

R. G. STROTHER, Editor. F. K. STROTHER, Manager.

COLUMBUS, N.E.B.

He who cannot dream cannot do. Faith is ever prophetic fact.

Pat is the price of all deep pleasure.

The church service that draws will not draw men. So many rebaters are being indicted that in railroad circles nobody's anybody any longer unless he is out on bond.

"I practice what I preach," says Andrew Carnegie. "When I write 'enough' I spell it e-n-u-g-h." Oh, Andrew, that is not enough! That's too much.

Having been within 200 miles of the North Pole, says the Bloomington Pan-graph, Lieut. Peary is able to bear testimony that none of the weather reports from that locality has not been at all exaggerated.

There were 3,888 foreigners among the 4,942 students registered at German universities last summer. The German students are again demanding an increase in matriculation and tuition fees for foreigners who attend their universities.

Tobacco pipes made from calabash have come into general use in South Africa. The calabash colors like meerschaum, and will take a special softness of flavor that pipes of no other material offer.

In reply to a correspondent who asks: "How can I stop biting my finger nails?" the New York Herald says: "Wear a muzzie." That might do, adds the Chicago Record-Herald, but wouldn't it be simpler for him to have his teeth pulled?

Give a bore a stogie and he will never trouble you again. He may hate, but he will fear you. So even the stogie has its uses. Everything, says the Quincy Daily Whig, has, in fact, not barring the cigarette, which is an automatic fool-killer has wonderful potencies.

"We in London," says London Opinion, "have two music halls crowded, nightly by the exhibition of shapely women clad in nothing but white paint and classical atmosphere." Is this an exaggeration or is London really so much more wicked than the worst mining camp in America?

The duke of Abruzzi has visited London to thank the British government and the Royal Geographical society for their assistance and the interest they took in his expedition to Mount Ruwenzori, the famous "Mountain of the Moon" of olden geographers.

During the demolition of some old premises at Backing (Essex), England, a glass bottle, curiously shaped, was taken from the chimney stack, where it had been carefully bricked in, and when opened was found to contain a copy of the lease of the property, dated 1735.

Fort McHenry is no longer necessary for the defense of Baltimore, and is to be abandoned, but it will always be remembered because over it waves the "Star Spangled Banner" of Key's vision and song. It is reported that Baltimore will maintain the fort as a public resort, as Fort Independence is maintained in Boston.

Folk who live along the rural free delivery routes and have seen the carrier trudge over heavy roads through bad weather will approve the recent gift of an automobile to a New Jersey carrier. It will help the postman and at the same time speed the delivery of mail. Nevertheless, one cannot help asking whether a carrier's modest salary will pay the running expenses of a gasoline gig.

The great English battleship Dreadnought, which was tested at sea the other day, developed a speed, according to unofficial announcement, of nearly 22 1/2 knots an hour, and maintained for eight hours an average speed of 21 1/2 knots. This makes it the fastest battleship afloat. The ship is equipped with turbine engines, which now seem to have vindicated themselves beyond any doubt.

One of the Philadelphia papers has given considerable space to correspondence upon the problem of domestic economy and the cost of living. Writers whose resources vary widely have given their experience and offered their advice. One woman whose husband gives her \$5,000 a year for her family of four is unable to get along comfortably on that sum. She wants a sample bill of fare for a week, and also information as to where she can "get a hat for less than \$15." Another woman with a family of three has less than \$500 a year, yet says they "have the best of everything and plenty of it."

A young college graduate has been learning something about "practical" politics. He attempted to wrest the control of a New York assembly district from Tammany. When the campaign was over he found that the men whom he had trusted to cooperate with him had taken his money and hired out to the other side. They took his ballots, but did not vote them. The "detective" whom he hired to watch his rival turned out to be a lieutenant of that rival, and some of his professed followers stole his watch, chain and diamond scrip.

Historic the great Italian actress, once remarked: "I cannot portray vice, but I can understand and realize crime." All the more powerful passions were within her range—hate, jealousy, remorse, revenge—but her hero-making, except in farce, was, as a rule, a failure. Her mind, like her life, was an exquisite crystalline that she could not understand mere vice. "I would rather be a great murderer," said she, "than a world, sickly fastidious, such as are, for the most part, the heroes of your modern drama."



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of 'THE CRISIS' and 'THE BROTHERS'.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued. I had been at his house once before; I knew he occupied the left side—the whole of the second floor, so shut-off that it not only had a separate entrance, but also could not be reached by those in the right side of the house without descending to the entrance hall and ascending the left stairway.

"Just take my card to his private secretary, to Mr. Rathburn," said I. "Mr. Langdon has doubtless left a message for me." The butler hesitated, yielded, showed me into the reception room off the entrance hall. I waited a few seconds, then adventured the stairway to the left, up which he had disappeared. I entered the small salon in which Langdon had received me on my other visit. From the direction of an open door, I heard his voice—he was saying: "I am not at home. There's no message."

And still I did not realize that it was he who was avoiding! "It's no use now, Langdon," I called cheerfully. "Beg pardon for seeming to intrude. I misunderstood—or didn't hear where the servant said I was to wait. However, no harm done. So long! I'm off." But I made no move toward the door by which I had entered; instead, I advanced a few feet nearer the door from which his voice had come.

After a brief—a very brief—pause, there came in Langdon's voice—laughing, not a trace of annoyance: "I might have known! Come in, Matt!"

IX. LANGDON AT HOME. I entered, with an amused glance at the butler, who was giving over his heavy countenance to a delightful exhibition of disgust and discomfiture. It was Langdon's sitting room. He had had the carved antique oak interior of a room in an old French palace torn out and transported to New York and set up for him. I had made a study of that sort of thing, and at Dawn Hill had done something toward realizing my own ideas of the splendid. But a glance showed me that it was far surpassed. What I had done seemed in comparison like the composition of a school boy beside an essay by Goldsmith or Hazlitt.

And in the midst of this quiet splendor sat, or rather lounged, Langdon, reading the newspapers. He was dressed in a dark blue velvet house suit with facings and cords of blue silk a shade or so lighter than the suit. I had always thought him handsome; he looked now like a god. He was smoking a cigarette in an oriental holder nearly a foot long; but the air of the room, so perfect was the ventilation, instead of being scented with tobacco, had the odor of some fresh, clean, slightly saline perfume. I think what was in my mind must have shown in my face, must have subtly flattered him, for when I looked at him, he was giving me a look of genuine friendly kindness. "This is—perfect, Langdon," said I. "And I think I'm a judge."

"Glad you like it," said he, trying to dissemble his satisfaction in so strongly impressing me. "You must take me through your house sometime," I went on. "I'm going to build soon. No—don't be afraid I'll imitate. I'm too vain for that. But I want suggestions. I'm not ashamed to go to school to a master—to anybody, for that matter." "Why do you build?" said he. "A town house is a nuisance. If I could induce my wife to take the children to the country to live, I'd dispose of this."

"Excuse me a minute Blacklock," said he, rising with what was for him haste. But he was too late. The woman entered, searching the room with a piercing, suspicious gaze. At once I saw, behind that look, a jealousy that pounced on every subject that came into its view, and studied it with a hope that feared and a fear that hoped. When her eyes had toured the room, they paused upon him, seemed to be saying: "You've baffled me again, but I'm not discouraged. I shall catch you yet."

"Well, my dear," said Langdon, whom she seemed faintly to amuse. "It's only Mr. Blacklock. Mr. Blacklock, my wife." I bowed; she looked coldly at me, and her slight nod was more than a hint that she wished to be left alone with her husband. I said to him: "Well, I'll be off. Thank you for—"

"One moment," he interrupted. Then to his wife: "Anything special?" She flushed. "No—nothing special. I just came to see you. But if I am disturbing you—as usual—"

"Not at all," said he. "When Blacklock and I have finished, I'll come to you. It won't be longer than an hour—or so."

When we were seated again, Langdon, after a few reflective puffs at his cigarette, said: "So you're about to marry?"

"I hope so," said I. "But as I haven't asked her yet, I can't be sure." For obvious reasons I wasn't so enamored of the idea of matrimony as I had been a few moments before. "I trust you're making a sensible marriage," said he. "If the part that may be glamour should by chance rub clean away, there ought to be something to make one feel he wasn't wholly an ass."

"Very sensible," I replied with emphasis. "I want the woman. I need her." He inspected the coal of his cigarette, lifting his eyebrows at it. Presently he said: "And she?" "I don't know how she feels about it—as I told you," I replied curtly. In spite of myself, my eyes shifted and my skin began to burn. "By the way, Langdon, what's the name of your architect?" "Wilder and Marcy," said he. "They're fairly satisfactory, if you tell 'em exactly what you want and watch 'em all the time. They're perfectly conventional and so can't distinguish between originality that's artistic and originality that's only bizarre. They're like most people—they keep to the beaten track and fight tooth and nail against being drawn out of it and against those who do so out of it."

He looked half-quizzical, half-appealing. "Ah, to be sure," said he. "I forgot you weren't a married man." "And so I left him with a look in his eyes that came back to me long afterward when I realized the full meaning of that apparently almost commonplace interview.

The same day I began to phage on textile, watching the market closely, that I might go more slowly should there be signs of a dangerous break—more than Langdon did I want a sudden panicky slump. The price held steady, however, but I, fool that I was, certain the fall must come, plunged on, digging the pit for my own destruction deeper and deeper.

TWO "PILLARS OF SOCIETY." I was neither seeing nor hearing from the Ellerys, father or son, but as I knew why, I was not disquieted. I had made them temporarily easy in their finances just before that dinner, and they, being fatuous, incurable optimists, were probably imagining they would never need me again. I did not disturb them until Monday and I had got my education so well under way that even I, always severe in self-criticism and now merciless, was compelled to admit to myself a distinct change for the better.

When my education seemed far enough advanced, I sent for Sam. He, after his footless fashion, didn't bother to acknowledge my note. His margin account with me was at the moment straight; I turned to his father. I had my cashier send him a formal, type-written letter signed Blacklock & Co., informing him that his account was overdrawn and that we "would be obliged if he would give the matter his immediate attention."

The note must have reached him the following morning, but he did not come until, after waiting three days, "we" sent him a sharp demand for a check for the balance due. A pleasing, aristocratic-looking figure he made as he entered my office, with his air of the man whose hands have never known the stains of toil, with his manner of having always received deferential treatment. There was no pretense in my curt greeting, my tone of "despatch your business."

"I can't even offer the excuse of not having seen that he was a hypocrite. I felt his hypocrisy at once, and my first impulse was to jump for my breastworks. But instantly my vanity got behind me, held me in the open, pushed me on toward him. If you will notice, almost all 'confidence' games rely for success chiefly upon sullying a man's vanity to play the traitor to his judgment. So, instead of reading his liberality as plain proof of intend- ing of my own greatness, and of the fear it had inspired in old Roebuck. Laugh with me if you like, but before you do with me, think carefully—those of you who have ever put yourselves to the test on the field of action—think carefully whether you have never found that your head decoration which you thought a crown was in reality the peaked and belted cap of the fool."

Alas! For Good Intentions. Minister Meant Well, but He Made Bad Impression on Lunatic. A certain minister made a visit to an insane asylum. He got in conversation with one of the patients, and not to rattle him, agreed with all he said. The following conversation resulted:

"Don't you think it dreadful," said the patient, "that Senator Cameron should have been so murderously snubbed by that insane division worker just as he was about to vote on election day?" "Yes," replied the clergyman; "it was indeed regrettable."

eyes. I suppose he thought his a profoundly pathetic case; no doubt he hadn't the remotest conception what was really wrong with me. I don't know how many of the world's best people take his view. As if the fact that he was born with all possible advantages did not make him and his plight inexcusable.

"No, my dear Blacklock," said he, cringing low as easily as he had once descended—how to cringe and how to condescend are taught at the same school, the one he had gone to all his life. "It is you I want to talk with. And, first, I owe you my apologies. I know you'll make allowances for one who was never trained to business methods. I've always been like a child in those matters."

"You frighten me," said I. "The last gentleman who came throwing me off my guard with that plea was shrewd enough to get away with a very large sum of my hard-earned money. Besides—and I was laughing, though not too good-naturedly—I've noticed that your 'gentleman' has come vague about business only when the balance is against you. When it's in your favor, you manage to get your mind on business long enough to collect to the last fraction of a cent."

He heartily echoed my laugh. "I only wish I were clever," said he. "However, I've come to ask your indulgence. I'd have been here before, but those who owe me have been putting me off. And they're of the sort of people whom it's impossible to press."

"I'd like to accommodate you further," said I, shedding that last little hint as a cliff sheds rain, "but your account has been in an unsatisfactory state for nearly a month now."

"I'm sure you'll give me a few days longer," was his easy reply, as if we were discussing a trifle. "By the way, you haven't been to see us yet. Only this morning my wife was wondering when you'd come. You quite captivated her, Blacklock. Can't you dine with us to-morrow night—no, Sunday at eight? We're having in a few people I think you'd like to meet."

"Glad to comply," said I, wishing to be rid of him, now that my point was gained. "We'll let the account stand open for the present—I rather think your stocks are going up. Give my regards to—the ladies, please, especially to Miss Anita."

FOR PLANT LOVERS.

CHARACTER AND HABITS OF HOUSEHOLD ORNAMENTS.

Different Specimens Vary Greatly in Their Requirements—Not All Need Sunlight to Attain Perfection of Growth—Care of Pansies.

Many do not think it is wise to have plants in their living rooms during the winter, while others are careless of the wisdom of it, but would not be happy unless they had green and flowering plants in one or more rooms of their homes. To see the pains housewives take to have plants in their homes, often under the most adverse circumstances, leads one to believe that the love of nature and of the beautiful is deeply planted within the character of most women.

If you are going to have plants, flowering and otherwise, in your home, it is of the utmost importance to know the character and habits of each plant, if you wish to cultivate and have them flower successfully. Some should be placed where they get the direct rays of the sun at midday, while others, like salomanders, will stand any amount of heat and do best at a south window. Few plants will grow and bloom without sunshine, but there are a few which make a lovely show even in the north window. All kinds of ferns love just such a situation; sweet violets will grow among the ferns and bloom freely, filling the room with their sweet odor. The varieties of begonias which depend for their beauty on fallage rather than flowers do well without sun. We have even seen begonias covered with bloom and perfect masses of foliage which had reached that state of perfection without a ray of sunshine.

For south windows geraniums, fuchsias, sweet alysum, heliotropes, carnations and oxalis will give perfect satisfaction and a mass of bloom. They can also be grown in an east or west window, but geraniums particularly will not do so well any place as in a south window. Begonias, calceolarias, fuchsias, feverfew, migonette, all do well where they get sun but part of the day.

Any of the following plants are to be relied on either for bloom or foliage, as stated. They are particularly suited to the furnace-heated, dust-laden air of our dwellings, and do not need much attention: The India rubber tree (ficus elastica) stands at the head of decorative house plants which will stand a hot, dry atmosphere. A large, well grown specimen will have leaves four or five inches wide and nearly a foot long. It does not drop its leaves easily, some remaining on several years. The leaves should be dusted frequently. The plant requires plenty of light and water, and makes a better growth if supplied with plain food once a week. Dracaena terminalis is another very ornamental, long-leaved plant. Like the ficus, it will stand a dry atmosphere. Its leaves are a dark crimson, marked lengthwise with a lighter pink. The plant needs repotting spring and fall. During the winter the leaves must be wiped off with a damp sponge as often as the dust accumulates on them. It requires some sunshine and considerable water.

Another plant which will thrive in the same situation is the screw pine (pandanus javanicus). P. variegatus is particularly desirable. It has long, narrow, drooping leaves, variegated with lighter green, almost white. It will do well with but little sunshine, but needs plenty of light. It requires but a moderate quantity of water. Most of the palm family are suited for pot culture, and do well when given a place where they are secure from freezing. They will do with little light, and for this reason are desirable ornaments for the hall or the stairway landing. They do not, however, object to sunshine, and are a handsome addition to any collection of plants. They should be kept in a rather small pot. They require a peaty soil, mixed with sand, and plenty of water. Livistonia chinensis is one of the most elegant varieties, but latania borbonica and the dwarf palmetto (sabal adamanii) are also very good.

THE FARMER IN WESTERN CANADA.

The Quantity of Hard Wheat Gained by Eastern.

The Canadian West is the past five or ten years that have not been the theory that large cities are the backbone of a country and a nation's best asset. Here we have a country where no city exceeds 100,000, and where only one comes within any distance of that figure according to the census just taken and where no other city reaches a population exceeding 15,000. The place with a population over 5,000 can be counted upon the fingers of one hand, and yet the prosperity that prevails is something unprecedented in the history of all countries past or present.

The reason for this marvelous prosperity is not hard to seek. The large majority of the 310,000 people who inhabit Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, have gone on to the farm, and have betaken themselves to the task of not only feeding and clothing themselves, but of raising food for others less happily circumstanced. The crop of 1906, although not abnormal, is an eye-opener to many who previously had given little thought to the subject. Ninety million bushels of wheat at 70 cents per bushel—\$63,000,000; 76,000,000 bushels of oats at 20 cents per bushel—\$15,200,000; 17,000,000 bushels of barley at 40 cents per bushel—\$6,800,000; makes a total of \$85,000,000. This is altogether outside the root products; dairy produce, and the returns from the cattle trade; the best sugar industry and the various other by-products of mixed farming.

When such returns are obtainable from the soil it is not to be wondered at that many are leaving the congested districts of the east, to take upon themselves the life of the prairie farmer and the labor of the housewife.

With the construction of additional railroads new avenues, for agricultural enterprise are opening up, and improved opportunities are offered to the settler who understands prairie farming, and is willing to do his part in building up the new country.

This is the theme that Mr. J. J. Hibbs, the veteran railroad builder in the west, has laid before the people in a series of addresses which he has given at various points during the past few months, and, having been so long identified with the development of the West, there are few men better qualified than he to give us an opinion upon it. Take care of the country, says he, and the cities will take care of themselves.

A BRIDGE OF MAHOGANY.

Valuable Wood Used in Mexican Structure for Pedestrians and Teams. As mahogany is among the most costly woods in the world, it may be inferred that this tropical material is not very extensively employed in the construction of buildings, etc. A bridge constructed of solid mahogany is certainly a rarity, a curiosity. There is one, claimed to be the only one in the world, built of that material. This structure is located in the department of Palenque, state of Chiapas, republic of Mexico. This district lies in the extreme southwestern part of Mexico, near the boundary line of Guatemala.

The mahogany bridge is constructed entirely of that valuable wood, except some iron braces and nails that are necessary. The bridge spans the Rio Nichol and its total length, including approaches, exceeds 150 feet, while the width is 15 feet. It is used by both teams and pedestrians and, though somewhat rude and primitive in construction, it is very substantial. None of the timbers of the flooring were saved, for in that region there are no sawmills, but were hewn and split.

In that section of old Mexico there are several very large rubber plantations, and mahogany trees are quite common. In clearing away the tropical forests for setting out the young rubber trees the mahogany groves are also cut down and removed. As this wood is quite abundant, some of it was used in building the bridge—American inventor. Wife Desertion Alarms. So many Chicasawit wives have been deserted by their husbands of late that the city council has taken steps toward putting a check on such runaway. It has been found that mahogany leaf sharks are contributing largely in a great many cases. A man's ability to mortgage his furniture without the knowledge of his wife is a strong temptation to husbands of weak will. An ordinance has been introduced making such mortgage of no avail unless they bear the signature of both husband and wife.



AND IN THE MIST OF THIS QUIET SPLENDOR SAT, OR RATHER, LOUNGED, LANGDON.