidence as to the seizure, nationality, destination, crew and cargo of the vessel is submitted to the court, whose decision is final unless reversed by the Supreme Court. If it be decided that the seizure was lawful made, the United States marshal sells the condemned property, and the proceeds are deposited in the Treasury. This may be done and, at the same time, neutral persons owning part of the cargo may be reimbursed for their losses. Of course, if the vessel only were condemned, the cargo would be returned to its neutral owners. Congress has enacted that the proceeds from the sale shall be distributed, in whole or in part, among the men who seized the property. The captors receive the entire sum if the enemy's ship was of equal or superior force to their own; while the Government keeps half if the enemy's ship was of inferior force. The prize money is shared, in proportions prescribed by law, by the officers and crews of all the war-ships within signaling distance when the capture was made. The share kept by the Government is turned into a permanent fund for pensions to naval officers and seamen. The rules governing the condemnation of enemy's property, its sale and the distribution of the proceeds thereof, apply also to ships and cargoes under neutral flags when captured while trying to break a blockade.

Vervain.

The plant known as vervain, which is not distinguished for its beauty, and which grows nowadays utterly disregarded, was so sacred to the Druids that they only gathered it for their divinations when the great dog star was in order that neither sea nor woods should see the dead.



CHAPTER XXIII.

"Well," said he, "I call that about the coolest thing that I ever saw. The next time she is going to have one of her fits or her faints, or whatever it is, I hope she will choose somebody else's room for her stage."
"Marvel said nothing—she felt a little angry. She could not forget the assured way in which Mrs. Scarslet had held out her hand to him, and her subtle smile also lingered in her memory. It was all very fine for him to appear disgusted with her now; but there had been a time when—yet in her soul she was glad because of his slighting tone. He was watching her attentively, and, as she seated herself upon an ottoman, he noticed the languor that seemed to fill all her limbs.
"Has she frightened you," he said.
"Was a little shocked; and I am afraid she is really very ill—she looked so pale."
"Is she?" he asked. "Why on earth aren't you in bed at this hour of the night? Do you know what o'clock it is?"
"Half-past two—a most ridiculous hour for you to be up!"
"I might say that to you," said she, with a faint smile.
"Is she?" he asked. "Why on earth aren't you in bed at this hour of the night? Do you know what o'clock it is?"
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CHAPTER XXIV.

"Marvel, don't stand on ceremony with me," began Mrs. Verulam, herself pausing on the threshold of Lady Wriothesley's bedroom one night, a couple of weeks later. "The fact is, I am not sleepy, and I should dearly love a little gossip with you, so, if you are too tired—"

to her. She rose abruptly to her feet, her face whitening.

"Nigel!" she said. Her voice trembled; it was such a disastrous—such a terrible discovery to her that words failed her. A sense of loss, too, was with it. His friendship, upon which she had so fondly relied—where was it now? Gone—swallowed up in the fierce torrent of this overwhelming passion.

"You are surprised," he said, with a short laugh that was miserable enough to bring tears to her eyes. "I have deceived you successfully all along, have I not? You have trusted in me as the calm, agreeable friend to whom you could turn when troubles assailed you. You were almost sorry for me when paltry gossip—as short-sighted as it was contemptible—insisted that my mild friendship was but another name for love. But now—you know!"

CHAPTER XXV.

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him—his eyes flashed and the color forsook his lips; but Wriothesley, as though disdaining further converse with him, went back into the upper room and deliberately shut the door in his face.

"Marvel was still standing on the hearth-rug, her handkerchief to her eyes, crying softly, but miserably. The sight of her so saddened Wriothesley; a very demon of rage and shame and disappointment shook him. He leaned over the back of a chair and stared at her with eager, gloomy eyes, and a cruel little sneering smile curled his lip.

"Quite right, my dear," he said, slowly. "Better cry now than later on. I congratulate you on the common sense that kept you from running away with him." Marvel's hand trembled a little, but she did not look up or change her position in any way.

CHAPTER XXVI.

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