

"A LASS AM I."

A lass am I, and I wait my day;
To some 't will be say, but to one 't will be yea;
When the time comes, I shall know what to say,
The winter goes, and the warm wind blows,
And who shall keep the color from the red, red row!

A lass am I, neither high nor low;
My heart is mine now, but I'd have the world know,
When the wind's right, away it will go,
The brook sings below, and the birds sing above,
And sweeter in between sings the lover to his love.

—John Vance Cheney, in the Century.

THE PARTNERS

REDDY COVE called Eli Zitt a "hard" man. In Newfoundland that means "hardy"—not "bad." Eli was gruff-voiced, lowering-eyed, bucknpt, big; he could swim with the logs, out-dare all the reckless spirits of the Cove with the punt in a gale, ure his broad breast to the winter ice, travel the ice, wet or dry, shoul- er a barrel of flour, he was a sturdy, ariess giant, was Eli Zitt of Reddy ove. And for as the Cove properly called him a "hard" man.

When Josiah Bunker, his partner, ut out to sea and never came back— an off-short gale had the guilt of that eed—Eli scowled more than ever and aid a deal less.

"He'll be feelin' bad about Josiah," aid the Cove.

Which may have been true. How- ever, Eli took care of Josiah's widow and son. The Cove laughed with de- light to observe his attachment to the lad. The big fellow seemed to be un- able to pass the child without patting him on the back; and sometimes, so exuberant was his affection, the pats were of such a character that Jacky lost his breath. Whereupon, Eli would chuckle the harder, mutter odd en- couragements, and stride off on his way.

"He'll be likin' that lad pretty well," aid the Cove. "Nar a doubt, they'll be partners."

And it came to pass, as the Cove sur- mised, but much sooner than the Cove expected, Josiah Bunker's widow died when Jacky was 11 years old. When the little gathering at the graveyard Eli took the lad out in the punt—far out to the quiet fishing grounds, where they could be alone. It was a glowing evening—red and gold in the west- ky—the sea was heaving gently, and he face of the waters was unfringed.

"Jacky, b'y!" Eli whispered. "Jacky ed! Does you hear me? Don't cry no more!"

"Aye, Eli!" sobbed Jacky. "I'll cry so more."

But he kept on crying, just the same; for he could not stop; and Eli looked away quickly to the glowing sunset clouds.

"Jacky," he said, turning at last to the sobbing child, "us'll be partners— jus' you an' me."

Jacky sobbed harder than ever. "Woun't us, lad?"

Eli laid his great hand on Jacky's shoulder. Then Jacky took his fists out of his eyes and looked up into Eli's compassionate face. "Aye, Eli," he said, "us'll be partners—you an' me."

berth, but a rough one when the wind was in the northeast, the waters of the point were choppy and covered with sheets of foam from the break- ers.

"'Tis too rough 't haul the salmon net," said Eli, one day. "I'll be goin over the hills 't South-west Harbor for a sack of flour. An' you'd be a good b'y 't I gets back!"

"Oh, aye, sir!" said Jack Bunker. It was a rough day; the wind was blowing from the north, a freshening gusty breeze, cold and misty; off to sea the sky was liden, threatening and overhead the dark clouds were drifting low and swift with the wind; the water was choppy—rippling black under the squalls. The ice was drift- ing alongshore, well out from the coast; there were a berg and the wreck of a berg of Arcticee, and many a pan from the bays and harbors of the coast.

With the wind continuing in the north, the ice would drift harrassless past. But the wind changed. In the afternoon it freshened and veered to the east. At four o'clock it was half a gale blowing inshore.

"I'll just be goin' out the tinkle 't have a look at that ice," thought Jacky. "'Tis like it'll come a-ber-." He looked over the punt carefully before setting out. It was wise, he thought, to prepare to take her out

into the gale, whether or not he must go. He saw to it that the thole pins were tight and strong, that the bail bucket was in its place, that the run- ning gear was fit for heavy strain. The wind was then fluttering the har- bor water and screaming on the hill- tops; and he could hear the sea break- ing down the harbor to the mouth of the tinkle, whence he commanded a view of the coast, north and south.

The ice was drifting toward the Break-heart Point. It would destroy the salmon net within the hour, he perceived—sweep over it, tear it from its moorings, bruise it against the rocks. Jacky knew in a moment this his duty was to put out from the shel- tered open where the spume was fly- ing and the leave and fret of the sea threatened destruction to the sal- mon punt. If he was a true man and good partner he would save the net.

"He've been good 't me," he thought. "Aye, Eli, 'e've been wonderful 't me 't me. I'll be true partner 't him!"

So when Eli, returning over the hills from South-west harbor, came to the Knob of Heat-break, he saw his own punt staggering through the gray waves toward the net off the point— tossing with the sea and reeling un- der the gusty wind—with his little partner in the stern. The boat was between the ice and the breakers. The space of open water was fast narrow- ing; but a few minutes more and the ice would strike the rocks. Eli dropped on his knees then and there, and prayed God to save the lad.

"Or La d, save my lad!" he cried. "O, La d, save my lad!" he cried. He saw the punt draw near the net moorings; saw Jacky loose the sheet and let the brown sail flatter like a flag in the wind; saw Eli leap to the bow, and lean over with a knife in his hand, while the boat tossed in the top, shipping water every moment; saw him stagger and slip, bail out like mad, snatch up the oars, pull to the second moorings and cut the last net rope; saw him leap from seat to seat to the stern, grasp the tiller, haul taut the sheet, and stand off to the open sea.

"Clever Jacky!" he screamed, wildly excited. "Clever lad! My partner, my little partner!"

But the wind carried the cry away. Jacky did not hear—did not know, even, that his partner had been a spec- tator of his brave faithfulness. He was beating out, to make sea-room for the run with the wind to the harbor; and the boat was dipping her gun- wale in a way that kept every faculty alert to keep her afloat. Eli watched him until he rounded and stood in for the tinkle. Then the man sighed happily and went home.

"Us'll grapple for that net the mor- row," he said, when Jacky came in. Jacky opened his eyes. "Aye," he said. "'Tis safe on the bottom. I thought I'd best cut it adrift 't save it."

"I seed you," said Eli, "from the Knob. 'Twas well done, lad! You're a true partner."

"The knife come in handy," said Jacky, smiling. "'Tis a good knife."

"Aye," said Eli, with a shake of the head. "I thought 'n' for a good one." And that was all.

Eli set about rearing young Jacky in a fashion as wise as he knew. He ex- posed the lad to wet and weather, as judiciously as he could, to make him hardy; he took him to sea in high winds to fix his courage and teach him to sail; he taught him the weather signs, the fish lore of the coast, the "marks" for the fishing grounds, the whereabouts of shoals and reefs and currents; he took him to church and sent him to Sunday School. And he taught him to swim.

On the fine days of that summer, when there were no fish to be caught, the man and the lad went together to the Wash-tub—a deep, little cove of the sea, clear, quiet, bottomed with smooth rock and sheltered from the wind by high cliffs; but cold—almost as cold as ice-water. Here Jacky de- lighted to watch Eli dive, leap from the cliff, float on his back, swim far out to sea; here he gazed with "ad- miration not unmixed with awe" on the man's rugged body—broad shoul- ders, bulging muscles, great arms and legs. And here, too, he learned to swim.

When the warmest summer days were gone, Jack could paddle about the Wash-tub in promising fashion. He was confident when Eli was at hand—sure, then, that he could keep

soon beholden to him for all. Then he slipped his hand under Jacky's breast and buoyed him up.

"Part-er!" he said quietly. "Part-er!"

Jacky's panic-stricken struggles at once ceased; for he had been used to giving instant obedience to Eli's com- mands. "He looked in Eli's dripping face.

"Easy partner," said Eli, still quiet- ly. "Strike out, now."

Jacky smiled, and struck out as di- rected. In a moment he was swim- ming at Eli's side.

"Take it easy, lad," Eli continued. "Just take it easy while I rights the boat. It's all right. I'll have you aboard in a jiffy. Is you—is you—all right, Jacky?"

"Aye," Jacky gasped.

Eli waited for a moment longer. He was loath to leave the boy to take care of himself. Until then he had not known how large a place in his heart his little partner filled, how much he had come to depend upon him for all those things which make life worth while. He had not known, indeed, how far away from the old, lonely life the lad had led him. So he waited for a moment longer, watching Jacky. Then he swam to the over-turnd dory, where after an anxious glance toward the lad, he dived to cut the gear—and dived again; watching and yet again; watching Jacky all the time he was at the surface for breath.

The gear cut away, the mast pulled from its socket, Eli righted the boat. It takes a strong man and clever swimmer to do that; but Eli was clever in the water, and strong any- where. Moreover, it was a trick he had learned.

"Come, Jacky, b'y!" he called.

Jacky swam toward the boat. Eli swam to meet him, and helped him over the last few yards of choppy sea, for the lad was almost exhausted. Jacky laid a hand on the bow of the dory. Then Eli pulled off one of his long boots and swam to the stern, where he began cautiously to bail the boat. When she was light enough in the water he helped Jacky aboard and Jacky bailed her dry.

"Ha, lad!" Eli ejaculated, with a grin that made his face shine. "You is safe aboard. How is you, b'y?"

"Tired, Eli," Jacky answered.

"You hide quiet, when you is," said Eli. "I'll find the paddles, an' I'll soon have you home."

Eli's great concern had been to get the boy out of the water. He had cared for little else than that—to get him out of reach of the sea. And now he was confronted with the problem of making harbor. The boat was slowly drifting out with the wind; the dusk was approaching; and every moment it was growing more difficult to swim in the choppy sea. It took him a long time to find the paddles.

"Steady the boat, Jacky," he said, when the boy had taken the paddles into the dory; "I'm comin' aboard."

Eli attempted to board the dory over the bow. She was tossing about in a choppy sea; and he was not used to her ways. Had she been a punt—his trice—she would have leaved aboard in a trice. But she was not his punt—not a punt at all; she was a new boat, a dory, a flat-bottomed craft; he was not used to her ways. Jacky tried desperately to steady her while Eli lifted himself out of the water.

"Take care, Eli," he screamed. "She'll be over!"

Eli got his knee on the gunwale—no more than that. A wave tipped the boat; she lurched; she capsized. And again Eli waited for Jacky to come to the surface of the water; again he buoyed him up; again he gave him courage; again he helped him to the boat; again he bailed the boat—this time with one of Jacky's boots—and again helped Jacky aboard.

"I'm wonderful tired, Eli," said Jacky when the paddles were handed over the second time. "I'm fair' done out."

"'Twill be over soon, lad. I'll have you home by the kitchen fire in half an hour. Come, now, partner! Steady the boat. I'll try again."

Even more cautiously Eli attempted to clamber aboard, lurch by lurch he raised himself out of the water. When the greater waves ran under the boat he paused; when she rode on an even keel, he came faster. Inch by inch ignoring the cranky boat all the time, he lifted his right leg. But he could not get aboard. Again, when his knee was on the gunwale, the dory cap- sized.

For the third time the little partner was helped aboard and given a boot with which to bail. His strength was then near gone. He threw the water over the side until he could no longer lift his arms.

"Eli," he gasped, "I can do no more!"

Eli put his hand on the bow as though about to attempt to clamber aboard again. But he withdrew it.

"Jacky, b'y," he said, "could you not manage 't pull a bit with the pad- dles? I'll swim alongside."

Jacky stared stupidly at him.

Again Eli put his hand on the bow. He was in tre- of using Jacky's life. Never before had he known such dr ad and fear. He did not dare ras over- turning the boat again; for he knew that Jacky would not survive for the fourth time. What could he do? He could not get aboard, and Jacky could not row. How was he to get the boy ashore? His hand touched the pain- er—the long rope by which the boat was gave him an idea; he would tow the boat ashore!

So he took the rope in his teeth and struck out for the tinkle in the harbor.

"Twas a close call, b'y," said Eli when he and Jacky sat by the kitchen fire.

"An' 'twas too bad," said Jacky, "'t I lose the gear."

Eli laughed.

"What you laughin' at?" Jacky asked.

"I brought ashore something better than the gear."

"The dory?"

"No, b'y," Eli roared. "My little partner."—Montreal Herald.

DIDN'T FEAZE HIM.

Medical Student's Scheme That Failed to Work.

A Maine medical student, who has been visiting in Auburn, tells this gruesome but not uninteresting story about miracles:

"I have been at work," said he, "in one of the largest city hospitals during the past summer, and there were a large number of students who, like myself, were trying to get practical experience in surgery and other branches of the medical profession. Among the younger fellows was a student apparently without any nerves. He could stand up before the most trying operation from the very first without the quiver of a muscle. We all decided that he was destined for greatness by the short road. In the meantime one of the leaders among the students (there is always a leader, you know) got a crowd of us together and held a council of war. 'Now, you say young S— hasn't any nerves, said he; 'what do you say about making a test?'"

"It was agreed in a few moments and the arrangements were made on the spot. Our young nerveless friend was to take his turn at a difficult operation that very evening. Accord- ingly, just before the appointed time one of the bravest of our set started for the operating room. All was dark; and still as he crept under the operat- ing table upon which the dead body lay. It should be explained that a wire had been connected with the right arm of the dead body and led down under the table within easy reach of the concealed man. Pretty soon, after what must have been an interminable wait for the man under the table, our nerveless young mas- surgeon came into the room and be- gan his work. All at once our leader pulled the wire, the arm shot up straight into the air about two feet. Our friend glanced up a moment, put it down and continued his work as if nothing had happened. After another half minute our leader pulled the wire again. Again the arm shot up as before and again our student friend put it down in place with the same air of perfect unconcern while he resumed his work as before. Now, we began to get impatient and so did our leader under the table. Next time he gave the wire a tug that nearly parted it from its fastenings, and this time the arm shot straight over the bent head of the young operator and stayed there like an avenging spirit. Our friend looked up from his work, took hold of the hand, put the arm back in its place and with the air of one completely absorbed in his work, murmured:

"There! Stay there, will you? None of your miracles here!"—Lewiston Journal.

COST OF THE WHITE PLAGUE.

Tuberculosis Causes 150,000 Deaths and Loss of Millions Yearly.

Tuberculosis causes annually more than 150,000 deaths in the United States at the average age of 35 years. At this age the normal after-life-time is about 32 years, so that the real loss of life covered, measured in time, is represented by 4,800,000 years per annum. If we assume that the net value of a year of human life after the age of 35 years is at least \$50, the real loss to the nation resulting from the disease (a large proportion of which is known to be needless) may be estimated at \$240,000,000 per annum.

These astounding and almost incom- prehensible figures are far from being an exaggeration, but let us assume that only one-half of this mortality is preventable, and we have a net possi- ble saving to the nation of \$120,000,000 per annum. This estimate does not take into account the social, moral and sentimental value of at least 100,000 lives, which, under different conditions, might reasonably hope to continue for many years.

The mortality from tuberculosis is, therefore, a problem compared with which all other social problems of a medical character sink into insignif- icance, and it is safe to say that the possible prevention of a large portion of the mortality from this disease is justly deserving of the solicitude, the active personal interest and liberal pecuniary support of all who have the real welfare of the people of this nation at heart.

Riggs estimates that New York City sustains an annual economic loss of \$23,000,000, and that the nation at large must sustain an annual loss of \$33,000,000 because of tuberculosis. There are nearly 100,000 deaths from consumption in New York City. Seven thousand persons died in Illinois in 1913, half of them between the ages of 20 and 50 years, while the estimated loss to the State alone, because of this disease, was \$24,000,000, and the medical authorities of that State have found that consumption is responsible for more deaths than typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, all forms of bronchitis, influenza, measles and diphtheria combined.—New York Medical Journal.

Municipal Ownership in Isle of Man.

The town council of Douglas, Isle of Man, which owns its own street cars, carries school children between 8 and 9 a. m., noon and 2 p. m., and 4 and 5 p. m. for a half a cent each.

A physician has decided that eating candy dulls the brain. The girls will please take notice.

Ever notice how tough a man looks when he laughs heartily with a big dew of tobacco in his mouth.

RECKLESSNESS IN MEDICAL

That familiarity breeds contempt of longer is shown by an article printed in the Pittsburg Leader. "See that!" asked an engineer of the East River bridge, pointing to a small ladder set into one of the steel piers at an elevation of more than two hundred feet above the street. So closely did the ladder cling to the smooth surface of the steel that it seemed almost impos- sible to get the fingers between the rungs and the pier.

"Those steps were intended to be used only under the most pressing cir- cumstances," continued the engineer, "and then only with great care. Yet the men would leap for the ladder from a platform about three feet away, snatch at a rung and climb up rather than use a safe and guarded scaffolding erected for the express purpose only a few yards away. Warn- ing notices were posted that anyone who did it would be discharged, yet the very day the decree went forth a man jumped for the ladder. He struck the side of the steps with his head, and was dashed to the ground. Of course he was killed instantly.

"That stopped the ladder-climbing, but the men still do all sorts of reck- less things. For instance, they climb out on a narrow beam projecting over the river from the very top of the structure, and stand there on one leg or be photographed.

"Not long ago one of our foremen found a man taking an after-dinner nap on the girder at a height equal to that of a twenty-story building. The girder was just wide enough for him to lie on, and there was nothing but air between him and the ground. Yet he was quite indignant when the fore- man woke him up and threatened to discharge him."

"Our window cleaners are as rash as any workman," said the superintendent of a skyscraper. "Each of our win- dows is fitted with heavy iron eye- bolts into which the cleaners are ex- pected to snap steel hooks attached to broad canvas belts that are buckled about their waists.

"You would not imagine that any man would dare to stand on the ten- inch window-sills without seeing that he belt is hooked into the eye-bolts at least as it will go. There is also lute- ly nothing else for the cleaners to hold on to, and in front of them is the smooth face of the glass. The men stand bolt upright and even lean back a little. Yet every day we catch one or more of them climbing out on those narrow sills, twelve stories and more above the sidewalk, with the belt un- hooked."

CUBA TO SAVE STEEL INDUSTRY.

Island Will Supply the Deficiency of Russian Manganese.

A threatened shortage of manganese, a hovering over the mineral market, according to the Philadelphia Record, few of the laity really know what manganese is for the reason that it is a metal rarely seen, yet almost univer- sally present as an alloy in iron and steel. It occurs in nature as a soft, black mineral, which is not the metal manganese, but the oxide. This black oxide of manganese not only is an im- portant adjunct to steel, but also en- ters largely into the fabrication of paints. It finds further application in chemical works in the making of bleach and chloroform.

This dirty, black mineral is worth nearly \$9 a ton, and we have to import nearly all we use, amounting to nearly a million and a half a year. Russia has heretofore supplied us with a large part of our manganese, but last year the supply from this source was largely cut off. There are, how- ever, enormous and easily worked de- posits of manganese in Cuba, and this supply must be drawn on more and more to be the savior of our steel in- dustry.

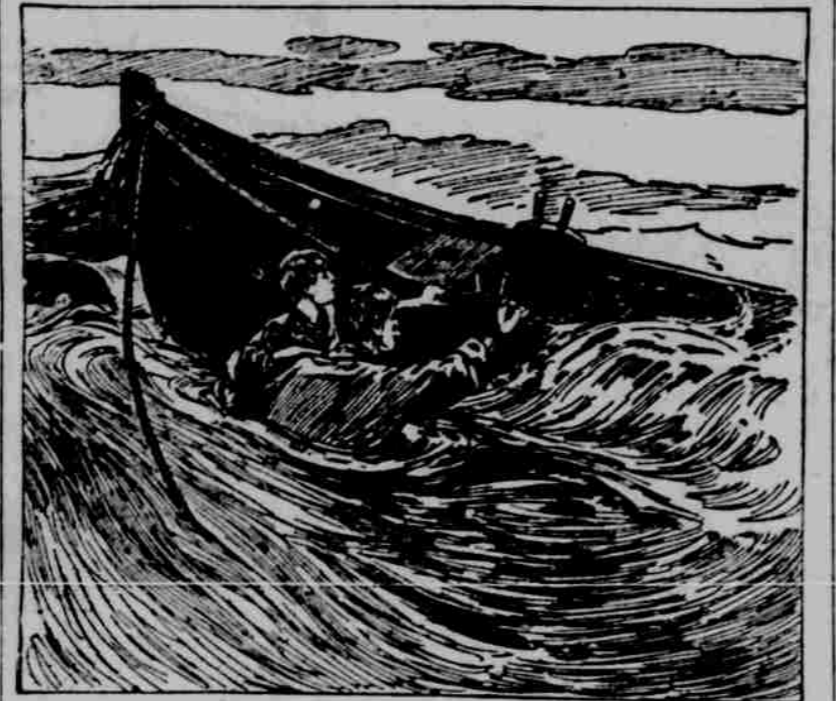
In the mountains back of Santiago de Cuba are the Ponce mines. These are here in soft and black, frequently occurring in plantlike growths called "flowers of manganese" (flowers of man- ganese). The country rock is a flinty limestone and the ore is mixed with more or less clay. The ore as mined is crushed and washed before ship- ment, so that the beautiful fernlike growths are never seen in the ore as received here for our furnaces.

The Ponce mines are run by Penn- sylvanians, and the bulk of the ore comes to this port from Santiago de Cuba, where it is hauled by rail from Ponce.

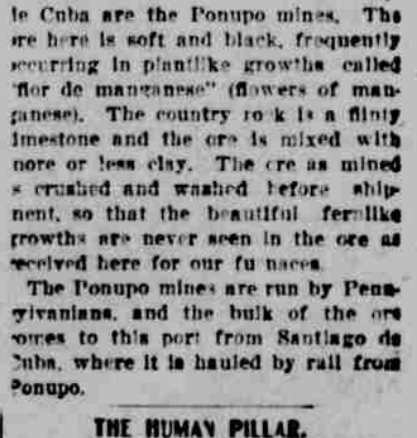
THE HUMAN PILLAR.

Herr Schmidt, the human pillar, is one of the world's strongest men. He holds on his back and should- ers the great cycle "tank" in which rider whirls. The total weight is al- most 2,000 pounds.

Ever notice how tough a man looks when he laughs heartily with a big dew of tobacco in his mouth.



FOR THE THIRD TIME, THE LITTLE PARTNER WAS HELPED ABOARD.



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