American Indian Children Growing Up in Ways of the White Man

AT NO stage of American Indian civilization have the evidences of education been so pronounced as at the present time and under the present system of Indian school supervision and discipline. The imitative nature of the child is cultivated and brought into evidence. Obedience is impressed upon the mind, in the work of dicipline, until the whole being seems to yield to the will and command of the instructor. The moulding of the Indian child into an obedient imitative existence to do as commanded, and to act in harmony with others in all its movements, plays, sports, joys and labors, to do as others do, and to not do the things which tend to incivility, coarseness and inhumanity, is doing much today to bring the young Indian boys and girls to a higher plane of civilized life. Only a few years ago and this would have been thought impossible.

The work of the Indian school at Rapid City, S. D., was recently brought to our attention while attending the annual meeting of the Southwestern South Dakota Cattle Growers' convention, which was being held there. The exhibitions given on the streets of Rapid City by the Indian boys and girls of this school, under the direction and command of the instructors and managers of the school were of a character to attract the attention and receive the applause and commendation of all who witnessed them.

STUDENTS IN PARADE

INDIAN CLUB DRILL

Indian Child Not Hilarious.

These children in age were from 7 to 17 years old, and were divided into companies of forty to fifty, according to age and size; there being about 300 present, all of whom took part in the exercises and seemed perfectly at home, quiet, contented, orderly, though in no sense oppressed nor on the contrary over joyful. The Indian child is not hilarious, bolstrous and overjoyed, seemingly, at what he sees or what he does. He is rather a matter of fact individual, and can perform all his tasks and his gymnasium stunts with the somber gravity of an old-time war chief.

The military exercises, drilling and maneuvers, though of a quite difficult form, were gone through with as much ease and accuracy as though these companies had served a term in the regular army. The elevated platform exhibition which was given on the streets with the dumb bells and Indian clubs were without fault. These exercises were directed by Chief Disciplinarian Prof. W. H. Balmer, who by taps and signs made the Indian clubs keep perfect time with the performers, which was also observed in every movement under direction of the music by the Indian boys' brass band of a dozen instruments.

These exercises were of a very high order in matter of perfectness in drill and training. Prof. Balmer speaks in strong praise of the Indian boys and girls in his department of the work. "They are orderly, quiet and try to imitate. There is no foolishness or silly, impulsive nonsense with these boys and girls," remarked the professor. Several small boys and girls near by were called by Prof. Balmer and introduced to the writer, as an illustration of their training and civility in meeting strangers.

Location of School.

The Rapid City Indian school is situated two miles west of the city, in a beautiful little valley on a government farm or reserve of 1,360 acres of rich agricultural lands. Several hundred acres are under cultivation, devoted to raising all the ordinary farm crops usual in this section of the country, wheat, oats, barley, rye, corn, potatoes, garden crops, etc. Tame hays are being started, alfalfa is the main hay crop, which is growing successfully and makes the main dependence for winter feed.

The equipment of this farm and its educational work is quite modern and up-to-date. There are eighteen buildings in all, used for the various purposes and demands of the school. The present capacity for handling students is 300 boys and girls. Additional improvements and increased capacity are planned for the near future. Boys' and girls' dormatories are provided, and every attention is given that perfect order and system be observed in each department of the work. The main principle in discipline exercised is to keep the child busy at all times, but not tire it at any one thing. Part of the day is devoted to study, a part to work and a part to play, by this means the mind is kept alive, the physical condition healthy and the child happy.

Boys are taught farming by actual labor with teams and machinery, blacksmithing, carpenter work, the manual training department teaches the use of tools of all kinds. Engineering, the operation of steam engines, in fact all manner of mechanics and trades are taught. There are twenty-eight instructors, busy all the time in training and teaching. Dairying is taught with all its improved methods and appliances for successfully carrying on this industry. There are 130 milk cows kept on the farm, a large barn for housing them and a separate creamery building for taking care of the milk, butter and cheese products which are manufactured, and used mainly on the farm in feeding the students and operating force of the school.

The girls' departments are fully and completely provided with every convenience for their instruction. They are taught sewing, mending and the making of garments. Washing, ironing, cooking, housekeeping, dairying for family; in fact, everything that could be classed as domestic science or household economics. The girls are at all times required to observe neatness, cleanliness and general tidiness in their dress and person. When the girl leaves this school she is equipped in every acquired qualification for making a good home.

The live stock on the farm consists of cattle, mainly the milk cows mentioned, twenty head of work horses, swine and poultry, all of which become an educational asset to the farm and school, as everything becomes a feature of study in some relation. The study of grains, seeds, their sowing, planting, cultivation, harvesting, storage, etc., are all given attention from an educational view point.

One of the main features of improvement for this year is the construction of a water system to irrigate the tillable lands and supply the buildings and grounds with all the needed water. This will be installed in view of getting the best and most up-to-date equipment now in use. It is plain to the visitor that this institution is located right, and has now the evidence of its results that are to make it one of the greatest educational institutions for the Indian boy and girl that the country has founded.

From Whence Come These Children?

Who are these boys and girls and where do they come from? This question naturally arises in the mind of the observer and his own answer would be, "They are all of one tribe or nation, so like in feature, manner and general characteristics." This is practically true, they are the descendants of the Sioux warriors, possibly the strongest bred nation of red men that America has ever known, and in times of early settlement the most dangerous and cruel in their conflicts with the white settler or other warring tribes of Indians.

These children are brought to the school by their parents and are clothed, fed and educated by the government. They represent the following tribes or present-day Indian reservations: Pine Ridge, Rose Buds and Yanktons of South Dakota; Cheyenne River, Tongue River, The Crows, Port Peck and Fort Belliknap of Montana, and the Santee Sioux of north Nebraska.

G. W. HERVEY.

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CHAPTER XXVIII—Continued.

"Mother had a nurse, and I was alone a great deal, and they were very kind to me. I—I saw a lot of them. The brother rather attracted me, partly—partly because he did not make love to me. He even seemed to avoid me, and I was piqued. I had been spoiled, I suppose. Most of the other men I knew had—had—"

"I know that, too," I said bitterly, and moved away from her a trifle. I was brutal, but the whole story was a long torture. I think she knew what I was suffering, for she showed no resentment.

"It was early and there were few people around—none that I cared about. And mother and nurse played cribbage eternally, until I felt as though the little pegs were driven into my brain. And when Mrs. Curtis arranged drives and picnics, I—I slipped away and went. I suppose you won't believe me, but I had never done that kind of thing before, and I—well, I have paid up, I think."

"What sort of looking chap was Sullivan?" I demanded. I had got up and was pacing back and forward on the sand. I remember kicking savagely at a bit of water soaked board that lay in my way.

"Very handsome—as large as you are, but fair, and even more erect."

I drew my shoulders up sharply. I am straight enough, but I was fairly sagging with jealous rage.

"When mother began to get around, somebody told her that I had been going about with Mrs. Curtis and her brother, and we had a dreadful time. I was dragged home like a bad child. Did anybody ever do that to you?"

"Nobody ever cared. I was born an orphan," I said, with a cheerless attempt at levity. "Go on."

"If Mrs. Curtis knew, she never said anything. She wrote me charming letters, and in the summer, when they went to Cresson, she asked me to visit her there. I was too proud to let her know that I could not go where I wished, and so—I sent Polly, my maid, to her aunt's in the country, pretended to go to Seal Harbor, and really—went to Cresson. You see I warned you it would be an unpleasant story."

I went over and stood in front of her. All the accumulated jealousy of the last few weeks had been fired by what she told me. If Sullivan had come across the sands just then, I think I would have strangled him with my hands, out of pure hate.

"Did you marry him?" I demanded. My voice sounded hoarse and strange in my ears. "That's all I want to know. Did you marry him?"

"No."

I drew a long breath.

"You—cared about him?"

She hesitated.

"No," she said finally. "I did not care about him."

I sat down on the edge of the boat and mopped my hot face. I was heartily ashamed of myself, and mingled with my abasement was a great relief. If she had not married him, and had not cared for him, nothing else was of any importance.

"I was sorry, of course, the moment the train had started, but I had wired I was coming, and I could not go back, and then when I got there, the place was charming. There were no neighbors, but we fished and rode and motored, and—it was moonlight, like this."

I put my hand over both of hers, clasped in her lap. "I know," I acknowledged repentantly, "and—people do queer things when it is moonlight. The moon has got me tonight, Alison. If I am a boor, remember that, won't you?"

Her fingers lay quiet under mine. "And so," she went on with a little sigh, "I—began to think perhaps I cared. But all the time I felt that there was something not quite right. Now and then Mrs. Curtis would say or do something that gave me a queer start, as if she had dropped a mask for a moment. And there was trouble with the servants; they were almost insolent. I couldn't understand. I don't know when it dawned on me that the old Baron Cavalcanti had been right when he said they were not my kind of people. But I wanted to get away, wanted it desperately."

"Of course, they were not your kind," I cried. "The man was married. The girl Jennie, a housemaid, was a spy in Mrs. Sullivan's employ. If he had pretended to marry you I would have killed him. Not only that, but the man be murdered, Harrington, was his wife's father. And I'll see him hang by the neck yet if it takes every energy and every penny I possess."

I could have told her so much more gently, have broken the shock for her; I have never been proud of that evening on the sand. I was alternately a boor and a ruffian—like a hurt youngster who passes the blow that has hurt him on to his playmate, that both may bawl together. And now Alison sat, white and cold, without speech.

"Married!" she said finally, in a small voice. "Why, I don't think it is possible, is it? I—I was on my way to Baltimore to marry him myself, when the wreck came."

"But you said you didn't care for him!" I protested, my heavy masculine mind unable to jump the gaps in her story. And then, without the slightest warning, I realized that she was crying. She shook off my hand and fumbled for her handkerchief, and failing to find it, she accepted the one I thrust into her wet fingers.

Then, little by little, she told me from the handkerchief, a sordid story of a motor trip in the mountains without Mrs. Curtis, of a lost road and a broken car, and a rainy night when they—she and Sullivan, tramped eternally and did not get home. And of Mrs. Curtis, when they got home at dawn, suddenly grown conventional and deeply shocked. Of her own proud, half-disdainful consent to make possible the hackneyed compromising situation by marrying the rascal, and then—of his disappearance from the train. It was so terrible to her, such a heaven-sent relief to me, inspite of my rage against Sullivan, that I laughed aloud. At which she looked at me over the handkerchief.

"I know it's funny," she said, with a catch in her breath. "When I think that I nearly married a murderer—and didn't—I cry for sheer joy." Then she buried her face and cried again.

"Please don't," I protested unsteadily. "I won't be responsible if you keep on crying like that. I may forget that I have a capital charge hanging over my head, and that I may be arrested at any moment."

That brought her out of the handkerchief at once. "I meant to be so helpful," she said, "and I've thought of nothing but myself! There were some things I wanted to tell you. If Jennie was—what you say, then I understand why she came to me just before I left. She had been packing my things and she must have seen what condition I was in, for she came over to me when I was getting my wraps on, to leave, and said, 'Don't do it, Miss West, I beg you won't do it; you'll be sorry ever after.' And just then Mrs. Curtis came in and Jennie slipped out."

"That was all!"

"No. As we went through the station the telegraph operator gave Har—Mr. Sullivan a message. He read it on the platform, and it excited him terribly. He took his sister aside and they talked together. He was white with either fear or anger—I don't know which. Then, when we boarded the train, a woman in black, with beautiful hair, who was standing on the car platform, touched him on the arm and then drew back. He looked at her and glanced away again, but she reeled as if he had struck her."

"Then what?" The situation was growing clearer.

"Mrs. Curtis and I had the drawing room. I had a dreadful night, just sleeping a little now and then. I dreaded to see dawn come. It was to be my wedding day. When we found Harry had disappeared in the night, Mrs. Curtis was in a frenzy. Then—I saw his cigarette case in your hand. I had given it to him. You wore his clothes. The murder was discovered and you were accused of it! What could I do? And then, afterward, when I saw him asleep at the farm house, I—I was panic-stricken. I locked him in and ran. I don't know why he did it, but—he had killed a man."

Some one was calling Alison through a megaphone, from the veranda. It sounded like Sam. "All-ee," he called. "All-ee! I'm going to have some anchovies on toast! All-ee!" Neither of us heard.

"I wonder," I reflected, "if you would be willing to repeat a part of that story—just from the telegram on—to a couple of detectives, say on Monday. If you wou'd tell that, and—how the end of your necklace got into the sealskin bag—"

"My necklace!" she repeated. "But it isn't mine. I picked it up in the car."

"All-ee!" Sam again. "I see you down there. I'm making a julep!"

Alison turned and called through her hands. "Coming in a moment, Sam," she said, and rose. "It must be very late; Sam is home. We would better go back to the house."

"Don't," I begged her. "Anchovies and juleps and Sam will go on forever, and I have you such a little time. I suppose I am only one of a dozen or so, but—you are the only girl in the world. You know I love you, don't you, dear?"

Sam was whistling, an irritating bird call, over and over. She pursed her red lips and answered him in kind. It was more than I could endure.

"Sam or no Sam," I said firmly, "I am going to kiss you!"

But Sam's voice came strident through the megaphone. "Be good, you two," he bellowed, "I've got the binoculars!" And so, under fire, we walked sedately back to the house. My pulses were throbbing—the little swish of her dress beside me on the grass was pain and ecstasy. I had but to put out my hand to touch her, and I dared not.

Sam, armed with a megaphone and field glasses, bent over the rail and watched us with gleeful malignity.

"Home early, aren't you?" Alison called, when we reached the steps.

"Led a club when my partner had doubled no-trumps, and she fainted. Damn the heart convention!" he said cheerfully. "The others are not here yet."

Three hours later I went up to bed. I had not seen Alison alone again. The noise was at its height below, and I glanced down into the garden, still bright in the moon light. Leaning against a tree, and staring interestedly into the billiard room, was Johnson.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE DINING ROOM.

That was Saturday night, two weeks after the wreck. The previous five days had been full of swift-following events—the woman in the house next door, the picture in the theater of a man about to leap from the doomed train, the dinner at the Dallases, and Richey's discovery that Alison was the girl in the case. In quick succession had come our visit to the Carter place, the finding of the rest of the telegram, my seeing Alison there, and the strange interview with Mrs. Conway. The Cresson trip stood out in my memory for its serio-comic horrors and its one real thrill. Then—the discovery by the police of the sealskin bag and the bit of chain; Hotchkiss producing triumphantly Stuart for Sullivan and his subsequent discomfiture; McKnight at the station with Alison, and later the confession that he was out of the running.

And yet, when I thought it all over, the entire week and its events were two sides of a triangle that was narrowing rapidly to an apex, a point. And the said apex was at that moment in the drive below my window, resting his long legs by sitting on a carriage block, and smoking a pipe that made the night hideous. The sense of the ridiculous is very close to the sense of tragedy. I opened my screen and whistled, and Johnson looked up and grinned. We said nothing. I held up a handful of cigars, he extended his hat, and when I finally went to sleep, it was to a soothing breeze that wafted in salt air and a faint aroma of good tobacco. I was thoroughly tired, but I slept restlessly, dreaming of two detectives with Pittsburg warrants being held up by Hotchkiss at the point of a splint, while Alison fastened their hands with a chain that was broken and much too short. I was roused about dawn by a light rap at the door, and, opening it, I found Forbes, in a pair of trousers and a pyjama coat. He was as pleasant as most fleshy people are when they have to get up at night, and he said the telephone had been ringing for an hour, and he didn't know why somebody else in the blankety-blank house couldn't have heard it. He wouldn't get to sleep until noon.

As he was palpably asleep on his feet, I left him grumbling and went to the telephone. It proved to be Richey, who had found me by the simple expedient of tracing Alison, and he was jubilant.

"You'll have to come back," he said. "Got a railroad schedule there?"

"I don't sleep with one in my pocket," I retorted, "but if you'll hold the line I'll call out the window to Johnson. He's probably got one."

"Johnson!" I could hear the laugh with which McKnight comprehended the situation. He was still chuckling when I came back.

"Train to Richmond at 6:30 a. m.," I said. "What time is it now?"

"Four. Listen, Lollie. We've got him. Do you hear? Through the woman at Baltimore. Then—the other woman, the lady of the restaurant"—he was obviously avoiding names—"she is playing our cards for us. No—I don't know why, and I don't care. But you be at the Incubator tonight at 8 o'clock. If you can't shake Johnson, bring him, bless him."

To this day I believe the Sam Forbeses have not recovered from the surprise of my unexpected arrival, my one appearance at dinner in Granger's clothes, and the note on my dresser which informed them the next morning that I had folded my tents like the Arabs and silently stolen away. For at 5:30 Johnson and I, the former as uninquisitive as ever, were on our way through the dust to the station, three miles away, and by 4 that afternoon we were in Washington. The journey had been uneventful. Johnson relaxed under the influence of my tobacco, and spoke at some length on the latest improvements in gallows, dilating on the absurdity of cutting out the former free passes to see the affair in operation. I remember, too, that he mentioned the curious anomaly that permits a man about to be hanged to eat a hearty meal. I did not enjoy my dinner that night.

Before we got into Washington I had made an arrangement with Johnson to surrender myself at 2 the following afternoon. Also, I had wired to Alison, asking her if she would carry out the contract she had made. The detective saw me home, and left me there.

Mrs. Klopton received me with dignified reserve. The very tone in which she asked me when I would dine told me that something was wrong.

"Now—what is it, Mrs. Klopton?" I demanded finally, when she had informed me, in a patient and long suffering tone, that she felt worn out and thought she needed a rest.

"When I lived with Mr. Justice Springer," she began acidly, her mending basket in her hands, "it was an orderly, well conducted household. You can ask any of the neighbors. Meals were cooked and, what's more, they were eaten; there was none of this 'here one day and gone the next' business."

"Nonsense," I observed. "You're tired, that's all, Mrs. Klopton. And I wish you would go out; I want to bathe."

"That's not all," she said with dignity, from the doorway. "Women coming and going here, women whose shoes I am not fit—I mean, women who are not fit to touch my shoes—coming here as insolent as you please, and asking for you."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "What did you tell them—her, whichever it was?"

"Told her you were sick in a hospital and wouldn't be out for a year!" she said triumphantly. "And when she said she thought she'd come in and wait for you, I slammed the door on her."

"What time was she here?"

"Late last night. And she had a light-haired man across the street. If she thought I didn't see him, she don't know me." Then she closed the door and left me to my bath and my reflections.

At five minutes before 8 I was at the Incubator, where I found Hotchkiss and McKnight. They were bending over a table, on which lay McKnight's total armament—a pair of pistols, an elephant gun and an old cavalry saber.

"Draw up a chair and help yourself to pie," he said, pointing to the arsenal. "This is for the benefit of our friend Hotchkiss here, who says he is a small man and fond of life."

Hotchkiss, who had been trying to get the wrong end of a cartridge into the barrel of one of the revolvers, straightened himself and mopped his face.

"We have desperate people to handle," he said pompously, "and we may need desperate means."

"Hotchkiss is like the small boy whose one ambition is to have people grow ashen and tremble at the mention of his name," McKnight jibed. But they were serious enough, both of them, under it all, and when they had told me what they planned, I was serious, too."

"You're compounding a felony," I remonstrated, when they had explained. "I'm not eager to be locked away, but, by jove, to offer her the stolen notes in exchange for Sullivan!"

"We haven't got either of them, you know," McKnight remonstrated, "and we won't have, if we don't start. Come along, Fido," to Hotchkiss.

The plan was simplicity itself. According to Hotchkiss, Sullivan was to meet Bronson at Mrs. Conway's apartment, at 8:30 that night, with the notes. He was to be paid there and the papers destroyed. "But just before that interesting finale," McKnight ended, "we will walk in, take the notes, grab Sullivan, and give the police a jolt that will put them out of the count."

I suppose not one of us, slewing around corners in the machine that night, had the faintest doubt that we were on the right track, or that fate, scurvy enough before, was playing into our hands at last. Little Hotchkiss was in a state of fever; he alternately twitched and examined the revolver, and a fear that the two movements might be synchronous kept me uneasy. He produced and dilated on the scrap of pillow slip from the wreck, and showed me the stiletto, with its point in cotton batting for safekeeping. And in the intervals he implored Richey not to make such fine calculations at the corners.

We were all grave enough and very quiet, however, when we reached the large building where Mrs. Conway had her apartment. McKnight left the power on, in case we might want to make a quick get-away, and Hotchkiss gave a final look at his revolver. I had no weapon. Somehow it seemed melodramatic to the verge of farce. In the doorway Hotchkiss was a half dozen feet ahead; Richey fell back beside me. He dropped his affectation of gayety, and I thought he looked tired. "Same old Sam, I suppose?" he asked.

"Same, only more of him."

"I suppose Alison was there? How is she?" he inquired irrelevantly.

"Very well. I did not see her this morning." Hotchkiss was waiting near the elevator. McKnight put his hand on my arm. "Now, look here, old man," he said, "I've got two arms and a revolver, and you've got one arm and a splint. If Hotchkiss is right, and there is a row, you crawl under a table."

"The deuce I will!" I declared scornfully.

We crowded out of the elevator at the fourth floor, and found ourselves in a rather theatrical hallway of draperies and armor. It was very quiet; we stood uncertainly after the car had gone, and looked at the two or three doors in sight. They were heavy, covered with metal, and sound proof. From somewhere above came the metallic accuracy of a player piano, and through the open window we could hear—or feel—the throb of the Cannonball's engine.

"Well, Sherlock," McKnight said, "what's the next move in the game? Is it our jump, or theirs? You brought us here."

None of us knew just what to do next. No sound of conversation penetrated the heavy doors. We waited uneasily for some minutes, and Hotchkiss looked at his watch. Then he put it to his ears.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, his head cocked on one side, "I believe it has stopped. I'm afraid we are late."

We were late. My watch and Hotchkiss' agreed at 9 o'clock, and, with the discovery that our man might have come and gone, our zest in the adventure began to flag. McKnight motioned us away from the door and rang the bell. There was no response, no sound within. He rang it twice, the last time long and vigorous, without result. Then he turned and looked at us.

"I don't half like this," he said. "That woman is in; you heard me ask the elevator boy. For 2 cents I'd—"

I had seen it when he did. The door was ajar about an inch, and a narrow, wedge of rose-colored light showed beyond. I pushed the door a little and listened. Then, with both men at my heels, I stepped into the private corridor of the apartment and looked around. It was a square reception hall, with rugs on the floor, a tall mahogany rack for hats, and a couple of chairs. A lantern of rose-colored glass and a desk light over a writing table across made the room bright and cheerful. It was empty.

None of us was comfortable. The place was full of feminine trifles that made us feel the weakness of our position. Some such instinct made McKnight suggest division.

"We look like an invading army," he said. "If she's here alone, we will startle her into a spasm. One of us could take a look around and—"

"What was that? Didn't you hear something?"

The sound, whatever it had been, was not repeated. We went awkwardly out into the hall, very uncomfortable, all of us, and flipped a coin. The choice fell to me, which was right enough, for the affair was mine, primarily.

"Wait just inside the door," I directed, "and if Sullivan comes, or anybody that answers his description, grab him without ceremony and ask him questions afterwards."

The apartment, save in the hallway, was unlighted. By one of those freaks of arrangement possible only in a modern flat, I found the kitchen first, and was struck a smart and unexpected blow by a swinging door. I carried a handful of matches, and by the time I had passed through a butler's pantry and the refrigerator room I was completely lost in the darkness. Until then the situation had been merely uncomfortable; suddenly it became grisly. From somewhere near came a long-sustained groan, followed almost instantly by the crash of something—glass or china—on the floor.

I struck a fresh match, and found myself in a narrow rear hallway. Behind me was the door by which I must have come; with a keen desire to get back to the place I had started from, I opened the door and attempted to cross the room. I thought I had kept my sense of direction, but I crashed without warning into what, from the resulting jangle, was the dining table, probably laid for dinner. I cursed my stupidity in getting into such a situation, and I cursed my nerves for making my hand shake when I tried to strike a match. The groan had not been repeated.

I braced myself against the table and struck the match sharply against the sole of my shoe. It flickered faintly and went out. And then, without the slightest warning, another dish went off the table. It fell with a thousand splinterings; the very air seemed broken into crashing waves of sound. I stood still, braced against the table, holding the red end of the dying match, and listened. I had not long to wait; the groan came again, and I recognized it, the cry of a dog in straits. I breathed again.

"Come, old fellow," I said. "Come on, old man. Let's have a look at you."

I could hear the thud of his tail on the floor, but he did not move. He only whimpered. There is something companionable in the presence of a dog, and I fancied this dog in trouble. Slowly I began to work my way around the table toward him.

"Good boy," I said, as he whimpered. "We'll find the light, which ought to be somewhere or other around here, and then—"

I stumbled over something, and I drew back my foot almost instantly. "Did I step on you, old man?" I exclaimed, and bent to pat him. I remember straightening suddenly and hearing the dog pad softly toward me around the table. I recall even that I had put the matches down and could not find them. Then, with a bursting horror of the room and its contents, of the gibbering dark around me, I turned and made for the door by which I had entered.

I could not find it. I felt along the endless wainscoting, past miles of wall. The dog was beside me, I think, but he was part and parcel now, to my excited mind, with the thing under the table. And when, after aeons of search, I found a knob and stumbled into the reception hall, I was as nearly in a panic as any man could be.

I was myself again in a second, and by the light from the hall I led the way back to the tragedy I had stumbled on. Bronson still sat at the table, his elbows propped on it, his cigarette still lighted, burning a hole in the cloth. Partly under the table lay Mrs. Conway, face down. The dog stood over her and wagged his tail.

McKnight pointed silently to a large copper ash tray, filled with ashes and charred bits of paper.

"The notes, probably," he said ruefully. "He got them after all, and burned them before her. It was more than she could stand. Stabbed him first and then herself."

Hotchkiss got up and took off his hat. "They are dead," he announced solemnly, and took his note book out of his hat band.

McKnight and I did the only things we could think of—drove Hotchkiss and the dog out of the room, and closed and locked the door. "It's a matter for the police," McKnight asserted. "I suppose you've got an officer tied to you, somewhere, Lawrence? You usually have."

We left Hotchkiss in charge and went downstairs. It was McKnight who first saw Johnson, leaning against a park railing across the street, and called him over. We told him in a few words what we had found, and he grinned at me cheerfully.

"After while, in a few weeks or months, Mr. Blakeley," he said, "when you get tired of monkeying around with the blood-stain and finger print specialist upstairs, you come to me. I've had that fellow you want under surveillance for ten days!"

(To be Continued.)

Good Roads in Empire State

THERE are in the Empire State 80,000 miles of roads, greater mileage of which is improved highway than all of the other eastern states put together, not excluding Massachusetts. There are now 2,000 miles of state roads more under construction. There are macadam roads totalling in mileage 2,400 miles, constructed by towns. There are more than 40,000 miles of earth roads, properly shaped and crowned, stones picked and removed, depressions filled, culverts and bridges repaired. Towns have constructed 8,000 miles of gravel roads, in first-class condition.

To keep these roads in navigable, so to speak, shape means work, systematic, untiring labor on the part of a great corps of people. The state is divided into nine districts, with Frank D. Lyon, deputy commissioner of the state highway department, in actual charge of these. Each district has a superintendent, an assistant to Mr. Lyon. Then the state is again subdivided into fifty-four counties under the supervision of fifty-four superintendents, who in turn are answerable to the nine assistants to Mr. Lyon. Then it is further subdivided into 934 towns under 934 town superintendents. By this system Commissioner Lyon can reach within twenty-four hours after notification any road in the state in need of repair.

Work of construction and repair is now at its height, and Mr. Lyon's report of recent date showed that on one particular day there were 20,000 men and teams on the roads of the state.

"The upkeep of motor cars," says Mr. Lyon, "will this year be reduced 40 per cent, in my mind, on account of repairs to highways being made."

Towns are this year raising by taxes for highway improvement the sum of $2,504,675.23. The state is turning over to the towns to aid them in this work $1,593,070. Bridge work in 1910 is to cost $628,414.63. The amount to be paid out for new machinery is $180,011.25. Special road improvement in towns of the state is to cost $279,706.22, making in all $5,185,877.33 to be expended by towns this year.

The state is to bond itself for $10,000,000 for the construction of state roads. Towns and counties are to be called upon to provide as their share $5,000,000. The state legislature has appropriated $1,500,000 for the maintenance of state roads already constructed.

The sum of $21,985,877.33 is to be expended in one year, this year, for road construction and improvement throughout the great Empire State; that is, this amount is available for the work and in all probability will be utilized by the state department of highways.—Empire State Motorist.

Go It as You Please

AN OLD colored woman at Brazil, Ind.—the word old is used advisedly, for she is 98—attributes her long life and good health to the fact that she has, as she expresses it, "always done jest what I wants to." She is the oldest resident of town and county, and no one disputes her claim to that often elusive title "the oldest inhabitant." According to a correspondent of the Indianapolis News, "she is strong and robust, has perfect hearing, good eyesight, and a clear, bright mind." She has chewed and smoked since she was a child and finds tobacco "de great comfort" of her declining years.

The public is not advised as to how not many miles she is able to walk in a day, how many cows she is capable of milking before breakfast, or how many handsprings she can turn in swift succession. It is probable she can do all these things and perform many other feats besides, including the popular centenarian pastime of leaping up in the air and cracking her heels together three times. She is not a Christian Scientist, nor a pagan scientist, nor any other kind of scientist. She is oblivious to the theories of new thought and to the fads of new medicine and no medicine. If she has a subconscious mind she is not aware of it, and she has pondered no problems more serious than the relation between supply and demand as applied to bacon and corn meal; the whenceness and wherewithal of next Sunday's dinner, the distance from barn to tobacco bag, and the inadequacy of laundry revenues to meet the increased expense of chicken and chitlings.

Brazil's oldest inhabitant wouldn't recognize a rule of health if she met it in the road. She wouldn't know a sanitation bulletin from a Sunday school tract. The English alphabet is as unintelligible to her as Sanskrit. She has practiced no scheme of physical culture more elaborate than is involved in manicuring a pair of black hands on the seamy side of a washboard. Doubtless she has consumed coffee in large quantities and has indulged in something stronger at times. In short, she probably has violated every regulation of right living that has been formulated from the days of Hippocrates to the date of Dr. Woods-Hutchinson's latest magazine article. She has always "done jest what she wants to"—and she is 98—and "that is going some."

Senator Jacob Gallinger of New Hampshire, said recently that his observation had been that almost every man in this country, who had been a "crank" on the matter of correct living had died young. The senator is somewhere in the seventies, and it will be conceded that he has had some opportunities for observation. What a jolt is there for living by rule of three or thirty-three! Physicians, dietitians, and diagnosticians dying young and the poorhouses filled with centenarians, who haven't bathed since they were babies! In the immortal language of the Georgia congressman, "Where are we at?"