

Memorial Building at Arlington. One of the kindly suggestions in President Roosevelt's annual message is that there be constructed at Arlington a memorial amphitheater, an estimate for the preliminary work on which is contained in the report of the secretary of war. The Grand Army of the Republic in its annual national encampment has recommended such a structure as necessary for the appropriate observance of Memorial Day and as a fitting monument to the soldier and sailor dead buried in the beautiful cemetery, and the president heartily concurs in the proposition. The old soldiers are getting fewer and feebler, and when they take part in the Memorial Day exercises, says the Troy Times, it is right that they should be made as comfortable as possible. That is part of the idea of erecting such an amphitheater. The structure would be still more impressive as honoring the dead at Arlington. And it would most aptly symbolize the reunited nation. Arlington itself was formerly the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the knightly confederate commander, and in its soil rest not only thousands of unloved dead but many who wore the gray and who afterward served their country when the call came and was responded to without regard to section or political differences. The Arlington memorial should be erected as soon as possible.

Penalties of Prosperity. After all is said it must be conceded that the apparent disregard for human life in the United States is largely a tribute to progress and to the industries that constitute prosperity. Even fatal railroad accidents, the largest item in the list, cannot be wholly eliminated, though they can and ought to be greatly reduced in number. But, says the Indianapolis News, railroad accidents are only one item in the list of annual fatalities. There are fatal accidents in mining, building, manufacturing and agriculture. They all claim their victims as a sort of tribute to progress, though a very costly one. Carefully compiled statistics show that in the five great industries of railroad, mining, building, manufacturing and agriculture no less than 536,165 persons are annually killed or injured in the United States. This is at the rate of over one a minute, and it includes only a few of the largest industries.

Few Americans received more notable marks of respect during their lifetime than John Hay received during his, and none has ever been the subject of a more interesting or more unusual honor after death than that which has just been paid to his memory in Philadelphia. In the presence of Secretary Root, Mr. Hay's successor, the congregation of Keneseth Israel dedicated the new stained-glass window in its synagogue, placed there in memory of Mr. Hay. No other instance is known in which a Gentile has been thus honored in a Jewish synagogue; but Mr. Hay's services on behalf of the Jews at Kishinev, Russia, and his efforts to prevent discrimination against Jews in this country, endeared him to the whole race. The memorial window is an expression of their love and gratitude.

How deep in the bowels of the earth must one go to avoid trespassing upon another's property? That is a question which an energetic Jerseyman proposes to solve. This gentleman owns land near the terminus of one of the tunnels being constructed under the Hudson river, and despite the disclaimer of the tunnel company suspects that the bore penetrates his ground. To settle the matter he intends to sink artesian wells on his premises. He may strike water or he may strike the tunnel. In the latter case he thinks he will have a case against the tunnel company. And the latter is of the opinion that there are other bores than those connecting New York and New Jersey.

It is just 40 years since Prince Charles of Hohenzollern accepted the crown of Roumania, which was converted into a kingdom one year after the principality achieved its independence; and the exhibition at Bucharest, which the king opened in the summer, was intended to show the immense industrial strides made by the country under its Hohenzollern ruler. His heir is his nephew, Prince Ferdinand, who married Marie, eldest daughter of the English duke of Edinburgh.

A Connecticut judge has ruled that a turtle is not an animal. A comprehensive knowledge of natural history, says the Boston Transcript, is evidently not required for admission to the bar, at least in Connecticut.

There are no apples in China beyond the small crab apples. The commonest native fruits are the mango, kiwano and mangosteen.

The kaiser is not vested with the veto power, but he has a good right foot.

Millions, possibly billions, of sun shine in the unmeasured universe, and the one nearest to our sun is about twenty-five trillion miles distant. If it were possible to go there on an airship averaging a mile a minute, day and night, the journey would require 165,630,000 years.

There is a training school for elephants at Apl, in the Congo state, where 25 elephants are being trained. The training operations have produced encouraging results.



THE DELUGE

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

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"I owe a lot to you, Matt," he pleaded. "But I've done you a great many favors, haven't I?" "That you have, Bob," I cordially agreed. "But this isn't a favor. It's business."

"You mustn't ask it, Blacklock," he cried. "I've loaned you more money now than the law allows. And I can't let you have any more."

"I'm going to pull through," said I. "But if I weren't, I'd see to it that you were protected. Come, what's your answer? Friend or traitor?"

"No more than I took from you when you asked me to go with you down with the rest in the Dumont smash. My word—that's all. I borrow on the same terms you've given me before, the same you're giving four of your heaviest borrowers right now."

"I didn't think of you, Matt," he whined. "I believed you above such hold-up methods."

"I've made special arrangements with them," I replied. "His face betrayed him. I saw that at no stage of that proceeding had I been wiser than in shutting off his last chance to evade. What scheme he had in mind I don't know, and can't imagine. But he had thought out something, probably something foolish that would have given me trouble without saving him. A foolish man in a tight place is as foolish as ever, and Corey was a foolish man—only a fool commits crimes that put him in the power of others. The crimes of the really big captains of industry and generals of finance are of the kind that puts others in their power."

had been betrayed by some one of those tiny mischances that so often throw the best plans into confusion. "Tom Langdon," I said satirically. "It was he that warned you against me."

"It was a friendly act," said Corey. "He and I are very intimate. And he doesn't know how close you and I are."

"After I had completed my business at the National Industrial, I went back to my office and gathered together the threads of my web of defense. Then I wrote and sent out to all my newspapers and all my agents a broadside against the management of the textile trust—it would be published in the morning, in good time for the opening of the stock exchange. Before the first quotation of textile could be made thousands on thousands of investors

and speculators throughout the country would have read my letter, would be believing that Matthew Blacklock had detected the textile trust in a stock-jobbing swindle, and had promptly turned against it, preferring to keep faith with his customers and with the public. As I read over my pronouncement aloud before sending it out, I found in it a note of confidence that cheered me mightily. "I'm even stronger than I thought," said I. And I felt stronger still as I went on to picture the thousands on thousands throughout the land rallying at my call to give battle.

"I had asked Sam Ellerly to dine with me; so preoccupied was I that not until ten minutes before the hour set did he come into my mind—he or any of his family, even his sister. My first impulse was to send word that I couldn't keep the engagement. "But I must dine somewhere," I reflected, "and there's no reason why I shouldn't dine with him, since I've done everything that can be done." In my office suite I had a bath and dressing-room, with a complete wardrobe. Thus, by carrying a little over my toilet, and by making my chambermaid the speed of the really big captains of industry and generals of finance are of the kind that puts others in their power."

"I checked an exclamation of amusement. I had been assuming that I

of selecting the dishes and giving the waiter minute directions for the chef. I called him. "You must come over to my rooms after dinner, and give me some music," I said.

"I signed the bill, and we went about the avenue. Sam, as I saw with a good deal of amusement, was trying to devise some subtle, tactical way of attaching his poor, clumsy little suction-pump to the well of my secret thoughts.

"I looked steadily at him, and I imagine my unshaven jaw did not make my aspect alluring.

"I returned to the smoking-room, lighted a cigar, sat fumbling at the new situation. I was in a worse plight than before what did it matter who was attacking me? In the circumstances, a novice could now destroy me as easily as a Langdon. Still, Ball's news seemed to take away my courage. I reminded myself that I was used to treachery of this sort, that I deserved what I was getting because I had, like a fool, dropped my guard in the fight that is always on every man-for-himself. But I reminded myself in vain. Langdon's smiling treachery made me heart-sick.

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felt as if I had suddenly emerged from the parlor of a dive and its stench of slovenly perfumes, into the pure air of God's heaven.

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HIS EYES OPEN

Why There Are No Mail Order Catalogues in One Home.

FARMER WILLIAMS' LESSON

In Time of Adversity He Got to Understand Who Were His Real Friends—Prosperity in Standing Together.

(Copyright, 1918, by Alfred C. Clark.) "What y' got there, Sis?" inquired Farmer Williams, as he kicked off his felt boots and set them carefully behind the stove to dry. "That's what I thought it looked like, one of them there Chicago catylogs, though I ain't seen one close for quite a few years back. Me an' your ma used to buy mighty nigh everything we used out of them catylogs when we first come to Kansas. Land sakes, I have to laugh now sometimes when I think of the way we would get hatched out in awhile. They's some cheap things in them catylogs, an' then agin they's a tell 't ain't so cheap. 'T never kin tell 't they come, an' then it's too late to send 'em back. But as I was a sayin', we ain't bought nothin' out of a catylog for a right smart o' years now, an' the way it come about I had as well tell y', cause I don't think y' really remember much about it."

"When we come to Kansas long in the first of the '80's we got along right well. We was able to pay cash for what we got, and we got the money for everything we sold. We was payin' out on the place right along; crops was purty good an' we was a feelin' like the Lord was sakin' us on our efforts, and the happy home we dreamed about when we first got married was in sight."

But they come a change in Kansas long in the last half of the '80's. Times got hard and kep a gittin' tighter. Four straight years it was so dry y' had to soak the hogs afore they'd hold swill—though I will say they was some extry reason on account of the swill bein' so thin—wheat just died in the ground fer want of rain, and the hot winds billed the everlastin' sap out of the corn. They wasn't no pasture, no nothing. You can know we was a feelin' purty blue about that time, but we was young and strong, and thought with the chickens an' hogs we could git through anyway."

"Then one day you got to complainin' and lookin' so thin it worried us. Your ma is a middlin' good doctor, take it all around, but nothing she could think of done you any good. Well, you kep a gittin' pindler and pindler, till you got so s' y' wouldn't do nothin' but set in a chair by the kitchen stove, wrapped in your ma's old shawl, an' you looked so pitiful, that we made up our minds to have the doctor, even if it took 't last chicken on the place. Well, he come, and after he'd looked at you awhile an' felt your pulse, he shet his watch up with a snap, an' says, quiet like: "Better fix up a warm place fer her in the front room, don't have too much light nor any drafts to strike her. Then we knowed it wan't no small sickness we had to fight, an' when we got you fixed up in bed I folloed Doc. out on the porch an' I says: "Well, Doc., sez I, "what's the matter with our little girl?"

"I don't want to skeer ye, Mr. Williams," says he, "but I'm afraid she's in for a siege of typhoid fever."

"Well, after he was gone I went out in the kitchen an' told your ma, but she says, brave as his he: "Well, Ezra, if the Lord has seen fit to put that much more on our load we must bear up an' fight it out doin' our duty the best we kin, leavin' the rest to him. An' I thought so too. So we jest kep our hearts brave an' done what seemed right 't do."

"The hardest thing was to figure out where 't git the medicine, an' fruit, an' dainty things your sickness called for. We hadn't been tradin' much with the stores in Huston, buyin' mostly from the catylog folks y' know, an' so we didn't have any credit there to speak of. But I went 't Foster, the druggist, an' I told him how things was. I didn't have no money 't pay fer 't medicine an' things, an' the prospects for the next year was as poor or poorer than th' last."

"Why cert'nies, Mr. Williams," he says, "jest let us know what you want an' we'll carry you along till times come better for you. We're all in a tight place now, but if we hang 'tethered things is all gold" to come out right for. We hadn't been tradin' much with the stores in Huston, buyin' mostly from the catylog folks y' know, an' so we didn't have any credit there to speak of. But I went 't Foster, the druggist, an' I told him how things was. I didn't have no money 't pay fer 't medicine an' things, an' the prospects for the next year was as poor or poorer than th' last."

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is the end. I have faith in our country, but I don't think that the people that live here are any better than the people that live in other parts of the world. "Well, it was the same thing at Harlow's grocery, an' th' coal yard, everywhere in th' town. Cert'nies, Mr. Williams, we'll see y' through on this." It made me feel mean an' small some way, though I don't know why. An' often when they'd put in a few oranges or somethin' like that, sayin' in a "polite" sort of way, "Little somethin' fer th' sick baby, Williams," why somehow it made a hard lump come up in my throat, an' I had a queer feelin' in my eyes, kinder achy like, y' know.

"Well, to be short about it, fer eight weeks you kep a gittin' weaker an' weaker, an' we kep a feelin' more an' more hopeless. It was a sad Christmas in our home that year. Your ma was jest wore out with watchin' an' tryin' to do her work between times, an' I was so nigh sick with trouble an' discouragement 't I used to go around by the barn an' jest cry like a baby. But I never let on to your ma though, nor she 't me. We tried 't encourage each other though we knowed in our hearts 't all our cheerful words was lies, an' each one knowed the other knowed it too."

"Well, jest th' night before New Year's Doc. called us outside your



I Sez: Lee Burn It.

room. Oh, how my heart sunk then! "I don't want to hold out any false hopes to you people," he says, "but I think with proper care from now on, your little girl is goin' 't git well."

Elsie, it seemed jest like a ton of hay had been lifted off my chest right there. As fer your ma, why she jest bustled down an' cried as hard as she could. After Doc. was gone we went out to the kitchen an' kneeled down right there an' thanked God fer the most glorious New Year's gift he ever give 't anybody in th' world—the health of our baby girl. You know your pa ain't no rascal or shouter; yer ma he's a Baptist has furnished most of th' 'rigion for our house, but jest then I seen how it was that they comes times in people's lives when they've jest got to have somethin' bigger an' greater than anything human 't turn to with a great joy or a great sorrow.

"Well, it was a long time yet before you was strong enough 't play out doors, an' it was a hard winter. I burned every post of the fence around the south eighty fer firewood afore it was over. But it seemed like we had so much 't be thankful fer that we was strong 't care fer any of th' smaller troubles that we come across."

"It really hain't so bad to look back at it now after th' trouble is over, but them hard years in Kansas drove nearly all our neighbors 't give up their land an' move away, broke in hopes an' pocketbook. Them of us as stayed is purty well fixed now, but we sit fer everything we got, an' sit hard, too. An', O, yes, about th' catylogs. Well after you was well an' things begun 't take a turn fer th' better, one night ma brought out that Chicago book an' laid it on the kitchen table an' says: "Ezra, what do you want 't do with this? An' I sez: "Les burn it." An' your ma sez: "Jest what I was thinkin', too." An' so we did burn it, an' an' what's more, we ain't never had one in th' house since, an' we never send any fer anything we can git at any of the stores in Huston, 'cause we want to deal with them as has an interest in the country we live in, an' in as people that live close by."

"Why, you needn't put your eyes in th' stove, too, Elsie, I didn't mean—y' I don't know but what it's jest as well y' done it after all."

Mixture of Many Nations. Louis N. Parker, the dramatist, was born in France; his father was an American, his mother an English woman; his first language was Italian and he was educated in Germany.

The Distinction. Correspondent—It's a safe guess, senator, isn't it, that a fairly decent rate bill will pass? Eminent Statesman—O, yes; it's a safe enough guess, but I wouldn't consider it a safe gamble.

Thespian Fears. Mattie Nave.—A change of bit weekly! Ain't you afraid of over study? Stella Lite.—I'm more afraid of my understudy.



"I TOOK IT AS THOUGH I WERE AFRAID THE SPELL WOULD BE BROKEN."

ing chiefly of—of club matters," he answered, in a fair imitation of his usual offhand manner. "When does my name come up there?" I said. He flushed and shifted. "I was just about to tell you," he stammered. "But perhaps you know?"

"Know what?" "That—Hain't Tom told you? He has withdrawn—and you'll have to get another second—if you think—that is—unless you—I suppose you'd have told me, if you'd changed your mind?"

Since I had become so deeply interested in Anita, my ambition—ambition—to join the Travelers had all but dropped out of my mind. "I had forgotten about it," said I. "But, now that you remind me, I want my name withdrawn. It was a passing fancy. It was part and parcel of a lot of damn foolishness I've been indulging in for the last few months. But I've come to my senses—and it's me to the wild, where I belong, Sammy, from this time on."

He looked tremendously relieved, and a little puzzled, too. I thought I was reading him like an illuminated sign. "He's eager to keep friends with me," thought I, "until he's absolutely sure there's nothing more in it for him and his people." And that guess was a pretty good one. It is not to the discredit of my shrewdness that I didn't see it was not hope, but fear, that made him try to placate me, then what the Langdons had done. But Sammy was saying, in his friendliest tone: "That's the matter, old man? You're sour to-night."



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