

The Only Way

A Fascinating Romance by Alan Adair...

CHAPTER VII.

Veronica's face was as haggard as Alan's. The blow had been so crushing, so unexpected—that he had not seemed glad to see her, that his heart had not leapt out to her, as hers did to him, that his eyes did not rest for one moment upon the boy, was bad enough; but that there should be another woman in her place! Oh, that was anguish intolerable! At last she spoke. "You love her, Alan?" she asked.

"Better than my life!" he answered passionately.

"Oh!" She gave a little shudder. "Then I will go and leave you to your happiness," she said quietly. "It's the only way—the only way. I will take our boy and go!"

"But you cannot go!" he groaned. "I made you my wife, Veronica, and as long as you live you will be my wife, although my heart and hers may break."

"I break your heart?" cried Veronica. "Why, I would give my life for you. I would not have you unhappy for a moment if I could help it. I love you as much as in the old days, Alan, before the shipwreck. Oh, why was I saved?"

He looked at her, and poor Veronica's heart failed her. There was no love in that look. All the love of Alan's heart was given to Joyce. There was pity and despair, but no love. When a woman loves a man she can soon see the difference. He could not say that he praised God that she was saved, and he did not. "Tell me about it," he said mechanically. If she talked he would be able to think what it would be best to do for her. But as for him, the despair of his heart almost choked him when he thought that in about half an hour he must pull down that beautiful fabric of their lives, must ruin Joyce forever! He could scarcely think of Veronica in his overwhelming agony; but she spoke, glad to see his interest.

"I was washed in shore, into a sandy bay, Alan. I had gone through the anguish of dying; but when the people found me they brought me to, but the shock had been too much for me; I could not remember anything. And then in about five months baby was born, and then it all came to me slowly. I was ill and weak and could do nothing; I could scarcely think. Then at last when I wrote the letters were sent back to me, and I heard a rumor that you had gone back to England. I was penniless. I did not know if you wanted our marriage acknowledged, so I did not write to Mr. Dempster; but as my strength returned my courage did also. I began giving singing and guitar lessons. People were good to me. I worked hard, and at last scraped together enough money to take me in a sailing boat to England. I hate the sea. I was afraid of it; but you were there, and I came. But it was a year before I could find anything of you, and I should not have found you at all but Hutchinson told me he had seen you and had spoken to you."

"When did he tell you that?"

"Two days ago. But he told me that he had seen you two months ago, and you had spoken of me. You had told him we were married, Alan, which he had not known. He tracked me home from a music shop, where they get me music lessons; but I cannot tell why he delayed."

But Alan could. Hutchinson, in his cruelty, knew that it would be the ruin of Joyce's life as well as his own if this marriage with her could be consummated first. He knew Hutchinson hated him, so this was his revenge!

He tried to think of Veronica, but it was of no use. Joyce's image came before him whenever he tried to think of the poor girl who was his wife. The little boy, Alan, was looking at him with his, Alan's, own blue eyes, which were so great a contrast to his curly dark hair. That these poor creatures, dependent upon him for love which he could not give, troubled him.

"Veronica," he said at length, "will you go back to where you live and I will write to you when I have seen her?"

"The wife you love?" asked poor Veronica.

"Yes," said Alan. "Will you do that? You know that you can trust me."

"Of course," said Veronica, simply. "I will do what you say always. It is misery to me to think that I have made you so unhappy, when I thought only to make you happy."

"My poor girl," he said, deeply touched by the contrition in her tone and by her sadness, "you would have done very wrong if you had not come."

She gave him her address and left him. When she had gone a little way from him she took her boy in her arms and hugged him fiercely. "He never looked at you, my own," she said—"never once! But you are mother's joy! Oh, Alan, Alan," she wailed, "why was I saved!"

But Alan was standing where she had left him. He told himself that he was no coward, but that his heart failed him for this. There was no

way out of it. He and Joyce, his wife of six weeks, must part!

At last he roused himself; it was getting late. Joyce already would be uneasy about him. The thought of her pretty wifely solicitude, and how after today it might never be put to the test, overcame him altogether. To feel that Joyce was living, and that he must give her up, that they were both young and loving, and must go on living apart forever, was too much for him. "My God, help us to bear it!"

Afterwards it came back to him with profound regret that he had never thought of Veronica at all; but he could be thankful that he had seen her and had not hated her.

He crept home slowly, like a wounded animal going to its lair. Home! The very word hurt him. And he and Joyce had only this morning talked of buying the pretty house for their summer residence. This morning was it, or years ago. Could it be only an hour or so since he left the station, all unsuspecting of what was to befall him?

For he had been unsuspecting. He had entirely forgotten the woman who he now easily identified as Veronica. He had been happy as it is given to few mortals to be happy. He groaned aloud as he opened the door which led into the pretty hall. His throat was dry; he could not call Joyce.

But she had evidently heard the opening door, for she came out of the morning-room, which they furnished with the hangings they had bought on the day he had seen Veronica. She called gaily to him and a little reproachfully. "Oh, Alan, how late you are, you naughty boy! And our ride—will you have tea first?"

He simply could not answer. It was impossible; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and his dry throat could not articulate a sound.

"Alan," she called again, "come along, darling."

"I am coming." His voice was, however, so muffled, in a moment she was alarmed. She came running out to him.

"Alan, Alan, what is it? Are you ill, dearest?"

Her unconsciousness almost killed him, together with the thought that he would have to tell her. Then she came up to him and saw his face. In an instant she knew that something awful had occurred. Her jaw fell, and she staggered up to him, putting off her hand and feeling as if she were blind. She was unconscious no longer, for she remembered vividly the day when he had turned so white, and had told her the reason afterwards as they sat together at the hotel. Her quick mind told her that his ashy greyness and the misery on his face had something to do with his dead wife. Hand in hand they went together into the pretty morning-room, into which the sun was shining, and they sat down speechless. A bird in a bush close by set up its joyous song. Nature was full of gladness.

Then suddenly he wrenched his hand out of hers and threw himself headlong upon the couch. Sobs broke from him and his shoulders heaved. For a moment she let him weep, and then she knelt down beside him and flung her pretty, soft arms round his neck, and pressed her cheek, down which the tears were running, against his, so that their tears mingled together.

"Tell me like this," she said. But he could not speak, his grief was uncontrollable. And so in whispers she began: "It is something about your wife, Alan—your first wife, I mean, poor Veronica?"

He groaned, and an awful knowledge came to Joyce—a knowledge that clutched her heart and made her very being stand still. For a moment she saw nothing distinctly, heard nothing distinctly, only felt Alan's tears upon her cheek. Then, when the mist cleared away: "Is she alive?" she whispered.

"Yes!" he cried.

"Alive? Oh, my poor heart! Alive! Your wife? And I—"

He sat up then and grasped her hands in his. "You, you!" he cried. And the agony of his voice came back to Joyce for years after. "You! I've got to give you up, Joyce! You, the wife of my heart, my own, my soul! You've got to be as nothing to me! How can I do it?"

"I don't know," she said feebly. "And yet, Alan, we must!"

"Do you think I don't know it?" he cried. "Do you think I would have you live with me while my wife was living? Do you think I would let one person in this world point a finger of scorn at you? Do you think I should let you soil your beautiful white soul for me? Oh, Joyce, I love you too perfectly for that, you are too dear to me for that! I will say good-by to you, my own, and never look at your face again; but I will not let you live disgraced. But the parting—the parting!"

Joyce's white face uplifted to his. Joyce's hands grasping his, Joyce's whole being suffused by love for him, and he had to give her up! No more exquisite agony had to be imagined than this moment's, and yet, when it came to the actual doing of it, it so far transcended the imaginings of it that this interview almost seemed sweet in comparison.

"The parting?" she re-echoed. "The

parting? You mean that we must cease living in the same house, in the same place, together? Alan, can we do it? Will strength be given us? Oh, what shall we do?"

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH TIPTOPPERS' PAY.

What the Leading Men of All Professions Earn in England.

It pays to be at the top of things. Money is always attendant upon reputation, for nowadays the successful man is well rewarded for his ability. Diplomacy seems to be one of the most paying professions to follow. "The salary of an ambassador," is a well-known saying when any one wishes to indicate that such and such a person is possessed of great wealth. Sir E. J. Monon, our ambassador at Paris, is the most highly paid of all those vigilant gentlemen who guard our interests abroad. He receives for his services the princely income of £9,000 a year. After him comes Sir H. Rumbold at Vienna, with £8,000; Sir F. C. Lascelles, at Berlin, with the same yearly sum, and Sir Charles Stewart Scott, who draws £7,800 from the public purse to represent us in St. Petersburg. All the English diplomats are well paid. Here is a list of some of them, giving the place at which they reside and the income that comes to them for it: Washington, £6,500; Rome, £7,000; Turkey, £8,000; Tokio, £4,000; Egypt, £6,000; Teheran, £5,000—a list taken at random, which serves to show the large earnings of our representatives. The English church is still a paying profession for the men at the head of it. The archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Temple, enjoys, and indeed earns, the nice little sum of £15,000 a year, while his colleague of York is, like the bishop of London, paid £10,000 for his arduous and never-ending labors. The earl of Minto, the governor of Canada, heads the list of governors with £10,000, and after him comes Sir Alfred Milner of Cape Town with £8,000. Lord Beauchamp of New South Wales gets £7,000, as also does Gen. Grenfell, who looks after that island fort, Malta. Sums of £6,000, £5,000, and £4,000 are common salaries. Consul-generals are munificently paid. Two of them—Viscount Cromer of Cairo and Sir H. M. Durand of Teheran—each receive £5,000 a year. For being first lord of the admiralty Mr. Goschen draws £4,500, while Sir Richard Webster, until the last few days, enjoyed as attorney-general £7,000. Mr. Chamberlain has, besides his own large private fortune, £5,000 as his official salary, while for commanding the army Lord Wolseley gets £4,500. The home secretary, Sir Matthew White Ridley, has £5,000 in salary. Despite the large figures given above, no one, not even the archbishop himself, can compare in his earnings with those of a successful barrister. Of all "tip-top" men, your leading counsel is the most fortunate. Lord Russell of Killowen as a barrister made something like £20,000 a year.—London Mail.

SUPPLY OF IRON.

World Consumes About 90,000,000 Tons a Year.

A good deal of anxiety has been felt during the last two years as to the available supplies of iron ore and fuel. The total world's consumption of iron ores in 1899 was probably more than 90,000,000 tons. Of this quantity the United States contributed more than 22,000,000. But in all countries alike exceptional efforts were made to increase the output so as to overtake the greatly stimulated demand. These efforts are still being continued, says the Engineering Magazine. Spain has been ransacked from one end to the other, in order to increase the available supplies. France is opening up new sources of supply in Greece, North Africa and elsewhere. The Germans have sought to acquire almost a monopoly of the supply of Swedish Lapid—within the Arctic circle—for a number of years to come, and have concluded arrangements which point to their belief that iron ores are likely to become increasingly scarce. This is a general apprehension, and if it is justified by the facts, then it seems to be probable that this condition may mainly determine future supremacy. Mme. de Staël once observed that "Providence fights on the side of the biggest battalions." In the war of commerce and industry it is conceivable that Providence may in future seem to interpose on behalf of the nation that has the largest available supplies of cheap iron ores.—Chicago Record.

President Receives About \$90,000.

The president receives a salary of \$50,000 a year, his house free, and this includes the heating and lighting. The grounds are cared for, his conservatory is filled with flowers, and the gardener who cares for it is paid by the government. The only servants whose wages the president is called upon to pay are his own personal ones, for the doormen, messengers, clerks, and, in fact, every one connected directly or indirectly with the executive department are, of course, government employes. He receives, also, as the head of the army, fodder for his horses and his stable is the property of the government. There are other allowances and, taken all in all, it is estimated that the president receives in various ways between \$80,000 and \$90,000 a year, or its equivalent.

Something of an Heir.

Marshall Owen Roberts, who became a naturalized British subject a few days ago, is a son of the late Marshall Owen Roberts of New York, a mining king, who died in 1880, leaving an estate valued at \$8,000,000.

STATE PAYS THE RENT

An Entire Weekly and Job Printing Plant in a Public Building at Peru.

PRIVATE CONCERN MULCTS STATE

Serious Charges Attend Jugglery of Text Books—Dealers and Students Alike Complain Books Are Changed Without Cause, Presumably for Money in It.

PERU, Neb., Aug. 13.—The State Normal School at Peru furnishes another example of fusion spoliation, incompetency and discord. This institution maintained by the state for the purpose of affording those with moderate means an opportunity of obtaining an education, has been no more fortunate than any of the rest in escaping the vile effects of fusion mismanagement.

Not alone has this school been subjected to the evil effects of fusion incompetency, but it has been made the prey of political adventurers whose only purpose seems to be to exact unlawful tribute from the tax payers of the state.

To illustrate the true situation, it is only necessary to point out that in one of the buildings owned by the state, a private business enterprise is established and conducted, no rent being paid the state, while on the other hand, the state pays for its lighting, heating, pays excessive prices for material supplied, and, in addition, is mulcted to the extent of \$20 per month. This is the way the state of Nebraska is being plucked at Peru, and that, too, by fusionists.

AN OUTRAGE ON TAXPAYERS. The business enterprise herein referred to, is the printing establishment owned and conducted by J. D. Bishop & Co. Right in the building owned by the state this printing company monopolizes three large rooms, has its press and type, publishes a weekly newspaper, the Peru Pointer, keeps books and stationery for sale, does the job printing for the business houses of the village and for the institution, and transacts all its private business. It pays no rent, but what is still worse, it has its rooms heated and lighted at the state's expense. And what is worse still than that, it has the boldness to charge excessive rates for printing stationery, catalogues and the like for the institution, the expenses of which are borne by the tax payers of the state. That this is being done is attested by J. D. Bishop, head of the concern, and conspicuous in the councils of the fusion party in Nemaha county.

In a conversation with Mr. Bishop, among other things, he said: "We have a pretty good thing of it here, we have the use of three rooms with light and heat, and all free. Then we have the state printing for the institution, that is a pretty good thing."

"Do you have to compete with other printing houses?"

"No, we fix the prices to suit ourselves, we have no competitors. Here is our price catalogue. We charge the state \$250 for printing it, and we are getting it printed at the Morton Printing company at Nebraska City, for \$200. You see we make a clean \$50 there, without having to do a thing. We would make more than that if we printed it ourselves, but this year they were slow about getting us the copy, and, to get it out on time, we had to send it to Nebraska City, but we will still make \$50 and that is not so bad."

"We also print the paper called 'The Messenger,' which is gotten out monthly by President Beattie of the school."

"Who pays for that?"

"The state. Every month we get \$20 from the state for getting it out. We also get all the money accruing from advertisements in it."

"Have you a contract with the state for printing stationery for the institution?"

"No, we regulate that ourselves."

"Does it amount to much?"

"Considerable. You see we do all the printing for the institution or school and besides this we have many special orders from various teachers."

"And the teachers have private stationery for which the state pays?"

"Yes, the state pays for it all."

"How much does it all amount to in a year?"

"I don't know exactly. Well, the fact is that we are not making much of an effort for other business and we are clearing at least \$150 per month."

"Do you publish the Pointer here?"

"Yes, this is where we publish it. We get it out every week."

"How long have you been doing business here?"

"The plant has been in this building about two years. Prof. Spelbring, when he came here to teach, bought the Pointer outfit and brought it from down town up here and consolidated it with the college plant. We got the outfit from him when he left."

"How long has the \$20 arrangement existed?"

"About one year. We have been getting \$20 every month from the state for the last year, and we are still getting it."

And this is the spectacle, a regular weekly newspaper, not a college paper at all, being printed in the state institution! Can anything like it be found anywhere else in the world?

A private printing office in a public building growing fat on the tax payers and getting a bonus for doing it!

Being interrogated concerning the matter Prof. Beattie, who is supposed to exercise supervisory control over the school and its affairs, evinced a disposition to evade discussion. He endeavored to excuse the payment of the \$20 monthly to Bishop & Co. on the grounds that they received it as part pay for printing the monthly college paper. But when asked what services Bishop & Co. rendered for the use of three rooms with light and heat, for the commission they received on the sale of second hand books, for the money they received for advertisements in the college paper, and for the snap they had in printing supplies for the institution with the 250 students at prices far in excess of standard prices, Prof. Beattie expressed a desire not to be quoted.

That this is the fruition of fusionism goes undisputed. Not until the fusionists got into the saddle was there a private printing office in a public building at Peru.

MENACED BY PARTISANSHIP.

It is indeed a sad theme for contemplation that the patronage of so important an institution as a normal school should be treated by persons high in authority in the state government as fit plunder to divide among the heblers and henchmen of the party. Yet this is true. Among the members of the board of trustees are some men utterly incompetent to act in this capacity, and the only reason they are there is because they have won recognition through political achievements. The resident trustee of the Peru school is a drummer for a cigar and tobacco house in Council Bluffs. Nor is his devotion to the cause of fusion without its object. In the short time he has been on the board he has succeeded in ousting James F. Hosc, professor of English Language and Literature, and installing in his place Grace Culbertson, his sister-in-law. Prof. Hosc has distinguished himself in the faculty of the school, and is a man rich in learning. His successor is inexperienced, is simply an alumnus of this school, and those who are familiar with the merits of both and who are competent to judge are authority for the statement that the change is a great loss to the institution. Nevertheless, Prof. Hosc has got to go and Miss Culbertson's name goes on the pay roll at \$800 per year.

It is a significant fact that Miss Culbertson, herself, does not feel fully equal to the duties of her new position, as she is to go to Chicago this summer and study in the Mrs. Emmons Blaine school. However, her name is on the pay roll, and that, in the fusion way of looking at it, is the main achievement.

MAD SCRAMBLE FOR SPOILS.

Perhaps the most flagrant attempt to profit at the expense of the state, in the way of placing the names of relatives on the pay roll of the institution, was recently made by Major Dailey, a fusion wheel-horse of Nemaha county. It was while Major Dailey was meditating over the pay roll of the institution that he concluded that his son-in-law, ex-State Superintendent Goudy, was especially devised, adapted and designed for the presidency of it. The salary attached to the presidency is \$2,500 per year, and the chivalrous satchel proceeded at once to shake the persimmon tree. He laid his plans with the strategy of a Von Moltke, having for his aid-camp, it is said, no less a personage than Governor Poynter. Dailey labored in darkness and daylight, massing his guns at every vantage point, and finally after a season of strategic and subtle campaigning, got so far as to have the board called together. The board met. It was a meeting distinguished for courage on one side and subtlety on the other. Dailey cracked the whip around the recreant members of the board, who courageously stood out against his decree, but without effect. It was urged by his opponents that Goudy was rusty in the art of pedagogy, and that it would be a fatal step to elevate him to the presidency. This was scouted and disputed by his champions. But he failed to receive the necessary support, and though his supporters succeeded in creating a vacuum for him by forcing the resignation of President Beattie, the plum fell to Prof. Clarke and Promoter-General Dailey suddenly discovered that "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-glee." As might have been expected, the removal of the president precipitated no little amount of discord and disarranged things generally at the school.

The board wound up its meeting by removing the janitor, a man of many years of faithful service, and appointing in his stead a man named Ed Wright, distinguished from the rest of the fusion lieutenants of Peru by his dexterity in handling the party boards, and alleged brilliant feats at the gaming tables.

OTHER CAUSES. The only excuse offered by the Dailey faction for the removal of Prof. Beattie and the appointment of Prof. Goudy was that Dailey had to have the concession as a reward for political services rendered. But, entirely free from the Dailey proposition, there seems to be good cause for summoning Prof. Beattie to public judgment. These objections the board overlooked, but they nevertheless are apparently well founded.

CHARGES OF FRAUD.

Considerable complaint is being made by students, parents and local book dealers about the manner in which changes in text books are being made and the pieces charged the students for books. If half the circumstantial and parol testimony is to be believed, and on its face it is substantially true, gross outrages are being perpetrated by individuals prominent in the faculty of the school. It is openly charged that certain members of the faculty are manipulating the text books used to the great disadvantage of the students and to their own private gain. The local dealers claim, and in this they are corroborated by the students, that the teachers are charging as much for books which they receive direct from the publishers as the local dealers charge, and in some instances more. Having it within their power to change the text books at their pleasure (and they have done this very thing on numerous occasions, thus requiring the students to purchase new books), a way for making considerable money is left open to them. Certain it is that many changes have been made, and that too, without the slightest justification. Even in mathematics, whose principles have remained unchanged since the days of Archimedes, frequent changes have been made. Manipulations in this respect extend to Latin Grammar, Botany, Geography, Moral Philosophy, German, English Grammar, Geometry, Modern History, Civil Government, Orthography, Etymology, Literature, and, in fact, all the branches. So far, this practice been carried that the students have in many instances been distressed by the frequent raids on their small capital. As a rule the students are possessed of but moderate means, their parents being of that class of citizens who often go without things at home in order to educate their sons and daughters. To subject these people to downright pilfering, is, to say the least, a monstrous outrage.

Nor can it be denied that this very thing has been done.

BOOKS COST MORE THAN BOARD.

One of the students in the school, who, by the way, is a fusionist, is J. V. VanFelt of Archer, Neb. He was reluctant to complain of his grievances publicly, but in the course of a conversation, said: "Yes, there is something suspicious about the text book problem. I have tried to find out, but have not been able to do so. The fact is, and I regret to say it, that my books, if I should buy all they have asked me to, would cost me more than my board, and I am boarding at the highest price hotel in the town. Indeed, in the nearly two months I have been here, though neglecting in several instances to buy books as requested, my bill for my board has been nearly as much as my board bill. I know something is wrong, but I cannot say just what. Two things are certain, we are having too many changes in text books, and we are paying entirely too much for the books purchased. I have dealt in school books myself and I know whereof I speak."

TEARS IN THEIR EYES.

Inquiry among the dealers disclosed the fact that there has been a great deal of injury practiced at the school in connection with the text books. H. M. Schumann, with O. D. Sears, a local dealer, said: "I have seen poor girls come in here with tears in their eyes inquiring about text books. Most of them who come here have plans laid ahead, and the manner in which every penny of their small means shall be spent is provided for. Any extra expense on them means the disarrangement of their plans, and, if the expense be material, it compels them to leave the school and return to work. Whenever changes in books, it has become notorious. The way the teachers do is to ask at the opening of the class how many students need books. After ascertaining this they send direct to the publishers for the number required and get them. They buy just as cheap as we do, and possibly cheaper, but they charge just as much and in some instances more than we do. We make from 25 to 30 per cent profit and they make the same. I don't know who gets the profit, but I do know that the students are being shamefully preyed upon. What makes matters worse, is that there are a few students late at the opening of school in every class, and, as the teachers order only a sufficient number of books to fill the demand at the time and have no stock on hand, those who are late are sent to us and are required to wait until we secure the books. The teachers have succeeded in one thing, and it speaks anything but praise for them, and that is, in changing the books so often they have practically ruined the local dealers out of the book business, thus removing all competition against them. We have over \$300 worth of school books now on hand, not worth 25 cents on the dollar, because of changes. As we cannot return them to the publishers, and as the bulk of the business is now done at the school, we are simply compelled to go out of the business, except on a limited scale. I don't know who is getting the rake off at the school, but some one is getting it."

W. D. Abbott, who is of the fusion faith and who has been in business in Peru for many years, said:

"There is no doubt in my mind but that there is a great deal of crookedness about this book business. I have been in the book business myself, and I know something about it. Nor is the outrage upon the students confined to selling them books alone. There is scarcely a term of school that does not open with a delay of two or three weeks in getting books. The teachers wait until the students are almost before they order books, and I have known whole classes to wait fully two weeks for the books to arrive."

"Some of them have, on various occasions, become discouraged and left the school. This is one of the evils of teachers being book dealers. If they would keep their hands off, and let the local merchants handle the books, they would keep a stock on hand, and the students would not have to wait one hour for books, whereas now they wait weeks. It is by these changes that the profits are made by the teachers, for they charge as much, and in some instances, more, for books than the regular dealers. I defy Prof. Beattie or any one of his teachers to produce a book that has been sold a student by him or them in the last two years at cost price. On the other hand, except in a few instances perhaps, not a book has been handled by them out of which they have not gotten the retailer's profit. I am not in the book business now, so you can see I am not prejudiced through personal motives. What I say, I say for the purpose of putting a stop to this outrage."

PRESIDENT BEATTIE INTERVIEWED.

When questioned concerning the matter, Prof. Beattie affected to know but very little about the book business. He admitted that there had been some changes, but he thought those were necessary. Questions bearing upon the cost of books, the frequency of changes and the manner in which these changes were made, seemed to cause Prof. Beattie some uneasiness. The complaints of the students he attributed to lack of knowledge, and those of the local dealers to personal aggrandizement. But his statements were both indefinite and evasive, and he acted the part of one who fully estimated the distinction between silence and incriminating speech. He denied that books were sold at a profit, but when he was asked to produce his invoices or bills rendered for books bought from the publishers and sold to the students in proof of his assertion he flatly refused. He admitted that he had the bills, but no amount of persuasion could induce him to produce them. With a view to ascertaining just who was profiting by the deal, he was asked who authorized changes in text books and who ordered the books, but his answer was that "sometimes I do and sometimes somebody else," thus leaving the arena of research for facts as wide as ever. Certain it is, however, although the board of trustees made no inquiry into these complaints, that gross abuses are being perpetrated on the students and the public in connection with text books, and if something is not done to stop it, incalculable injury will be visited upon this institution.