FOR DEAR OLD YALE

A Rare Adventure Tale

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BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

IN A HUNDRED towns along the upper waters of the Euphrates was sounding the steady lu-lu-lu of fanatical hordes slaughtering Christians. The Kurds were abroad, with battle cries of Islam on their lips, and the mercy of tigers in their hearts. The Turkish soldiery looked on stolidly at the butchery, sometimes helping it, though vowing with much talk that they were out for the defense. The Armenians simply died, as is their way, sometimes by tens, sometimes by thousands.

At the mission station five miles from Harput some Christians of a different type were gathered—fighting Christians, who knew the uses of soap and gunpowder, and had a flag worth talking about to protect them, a flag with stripes on it and stars, that has been heard of in the world. Still this flag was far away and the Kurds were near.

There were men here and women, sheltered in a stone house with a stone wall around it, built by Ohio Presbyterians to show people who wear turbans how people who wear pot hats do such things as preaching and decimal fractions. The women in the house were sure there was no danger; the men, excepting Professor Peabody, knew they would be lucky if they were not massacred to the last mother's child.

Gathered here in this mission station, and well content to have the stone wall around them, and shooting tackle within, were some 25 souls, six of them Americans, the rest natives of one breed or another who had accepted the story of Jesus and were suffering for it. There were half a dozen students from the Euphrates College, now a pile of smoldering ruins in Harput, earnest-eyed young men, who had fled from death with their Bibles and flowing trousers and their small black fezes. There were some Armenian girls and women, beautiful submissive creatures, born to be bought and sold, to suffer and die. There were three American ladies, two of them teachers from Constantinople, and one the wife of Father Asdadur, as he was called, the finest old missionary in all Asia Minor, and in charge of the station. Then there were two newly arrived missionaries, one with his bride, who had come from New England in service of the board, and were pushing on to the East and wondering how far they would get. Finally, there was a man from Chicago who told "funny" stories and had great enterprise. He was a rug merchant who had journeyed inland for bargains in Daghestans and Cashmeres, and heartily wished he had stuck to the seaport bazaars.

Beyond doubt, the most learned member of this handful of Christians, and yet the most unwise, was Professor Walter Lathrop Sheffield Peabody (to give him all his names), a very famous man, whom Yale University had sent out to oversee some archaeological excavations in the valley of the Euphrates. This they had done because Professor Peabody understood archaeology as well as sociology, and Greek, and many other things. Indeed, he was Yale's bright, particular star, one of those men who are irritatingly brilliant. He had a wonderful memory, he was a wonderful whist player, he was a wonderful conversationalist, in fact he was fitted for nearly everything except dealing with Xeibeck chieftains, who, between you and me, care no more for a New Haven lion than they do for a Persian cat. The professor's folly had come on this very morning when he had fired a rifle shot at a group of horsemen passing in the distance. To understand why he did this takes us back to the week before, when the company inside the mission walls had defended themselves as best they could, and fortunately with success, against some Kurdish stragglers who had conceived it a pleasant pastime to loot the place and kill the people in it, at least the men. And in this skirmish the versatile professor had come off less gloriously than was his wont; indeed, to tell plain truth, when he heard the bullets pattering about and the crimes of the marauders, he had gone back into one of the inner rooms—and stayed there.

Fortunately the affair had turned out all right, thanks mainly to the lion fighting of young Eli Morris, a protege of Peabody's and a notable in his own way at Yale, where it was said that no man had ever passed him on the football field, and no man had ever failed to pass him in the classroom. Eli was on this archaeological business because his father, who was rich, thought that a year or so abroad with Professor Peabody would do the boy worlds of good and incidentally keep him out of mischief. Not that Eli needed watching, for a finer fellow than he never took a Yale A. B. and marveled when he got it. And no dog ever loved its master better than he loved the professor; there was something pathetic in his attitude of humility toward this resplendent man of learning, in whom he saw everything that was good and great, while he, well, he was only Eli Morris. Yet, in this business with the Kurds the professor had been unmistakably nervous, while Eli was down at the gate treating the screaming devils as if they were some scrub eleven trying to score against the 'varsity.

And the memory of this rankled in Peabody's mind, for he had the habit of excelling all men in all things, and it was bitter to his self-esteem to have a man who had been dropped through two or three classes outshine him in a time of crisis. So, on this day, when he espied some horsemen passing in the distance, he picked up his rifle very quietly and before any one could stop

"LOOK!" EXCLAIMED ANOTHER, THEY'RE TAKING HIM BY THE ARMS! WHY, THEY'RE LEADING HIM OFF LIKE A PRISONER!"

him, fired a chance shot at long range. He would show these people that he was on the alert for danger, and, if he happened to hit any one, why, so much the better. This might not have been such a bad idea, at least no harm would have come of it, if the horsemen had been Kurds, as the professor supposed. But it chanced that they were a Xeibeck band, the fiercest and most lawless tribe in all Kurdistan, and they cared neither for God nor Sultan, and boasted that they gut down Mussulmans and Christians with equal delight. This was the target Professor Peabody had chosen for the display of his marksmanship and the bolstering up of his pride.

"You don't think you hit any one, do you, professor?" asked Father Asdadur anxiously.

"I don't know," answered the professor; "I adjusted my globe sight very carefully, and am usually a fair judge of distance." He spoke as if his skill of the hand was alone in question, and took the same tone he would have used in arguing about a cut-stroke in tennis. "If we must fight anyhow, we may as well take the aggressive," he continued; but he did not exactly mean this, he simply objected to the old missionary's manner. The old missionary, however, had lived along the upper waters of the Euphrates for over 15 years. He had seen Xeibecks before.

"God help us," he muttered, "if he did hit one of them."

All through the afternoon stragglers reached the station, the weak flying from the strong, and some of them were wounded, and all brought tales of horror—of houses burned, of stores pillaged, of people killed and outraged. About sundown, while the ladies were dressing for dinner, there came to the house a messenger, a huge, bearded man, with cunning, squint eyes set in the face of a patriarch, and he talked for awhile to Father Asdadur in a sing-song voice, and then went away. When the missionary came in his face looked graver than usual, and he took Morris aside and told him that which made him look grave, too.

"We will call the men together after dinner," said Father Asdadur, "and give them the sheikh's message."

"Wait till the evening's over," said Eli; "the ladies have arranged some games and things."

Meantime Professor Peabody was pointing out to the ladies, in his happiest way, the picturesque points in the messenger's costume—his gaudy embroidered garment of skin, his knotted turban, his queer leggings and trousers and was arguing with the rug man as to whether he was a Kurd or not.

"Was that fellow a Kurd, Father Asdadur?" he asked, when the man had gone.

"No, he was a Xeibeck."

"There, I was sure of it. You see, I have made a careful study of these tribal characteristics."

The evening passed delightfully, so the ladies declared, and Professor Peabody was the soul of the occasion. He was charming in serious talk, forceful in argument, abundant in epigram and clever mots, and even condescended to old-fashioned conundrums for the delectation of the Constantinople teachers, who, having spent their lives away from New Haven, had never heard a ramrod described as "my first is a kind of butter, my second a drink of liquor and my whole a part of a gun," and other brilliant riddles of the sort. And then they sang college songs and plantation melodies, and one of the ladies made much fun of Eli's bass, which, she declared, invariably went up when it should have gone down, and vice versa. Indeed, Eli made a poor enough showing except when the professor got him to tell how, on a certain Thanksgiving day, when he was playing right tackle for Yale, he bucked his way through Princeton's whole rush line and made 60 yards for a touchdown, thus saving the game. But the story was half spoiled in the telling, for he jumbled it all together and failed to make impressive pauses, as good story-tellers do. The professor would have been much better—at telling the story.

"What a pity Mr. Morris hasn't more brains," whispered one of the school teachers to Professor Peabody.

"Ah, but he has a good heart!" said the professor complacently.

"And he is so handsome and brave, isn't he?"

"Ye-es, I suppose he is," said Peabody, less complacent now.

After it was all over and the ladies had rustled away to bed, Father Asdadur brought the men together around a table on which were things to smoke. Then he announced very quietly that the Xeibeck sheikh had sent word that his band would attack the mission station at sunrise unless a white Christian, one of their number, be delivered over to be shot.

At this there were exclamations from all the men except Morris, who, as he knew it all beforehand, merely sat still with his long legs crossed, and puffed away at his pipe.

"This is an outrage, it is infamous!" said Professor Peabody, and was launching into a pretty speech when the old missionary interrupted: "This is a country, sir, of outrages and infamy."

"But we are American citizens; the Sultan must protect us."

"The Sultan is powerless and four days' marching could scarcely bring troops here. The Xeibecks will be at our gates when the sun comes up; they keep their appointments."

"But there must be some way of reasoning with this sheikh; we can make it worth his while, let him name a ransom."

Father Asdadur shook his head. "You do not know the Xeibecks. They come out of the mountains east of Smyrna, they live on bread and olives and sleep in black tents. What would they do with your ransom? They want but one thing, blood for blood. One of their men was killed by one of our bullets; they insist that one of our men shall be killed by one of theirs."

All eyes were fixed on the professor, who stirred uneasily.

"Gentlemen," said he, after a troubled pause, "I suppose I am responsible for this catastrophe. I probably fired the shot—"

"Not so sure about that," put in Morris. "I popped away at our friends two or three times, myself, this afternoon."

Every man in the room, with one possible exception, felt that this statement was false, and knew also why Morris had made it. Perhaps the professor thought it was true; at any rate, he made no sign. "Yes," went on Eli in a matter-of-fact tone, "I thought maybe it would scare 'em away to see we were not afraid."

"Exactly my idea," said the professor, "why can't we defend ourselves the way—way we—did the other day?"

The professor flushed as he remembered that other day.

"My friends," said Father Asdadur, with deep impressiveness, "I've lived in this region a long time, and understand its ways. In my time I have seen massacres. I saw Heghgate burned, and the butcheries of Erzrum. My mother and my two sisters were killed at Hedink, my uncle and four cousins were killed at Trebizond. I know whereof I speak! The Xeibecks are the fiercest fighters in Syria, and they outnumber us ten to one. We might hold out against them an hour or two, not longer. After that you know what will happen." He glanced toward the stairway, whence the sound of laughter and women's talk floated down. Each man looked his neighbor in the eyes; they understood.

"This is horrible!" exclaimed one of the younger missionaries, a pale-faced graduate of a theological seminary, who had come out only the year before. His wife was one of the women upstairs.

"See here," said Morris, abruptly, putting down his pipe, "there's no use trying to dodge this thing; there are 25 people here to be saved and one of us six has got to do it." There was such conviction in his tone that the others felt the uselessness of further talk; even Professor Peabody was silent.

It is an interesting time when six men sit down together to agree calmly which one of them shall stop living. It was now 1 o'clock in the morning, the sun rose at 5, they had four hours in which to decide. One of them had four hours to live.

"Do you all accept the sheikh's terms?" asked Father Asdadur, after a long pause.

One after another the men accepted.

"Then I propose that we make the choice by lot."

There was another long silence.

"Gentlemen," said Morris, blowing out clouds of smoke, "I've been thinking of something. I believe I know why I was sent to this God-forsaken country. I never did know until now. I think I'm the man to meet these beggars in the morning. I don't see any sense in drawing lots. Look at it sensibly, now; you five men are all doing something worth while, helping somebody, making the world better. I've never done a thing except give the governor trouble, and blow in his money, and get dropped and suspended, and get myself laughed at, and—and" (with a gulp) "kick football a little. Besides that, you're married men with families, but it don't matter a hang about me. So you'll please consider me nominated for this business in the morning."

It is doubtful if, in all his life, Eli had ever made so long a speech as this; it is certain he had never made such an impression. Father Asdadur reached across the table and clasped the young man's strong white hand in his brown, bony one.

"God bless you, my son," he said; "you have a brave heart, but the thing is impossible, quite impossible."

And all the others said it was impossible, too. What else could they say? So they came back to the lot-drawing idea, and the rug man proposed that cards should point the finger of fate.

"I never played cards in my life," said Father Asdadur.

"Neither did I," said one of the missionaries, but the other admitted having learned poker in his young manhood.

"Let it be poker, then," said the rug man, "cold hands with a draw. I'll show you i na jiffy. Look here, I deal you each five cards, like that;"—he produced a pack of cards from somewhere and began to shuffle them,—"understand, you have the privilege of drawing once, and the lowest hand loses."

Then, with the cards lying face upward on the table, he explained to the two beginners the value of a pair, two pairs, three of a kind, and so on—

HE PICKED UP HIS RIFLE VERY QUIETLY AND, BEFORE ANYONE COULD STOP HIM, FIRED A CHANCE SHOT AT LONG RANGE.

the ordinary hands of draw poker. The others looked on indifferently; after all, as well a choice by cards as any other means. When the two missionaries had learned their lesson, the man from Chicago said: "Now, if you've got that in your heads, we will play in earnest. First jack deals."

And he dealt until a jack fell before Fother Asdadur.

"Shall we let one deal settle it?" asked Morris.

"Why not have it this way," suggested the professor, never lacking in a happy suggestion, "why not have the high man drop out after each deal and leave the others to fight it out? Then the choice will come between the two left in at the last."

This modification was agreed to, and Father Asdadur dealt the first hand, dealt it in silence, and his very clumsiness added to the tension. The six men studied their cards, threw down their discards, called for the number they wanted, and then declared what they had. It was absolute chance disposing of a life. The man from Chicago had three kings and went out; he was safe. In the next round, Father Asdadur found fortune and went out in h's turn. Then one after another the young missionaries held the highest hand, and so escaped the danger. The last hand came between Morris and Professor Peabody. Morris dealt.

"One card," said the professor, and his lips were dry.

"I'll take one," said Morris.

Both men discarded a single card, picked up a single card, and then slowly looked at it.

"Aces up," said the professor.

"I drew for a flush," said Morris, with a huskiness in his voice, "and—I didn't fill."

He threw down his cards, and for a moment no one spoke.

"It's all right," said Eli, "fate understands these things. I told you I was the man to go."

That broke the spell, and the others crowded about him with show of sympathy. No doubt they were sorry for him; no doubt they were not sorry for themselves. How do men feel on a raft when one of their number has been chosen to go overboard to save the rest? That's the way they felt. No one could sleep and no one tried to sleep. The rug man from Chicago paced up and down in front of the house, the assistant missionaries talked together in low tones on the veranda, and Professor Peabody gave Father Asdadur some meaty ideas on the proper way to deal with the heathen. Morris wrote letters to his family and one to a girl.

About half an hour before sunrise sounds from the upper regions warned them that the ladies were dressing. There was some excursion planning, no doubt, and their laughter and gay talk showed that they were in the best of humors.

"Hello!" said Morris, "we'll have the women folks down here in a minute," and then going quickly to the others, he charged them on no account to let the ladies know. "I'm glad they're coming down, though," he said to himself; "it's good to have an American girl or two around."

A little later there was an invasion from above, the ladies fresh in their cool morning gowns, and some of them pretty. Coffee was served with a light meal and just as the sun was rising, Morris stood up and asked the company to sing "Here's to Good Old Yale." At this the men came up like soldiers on parade and the women rose, too, yielding to an influence they did not understand and they all sang the old song as perhaps it had never been sung before, certainly not in Kurdistan. While in the center of the group, with lifted coffee-pot, stood Morris, towering half a head over every one, and singing his home-made bass with all the power that was in him, his eyes flashing wondrously.

"There are Eli's fine old discords again," said one of the girls, giggling, and was surprised that the men did not laugh.

Suddenly there came the sound of marching feet outside. A hoarse command rang out and gun butts grounded on the gravel. The ladies rushed to the window.

"It's some of those horrid Kurds!" cried one.

Then the ladies joined in laughing at the queer uniforms and the ugly faces. Morris, meantime, unobserved, had shaken hands with the other men.

Father Asdadur rose hastily and went to the front of the house. As he went out Eli exchanged glances with him.

"You ladies stay here," he said; "I'll go out and see what it is."

The other men followed after and stood about awkwardly. The sheikh came forward with a fine dignity of presence and said something in his native tongue. Father Asdadur replied, and then there was parleying.

"Make them understand," said Professor Peabody, "that I represent one of the greatest institutions in the United States, and can promise them anything they desire."

"The sheikh says that he has never heard of the United States," said Father Asdadur, translating; "he says he has given his terms and has come for an answer."

"But tell him, for God's sake, make him understand, that this young man comes of fine family, that his father is very rich, that—that—that he has been entrusted to my keeping."

"The sheikh says that the young man of their band who was killed from here had a father and mother, too."

"Don't bother about it any more," said Eli, touching the professor's arm; "it isn't much anyhow." And he stepped forward with just the same unflinching look in his eyes he had shown in the old days when summoned before the faculty.

"But," cried the professor, stepping forward, "who can say that the bullet which killed this poor warrior came from here?"

The sheikh turned to one of his followers, who opened a leathern pouch and drew something from it.

"The sheikh presents you the bullet with his compliments, and says that it comes from a rifle the like of which does not exist in all Kurdistan. He speaks the truth, this is a bullet from a Martini rifle; yours is the only rifle it could come from." Then he added very slowly, "I congratulate you, professor, on your marksmanship."

By this time the Xeibecks were plainly growing impatient and motioned that they would wait no longer.

"Good-bye, professor," said Eli, head high, but eyes saying things. Then hesitating: "You know it's all—all—for 'Dear Old Yale,'" and he gripped the professor's well-shaped hand in an athlete's squeeze.

"Where are you going, Mr. Morris?" asked one of the girls from one of the windows.

"Oh, just to see these fellows do some musket practice," said Eli lightly.

"Look!" exclaimed another, "they're taking him by the arms! Why, they're leading him off like a prisoner!"

"Don't be alarmed," called Eli, "it's just a joke. Say, ladies, friends, professor, let's give it to 'em once again, the old song. And he himself struck up:

Here's to good old Yale, drink her down,
Here's to good old Yale, drink her down,
Here's to good old Yale,
She's so hearty and so hale,
Drink her down, drink her down, drink her down, down, down.

And he kept on singing while three barbarians, who knew no more of Yale than they did of mercy, formed on either side of him and started at the word of command.

As the sun came over the hills, lighting up the glories of the Euphrates Valley, this little company of Christians, far from their homes, stood on the piazza and watched the departing group, while their voices sounded out in the dear old words. And while they sang the Xeibeck band marched slowly up the slope, until the last thing seen of Eli was his figure outlined on the hilltop in the red sunshine, while his voice came down faintly to his friends in the chorus that has been sung by the brave men of many brave classes, and will be sung as long as Yale endures:

Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
Balm of Gilead, Gilead,
We won't go there any more, we won't go there any more.

"Why how queer you men look, said the wife of the young missionary; "what's the matter?"

Just then the sound of shots came over the hill and echoed away in the distance.

"They're shooting already," said one of the Constantinople teachers.

"Yes," said Father Asdadur, his eyes resting tenderly on the hilltop, "they're shooting."

"Good God," said Professor Peabody to himself, "this is awful;" and then he told the truth.

"O, girls," came a voice from within, "see here, I do believe these men have been playing poker! Think of that at a mission station! Just look at this table!"

Mrs. Asdadur was speaking, and the ladies hurried to her call. The men followed after them.

"This is a good hand, isn't it, professor," she said, picking up five cards that lay on top of the others. Rather absently Professor Peabody looked over her shoulder, then started back, with knitting brows. The cards lay on the table just as they had been thrown down after that last fateful deal. He picked up the five cards lying next. It was his hand, two aces, two eight spots and a jack—no danger of his forgetting that.

Turning to the other men, he said: "Morris drew for a flush, didn't he?"

"Yes, poor chap," said the rug man. "Don't you remember he threw down when he didn't fill?"

"I remember," said the professor, and was silent for a full half minute, and his face became very white. Then he said, with a look in his eyes no one had ever seen there, "Gentlemen, this is Morris' hand; he did fill."

And at that moment Professor Walter Lathrop Sheffield Peabody (to give him all his names again) understood that Yale University had turned out a bigger man that he.

WE ARE THE WORLD'S BEST FED PEOPLE, SAYS EXPERT

THE United States Government has been investigating the American habit of eating, and its results, and has made some remarkable discoveries. It finds that the average citizen of the United States is exceedingly well fed. It also says that a comparison between the food supply of this country and other countries shows that no place has a greater variety or a better quality than the United States, and that we are perhaps the best nourished people in the world. The Department of Agriculture, in arriving at these conclusions, has exploded a lot of popular notions regarding diet and its effect on the human system. It has also gone into the history of eating, in order to show what effect man's environment has upon his diet.

The department expert on this subject is C. F. Langworthy, Ph. D., who is in charge of the nutrition investigation of the Government. Dr. Langworthy has made experiments in Washington and has also collected a lot of data from other parts of the United States and from foreign countries.

Evolution of Food.

There are three great epochs in man's diet, according to Dr. Langworthy. The first is the early hunting period, in which primitive man depended entirely on the natural supply of animal and vegetable food. He took what he found to his hand and subsisted upon that. The second period began when he discovered fire, and began to apply it to the preparation of his food. This is described as the cooking period. He still used the natural food supply, but he employed fire in making it more palatable. Then came the third period, in which man began to produce food. He supplemented the wild supply by cultivating the fields and raising flocks. This is the period in which he now lives.

The cave dwellers of our own continent lived in the second period. Charred and broken bones found in their graves show that they used to cook wild animals. The Indians of North America lived largely by hunting and fishing, but they also began the cultivation of food plants. They had a wide range of diet, with plenty of facilities for getting vegetables as well as animal nutrition. Not so the Eskimo, who are compelled to live exclusively on an animal diet. The Agricultural Department has made exhaustive researches into the food habits of savage peoples, but this part of the work is principally historical and does not concern the present situation of man.

It is the old notions, however, that have given rise to a lot of popular misinformation about modern races and their diet. For instance, it is commonly said that the Japanese, Chinese and other Orientals live upon rice and perform wonderful physical feats on a few handfuls of that cereal per day. Investigation, however, shows that while rice is an important article of Oriental diet, it fills only that place which corresponds to wheat and other starchy foods among Western races. The Japanese eat a large quantity of vegetables and fruits, as well as fish. The Chinese have domestic animals and consume a great deal of pork and poultry. The same is the case in Corea, Java and the Philippines. It is a common idea that the Arabs, who are noted for their endurance, live on a few dates. But a careful study of their customs show that they have a number of cereal foods and also use a great deal of milk and milk products.

Average Use of Food.

Dr. Langworthy has made over 400 studies in American homes, and deduced therefrom a table which shows the relative proportions of food that we commonly eat. The total amount of meat consumed by the average American is 16 per cent of his total diet. Milk and cream furnish 16.5 per cent, and other dairy products bring this up to 18.4 per cent. Eggs supply 2.1 per cent and fish 1.8 per cent. Man's total consumption of animal food represents 38.5 per cent of his diet. The vegetable foods contribute 61.2 per cent. Three-tenths of 1 per cent of the average American's diet is classified as miscellaneous. Cereal foods make up a total of 30.6 per cent of vegetable division, wheat being the largest item.

The Agricultural Department has a method of calculating what is known as the "available energy" of our food. The figures thus gathered represent the working power of what we eat. Under this classification sugar and starch foods are ranked at the top, with dairy products second, mixed vegetables third, cereals fourth and eggs fifth. There is, however, but little difference in the percentage values of these foods. In making its studies the department has learned that while individuals differ considerably in their powers of digestion, nevertheless, in normal persons there is an average which holds pretty generally. It is this average which has furnished the basis of the tables which have been made up.

Dr. Langworthy expresses the results of his investigations in terms of protein and energy only, which is the simplest basis on which different foods can be compared.

He has gone carefully into the matter of the amount of food eaten by men, women and children of different ages, with results that are decidedly interesting. The figures show that there is an increase in food consumption from infancy to full vigor, and that in old age the diet diminishes. The figures also show that in early youth and old age sex does not have a marked effect on food requirements, but that during maturity a woman requires less food than a man, although she may be engaged in the same kind of work. This is explained on the basis that a woman's stature is less than a man's and that her body does not require so much fuel to operate it.

In making a table of the standard amount of food required by American men, women and children, a man in full vigor performing moderate work, is made the unit and rated at 100. The same man doing hard work is rated at 120 and if he engages in a sedentary occupation he drops to 80. A woman full of vigor is rated at 80, but many run this up to 100 at hard work. If engaged in a sedentary pursuit her figure is 70. Men and women in old age are placed at 90, and in extreme old age from 70 to 80. Children up to 9 years of age are ranked alike without regard to sex, but after that the boys are 10 points ahead of the girls until they pass 16, when the difference is even greater. In pursuing its investigations of the food requirements in old age, the department was assisted by studies made in old age homes in Baltimore and Philadelphia. Studies concerning average American families were made among farmers, professional men, mechanics and day laborers.

The figures which compare conditions in the United States with those in other countries show Americans to be the most liberally fed people in the world. They are summed up in a column headed "energy utilized," and the figures therein represent calories. The top-notch man in the world is the American artisan or laborer, who shows 6000 calories of utilized energy. American athletes are rated at 4510. Men engaged in moderate muscular work are placed at 3425, business men at 3285, while poor working people fall off as low as 2100. Canadian factory hands are rated at 3480. In Ireland working men engaged in hard work are rated at 4557, while the average working man in that country is put down at 3281. Italian laborers are placed at 4000, German farmers at 4530, and French farmers at 4570. Among the Japanese laborers are rated 4415 and those engaged in real hard work at 5050.

MORMONS AND CHINESE NOT WANTED BY PEOPLE OF NORTHERN BRITAIN

LONDON, May 6.—(Special to The Oregonian.)—Owing to several unsavory Police Court cases in which Chinese have been implicated and sensational charges against the Mormons, these two dissimilar classes of people are the objects of great hatred throughout the north of England. Anti-Chinese disturbances have assumed serious proportions in Birkenhead, where angry mobs have more than once invaded the Chinese quarter, and come into violent collision with the police.

Fortunately for the peace of the country, Chinamen are not found in large numbers outside the big seaports, but the Mormon missionary with ready tact and insinuating smile has been active in pretty nearly every north of England town. Strife in an ever increasing degree is the result.

Indignation against the energetic Mormon crusaders swelled to such a volume a little while ago that Winston Churchill set the Home Office machinery going. An exhaustive inquiry is being made through the police chiefs of various cities and Girls' Friendly societies in different parts of the country, with a view to collecting evidence as to the allegations repeatedly made against the Latter-Day Saints, that they are luring young girls to Utah, and instilling into their minds belief in polygamy.

Prominent legal members of Parliament like F. E. Smith and E. Marshall Hall have taken a keen personal interest in the Mormon scare, while Hans P. Freece has constituted himself the strongest platform opponent of Mormonism. With telling effect he has used quotations from the report of the committee of privileges and elections appointed by the United States Senate to probe into the doings of the leaders of Mormonism since 1890.

In Liverpool the Rev. D. H. C. Bartlett loudly protests "against a system founded on imposture and monetary agreement, self-aggrandisement and the lowest forms of self-indulgence, which is here in this country masquerading under the cloak of religion, in order thereby the more easily and effectively to capture its victims." James Roe, of the same city, whose two daughters are in Utah, also joins his complaint to those of many other parents and the consequences is that angry interruptions are frequently taking place at the meetings of the Latter-Day Saints. Signs are not wanting to indicate that a similar resentment is coming to a head in London, and any day the Mormon headquarters at South Tottenham may be the scene of an angry demonstration. Several ordinarily peaceful dignitaries of the church and army are preaching violence against Mormon missionaries.

No practical steps can be taken until the Home Office report is completed and published. Even the keenest anti-Mormon crusader is not hopeful that the British government will follow the example of the Prussian government, which passed a decree authorizing the expulsion of the Mormon missionaries from that country. Scandinavia and Switzerland are reflecting the outcry also which may be an outcome of the American magazine campaign against the alleged polygamous practices in Utah.

"The Worker in Poetry."

Percy Mackaye, in North American Review.

The fact that the poet has no professional vocation is a real restriction to his work. It is a restriction because—unless he is supported by income and patronage—it compels him to make an avocation of his highest powers. The main current of his being is deflected and consumed in waste products. He can serve the Muse relatively in moments—not in hours—of labor. Yet the poet's work peculiarly requires concentration and continuity.

Other workers in the fine arts—painters, sculptors, musicians, architects—may make their art their recognized calling. They may combine their distinctive labor with their livelihood. To them society offers a vocation; not so to the poet. In his case, except in the rarest instances, his means of living are derived from other sources than his work in poetry. Where such sources are lacking, either his work ceases or is debased by purely commercial uses or the poet himself starves. Perhaps the most notable modern exception to this is the work of Alfred Noyes, whose poetry is said to be self-sustaining, yet even in his case, the significant announcement is made that a play by Mr. Noyes will soon be produced.

Let us remember, therefore, when the dearth of true poets is bemoaned, that society provides no vocation for the poet. But this restriction to his work leads to another. Having failed to provide him a livelihood for his work, society proceeds to judge his work by the results. The results are what might be expected from such failure to provide: a wholesale driving-out and killing-out of poets.

Some Artists' Blunders.

Old Scrap Book.

"I never saw an artist yet who could correctly paint a horseshoe," remarked a friend of mine, pausing before a Broadway picture store.

"They invariably paint it with an equal number of nails on each side, sometimes three, sometimes four and even five nails. As a matter of fact, there are four on one side and three on the other, the extra nail being on the inside of the foot, where the greatest strain comes."

Which reminds me of the lines of a distinguished American poet in which he sweetly depicts the drowsy cattle on a Summer's day lazily lapping the cooling waters of the crystal stream. The same peculiarity is also poetically attributed to the horse and other animals, the model of the poet having probably been the house cat.

The flowers of many trees, like the oak, elm and hickory, are so inconspicuous that they are popularly supposed to be altogether lacking.