# THE FINAL POW-WOW LEADING INDIANS SOON TO ORGANIZE and PLAN REGENERATION OF RACE.

THE INDIAN Is Today at the Most Critical Point of His Race History---He Is No Longer the Carefree Denizen of the Reservation---His Tribal Customs Are of the Past--In Education He Is Being Given Opportunities That Are Equal to the Best, But His Steps Need Guidance---Wise Counsel Is Demanded in Finally Transforming Him Into a Citizen---To This End the Leading Indians of the Nation Are Being Called Together for a Final Big Pow-wow and Organization of the American Indian Association.



DR. CARLOS HONTELUNA, CHARLES E. DAGENETT FULL GEOODEDAPACKE WHO HAS SUCCEEDED IN THE THEFT POWN'S ACTIVITIES

dian Association is to hold its first Na-

tional conference in Columbus. O.,

October 17 and 18. This association

admits to active membership only peo-

ple of the blood of the original Ameri-

can. Yet this blood has found its way

into all walks of life, and today the In-dian claims every profession followed

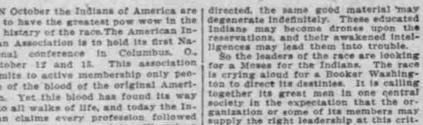
representatives in them all. These men.

the great successes of the Indian race. are called together in this conference to

by the white man, and has Illustrious



WHO MAY BE THE MOSES OF THE RED MANY.



#### Successful Indians.

of Indian blood who have shaken off the discuss race needs and point the way to inaction of the reservation and whose race progress. President Taft has promised to be present and lend his influence to the advancement of the movement. inaction of the reservation and whose blood is no different from that of the warriors who have fought the encroachments of the pale-face through generations that have passed. There is Dr. Carlos Montexuma, the full-blood apache, who is instructor in the College of Physicians and Surgeous in Chicago; there is Charles E. Dagenett, who is in charge of Indian employment for the These educated and successful In dians are all agreed that the present time is the most critical in the history of the race. The Indian, following his subjugation by the white man, became a ward of the Government, isolated on the reservation, with every need of personal action removed. The Indian schools came later, and with the education of the young people the Governcharge of Indian employment for the Government; there is Dr. Charles A. Eastman, physician and author; there is Mrs. Angel Decora Dietz, artist and tion of the young people the Govern-ment conceived the idea of converting its wards into citizens. Just now the young indian is as well educated on the instructor in art at Carlisle; there is Hendy Roe Cloud, winner of honors in various colleges; there is Miss Laura average as is the young white man. M. Cornelius, scholar and social worker; But the reservation does not offer the there are four members of Congress apportunity for the use of that educa-with large percentages of Indian blood.

ganization or some of its members may supply the right leadership at this crit-ical time.

Individually the careers of these men and women read like chapters out of the most imaginative of romances. Their lives mostly began in the tepeos Their lives mostly began in the topees of obscure reservations, and their youths were those of the Indian of old who drowsed by the trout streams and followed the deer through the forest primeval. But later these individuals fell into the ways of the white man, absorbed his lore of books and followed the activities of the conqueror. These Indians have refuted the timeworn theory of an intelligence develu worn theory of an intelligence developed through many generations of mental activity; for the Indian boy whose ancestry boasts no member who could determine the meaning of the printed page takes an education as readily as does the white how who has

OF THE OLD SCHOOL lems that confront the Indian of today | He is of the tribe of old Geronimo, the and who know most of the cures for last of the warlike chiefs. Geronimo last of the warlike chiefs. Geronimo was a young warrior serving under old Chief Natchez in Arizona forty years ago. The Plute Indians were friends with the white men and hereditary enemies of the Apaches. It was in the shadow of the great Four Peaks one Summer's day that these friendly In-dians surprised an Apache camp in the absence of the warriors and captured its women and children. The Apache child Wasajah, which means "beckoning." was among those captured. Later Wasajah was sold to a wealthy Italian-American by the name of Gentile, whose home was in Chicago, but who was at that time prospecting in Arizona. Mr. Gentile adopted the Indian boy, took him East and gave him a boy, took him East and gave him a thorough education. In the public schools of Chicago and in college and medical school afterward Wasajah, who was given the name of Carlos Montezuma, led his classes. Today he ranks among the great physicians and surgeons of the country.

One of Dr. Montezuma's favorite stories strong illustrates the mental

MEDICINE CROW, ONE OF



REV FRANK WRIGHT ELOQUENT PREACHER AMONG WHITE



WIFE OFAN, OLO CHIEF DYHER ELK TOOTH

age who had been taken in some raid. It was thirty years later that Dr. Montezuma returned to the San Carlos reservation, where he had been born There he noticed a man who parent age was evidently white, but who lived the life of the reservation Indian. Dr. Montezuma approached this man and spoke to him in English. The man an-swered with a typical Indian grunt. He could not understand. Dr. Montezuma



MISS LAURA CORNELIUS INDIAN GIRL WHO HAS WON HOWORS AS SCHOLAR AND LITERATEUR.



THOMAS L. SLOANE INDIAN LAWYER

people of the wigwam. The interchange in racial surroundings of these two boys reflects more credit upon the

#### Indian than upon the white. Charles E. Dagenett.

One of the living demonstrations of a successful Indian, who is making himself an example and an inspiration to this fellows, is Charles E. Dagtion to this fellows, is Charles E. Dagenett. Dagenett is a Peoria Indian,
though not a fullblood. He was educated at Carlisle, and upon finishing
school returned to the reservation.
There his experience was just what the
experience of every other young Indian is after spending ten years in the
schools surrounded with every convenience of civilized life. When one of
these young Indians goes back home he
finds his father and mother, sisters and finds his father and mother, sisters and brothers, all living in one tepee, sleeping on the ground and getting their meals on a fire which is built on the floor in the center of the room. The boys have many dress suitcases, much good linen and an ambition to live as they have lived at the school. But they are thrust back into this old environment. It is impossible for them to maintain even an approach to the manual of the they have th the grade of living that they have learned at school.

The weight of numbers overpowers them and soon they have slipped back into the old manner of life. The reservation offers no opportunity for civ ilized employment and there seems no escape from the life of their fathers.

year thousands of Indians, educated and otherwise, are found employment. Dagenett furnished upon contract the Indians who stopped the great break through which the Colorado River three years ago was pouring its flood into the Salton Sea. He has a hundred through which the Colorado River three years ago was pouring its flood into the Salton Sea. He has a hundred Blackfeet Indians at work on an irrigation project in Montana. Almost an entire tribe of Ute Indians have been through him, given employment on the Burlington Railroad in South Dakota. The cantaloupes that came from Rocky Ford, in Colorado, are largely raised by Indian labor. Two of the railroads maintaining large shops at Denver have been induced to give employment to the young Indian boys who have attained mechanical skill in the manual training school. These examples are but typical of the things that are being accomplished through the efforts of this educated Indian. He is getting the Indians profitable employment at white man's work, and the Indian is making good.

Dagenett is married to a woman of his own race, who, like him, is a graduate of Carlisle. At Albuquerque they have established a model home, and here the young people of their race, who, upon leaving school, are puzzled as to how to begin their lives in a strange world, are received and advised and often put in the way of attaining success.

### Dr. Charles A. Eastman.

Probably the greatest writer that the Indian race has yet produced, is Dr. Charles A. Eastman, who has come to be styled "The Voice of the Silent Man." Dr. Eastman was the son of Chief Many Lightnings of the Santee Dakota tribe. His mother was but half In-dian, being the daughter of an Army officer who early served in the Northwest. He was born on the reservation and as a lad was taken to Canada after the great Minnesota massacre of (Concluded on Page 7.)

## with large percentages of Indian blood, and many men in all, sections of the country who show the traits of the white man in many activities is now white man in many activities is now white man in many activities is now the burning question. Now is the burning question. These are the men who know most of the prob These are the men who are to get tosolve the fathers. Charles agency to their fathers. Montezuma spoke to him in English. The man and of Larlos Montezuma. These are the men who are to get tosolve the indian school served. Howontezuma spoke to him in English. The man and of Charles approached this man and charles approached this man and charles and promoted the burning transmit the burning of the columbus approached this man and of the came a clerk at the agency and that he could not understand. Dr. Montezuma surgeons of the country. These are the men who are to get tosolve the life of the reservation Indian and show that he because of the country who show the traits of the folians and white man and traced him and traced him and traced him and traced him Compensation—A Novel of Washington Society. C By Anne Warwick (Miss Ruth Cranston.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters. Senator Anthony Steels and his wife, Ju-let, of Ohio, are prominent in Washington, ... C. society at a time supposed to include President Rosesvell's Administration, and the story opens with their going to the coming-out party of Miss Kathleen Warsoming out party of hiss Anthrews vanes, a young girl whom they had met years previously. Other guests at the party we Senator Harwood, Carter Howard, the senator's nephew, and Lucik Page, a friend of the Senator's. Young Nelson Harwood says marked attention to Kathleen, a fact that is noted by Major Warrens, the young ady's father. A debate is depicted in the United States Senate, where Senator Steels felivers a speech in favor of railroad regulation. Senator Harwood, who is in the semploy of the "interests," opposes Steels. Thistmax eve in Washington, D. C. is hothred, and Mrs. Steels buys a doll for a strange little girl. The Steeles give a New Year's party at their camp, and some of the guests indulge in claver vandevilla, among them being Kathleen Warrens, who, to the distress of her married eister, Dorothea, gives a Spanish dance in costome. Senator Steele grows indifferent to his wife and suspects that he is really in love with Kathleen. Mrs. Page arrives, becomes susjectious of the relations existing between itsele and Kathleen and is eaved by the atter from being badly burned when her less carrhess fire. Senor De La Vega, a foreign diplomat, becomes interested in Kathleen and takes her and other members of the party for a walk through the anew of Bald Mountain. They become loat, and Steele sand Carier organize a searching party. Steele linds De La Vega and Kathleen and together, shivering with cold, and as he carries home Kathleen, she calls him 'Antheny,' and he calls her 'little friend.' The house party returns to Washington, D. Mrs. Steele linds De La Vega and Kathleen dearies home Kathleen, she calls him 'Antheny,' and he calls her 'little friend.' The house party returns to Washington, D. Mrs. Steele legits to feet that her hushend is Uniform away from fer. Senator Harwood and Bruce Melmouth both toid her they loved her. What was she to do?

CHAPTER XI. years previously. Other guests at the party

CHAPTER XL.

In the inner office of an unobtrusive building, force men sat in their shirtsleaves, smoking. The small, neat print on the outside door hinted that these were the Hodgkins, McNell and Smith mentioned modestly in still smaller characters as brokers and real estate agents. The man who was talking-a sandy-haired, energetic person about 49paused occasionally to tip back in his omfortable chair and spit accurately into the sawdust at the farther end of the room. He sat in front of a littered, roller-top desk, in which he fumbled nervously for papers, and from which he half turned to speak in a brief, clipped voice to the other two, who were lotling. with their feet on the radiator.

"I tell you," he snapped in jerky mone syllables, "you got to quit it. It won't

"Now don't you get t' sittin' on th'

complacency.

"Many people in yesterday?" inter-rupted "Smith," who was known as such only to the discreet business sign and

Hodgkins nodded. "Bet-cher life," he "Mostly women-swell

dressers, too."
"That lady friend of mine, she gets
em." returned "Smith," puffing out his
pink shirt-bosom till it crackled with importance. "Slickest talker you ever saw-why, she makes a phonograph look sick! Hélping right along on the Steele proposition, too. Seems that she was sweet on Mamma's Hoy herself once; anyway, she's putting it right on to the little bud, and fixing all the women wise to the situation. Say, boys, how was that Columbus copy in the Thurs-day Evening, ch?" He grinned delightedly, showing two rows of prominent pink gums and a set of round white

"Say, but that was all hunky, Nelse," "Say, but that was all hunky, Nelse, drawled McNell, slapping the Senatorial knee with resounding approval. "You've certainly got that King on th' blink. Saw him last week, when I went to advertise stock, and he said Conover was goin' crazy, That's Steele's

greatest pull, too, ye know."
"Damn him!" muttered "Smith."
"You can just bet it was him did us out of the thirty thousand I would have pulled out of that doddering eld uniform. I tell you, that makes me sore! But I'm paying him back all

right."
"Ain't he ever going to make that Secret Service Report?" asked Hodgkins tersely, without looking up from

his mail.

"Eph's goin' it' be downright uneasy till that peaky thing comes out," Mc-Nell laughed, comfortably indulgent.

"What's that got to do with us, son? Only a long-winded bunch o' statistics."

"Of course, though, Steele's just the kind to work a lot of personal spite in on it, and he's got a cursedly smooth way of putting things." "Smith" scowled at his pointed patent-leather boots. "Just the same, he don't know beans about Texas, and we've kept the whole thing good and quiet. Besides, Mister Anthony isn't apt to have much time left from his own bowl of soup to deable round organiseuously for the to dabble round promiscuously for the next month or two. This nigger busi-ness is going to keep him and the Pres-

nest month of two. This higger business is noing to keep him and the Prenident right at it. Guess our goodygoody boy won't be sending out cards for a Cabinet dinner yet awhile."

MoNeil roared, shaking the room into a mild earthquake with his ponderous chortle. But Hodgkins shut his reatless loose-lipped mouth with a short click and stared thoughtfully at "Smith's" flabby pink face. Then he caught sight of someone in the outer office and peered through a convenient crack in the smoked glass door. A shabby little woman—probably a Government clehk—was questioning the man at the desk. She seemed satisfied with his information, for she laid down some bills and went out, clasping a large pink slip in her hand.

Hodgkins raised his stubby head, satisfied. "Seems to me it's about the same way and declaring a dividend" he

"Not for a minute, —McNeil spat enthusiastically — "we brought him
straight from Green's Corners, and he
don't know a chorus girl from a barmaid. I'm keepin' an eye on him,
though, you bet, and the minute he
begins to get wise, back he pikes to
home an' mother, an' a new lad comes
in. He was dead set on roomin' at
the Y. M. C. A., but I told him none
of that. Thought there was no use
takin' risks, an' those pious guys are takin' risks, an' those pious guys are in such constant communication with the Almighty, no knowin' what they might let out." He winked at "Smith," at the same time biting off another chunky brown wad.

chunky brown wad.

"Weil,"—"Smith considered the huge diamond on his little finger very deliberately—"maybe we had better declare a dividend just big enough to satisfy shareholders and look well in the prospectus. A quotation of the last dividend always takes first rate. You'll have to see to that Eph." He delivered the ultimatum in the lordly tone of one bern to the executive. "What about setting up that office in Canada?" He turned to McNeil auddenly.

chewed for a full minute and a half before continuing. "They're not s' easy up there. Everything has to be explained to 'em so goll darned clear before they'll fork over. Besides,"— his mouth wrinkled into a playful smirk-"one of us might want t' take a little run up there for 'is health, supposin' anything leaked out, an' in

that case it'd hardly be neutral ground "Smith's" teeth snapped impatiently over his long black cigar. "Nothing's going to leak out," he said with some sharpness, "so don't get that bee in your bonnet. But if the stuff won't take in Canada, why, try it on somewhere else. Keep it going—give it a boost. God! if I could just shelve this Congressional business, wouldn't I give 'em a run in Wall Street? Well, I guess yes!" He glared fiercely at McNeil and Eph, who grinned at the humor of their partner's declaration. They knew year well that the debu-

humor of their partner's declaration. They knew very well that the debutante Senator would give up every cent in the world sooner than his potiitical prestige and the nascent social position on which he doted. "The only weak spot in this thing, boys," went on the pink aspirant, yanking at the collar which seemed to bind the rolls of flesh that formed his neck: "the only weak spot in all his neck; "the only weak spot in all this is the fact that that muling, yel-low-faced ex-secretary of mine knows every damn thing about it. I had her

when they're going to get something for their money."

"Let's see the lists," said "Smith," reaching out a fat white hand for half a dozen long yellow sheets lying on a table. "Lord! over a million already. Say, this is great! Does that young assout there,"—he nodded toward the outer office—"catch on what's doing?"
"Not for a minute,"—McNeil spat enthusiastically — "we brought him that a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' thought a girl who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx and the sacred sphing and the sacred who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl with a face like the sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile who shat a girl who s a known that a girl with a face like the Sacred Sphinx an' those crocodile eyes would 'a' left you ditched; come some more tony fellah."
"Smith" looked up resentfully, show

ing his irritation at the alur, in the pompous strut with which he began to pace the office. 'I guess she didn't leave a United States Senator, with fifty thousand a year, for a trifling, lily-livered diplomat because she wanted a tonier fellah," he bristled. "She got tired of her job, that was all. Well, for more than one reason, I'm sorry she pulled out." He stroked his sorry she pulled out." He stroked his plump chin meditatively. "She had the closest mouth and keenest eyes ever I saw, and I almost think I'd have married her if she had stayed on. A wife like that'd be a paying proposi-tion, eh, boys?"

tion, sh, boys?"

He forgot his injury and clapped Hodgkins on the shoulder in an excess of good humor. "Well, the little widow is still on the carpet, and I might do worse."

He rubbed his hands together suavely. "Yes, and headed straight for here-may be in town, for all I know. Oh she doesn't think anything of him; just a favorite cousin, you know, and all that. I made her believe it was like pulling teeth to get him out—helped her game along, you know—but all I had to do was just to drop a hint in Steinbach's ear and he fixed it with

the Governor."
"What was he up for—counterfeiting?" Hodgkins wrote on rapidly as he fired the question.
"No, embezzlement. Nothing very serious; just sixty thousand or so. The widow set it up for him, and I guess

he's as spruce as ever now. Right foxy boy, George Ford."
"You bet he is," chimed in McNeil.
"George was right there with the goods during the Siwash rake-off. Made a tidy little hundred thousand, so he told

"Wonder if he's out for a job right "Wonder if he's out for a job right now!" "Smith" stopped walking and stared again at his shiny black boots. "I wouldn't mind buying up a paper or two and letting George run 'em-not a little bit. I guess between him and the little widow I could just about settle that prizefighting angel that's wandered into Congress, what?" "Corkin' idea, old pal,"—MoNeil nudged him approvingly—"an' gives you a chance t' get sweet with the widow. Huhuh!" He went into a spasm of enjoyment over the delicate

widow. Huhuh!" He went into a spasm of enjoyment over the delicate bit of facetiousness.
"Well, I don't knew." Senator "Smith buttoned on his dignity with his Prince Albert. "With my social position, seems to me, I might look higher." He

sames." He shifted the wad with placid volunteered. "All those people who complacency.

"The dago, he'd see to complacency."

"Many people in yesterday?" inter"Many people in yesterday?" inter"Yes, he puts it right up to 'em," talk?" He jerked his sleek white head countries once more toward the outer office.

"Yes, he puts it right up to 'em," table change was made in the paper. The junior Senator from Ohio was one once more toward the outer office.
"Yes, he puts it right up to 'em,'
answered McNeil. "Fine thing 4s, he
believes in it strong himself. Yest'day he made up his mind t' put half his first month's salary into shares, but I told him t' hold off awhile, stock might

go down,"—he winked at "Smith" sig-nificantly, "Thought we might want t' let him in on it later, y' know." "Smith" nodded, reaching for his hat. "Well, everything seems to be looking pretty rosy." he observed, as he brushed his clothes carefully before the cracked glass in the corner. "I'll drop in on Monday, just to see what's doing; and, by the way, when you go out to Ohio again, see if you can't get something out of King that'll look well in print. You know the kind. So

He let himself out of a side-door opening into the alley and walked swiftly across to the opposite office building and from there out into the

"Ah, Senator," an agreeable voice came up behind him, "fine afternoon for a little fiyer, isn't it?" Harwood's face turned a splotched crimson. "What do—do you mean?" he

"Why, haven't you seen the airship?" asked Mr. Howard innocently; "even

Congress adjourned for ten minutes to run out and look af it."

The Senator eyed him with furtive relief, not unmixed with embarrass-ment. "No," he said smoothly. "I haven't seen it, haven't been at the Capitol all day in fact. I've just come

capitol air day in lace. I ve just come from my dentist."

"Unpleasant person, one's dentist," commented Mr. Howard with sympathy. "Always reeks of a mean advantage and er—violet-water. Did he have to drill you much or was it an enamel filling?" he added, catching sight of a froth of strawberry tulle oillowing out of an electric auto at

"No, no filling," Senator Harwood smiled gummily, "just a lot of preparation work." tion work. "I see-like a bogus broker winning

confidence. Sorry to leave you, but this is my car." He went out to it leisurely, leaving the Sebator to blink after him in a stew of uncomfortable speculation.
"Now, isn't this just the best luck!"

"Now, isn't this just the best luck!"
He found himself suddenly confronted by a great deal of veil and two coquettish green eyes. "I'm just going down to meet George, too." purred Lucille; "he comes in on the four fifty-five from Chicago. Won't you come alone?"

along?"
"Yes," Harwood assented shortly,
"get in: I want to talk business."
By the end of the next week, George
Ford a middle-sized gentleman, with Ford, a middle-sized gentleman, with carefully parted hair and syes like sloes, was known to have bought the Evening, and the Philadelphia Day, and to be personally superintending both papers. As Carter had said, Mr. Ford papers. As Carter had said, Mr. was not unknown to Washington, nan at the desk. She seemed satisfied with his information, for she laid down with his information, for she was with me, ling energl during the past few years some with and more had more had left his sympathies somewhat knows whether or not she'll squeal." He down the dago's got her, the Lord knows whether or not she'll squeal." He down to washington, out the had more had more had more had left his sympathies somewhat left had left had left his sympathies somewhat left had left his sympathies somewhat left had nor had more had left had left his sympathies somewhat left had nor had more had left had left had left his sympathies somewhat left had left had left his sympathies somewhat left had left had left had left had left his sympathies somewhat left had le

except the insertion of a modest col-umn signed "The Tathler." Its pointed paragraphs had a strangely familiar ring to some people, and yet no one, except Carter and Mrs. Steele, knew

Mrs. Page had found it the better part of diplomacy to ignore her rela-tionship to George Ford, journalist and man of all schemes, during the period of her establishment, and while said George Ford was somewhat closely housed at Little Rock, Ark. Now that both of them were safely floating on the sluggish waters of tolerance, they found it still worth their while to remain acquaintances. Mr. Ford rented a very expensive apart-ment at Stoneleigh Court, and dined only infrequently at the showly little house off Dupont Circle; he seemed to be absorbed in the intricacies of edi-torials and the composition of a Sun-

day magazine.

For another week after the institu-tion of the Tattler nothing out of the usual journalistic humdrum appeared in the Evening. Then, like a cloud-burst came a scathing editorial on the President's pet hobby—the Secret Service—and close on the heels of that followed an open argument as to the justice of his attitude in settling the Attice of his attitude in settling the Atlanta race riots. Mr. Ford had been far-sighted; the paper doubled circulation within a week, and letters poured in by the hundred, addressed to the "Open Court" department. The editor had only to employ a few more clerks and to sit back while the battle raged. Of course, in short order, Steele's name was dragged into the

Steele's name was dragged into the discussion, through the prudent medium of public correspondence, and then, as Mr. Ford complacently remarked, they were off.

Ewart, editor of the Post, and Baring, up in New York, did what they could to ridicule the sensationalism, getting out their heaviest ammunition in defense of both the President and the Senator, and not a few independent journals followed their lead. journals followed their lead.

Through all the uproar of conflict-ing statements, Steele managed to go on with his work clear-headed, though bitterly disappointed. He had no doubt as to Harwood's being at the bottom of the whole attack. He knew, too, that Harwood was actively afraid of the secret service report soon to be read, and that he would play every card he held to ruin Steele while his (Harwood's) influence lasted. Anthony had relinquished all hope of his own re-election, but he was jealous of every breath against the President's prospects, and the fact that only a few precious months lay between the pres-ent agitation and the Presidential polling, left him worried to the limit of

Steele's relation with the man of the Big Stick had been singularly close and satisfactory to both of them; be-fore his succession to McKinley, and as

tic impetuosity, he had declared that of the few men on the floor who had not begged, bought or stolen his way there—a compliment which did not tend to increase either man's popu-larity with an already antagonistic Congress. But the President had no respect for the rules of finesse. He often told Steele that he lost time phiandering with people's moods and whimsies. "When you hit, hit to kill, is my motto!" he said, squinting up his eyes into mere silts of aggression. But since the preceding Winter he had not felt called upon to preach radicalism to his friend; neck to neck they had pushed the railroad reform bill; neck to neck they had fought for larger appropriations for the Secret Service Bu reau. And when Steele had branched out into so-called socialistic legislation the President had warmly and publicly approved. He had, moreover, shown not the slightest hesitancy in entrust-

ing to Anthony the most delicate arbi-tration of the present session—or of any session, for that matter When the situation at Atlanta threatened violence, Steele had been the first to realize it and to warn the Administration of the imminence riot. He had been the one to prevent inestimable bloodshed, to secure a more inestimable bloodsned, to secure a more humane treatment of the inferior race than the country had ever seen since Lincoln's day, and to ward off, almost as by miracle, the frightful horrors of a race war. The President—and a few other people—realized all this, but Steele saw only a contemptuous Congress, a secretly exultant band of ne-groes and a wholly indignant nation as the sum of his accomplishment. The strain of the continuous brain work told on him to the extent of almost baffling his courage when it came to further problems; only Juliet knew the struggle it was costing him to keep on with the work of arbitration in the

face of all sorts of criticism.

Juliet lost much of her own buoyancy in the daily expenditure for Anthony's encouragement, but she had occasionally the infinite reward of his assurance—"I don't know what I should do without you, my dear"—and that made up for all things. She was entirely happy over being once more essential to him, once more first in his confidence. In fact, the contrast of her state of heart this Winter with the unhappiness of the year before, gave her a guilty thrill, for she reliesd that sendonically the meaning gave her a guilty thrill, for she re-alized that, sardonically, the meaning of the two seasons had been just re-versed for Anthony. Only one thing stood out as satisfactory: He had been too much occupied to give any though to personal problems. He seemed to have no absorption outside of politics. And that was an absorption which claimed most of Juliet's attention, too; her days included a campaign which. her days included a campaign which, socially, constituted a masterpiece of engineering. The only respite came in the odd hours she snatched for Kath-leen. For over in the old house on K street another struggle was being fought; and Kathleen watched nigh after night beside the Major, who was very ill, indeed. the odd hours she snatched for Kath-

(To Be Continued.)