

that stranger who shared his room. Bill protests his innocence, that he knows nothing of the matter; that he went into the room, went to sleep, and went away. That during the night no unusual circumstance occurred. As previously intimated, Bill was traveling on private business which concerned a lady. Therefore he refused to divulge his name, or the matter which urged his speed. On this point the accused stood resolutely mute, and was staggered at the array of circumstantial evidence against him, to wit:

The stranger had never again been seen since Bill entered the room. Next morning he had disappeared. Both beds were bloody, and the room showed signs of a struggle; chair and table overturned, the glass door in the bookcase broken, blood spattered all over the floor, and the wash basin full of bloody water where the murderer had presumably cleansed himself. From the window-sill a trail of blood and tracks led straight to the beach. Between this window and the beach were found signs of another and more desperate struggle in the sand, with more blood, much more. This proved, as detectives reasoned, that B. Grouch was bearing the body to the shore when the stranger revived and they fought again. There Bill finished him off, and flung his corpse into the sea.

In face of these damning facts they urged Bill to confess, yet he stubbornly insisted that all this stuff was news to him.

For months the authorities held B. Grouch in gaol hoping that the sea might give up its dead and make their chain of evidence complete. Then, without being able to produce a dead man, they went to trial and convicted Bill anyhow. In the remorseless course of justice Bill stood up for sentence.

"B. Grouch, Esq.," asked the solemn judge, "have you any reason to give why you should not be hanged?—or words to that discouraging effect.

"Stop, Judge, stop!" a dishevelled man shouted from the doorway, where he fought with the bailiff to get in, "Stop, Judge. I'm the man that he is supposed to have killed."

Then all the facts came out. The stranger was afflicted with a chronic bleeding at his nose. On that particular morning, after his roommate was gone, he had a violent nasal hemorrhage. He rose and stumbled about the room, dropping blood everywhere, overturning a chair and table, and accidentally breaking a glass door in the bookcase. His room being dark, the sufferer staggered back to the wrong bed and fell across it, dropping blood over that as well as his own. He bathed in the basin, trying to stop the flow. As fresh air sometimes helped him, he climbed out of the window to take a walk. Near the beach he was set upon by a press gang, where in spite of manful resistance the sailors overpowered and carried him aboard His Majesty's Warship Pegasus, bound for Egypt. After an absence of months he returned to England and read in a news-

paper that a Mr. Grouch was being tried for his murder; and so had hurried to the court.

This is a famous story, often told by criminal lawyers in their arguments against a conviction on circumstantial evidence. But the point that appeals to Bill Grouch is the press gang which abducted the young stranger, just grabbed up a British subject, dry so, and carried him off to sea. A peaceable citizen, charged with no crime, is set upon and kidnapped. His relatives have no tidings, and believe him to be murdered. And his abductors are not bandits, but a captain in the Royal Navy, with one or more lieutenants, and a band of trustworthy men. Such was the law and the custom of England. When men were needed aboard ship, and volunteers came in slowly, the captain would send a gang ashore, a press gang, to pick up any able-bodied youngster that happened to be floating around loose.

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Now we come, gradually, to what we've been driving at all the time, that any American disposed to be pessimistic, need only look about him at other lands and former generations. The few details given here should lead him to think of a thousand abuses that have been corrected, and oppressions of which this particular part of the world is now so happily free.

Our own country is not "going down." Even if in some particular you suspect a tendency to back-slide, don't make it your business to grease the skids. Throw sand. Grit has built these United States, and grit, with ordinary common sense, will keep shoving us up hill.

No man who thinks, no man who works, no student can fail to believe that general conditions are brighther for us to-day than at any period of our history. Of course we must bar certain temporary evils and readjustments following the late war. We must make charitable allowance for the shell-shock that all humanity has suffered. The nerves of men are still on edge. Not yet have we become normal; not yet have passions and hatreds subsided, as they will in time. Not yet have we regained a placid possession of our faculties. But when we take stock of the year-by-year accomplishments, a rotten branch lopped off, a seed planted, a tree coming to maturity, then we see most clearly that the procession of the ages is moving forward.

After the blackness of this war, God will again make green His world. He who doubts that should have seen what this writer once observed on the war-lashed fields of Picardy. Men, soaked and wounded and spent, like mud-plastered demons crouched sullenly in their trenches, or gave back inch by inch. It was the autumn of 1917. Russia had fallen into anarchy, and Italy reeled dizzily from the most stunning disaster in military annals. Released from these two fronts, additional men and guns were hurled against our wavering

western line. We feared that flesh and blood could not withstand them.

In a torrential rain this writer sat upon the trunk of a fallen apple tree, in what once had been a generous orchard. All the trees had been cut down and now lay withered upon the ground, amidst such wreckage and desolation as terrified the soul. The song of the earth and the air was death, death, death. It seemed grotesquely hopeless that men should try to go on living. The horizon blazed with fire, shells shrieked overhead—death, death, death, the end of all things, beyond hope of resurrection. Then the writer saw something of which he was not then conscious—an apple tree, merely a tree whose trunk had not been quite severed from the stump. Prone it lay amongst the dead, yet clinging to its vital spark of life. Only the slightest shred of bark remained to feed it, but that tree blossomed, budded, and bore its fruit. Superior to the mire, superior to the fire, ignoring the revelry of death, its undaunted branches held up their load of golden apples. A miracle! A rainbow! God's promise to His world that good shall never perish, that He will replenish His earth.

And our brave upstanding American men and women, whom the same God has created in His own image, may we not have an abiding faith in them, that some way, somehow, they will find a sure path to justice and to peace?

A happening in Judge Morrow's court: "Have you anything to say before the Court passes sentence upon you?"

Prisoner: "Well, all I've got to say is, I hope your honor'll consider the extreme youth of my lawyer, an' let me off easy."

Judah was from Seattle. — At a recent state legislative session in the state of Washington representatives from Pierce County in which is located the city of Tacoma, were assigned to a committee composed of a number of representatives from King County in which is located the City of Seattle. During the session this committee met one evening in conference on bills in a spacious hotel room in the State Capitol City of Olympia. On the wall of the room hung a picture of the twelve apostles. As the committee members were gathering a prominent Seattle man who for some time had been nursing anything but friendly feelings for the people of Tacoma—as a result of the prolonged wrangle between the people of the two cities over the permanent name of a mountain peak in the distance from both places—commented dryly: "I presume they were all from Tacoma who are on that picture?" Not all," replied the committee chairman who hailed from Tacoma, "Judah was from Seattle."

Customer: "Your beastly hair restorer has made my hair come out more than ever!"

Barber: "Ah, you must have used too much, sir! Made the hair come right out instead of only half way."