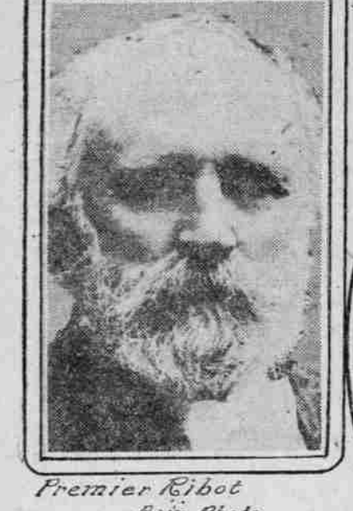
PROMINENT MEN FEATURE IN EVENTS OF WEEK IN CHURCH AND POLITICS

Envesto Nathan Becomes Italy's Commissioner to Panama-Pacific Exposition—Spitzbergen Islands Worry the Governments of All Nations, Whose Financial Interests Are Involved in the Ice-Bound Land Now.

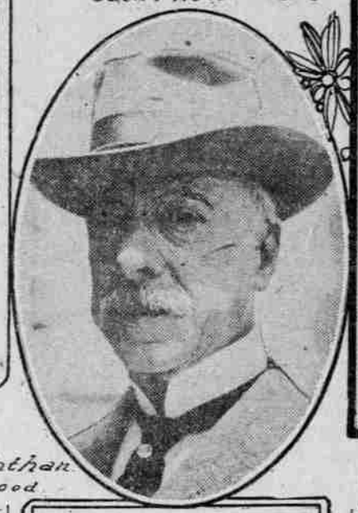
J. H. Covington
Bain Photo.

William M. Collier
Bain Photo.

Chase S. Osborne
Bain Photo.



Premier Ribot
Bain Photo.



Ernesto Nathan
©Underwood.

Don Juan Riano
©Bain

Baron Eversley.
Bain Photo.

NEW YORK, June 20.—(Special.)—Ernesto Nathan, who has been appointed by the King of Italy as commissioner-general to the Panama Exposition, has returned from a visit to San Francisco, where he made some preliminary arrangements for the Italian exhibit at the World's Fair next year.

Signor Nathan has the distinction of being the first Hebrew to have been elected to the office of Mayor of the "Holy City."

The attitude of certain Roman Catholic societies in announcing a boycott on Italy's exhibits at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, because of Signor Nathan's connection with it in a high official capacity, is puzzling the ex-Mayor exceedingly. It is charged that the boycott is the outgrowth of an alleged insult of the Pope and the Catholic Church by Signor Nathan.

Signor Nathan emphatically denies any insult to the Pope and to the Catholic Church and intimates that these charges made against him come from persons who have gotten politics and religion mixed.

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William M. Collier represented the United States at the international conference held recently to determine on a form of government for Spitzbergen. This group of seven islands was discovered by a Dutchman, in 1596. English and Dutch went there after whales, but for many years the barren looking land was claimed by no one. Not so long ago it was found that a great supply of coal existed on the islands, and a company was formed to mine it, the capital invested being $1,000,000. This money was subscribed by Americans. Squatters from many parts of the world, hearing of the place went there and became a menace to the American company's property. There was no law by which they could be controlled. Norway finally suggested that there be a conference of nations to determine the government of the place. Mr. Collier, former Minister to Spain; A. G. Schmedeman, Minister to Norway, and R. K. Nielson of the State Department, were the delegation from the United States.

* * *

Chase S. Osborn, former Governor of Michigan, has returned to America from a trip abroad. Mr. Osborn has had a spectacular life as newspaper owner, banker, discoverer of mining ranges and holder of public office. He is the only American member of the Madagascar Academy of Science.

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Senor Don Juan Riano is the Spanish Ambassador at Washington and has charge of the interests of Mexico, now that diplomatic relations with that country are severed by the United States.

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Representative J. H. Covington, of Maryland, has been appointed by President Wilson as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia. Enemies of the Administration point to the fact that Covington was opposed to Wilson's policies on the repeal of the canal tolls law and suddenly came over to the President's side, and they openly charge that his appointment to a life office is his reward.

* * *

M. Ribot has consented, in the emergency which has developed in French politics, to organize a cabinet, and announces his success. He is a member of the French Senate and 72 years old. He has been a member of many cabinets and was Foreign Minister under De Freycinet when the French treaty with Russia was negotiated.

* * *

Lord Eversley celebrated his 83d birthday recently on the high seas. He came across to test the comforts of the steamship Aquitania and to get a glimpse of New York after many years. He came to New York first in 1853 on the Niagara of the Cunard line, a side-wheeler. This ship could be put on the boat deck of the Aquitania. In 1867 Lord Eversley came over again, this time on the Cuba of the Cunard line. She was a fast ship for her time and made the crossing in 12 days. Lord Eversley was amazed when he looked at the sky line of New York as the Aquitania came up the bay.

MOST OF DISEASES OF HEART ARE CORRECTED BY NATURE'S REMEDIES

Pains Over Region of Organ Are Not Located in Vital Engine, but Come From Nervous Disorders of Various Kinds—Palpitation Not Serious, Though Often Alarming to the Patient—Causes of the Trouble.

BY DR. FREDERICK M. ROSSITER.

THE heart is one of the vital organs of the body that we cannot very well do without. There are numerous "one lungers" in the world, and many who have been denuded of a stomach, a kidney, a spleen, or of 15 or 20 feet of intestines, but there are no anatomically heartless men and women in this world. A frog can live without a brain but not without a heart. There are plenty of persons living who perhaps haven't more than "an ounce of brains"—recently a child died who was found upon examination to possess only rudiments of a cerebrum, but no one ever yet lived in this world without a heart.

It used to be a current opinion that if the heart were pricked with a needle or even touched immediate death would result, but this is not true. In fact, the experiments of Dr. Carrell and of other investigators show that wounds of the heart can be sewed up, and that even repair work can be done on the valves of the heart without causing death. These experiments were made on animals, but animal experimentation has, in many instances, been the beginning of surgery that has saved human lives. The classical work of Dr. Senn years ago on intestinal surgery upon dogs laid the foundation for the wonderfully successful surgery for intestinal troubles in our day. There are many persons in Portland, and in all parts of the world who are now living who would be dead had it not been for these courageous investigators. But so far the practical application of surgery to diseases of the human heart is not hopeful.

Marvelous Powers of the Heart.

While we recognize the heart as one of the most vital of all the organs of the body, the physician who is familiar with its diseases is impressed with its wonderful powers of adaptability and its marvelous compensatory action. Disease, or excesses, or violence, or emotions may terribly cripple this vital engine, and it may seem about to stop time and again, but given even half a chance it begins to recover itself, slowly gathers momentum and in a very short time is doing efficient work again. People with both feet hanging over the grave are at the same time able to be about the streets and attend to their daily duties because the heart has power to overcome the most discouraging and dangerous symptoms.

HEALTH AND EFFICIENCY—HOW TO MAINTAIN BOTH.

By Frederick M. Rossiter, B. S., M. D.

Questions pertaining to health, hygiene and the prevention of disease will be answered in this column. When for lack of space and when questions are not suitable, answers will be made by mail, providing a stamped envelope with address is inclosed. No questions will be considered without the name and address of the sender. No diagnosis will be made in this column.

"Some" acrobatics, but true just the same.

The action of the heart is one of the most wonderful devices of the vital economy. Out of it flow "the issues of life." It surely is a wise provision of nature that we do not have direct control over this organ, for if this were the case many a heart would cease to beat long before it does.

The heart's action is directly affected by the emotions, by poison produced within the body or by drugs taken by mouth, or given otherwise; by atmospheric pressure, and by disease. The emotions have a tremendous influence over the heart's action and in making its work light or heavy. The depressing emotions, as worry, fear and grief, have a direct effect. Fright will set the heart to beating violently, until it "almost comes into the mouth." Prolonged grief and a "broken heart" do have a direct influence upon the pulsating physical heart and to its disadvantage.

Compensation of Heart Muscle.

In certain forms of disease, the heart is so affected by the poison manufactured and circulating in the blood that the valves and the muscular walls become diseased, an actual structural change takes place within the valves, and an organic heart disease results.

This condition may be brought about by prolonged auto-intoxication extending over a period of years, by the use of alcohol and tobacco; by heavy strain and lifting; by over physical training; by acute inflammatory rheumatism and other acute diseases.

The valves thicken, harden and grow together and by establishing a partial dam, prevent the blood from making an easy exit when the heart contracts to expel it; or the valves may become retracted and their guy-ropes shortened; or the heart may dilate, thus preventing the complete closing of the valves, so that when the heart contracts some of the blood flows backward in a direction opposite to the normal current. This change in the structure may become dangerous and death would follow quickly if nature did not come to the rescue.

If the blood is held back by obstructions, the heart compensates for this, almost perfectly at times, by thickening its walls and making more powerful contractions. If the left side of the heart becomes enlarged and begins to give out, the right side takes the burden by enlarging to prevent an accumulation of fluids in the lungs, or both sides of the heart may enlarge in order to carry on the vital process of pumping the blood to all parts of the system.

This change is universally known as compensation. It is nature's physiological method of making a diseased organ effective to carry on the processes of life.

Pains in Region of Heart.

Many regard a pain as a warning of impending danger. It is a matter of daily observation by physicians that people are much more alarmed by a pain in the region of the heart than by one in the abdominal cavity. But the pain below the waist line may be a very serious matter, whereas the pain in the region of the heart is seldom an indication of danger.

Most of the pains in the left side and over the heart are neuralgic pains in the fifth and sixth intercostal nerves which have absolutely no connection with the heart and never cause any heart trouble and never "strike into the heart." Of course, a sudden shooting, stabbing pain in the left side with more pain if one attempts to get a good breath is alarming to say the least, and the first thoughts are of impending danger, but there is no danger from such pains. It is these pains that lead many people to think they must have some heart disease, but these are not heart pains. There is no other pain like the real heart pain that is present in angina of the heart. Persons who have had this attack of pain say that the heart feels as though it were being tightened up in a vise. This is about the only dangerous heart pain there is.

Organic diseases of the heart usually develop insidiously and without pain or marked symptoms. From whatever standpoint we wish to view organic or degenerative diseases of the heart today, statistics show that these diseases are on the increase, particularly among people more than 40 years of age.

Our modern high tension and manner of living no doubt has much to do with this increase of heart diseases. Some authors say that acute inflamatory rheumatism is responsible for at least half of the diseases of the heart. This no doubt is high. Diphtheria, scarlet fever, pneumonia, typhoid fever and other acute diseases often lay the foundation for organic heart diseases. Heart disease that develops late in life is more dangerous than when occurring earlier in life.

There are few, if any, symptoms while the heart is in good compensation and for this reason people seldom know at first that they have any organic trouble; it is usually discovered by the physician in a general examination. Thousands with organic heart trouble have gone through life with good compensation, have had very little trouble with their hearts, and have died from some other disease. If compensation begins to fail it may be established again by proper treatment, but there may come a time when nothing can restore it.

When compensation begins to fail various symptoms appear, as palpitation, shortness of breath, swelling of the feet and legs and, perhaps, some cough and headache. These all are increased by exertion.

When the heart action is bad a person becomes much like a sponge, for the tissues are filled with fluids from the blood, and the other organs are saturated. The heart is not strong enough to force the blood through the tiny vessels in the tissues and so the watery fluids leak out and form what is commonly called dropsy. By proper means this can all be corrected.

Those who are getting along in years and know they have organic heart disease should avoid hurry, straining, violent work and exertion, worry, alcohol, tobacco, over-eating—in other words, they should live in moderation in every way. Those with heart disease who know how and when to put on the brakes will have little trouble so far as failure of compensation is concerned. Many dislike to give up for a time and go to bed and in this lies their undoing.

Palpitation of the Heart.

Palpitation of the heart is a symptom, not a disease, but whatever it may be so far as the patient is concerned he regards it as a most distressing and annoying condition.

Some individuals of a nervous make-up have attacks of "nervous palpitation" in which there is a feeling that the heart is beating very rapidly when examination reveals an almost normally pulsating heart, or to put it in another way, there is no definite or constant relation between the heart pulsations and the subjective sensations which assail the patient. Others of a nervous disposition have nervous or irritable hearts and the slightest excitement, mental or physical, shock, sudden news, good or bad, sudden expectation, and various and sundry emotions will set the heart off at a lively rate.

Many of these heart disturbances are purely psychogenetic, that is, the actual symptoms, or the sensations of heart trouble are based upon purely groundless fears. To quote Professor Strumpell, of Vienna: "It may be said without reserve that the number of cases of 'imaginary heart disease' is decidedly greater than the number of cases of actual organic heart disease."

But whether one has a "nervous" heart or not the fact remains that palpitation is common and the heart may be beating at a very rapid rate from 125 to 180 beats a minute. It flutters. These attacks are usually of very short duration.

The following may be mentioned as some of the causes of palpitation of the heart: Nerve exhaustion, following some prolonged sickness, worry and fears, hysteria, indigestion and gas in the stomach, tea, coffee, alcohol, cigarettes, exophthalmic goiter, too much worshiping at the shrine of Venus, and organic diseases.

While palpitation is most alarming at times it can be said that it is seldom dangerous, and this assurance should have a calming influence on all fears. If the cause can be known, it usually can be removed. During an attack there should be complete bodily rest in a semi-reclining position and apply ice or cold compresses to the region of the heart with heat to the feet if they are cold. Valerian helps to quiet the nervous. It is well to bear in mind that, in palpitation, the heart will not stop beating even if the patient faints away.

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Amicis—Alle porte d'Italia.
Angeli—L'orda d'oro; romanzo.
Bechi—Il capitano Tremalaterra; romanzo glocoso.
Benco—La fiamma fredda; romanzo.
Bracco—Il diritto dell'amore, ed altre novelle.
Capuana—Homo.
Capuana—Passa l'amore; novelle.
Deledda—Dopo il divorzio; romanzo.
Deledda—La via del male; romanzo.
Farina—Dalla spuma del mare.
Farima—Piu forte dell'amore?
Ferri—Il capolavoro; romanzo.
Fogazzaro—Il mistero del poeta; romanzo.
Guerra—Cavalleria forzata.
Marchi—Il cappella del prete; romanzo.
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Bourgeois—John Millington Synge and the Irish Theater. 1913.
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Butler—Erewhon Revisited 20 Years Later. 1910.

It All Helps.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

"You can't education brains into a numbskull."

"I know; but do you think it really hurts to drop a bit of education in where the brains ought to be?"

BOOKS

"Put away all sarcasm from your speech. Never complain. Have a good word for everyone or else keep silent."
—Henry Ward Beecher.

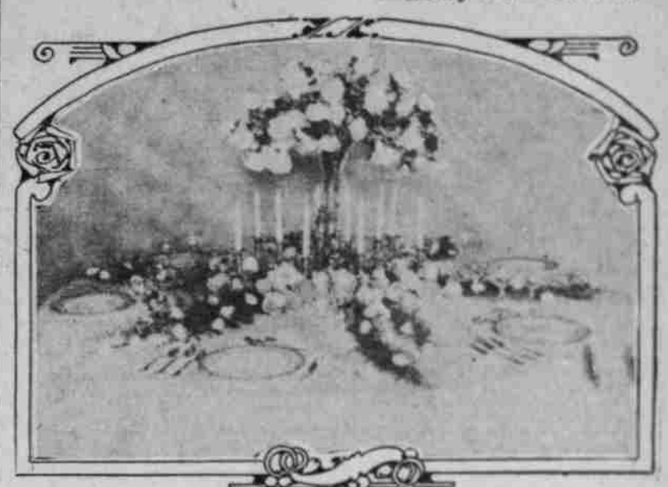

Table Scene From,
"Table Decorations and Delicacies."

Recollections of My Boyhood, by Jesse Applegate. The Review Publishing Co., Roseburg, Or.

It is seasonable at this time when old honored pioneers are in the public mind and force us who are younger to think with increasing emphasis on the forces that have made Oregon a state, to tell of this little book, in paper covers, modestly entitled "Recollections of My Boyhood." The pages are 99 and although the book is small, nothing more simply eloquent, more interesting in this line has been published for many years. It has all the charm of a novel and yet is instinct with actual events that have happened and have passed into the history of Oregon.

What a glorious pioneer heritage the book discloses, and what would we of this rubber-tire age of 1914 not do to cast off our city clothes and don more useful garments, to live in the more history-making period of state-making when living was more simple and homes better homes in the highest sense of the word.

Mr. Applegate writes with power and dignity, yet occasional humor. He says that his father was born in Lexington, Ky., his mother in East Tennessee, and that from the time of his, our author's, earliest recollections, he had been living on the Osage River in Missouri. The Applegates came across the plains in the year 1843, in the party in which J. W. Nesmith, afterward United States Senator from Oregon, was a member.

When the party halted at Walla Walla, our author has this to say about the incident: "The train which arrived here at this time was a detachment of the company which came out to Oregon this season and numbered 10 families and probably 20 wagons. The entire emigration of 1843 has been computed at about a thousand souls. The detachment included the three Applegate families; families of three brothers, Charles, Lindsay and Jesse. I call to mind also the names of Alexander McClellan, William Wilson, William Doke, Robert Smith, Benjamin Williams, Mr. Clyman, John G. Baker, Elijah Millican, Thomas Naylor, Almeran Hill, Miles Cary and Daniel Holman.

"Besides the oxen of the teams, there was a small herd of stock cattle. Jesse Applegate had probably 30 head and others had a few cows and calves. There were also a few horses. The train of wagons corraled for the last time about one hundred yards, so it appears to me, up the river from the fort and very near where the Walla Walla River flows into the Columbia.

"A train of wagons with their once white, now torn, grease and dust-stained covers, parked on the bank of the Columbia River, was a novel spectacle. Such had never been seen there before. The faithful oxen, now sore-necked, sore-footed and jaded, which had marched week after week, and month after month, drawing these wagons with their loads from the Missouri River to the Columbia, had done their task, and were unhitched for the last time, and I hope, all recovered from their fatigue and lived to enjoy a long rest on the banks, 'Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound save his own dashing.'

"Mr. McKinley was in charge of the post of Walla Walla, and was very kind and accommodating to the emigrants. There were many Indians here: bucks, squaws and papooses, and these were often visitors at our camp. Some of the bucks talked English fairly well, and all were clever at sign language. There had been at this place mission establishments, both Catholic and Protestant, and this trading post had been for several years in this part of the country. So the Indians were to some extent accustomed to modify their manners and dress."

On page 58, we read: "Where we should locate? was the all-absorbing topic of conversation at this camp in the woods. It seemed to be difficult to decide where to settle down in such a vast unappropriated wilderness. We were then actually encamped on the site of the city of Portland, but there was no prophet with us to tell of the beautiful city that was to take the place of that gloomy forest. From this camp we were two days getting up the river to Tum-Chuk, now Oregon City. We passed the Klackamas rapids on our first day up the river. The men, women and children not needed in the boats went ashore at the foot of the rapids, and followed along the river bank, while men with the boats, some poling and others on shore towing, brought the boats safely through the rapids. The camp that night was near the bank of the Klackamas River. The second day we reached Tum-Chuk, and the boats were hauled around the falls to the river above by a French-Canadian with one yoke of long-horned steers. We made camp on the east shore nearly opposite the main cataract. There were less than a dozen houses at Tum-Chuk including a tinshop, blacksmith shop, sawmill, and probably a grist mill. We spent one night at this place. In the morning two or three Kanakas helped to launch the boats above the falls and to clear the rapids. In the evening of the same day we landed at Champoeg and remained there one night in a long shed in one end of which was a bin of peas. I never saw our boats again, and do not remember how they were disposed of. From Champoeg we traveled by land. The baggage was hauled on a cart drawn by one yoke of oxen. I think the cart was hired from a French settler. Mrs. Charles Applegate and four small children rode in the cart while the rest of our party followed on foot."

The Applegates lived in the Willamette Valley seven years, when it was decided that a move to the Umpqua Valley would be in order, and here the recital teems with picturesque incident and quiet content.

The America's Cup Races, by Herbert L. Stone. Illustrated. $2. Outing Publishing Co., New York City, N. Y.

We are on the eve, so to speak, of the international yacht races. In September of this year, Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht Shamrock IV and a new American challenger will sail three races out of five, alternating windward and leeward and triangular of 30 miles in length, outside of Sandy Hook, New York, with a time limit of six hours. The dates selected are September 10, 12 and 15, and on Thursdays, Saturdays and Tuesdays thereafter, if necessary, until completed.

Such being the case, any book telling us all about the subject will be welcome. Here it is, "The America's Cup Races," and it is eminently a book for the times. It is instinct with the atmosphere of experience, and has a wealth of graphic detail that fairly grips the reader. The pages are 337, and the fine illustrations, most of them pictures of American and British yachts that have met in international races, number 18 plates.

The chapter heads are: Early history of American yachting, and events that led up to the sending of a yacht to sail in English waters; the building of America; arrival of the America in England, difficulties of arranging a match, and the race for the 100-guinea cup since known as the America's cup; effect of the America on the future of yacht design, the further history of the famous yacht, and the cup deeded to the New York Yacht Club; the first challenge for the cup, and the race between the Cambria and the New York Yacht Club fleet; Mr. Asbury's second attempt to win the cup, the Livonia-Columbia-Sappho race; Canada tries for the cup, the matches of 1876 and 1881; England challenges again and sends over Genesta in 1885; the Mayflower-Galatea race in 1886; the Scotch challenger Thistle, and her race against Volunteer; Lord Dunraven's two challenges and the Vigilant-Valkyrie II match of 1893; the Defender-Valkyrie III race of 1895, with Lord Dunraven at odds with the New York Yacht Club; Sir Thomas Lipton's first challenge; the second Lipton challenge—the Shamrock II-Columbia race of 1901; the last race for the cup, the Reliance-Shamrock III series of 1903; and events leading up to the race of 1914.

As is known to mature readers, America is the name of the yacht built in the year 1851 at a cost of about $20,000, the yacht which beat the best yachts Britain then had to offer, and brought the cup here. Where is this historic yacht today? Let our author answer: "Moored alongside of a pier in Fort Point Channel, in the heart of Boston's business center, with the paint flaking from her shapely sides, stained by streaks of rust from fastenings and ironwork, and with her deck covered by a Winter house of rough boards, unnoticed and apparently forgotten by the hurrying throng that passes her in the daily journey to and from business—lies a vessel that is at the bottom of practically all American yachting traditions, and that has not only done more for the advancement of yacht designing than any other boat, but has made yachting history the world over. Though rebuilt and rerigged several times in the 60 odd years of her experience, there is in her raking masts, graceful sheer, and clipper bow something that causes the occasional passerby who loves a boat to pause in admiration, and that is still suggestive enough of the old pilot model from which she was built, to whisper to the initiated the word dearest to their hearts—if they happen to be yachtsmen—America. There she lies, after a long and, for the most part, honorable career, the same boat (at least the same soul of her if not actually the same fabric of timbers, spars and sails) that fared forth across the Atlantic in 1851, the first of all racing yachts to cross the ocean to do battle with another nation, and the winner of a cup that now bears her name and which has stood during more than 60 years for the ultimate in a racing yacht, for the last word is speed under sail."

Interesting speculations are given regarding the international yacht race next September: "In selecting a designer for his fourth attempt to capture the cup, Sir Thomas Lipton has gone to C. E. Nicholson, probably the foremost, or perhaps more correctly, most successful, designer of racing yachts in England, though he has had no experience in an 'America's' cup race. Great secrecy is being maintained regarding the designs of the boats, both in England and here, and although nothing is known about the Shamrock IV, as the challenger will be called, except that she will not be over 75 feet long on the water line, in all probability she will follow very closely the modern type evolved under our rule. With no previous experience in our measurement rule, it is not likely that Nicholson will take many liberties with it. What the chances are of success, it is yet too early to predict with any degree of assurance. It is extremely likely, however, that the result will not be much different from the races of the past. It must be remembered that Nicholson is building for the first time under our rule, and will be up against designers who have had nine or ten years' experience with it. In addition to this handicap, there is the fact that three boats are being built from different designers in this country, from which the fastest can be picked, making his task a still more difficult one. However, Shamrock IV has only to meet one of the boats, and if challenger and defender are evenly matched, handling, luck and weather will play an important part in deciding the outcome. Whatever the result, may the best boat win."

Mr. Stone, our author, is editor of Yachting.

Punch and Judy, by Edwin Pugh. $1.35. Bobbs, Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

Whenever a new novelist pictures the sordid life of "common" people in London, England, behold! the master reader is apt to decide that the author is another Charles Dickens or Gilbert K. Chesterton.

Be that as it may, the author of "Punch and Judy" is more like Dickens than any other of the 1914 English novelists. We meet with the same love for the lowly poor, the same delicate humor, the same love interest, the same wonderfully old-fashioned children.

Punch and Judy are brother and sister, one about 8 years old and, and are blase but lovable London waifs. They are friends of Mag the Roman, Holy Joe, Monsieur and Madame Poussier, Mrs. Tallilove, midwife; Miss Alva Vani, heroine; Crispin Pix, musician, and others. Mrs. Cross, one of the unfortunate mothers in the tenement where the twins, Punch and Judy, lived, had a new baby, and Punch and Judy, who knew of the poverty surrounding the Cross home, were of the opinion that it would be more merciful if the Cross baby went to heaven.

Punch and Judy interviewed Niddy, cook for Madame Poussier, on the subject. Niddy was "a good-natured slut who lived almost perpetually underground in an atmosphere of grease and smuts, and looked as if, having been brought up on a diet of inferior pastry, it was now her nightly habit to sleep in her clothes."

Niddy's eyes were small and black, and round as boot buttons. There was a sore pinkishness about her eyelids and lips and nostrils as if her skin was wearing out at the edges. But she was intensely sentimental and romantic, and a most constant reader of penny novelettes. Punch liked her because she gave him things to eat, and disliked her because she scorned him for eating them.

As he entered the kitchen she held out a morsel of meat on a fork and said, in mocking accents: "Have a frog?"

"Wot O," answered Punch, and took the dripping brown dainty in his fingers and popped it into his mouth.

"How about if it was really a frog?" said Niddy.

Punch felt rather pale for a moment, but remembered in time that Niddy described all foreign kickshaws as "frogs," and went on chewing placidly.

"I say," he began, "do you believe in heaven?"

"Of course," said Niddy. "What d'you mean? I should look pretty, shouldn't I, slaving out my life here from morning to night, with no heaven to look forward to?"

"You do look forward to it, then?"

"I suppose so," said Niddy reflectively; "though of course," she added, "you've got to die first."

"Dying is easy enough," said Punch. "I remember when Joes was killed, outside here——"

"Fancy you seeing that!" cried Niddy, in tones of envy. "I never see nothing."

"It was rotten!" Punch shuddered at the recollection.

"I wouldn't care. Horrible or beautiful, nasty or nice, it was something out of the ordinary. And that's what I want. Something out of the ordinary."

"Is that why you look forward to heaven so?"

"Gracious, no! I wouldn't like to go there just yet. I'd rather wait till I'm old and a bit tired o' things, like. Then, I dessay, when I was utterly sick of all the bustle and excitement, I should just love it. It would be such a change then, you see."

"You don't think of heaven as a very lively place, then?"

"Not to say lively. Not the Piccadilly Circus sort of liveliness. But just quiet and refined and restful, no noise and hurry, nothing to do."

"I reckon you would find that rather dull, though."

"Well, heaven does seem dull to me," said Niddy. "Perhaps," she added pensively "that's why it's heaven."

"But if you was only a little kid; how about then?"

"I ain't a little kid—see?"

"I know you ain't. No more am I. Not little. I was thinking of a newborn baby."

"Upstairs?"

"Ah!"

"Well, what about it?"

"Supposing it was to die?"

"But it won't."

"That's what everybody says. But I don't see why it shouldn't."

"It won't," repeated Niddy, with conviction.

"You never know," said Punch, "I reckon myself it would be a good thing if it was to die, somehow."

"I dunno so much about that." Niddy gazed into the dying fire. "Tain't much cop being Mrs. Cox's fifth, of course, still——"

"One thing," Punch broke in, "if it did die now it would go straight to heaven, wouldn't it?"

"Ah!" said Niddy. "But that would be rough on it, that would."

"Rough!" exclaimed Punch in stark amaze. "How do you mean—rough?"

"Why, don't you see?" said Niddy. "If a baby rose to heaven it's a baby when it gets there, and a baby it will remain for ever and ever, world without end, ah-men. And so will a boy be a boy, and a girl a girl, and a man a man, and a woman a woman, and so on. You don't grow up in heaven, or anything like that. Ain't you heard that there's no marrying or giving in marriage there? If you want a baby, there they are, all round you, ready made. And it seems to me there ain't much fun in being a baby, even in heaven. No," said Niddy, "I stick to my own idea, thank you. A long life and a merry one, and then a sort of everlasting Sunday afternoon, in the front parlor of a heavenly mansion."

Punch was greatly taken aback and disconfited at this new, strange conception of the after-life which Niddy had flashed before him in three words. It was so wonderful, in its different way, as the Field Supper Bar idea.

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