

(John Sweeney, for many years an in-spectro-detective at Scalinal Yard, long are while, He became connected with the End-th of the marker of the Song and song hyperbased at transfer to the Bureau of Criminal hyperbased at transfer to the Bureau of Criminal hyperbased at transfer to the Bureau of Criminal hyperbased at the second source of the Her hyperbased at the second source of the hyperbased at the second source of the hyperbased of the Marting and source of the motion of the Marting and source of hyperbased at the main facts, though pro-tool of the Marting and the source of the protocypes in the second factor. How a had

S IR WILLIAM and Lady Hart had iospitable pair in all of Great Britain-and that is saying a good deal. They had a beautiful country seat just outside of London, where they entertained on a palatial scale. House partion were of frequent occurrence, and the guests on such occasions included the best people in England. Titles were the rule and coronets were very much in evidence. Sir William was the ruling spirit and his constant desire was to make everyone happy. During the day outdoor sports had precedence, but in the evening there was music and cards in the handsome drawing-rooms, with the noble host acting as master of the revels.

On the occasion to which the pres-ent story refers Sir William and Lady Hart gave a particularly elaborate af fair. It was a seven-day house party concluding with a brilliant ball. There were come 40 guests in all, and four of them at least were related to the of the gentlemen were accompanied by their personal valets and nearly all of the ladies were attended by their ewn maids. Such were the character-ters and such was the lavish manner in which the exceptional entertainment was planned. The seven days' programme was carried out without a hitc... On the first day there was a polo game in which the guests who had brought their own smart ponies participated. On each succeeding day there was some different form of enthere was a tertainment.

On the evening of the final day-it On the evening of the final day—it must have been a Friday—there was a great ado over the preparations for the ball. No one was more excited than Lady Hart herself. And well might she be, for on that occasion she was to avear for the first time a mag-nificent creation from Paris. Besides, abe was to deck herself out in the Hart meme. Anyone who has even had the Anyone who has ever had the RCODH. pleasure of sceing these rare old fam-ily heirlooms need not be told that they are both unique and costly. My lady had been busily engaged in her boudoir with her maid for over an hour. She was all ready for the ball. Everything was in place except the genne-they lay on the dressing-table ready to be fastened in Lady Hart's corsage. The clock on the mantel pealed out seven allvery strokes. Lady Hart looked at her maid. She was a

"My child, you look thoroughly ex-hausted. I'm through with you for the present. I can attach the jewels to my dress without your sid. Go to your room and rest and report to me again at midnight." The girl thanked her mistress and

The girl thanked her mistress and left the room. Lady Hart gave a final survey of berself in the long pier mir-ror. It was satisfactory. But the fom-inine desire to get the judgment of someone else took possession of her mind. She picked up the jeweis and was about to put them on. The large one was magnificently beautiful. It was a treat ruby surmounded with a one was magnificently beautiful. It was a great ruby surmounded with a glittering framework of the purest diamonds. Two others, in the form of crescents, were pure pearls. Altogeth-er, they represented a modest fortune. Lady Hart hesitated for a moment. She wanted to know what another woman would think of her Parisian gown by itself-minus the prestige which would

be given it by the famous gems. Lady Sutherland, her special friend, was near by in a room on the other side of inc

Lady Sutherland was in raptures over the new gown. It would surely make a sensation. Lady Hart, delighted, re-turned to her room. She went in and closed the door. The next moment every-one in the vicinity was startled by a series of piercing screams. Several is-dies rushed to the room of the hostess. She explained the cause of her agitation in a few disionted sentences: in a few disjointed sentences:

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in a few disjointed sentences: The Hart gems were gone! It would be difficult to depict the ex-clament of the next few minutes. Sir-William was one of the first to reach his wife's room and with masculine de-cision he soon restored quiet. Whatever the fate of the gems, it must not dis-turb the harmony of the occasion. Lady Hart recovered her self-possession quick-is and heartily regretted having caused any agliation among her guests. The ball would have to proceed as though nothing had happened. The music started, the grand opening waltz began, and after that Sir William quietly left his guests and got into telephonic com-munication with the London police au-thorities. thorities.

As the result of that, John Sweeney,

As the result of that, John Sweeney, detective-inspector of Scotland Yard, appeared on the scene. Sir William Johned him in the library and the two men went over all of the facts in the case. The first order of the detective was that no one should leave the house that night--It was then about 10 o'clock-without the permission of the host. Sir William was inclined to demur at this suggestion. He seemed to think that it might reflect upon his hospitality. Ho was finally persuaded that it was necessary, and two servants were dis-patched to give the gatekeepers the or-ders. ders.

Detective Sweeney then inquired about Detective Sweeney then inquired about Lady Hart's mid. She seemed a nat-ural object of suspicion. But it soon ap-peared that the young woman had a complete alibi. It was proven that she had gone to her room immediately after being dismissed by her mistress and being very tired had thrown herself on her couch and had slept soundly amid all the excitement over the stolen tewels. Sir couch and had slept soundly amid all the excitement over the stolen jewels. Sir William was asked to tell the detective all he knew about the personality of his guests. He did so, protesting all the while. His biographical sketches, for the most part, were very flattering. There was one impecunious earl in the party, it is true, who was notoriously pressed for money. It was even hinted that he had once been detected in unsentlemanly practices at cards. But when the detec-tive pressed the clew a little too hard. Sir William shut up like a clam, saying that of all things in the world there was nothing for which he had greater respect than genteel poverty.

nothing for which he had greater respect than genteel poverty. Finally the servants were brought in and cross-questioned. They exhibited all sorts of queer mental traits from gross stupidity to imbeelle indignation. The only testimony that had the slightest value was given by a pert mail who said John Martin had been seen in the corridor leading to Lady Hart's room about the leading to Lady Hart's room about the time of the robbery. "Who is John Martin?" quickly queried

"Who is Joint allight the detective. "He is the valet and attendant of Sir Archibald Hunter," replied the host. "He must be the man!" Sir William smiled, screastically. "There's only one flaw in that theory." "What is it?" Sir Archibald and his attendant left

what is here Sir Archibald and his attendant left yesterday. I forgot to mention that when we were going over the list of the guests

Detective Sweeney's face fell. But he as pugnacious. "How can we prove that?" Sir William looked up with WSS

prised glance.

"It don't have to be proven. It's a fact. I accompanied Sir Archibald to his carriage and saw him drive off, and his man was with him." "That's too bad."

The host

think it's good-for Sir Archi-"I think bald's man."

Why Admiral Evans' Men Will Not Desert Even the Rawest Recruit Knows Better Than to Take Chances in a South American Port.

There are too many busted, beach-

combing greasers, anyhow, to pick up

an occasional crumb to leave any room

something possessed or ever did pos-

sess the slightest inclination to lend

gringo. And they never did possess

and don't nossess any such feeling toward United Statesians of any class

toward United Statesians of any class. "When a native of this country gets himself into the position of a beach-comber in any Latin American country bis plight is miserable beyond depiction. Better, far better, for a ship jumping sallorman to be combing the beach of any, of the mid-Pacific or South Sea Islands.

If he doesn't get much on the Islands they won't run him, anyway; they sort

bald's man." After some further talk, Sir William and the detective took a walk about the premises and made an examination of locks and bolts. They strolled into the grounds and interviewed the two

thing that gets 'em. Coaling ship is the

BY GEORGE B No.IV. Inspector Sweney and the Stolen Gems sald



utes, but on his return the servant was of thieves could escape while he was don't attach any significance to that. nowhere to be seen. Detective Sweeney let out an excla-mation of impatience. Simply the derelection of a careless is ervant. I doubt whether anyone has liam, "don't you understand that the

pect my guests your work shall stop rapped at the door vigorously.

The detective smiled grimly. had met with similar experiences be-fore. After a maoment's silence, he

"I propose that the credentials of every one of your servants be care-fully investigated—and that the ante-cedents of every servant belonging to your guests be probed."

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your guests be probed." The suggestion met with so much opposition that it was abandoned. The detective remained in the library until nearly midnight. He seemed to have run up against a dead wall. But he had been doing a lot of thinking. As he started to leave one of the servanis tapped on the door. "What is it?" cried Sir William im-nationaly.

patiently. "A telegram for Lord Mortimer," was

the response. Lord Mortimer was the impecunious earl. The bost was instantly all atten-tion. He took the telegram and excused himself to the detective. "Pardon me a moment until I give this to Mortimer."

He left the room and was gone ten or 5 minutes. He returned with a per-15 minutes.

15 minutes. He returned with a per-plexed look. "What is it?" asked the detective. "Mortimer's not in his room, and I can't locate him anywhere." The reply had escaped him almost un-consciously. The next moment he bit his lip in vexation. He was sorry he had snoken.

"Of course," he said almost rudely, "there's no significance in his absence from his room. He's about somewhere." "Of course," assented Sweeney, tactfully

The detective remained at the house all The detective remained at the house all night. When he departed for Scotland Yard in the morning he carried with him an ordinary drinking glass-a dirty glass that looked as if it might have contained stale ale the night before. He had picked it up in one of the rooms of the house and the care he bestowed upon it almost bordered on the ludicrous. He seemed particularly anxious not to parmit the glass to rub against anything. An hour later a chance visitor at Scot-land Yard might have witnessed a curlous experiment being made with an ordinary

land Yard might have witnessed a curious experiment being made with an ordinary drinking glass. The experiment was a success. The operative discovered on the glass the imprints of four fingers and a thumb. The marks were perfectly distinct and the finger and thumb prints had been reproduced perfectly on sen-sitized paper. That was the beginning. It was next learned that only one train had left the

rant was the beginning. It was next learned that only one train had left the railroad station near Sir William Hart's country place between the hours of 6 and 19 o'clock on the previous night. The theft had been committed between those

A visit to the office of the railroad company resulted in finding the conductor who had charge of that particular train He remembered that one passenger had boarded the train at the station. "Did he go on to London?" he was

representative from Scotland 1 ard 100s at his cab? Most assuredly he felt com-plimented at such attention. The ram-shackle old vehicle was found in the stable. A careful examination was made. The result was remarkable.

There were five distinct spots on the dirts cab door and they were the im-prints of four fingers and a thick thumb Most startling of all, the prints on the

long wait, a smooth-shaven man in his He shirt sleeves responded. The detective

was keyed up to his responsibility. He did not give the man time to speak, but said sharply: "Good morning, Mr. Martin."

The man drew back. "How did you know..." he began, then changing his manner to one of deflance, he cried: "My name's not Martin."

"Oh, yes, it is," was the cheerful re-sponse, "you're John Martin." "Well," was the dogged response, "what do you want?" "I want Lady Hart's gems," snapped

The detective. The fellow's face became ashen and he started to retreat. But it was too late. In a trice the detective had slipped a pair of handcuffs upon his slender wrists.

wrists. That night John Martin was behind prison bars and Lady Hart's precious gems had been restored to her. There was no possible doubt about his guilt. The maid servant who had almost

guilt. The maid servant who had almost cried her eyes out at the mere thought that she might be suspected was de-lighted with the return of the jewels. Lord Mortimer never even knew he was a suspect. The impecunious nobleman was not in his room, it is true, but he was located later in the night calmly sleeping under the billiard table-a con-dition induced by a heavy meal and an overabundance of champagne. John Martin proved to be a profes-sional thief. On numerous occasions he had acted as an extra servant at house-parties. Forged references and a month of faithful service enabled him to get a position with Sir Archibald Hunter, who was the respected younger son of an

who was the respected younger son of an aristocratic but not particularly wealthy family. In due course of time he formed one of the inhabitants of Sir William Hart's house in the name and capacity of John Martin, valet and attendant to his master. Sir Archibald. Martin had impressed his master with his knowledge impressed his master with his knowledge of amateur fire brigade work, and on more than one occasion gave an exhi-bition of this accomplishment by drilling the servants in various phases of fire extinguishing operations. On his arrival at Sir William's house Sir Archibald in-troduced the subject of fire in the gen-eral conversation at dinner, and Sir Wil-liam had to admit that for so large a house as his he feared the fire precau-tions were far from perfect. It was the most natural thing in the world for Sir Archibald to place Martin's services at Sir William's disposal. Martin made a great show of instruct-

Sir William's disposal. Martin made a great show of instruct-ing the servants, but his sole object was to become intimately acquainted with the geography of the house. Under the guise of carefully examining possible exits in case of fire, of arranging where hydrants should be stationed, imspecting the win-dows. doors and staircases, and the general structure of the house. Martin was not only able to get an accurate idea of where the various rooms were situated, but he became acquainted also with many points of detail important to his contemplated enterprise. He was also able to take impressions of locks and tamper with bolts during the course of

asked. "No," was the response, "he alighted at the first station this side of London." The trail was becoming interesting. It was followed until it led to the station this side of London. The only cabman at that station was awakened from his slumbers to answor the questions of the detective. He was a typical "night hawk." Yee, he had answered, he had one customer that night. Could he let the representative from Sociland Yard look at his cab? Most assuredly he felt com-plimented at such attention. The ram-shuckle old vohicle was found in the stable. A careful examination was made. and the jewels lying exposed on the dressing-table proved too strong a temp-tation for his avaricious nature. He quickly slipped in, put the jewels in his pockets, and then calmly mingled with the other servants. Later on he was the

corridor. She laid the jewels on the dressing-table and tripped out of the room. She was gone less than five minutes,

Bob'-always did have more luck

remarked a man who knows a

lot about the American Navy. "Granting him his aggressiveness, he ought really to be called 'Lucky Bob.' He always even if the greasers that have got

"Take this stunt he's just embarking ! an assistful hand to a down and out

than a blue-gummed dinge in a -crap

gets a break. Things have a way of

upon-guiding the battleship fleet around

to the West Coast. That in itself is the

awellest assignment ever pulled down by

an American Admiral in a time of peac

Of course, the job belongs to him. He's the man in line for it. But doesn't that

fact in itself help to brace up my asser-

tion-and don't imagine that I'm alone in

making the assertion-that Evans is one

of the luckiest heavy-weather men we

in being in line for the fat assignment

That's been pretty well fanned over al-

ready. What I'm thinking about particu-

larly as an element of his unfailing luck is

the soft time he's going to have of it with his ships' crews on the way 'round to

"Now ordinarily when an Admiral takes a fleet off on a distant sea bike of this character he's got to figure and does fig-ure upon a most shocking and irritating thinning out of the freshily shipped enlist-ed force by desertion. Admiral Bob doesn't have to make any calculations on that at all. He'll have his ships' compa-nies for and right up to their full strength when the fact route through the Golden

when the fleet pulls through the Golden Gate. Why? Simplest thing in life. Be-cause he'll only touch on the cruise at South American and Central American

and Mexican ports to do his fleet coaling.

ordinarily when an Admiral takes

"But I didn't start to talk about his luck

coming his way.

ever had?

San Francisco.

the grounds and interviewed the two gatekeepers. The gatekeeper at the south entrance said one of the servants had brought him a message that no one was to be permitted to leave the house that night. The servant, whom he did not recognize, then volunteered to stay on guard until he—the south gatekeep-er—should go and give similar instrue-tions to the gatekeeper at the north entrance. He was gone but a few min-

strength.

quick, if they don't know already, that they've got a little way of surrendering deserters out that way that makes ship jumping unwholesome work. Moreover, the guiding impulse of a ship jumper is to get back home. Him for the simple life, back home if he can only make it. The homes of most of the enlisted fel-lows attached to the battleship fleet are "B OB EVANS-it makes him fight- well be for any lift he'll get, except thing mournful for Robley to con-

The homes of most of the enlisted fel-lows attached to the battleship fleet are far on this side of the Rocky Mountains. Well-er-by the way, did you ever hap-pen to be broke in San Francisco ? No? Well, don't you ever let that thing hap-pen to you, that's all; don't. "And if it's the awful place to be stranded in it's the devil's own town to get away from-to get East, for instance. Those intervening mountains, plains, pe-raries and deserts-man, man, don't you "It's all the coaling. That's the main stunt that makes it hard for all of the schemes and devices framed up by crafty recruiting officers to keep the Navy up to its full or anything like its full enlisted

"The fellows who ship are not such softics as to suppose that they're going to have a snap in the Navy; nothing like raries and deserts-man, man, don't you ever be so foolish as to permit yourself to be broke in San Francisco, because if you do it'll be the dismalest, dirglest ex-perience of your whole life, and then that. But they rarely have the slightest advance understanding of the meanness and divvel'shness of coaling a man-o'-war, and their first experience at that

"Well, man-o'-war's men when they're making up their minds to jump ship set o work to obtain a sort of line on what when, and there has experience at that stunt gets them on the raw and causes many of them quickly to make up their minds to make the forget-it jump at the very first decent opportunity. Their point of view is that they've been conned, as they usually set is heir chances are going to be to get away their chances are going to be to get away from the port at which they make their jump, and any inquiries that they make in respect to this in and around San Francisco are bound to be discouraging. Of course those with money coming to them can hop at San Francisco if they feel like digging up the main part of the earned wad or all of it just for the ride back toward the Atlantic seaboard. But enlisted men sure do nachully hate to hey usually call it. They say that they never understood that they'd have to poke through such measiy, bedinged labor

back toward the Atlantic scaboard. But enlisted men sure do nachully hate to surrender the whole pile just for a ride, and so the chances are overwhelmingly in favor of Admiral Robley Evans losing proportionately fewer of his enlisted men tioned-namely, faulty diet, digestion, air exercise, sleep and perturbation of

by describin on this the biggest time of peace sea hike in our naval history than ever happened before since we had a navy.

Shucks.

pany.

New York Sun. Jim Smith's the most contrariest man Was ever lickt;

Can't say a thing but what's he's boun' He'll contradict. He wun't dispost ye out'n out. But snorts ye back an answer 'bout

"Shucks!" Jest "Shucks!"

bunkers. That work is enough to take the heart out of the sunniest kind of chaps, and it does. That's why the black gang on a man-o-war is rarely kept up to its full enlisted strength. A large proportion of the hands of the black gang I argy with him half the day

On politics: Jim's 'way back yet in Jackson's time, An' there he slicks; I tell him things has moved since then; He aims a squirt an' grunts again; "Shucks!" Jest "Shucks!"

I read him all the newest things The paper quotes: "Bout alrograms an subway ships, An syin boats. I ask him: "Ain't it marvellus"" But Jim, he chuckles with a cuss "Shucks" Jest "Shucks"

I bet ye when the summons comes I get ye when the subminist comes From Gabriel To gather all the folks aroun' An sort een well if Jim's assigned a Heavenly place He'll growt, w' onbellevin' face, "Shucks?"

Jest "Shucks!"

An Easy Way by Which to Cure the Blues F you have the blues, if your brain | with you-look at that waistcoat of | ulated by a nerve which orders its consuddenly feels "overful with emptiyours! traction o of Dr. Kellogg and Dr. Abrams that a constant maintenance of a cramped up position, whether in standing or in sit-ting, leads to the weakening of that The professor, taken unawares, looked ness," try this: put both hands, one guiltily downward, although sure that nothing was to be seen there that could be termed a bay window. Instead be saw a number of creases and folds running over the other, on your abdomen just below the navel and press as hard as you can without causing pain. Then push your hands upward till they touch nerve so that it practically ceases to do service, with the result that the blood is service, with the result that the bloc allowed freely to flow into the portal without being forced out of it as The mischief done is a double one. crossways over the front of the lower the ribs. Repeat this movement fifteen part of the waistcoat. "Yes, that's just it," said Doctor Kel-"Yes, that's just it." said Doctor Kei-logg following the glance of his patient. "You are always bent double whenever you have a chance-standing, sitting, and you have a chance-standing, sitting, and even in bed, I should think. Now He down on this table and I'll show you or twenty times. It is pretty certain that the end of the experiment your view of the world will have grown brighter. There are even in bad, I should think. Now lie down on this table and I'll show you what will happen to you." The professor stretched himself out on his back upon one of those long-legged couches that you see in clinics and doc-tors' offices. Then Dr. Kellogg went through the operations described above, and in five minutes the Easterner thought that he had means full as hearing as " several ways similar in nature to pro-duce the same result, but this one is the Anybody who has had cacasion to vary easiest and quickest. All it does is to, at a juncture when his powers seemed to be waning must have noticed the revival restore to general circulation a surplus of blood accumulated by the portal vein at the expense of the rest of the ornot only of energy but of fancy. The exganism. For in such congestion some doctors

that he had never felt so happy or efficient in all his life have discovered a cause of brain fag and His joy was still more increased when melancholy not even dreamed of by the the doctor gave him a belt that looked as if it had two buckles instead of one in front. Back of the buckles were springs gentle Robert Burton when he wrote his "Anatomy of Melancholy." In that which pushed them against the stomach when the belt was put on. The inwardness of the trouble as well work six non-natural-that is, not inbred -causes of mental depression are men-

as the cure was explained by Dr. Kellogg at the time. He explained it to many members of his own profession, too. But owing to the belief that no man could Until recently science had not been able to add much to that list. Nor was it able to improve materially the list of prin-cipal remedies given by Burton, and inpossibly be at once a Seventh-Day Ad-ventist-which Dr. Kellogg is-and a good physician his discovery was ignored mostly. About a year ago Dr. Abrams, of San

cluding these items: prayer, medicine, rectification of dist, good air, travel, exercise, and "mirth and merely com-About a year ago Dr. Abrams, of San Francisco, happened in the course of his investigations upon the same truth which had become evident to Dr. Kellogg earlier, and he published a book called "The Blues," in which he set forth the direct connection between a too sombre outlook on life, or an unwarrantedly fatigued brain, and congestion of the blood in the portal veln. And now science has taken notice, so that the provalence of the blue color in this world may in the near future cease. One of the first indications that a seventh cause of melancholy might be seventh cause of melancholy might be found, although not discovered by Galen, Jean Fernal. Carto or any other ancient authority quoted by Burton, is given by Doctor Christian Wilhelm Hufeland, a German physician who more than a hundred years ago wrote a treatise on the art of prolonging life, chiling it "Makrobiotik." He says in his book that one of the best remedies for a hypochon-driac tendency is to rub the abdomen for

color in this world may in the near future cease. The portal vein combines into one ves-sel several smaller ones coming from the stomach, the pancreas and the gall blad-der, and carries the combined flow of blood into the liver. It has been called the largest vein in the body, and its ca-pacity is said to be sufficient when strained to hold at once practically every drop of blood conjained in the system. Cases are on record of persons who have bled to death, although not a drop of blood appeared outside the body. Au-topsy proved that the blood had been drained into the portal vein and held there. This vein is also remarkable be-cause dn structure and many character-

one of the best remedies for a hypochon-drine tendency is to rub the abdomen for fifteen minutes with the paim of the hand or a woolen rag. It is now nearly twenty years since Doctor J. H. Kellogg of Battle Creek. Mich., found himself puzzled by the failure of his remedies to work a com-plete curs in the cases of certain neuras-thenic patients. It took him a couple of years to discover the cause and to prove it. Then the remedy was self-evident. Thus it happened that when some years ago a professor in one of the Eastern universities went to Doctor Kellogg with a complaint that he was growing old at the age of 35 and that probably his diet was responsible for this p e-mature senility. Doctor Kellogg reiolned: "Something else than diet is the matter. The flow to and from that vein is reg-

planation is simple-whatever notions he had gone through, particularly if he had to go out into the open air, started the circulation anew and brought a fresh sup-

ply of blood to the brain, which

bit of order to the brain, when was an that organ wanted. Believers in this theory point out that neurasthenics invariably show round

neurasthenics invariably show round backs and fronts curving inward. The German and French humorous papers, which delight in caricaturing decadent types, never fall to picture them in posi-tions having tions having more in common with the circle than with the straight line. It is also easily understood that any sedentary occupation may produce this particular sort of laxness, and with it those dreaded blues.

Fortunately remedies are easy both of plest, has already been indicated. But others, more lasting in their effects, are recommended because they dispose of the trouble itself instead of merely giving temporary relief. The wearing of a belt is declared to be always advisable in cases of this

The weating be always advisable in cases of this kind, especially if it is wider than those usually found, say two inches or more wide, and is not drawn too tight.

All exercise tending to strengthen the abdominal muscles will also bring the regulator of the portal vein back to lis duty. One good plan is to take a cannon ball covered with leather or cloth and roll it around on the abdo-men, care being taken to roll it from right to left and not the other way.

right to left and not the other way. Among the main factors influencing the abdominal region in an évil way must be mentioned the type of chair now commonly made and used. Its straight back and seat parallel with the floor practically force the sitter into unwholesome postures. It is a choice between bending over forward or recilinity on the small of once back

they won't run ham, anyway: they sort of let him alone and permit him to mooch around, doing the best he can, till he sees a chance to shake a shovel or swab paint or something on a ship or steamer bound for some American port. The gringo beachcomber in a Latin American country is herided with the sandfiles and the fiddler crabs. as coaling ship comes to for all hands, or they never would have shipped. And so awa they go away they go. "The coal passers' force suffers the most at the first part made by a ship with a new crew. Hard, rugged fellows imagine before they ship in the navy as coal heavers that they're got a pretty good idea of what they're going up against, and they figure that they can endure it, if only for the sake of the additional money that they make over and above the pay dished out to lands-men (lubber deckhands) who ship at the same time with them. But they rarely allow sufficiently for the misery of the coal heaver's billet. They can't possibly apprehend the gloom and sweating labor and choking wretchedness of those four hour, watches in the dead dark ship's bunkers. That work is enough to take magine before they ship in the navy as Man-o'-war's men know these things and that's what gives Bob Evans his fine. close hauled, housed over, battened down cinch on his heap big wise cruise he's starting on. He'll carry his ships comstarting on. He'll carry his ships' com-panies into California's chief port with

him. They'll stick along with him just like little birdles that've. got clipped They'll stand for the constant coaling all right-they'll have to stand for it.

They wouldn't have to, as I say, and wouldn't in any other mess of ports than the Latin American ports-but down that way they fl stand for and by any old thing.

thing. "If, for limbering up purposes, Evans had, for example, to take his fleet down to Havana and then bring it back to some United States port before the final get-away-to Charleston or Savannah, we'll say-why, then the aggressive Robley "ould have something to keep him tossing in his Admiral's bunk about. For at the American port to which haves and man-o'-wars-men don't jump their ships in South or Central America or in Mexico. Yeu can gamble they don't. whiles in South or Central America or in Nexciso. Yea can gamble they don't have something to keep him to site the the american port to which he 'te wath a soft or the american port to which he 'te marke anywhere else him tosing in his Admiral Bob wouldn't lose hands so fast that there'd be some embarrass man hand over hand scamper from the battleships at the American port in such in makes the hand over hand scamper from the battleships at the American port in such in makes that they'd look the an erise of the some and while on they set in to keep has and they keep in such and over hand scamper from the battleships at the American port in such in makes the fand over hand scamper from the battleships at the American port in such in mided while on liberty and quite forget in the solut sy and means of making it hot for interlopers for any outsiders, that is, who drift in either stat they'd ever been aboard of a guarde in the some to the ships' companies of the ships' companies of the ships' companies and they is an quite forget in a Latin-American country. He's a leper, that's what he is—or might as they'd ever been aboard of a guarde for the battleship fleet to hop ship at San Francisco. They'li find out pret-they was a spare with the file of the ships' companies of the ships' companies of the ships' companies of the ships'

simply will not stick.