

## BE STRONG.

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,  
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.  
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.

Be strong!

Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?  
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!  
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.

Be strong!

It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,  
How hard the battle goes, the day how long.  
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.  
—Maltbie D. Babcock, in "Collected Writings."

## By Consular Process

THE consul at Antigua was not particularly enthusiastic over his post. It was financial reasons rather than inclination that kept him there. Indeed, had the financial part of the equation been less imperative, he would have packed up his few belongings, said good-bye to Potiphar—the sole person on the coast, by the way, to whom he would have cared to say good-bye—and embarked in one of the fruit steamers for God's country.

From a purely consular standpoint, Antigua was not an exciting post. From the standpoint of nature, it was quite the reverse. In the years he had dwelt in the tumbledown, wormeaten shack which served as consulate, he had passed through two earthquakes, a volcanic eruption, several epidemics of yellow fever and hurricanes so numerous that he had long since lost count of them. If he had grown somewhat skeptical of Antigua as a place of abode, it must be admitted that he had some reason on his side.

But on the particular afternoon Antigua was displaying her best side. Potiphar's dinner had been excellent, and with a black cigar between his teeth, the consul, lolled on the veranda, enjoying the cool, sweet breeze that came in from the water. The palm trees rhythmically swayed their tufted heads to and fro; the blue sky was flecked with fleecy white clouds; the bluer water of the bay sparkled iridescently in the sun and tinkled pleasantly on the pebbly beach.

The consul, with his feet elevated to the veranda rail, succumbed to all the soothing influences about him and nodded somnolently. Occasionally he roused himself to puff the black cigar; but the intervals between his puffings grew longer and longer, until the spark on the cigar had died to crisp white ash. The consul slept.

When he opened his eyes it was late afternoon, for the shadows of the palms were stretching out toward the water. He blinked his heavy eyes, and suddenly became conscious of being watched. He turned. In a chair drawn close beside him was a man—such a figure of a man! The face—evidently young—had long been stranger to a razor; the hair was long and matted; a torn felt hat perched jauntily on one side of the head; for clothes there was a soiled shirt and faded, tattered trousers; and the feet were encased in the remnants of a pair of canvas shoes. This was the sorriest specimen of beachcomber he had ever encountered, thought the consul drowsily as he rubbed his eyes.

When he rubbed his eyes he fully expected the fantastic apparition to disappear, but when he looked again it was still there. So he straightened himself in his chair and said: "Hello."

"How do you do?" said the man. The consul sat up. "Where the thunder did you come from," he said. "I didn't know there was an English-speaking white man nearer than the plantation—that is, not one that would want to come here to the consulate," he amended.

The man grinned his appreciation of the consul's last clause. "Oh, I guess I'm on the beach, all right," he said easily.

The consul looked him over again, and found no cause to dispute this statement.

"Well!" he said in a tone which clearly implied that if the other had any business with him he had better come to it at once. Whatever the business that had brought him thither, the man was evidently at loss how to begin. He removed the disreputable hat, and ran his hand thoughtfully several times through the tangled mat of hair. His brows were drawn into a perplexed frown. Finally, he leaned toward the consul, coughed and said:

"My name is Robert Brant."

"Ah! That is important," said the consul dryly.

"Yours is Grayson, I believe," the man pursued.

The consul nodded indolently.

"I believe, Mr. Grayson," the man went on, "that, as consul here, you

look up lost things for American citizens sojourning in this country—find 'em for the parties who have lost 'em, don't you?"

"H'm," said the consul, "that duty isn't specified in the regulations. However, when such cases present themselves we do our poor best in the matter."

"I see," said Brant. "Er—would you be willing to help me find something I've lost?"

"What have you lost?" said the consul, eying him keenly.

Brant leaned forward still further in the chair. His dark eyes returned the consul's scrutiny unflinchingly.

"My nerve," he said, not without effort.

For a moment the consul thought the man was stark mad; but the steady eyes, the absence of all nervous symptoms, quashed this suspicion immediately.

"I suppose you haven't the least idea where you mislaid it," said Grayson ironically.

The man smiled. It was an illuminating smile. It transformed the unkempt features. The consul, much against his discretion, was aware of a sneaking liking for this derelict.

"I wasn't always like this, you know," said Brant with his eyes fixed on one of the bursting shoes. "I came down here an engineer. The mines brought me. It would be too long and tedious to tell how I went down the



"WHERE IN THUNDER DID YOU COME FROM?"

scale. My appearance represents quite thoroughly my present condition. This country plays a man some pretty scurvy tricks, doesn't it?"

He raised his eyes to the consul's and smiled again.

"I didn't mean to be making excuses for myself," he said apologetically.

"That's all right," said the consul generously. "Fire away!"

"When I came down here from the States," said Brant very slowly, "I left a girl back there. The thought of a girl anywhere—O!—a cmywyp girl like her ought to keep a man straight anywhere. I came down here to make my pile and marry her. At first everything went smoothly. I wrote her encouraging letters—truthful letters they were, too. Then matters began to grow rather complex for me. The country was getting its hold on me."

He paused. The consul nodded comprehendingly.

"Still I wrote encouraging letters," Brant went on. "Things would straighten themselves out, I told myself. But they didn't. I began to go down hill. I didn't realize how thoroughly I had lost my grip; and I went right on sending letters to her, telling her how well I was getting on; until at last I was on the beach."

Brant paused again. The strain of this narration was beginning to tell on him. He wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead with a grimy bandana.

"I sent the last of those letters three months ago, he said earnestly. "Man alive! I sat on the beach, penniless, an outcast beach-comber, and I wrote her how tremendously well I was getting along, and that as soon as I could find a minute's leisure I should come back to her. Even then I didn't realize it fully. I thought I could pull back to respectability again."

"You certainly were optimistic," said the consul grimly.

"Optimism is a chronic disease in this God-forsaken country," said Brant. "You drift straight to ruin, dreaming great dreams and hoping great hopes."

He thrust his hand into the pocket of his ragged trousers and drew out a letter.

"This," he said, "came by the last fruit steamer—the one that goes on further south. It's from her. She says that as I can't leave my work—imagine 'my' work!—to come to her, she is coming down here to marry me. She is coming on the Southern Cross, due here to-morrow."

"You've written her not to come, of course," said the consul with conviction.

Brant smiled wearily. "You forgot the steamer this letter came on two months ago doesn't stop on its way north. There is no mail north until the Southern Cross goes back. She is coming to-morrow."

"Good Lord!" said the consul excitedly, as the truth of the matter dawned upon him.

"Now," said Brant with more determination than the consul dreamed he could muster. "I want your help. First, I want you to lend me a razor and some clothes, if you will. I'll meet her to-morrow in fairly respectable guise; but I don't dare trust myself after I see her. I want to bring her here to the consulate, and I want you to tell her—here, before me—what manner of man I am."

He opened the soiled shirt, and from the inside unpinned a few bills.

"I made this working with the natives on one of the plantations. It's the passage money back. I want you to send her back to the States. Will you?"

The consul was lost in thought for some time. The other waited patiently.

"See here," said the consul at length. "I stand in pretty well with Toro and his cabinet. I think I can get you a place on the railroad the government is building—"

Brant held out a deprecating hand. "Rum and the coast have played a merry game with me," he said meaningfully. "You'd better send her back first. Then I'd like to try again."

The consul suddenly seized Brant's hand.

"I'll do my best for you," he promised.

Antigua behaved herself the following day. At sunset, Brant and the consul stood on the beach, watching the great bulk of the Southern Cross glide to her moorings through the glassy water. The palms stood out sharply against a sky of red and gold, and far to the east dim little stars were struggling to peep out of the pale blue sky.

Both men stood silently on the shore; Brant calm and straight, his eyes on the unruddled bay; the consul, with one hand holding his hat, the other nervously pulling his mustache.

Presently the gig was lowered from the steamer's side with much screaming of the davit-blocks. Without a word the consul walked back to his little shack and entered the room that served him as office.

Some moments later he heard the tread of footsteps on the veranda and a girl's light laughter. The consul rose and involuntarily squared his shoulders.

Brant entered and with him was a dark-eyed, laughing girl. The consul experienced a sudden overwhelming sense of helplessness.

He was vaguely aware that Brant was speaking words of introduction; vaguely aware that he had taken a soft little hand in his own, and that he was looking into a pair of happy, unclouded eyes. Then there was a strained silence until Brant coughed nervously. The consul cleared his throat, reddened to the roots of his hair, and began:

"Miss Kent, I want to say a few words to you about Mr. Brant and—er—this coast. I fear you have been deceived, or at least that matters have been more or less overdrawn to you."

The girl's eyes grew wide with a troubled, questioning look. Grayson set his teeth.

"He has deceived you brutally," the consul blurted out. "You must go back to the States."

"I don't understand you. We are to be married here. I shall stay," said the girl bravely.

"I tell you he has deceived you," said the consul savagely. "You must go back."

The big eyes grew frightened. Her lip quivered. Then she caught one of Brant's hands in both her own.

"Robert," she cried, "what does it mean? No matter what has happened, I shall stay with you. He doesn't speak the truth."

The consul felt himself weakening. He devoutly wished the earth might open and swallow him.

"If it's the yellow fever and the earthquakes, Robert—they told me about them on the boat—I'm not afraid of them. Let me stay," she pleaded.

Then the consul hedged miserably. "I see our little ruse has failed, Mr. Brant," he said pleasantly. "I think

despite the fever and the earthquakes you had better let her stay. If you'll pardon me, I'll take the diligence over to the plantations and fetch the English parson."

There is no account of the wedding in the consular reports from Antigua; nor is there any record of the reinstatement of one Robert Brant, American citizen and erstwhile beach-comber. But then, consular reports are limited affairs.—Utica Globe.

## LOCATING A BOOM TOWN.

Early Days in Guthrie Were Exciting to an Eminent Degree.

A. H. Huston, who has practiced law at Guthrie since the opening of the territory, in recalling incidents of early days tells this story of how Guthrie was first settled:

"I made a heroic effort to be the first man on the ground that day, but, despite all my endeavors, I found a whole city full here ahead of me. Just as I crossed what is now Division street, going east from the Santa Fe, I first met John Golob; he was engaged in an animated discussion with a surveyor and a number of other gentlemen upon the question of the right of settlers to take lots east of that section line. All of the others were surveying, staking off and claiming their lots, but John was just arguing the point, and making no attempt or effort to take a lot himself. I do not know whether he has ever got one since or not. But as a debater John established a reputation then and there which entitles him to high rank.

"A peculiar affinity manifested itself in those early days between the men from Kansas and the men from Texas. They organized a machine and captured all the offices in East Guthrie. When it appeared that there were not offices enough to go round the machine, being untrammelled by constitutional limitations or conscientious scruples, made new offices. Colonel Tom Soward, of Kansas, and Judge T. J. Lowe, of Texas, were among the principle manipulators of the East Guthrie machine.

Not appearing to have been properly appreciated by the machine myself, I assumed the attitude of an anti, and of a representative of the common people. In a short time, however, when I was notified that my services were required in the administration of the government of the city, I felt constrained to look with less suspicion and criticism upon the official acts of good men and soon we were all working together for the advancement and up-building of the community. We set up courts for the preserving of the public peace and the protection of property, and while the physical boundaries of the government were the city limits, yet we assumed and exercised jurisdiction between Kansas and Texas on the north and south. No Man's Land on the west and a United States court at Muskogee on the east.—Kansas City Journal.

## WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "LOVE"?

The Landlady, the Psychologist and Some Others Attempt Definition.

"What is love?" was the burning question asked by the company of Immortals.

"Love," said the landlady, "is that power so subtle as to defy analysis, which draws two people together who cannot afford it, and enables me to fill my third-story front."

"Love," said the society woman, "is the alliance of two families in such a manner as to produce the fewest offspring and then cut the greatest swath."

Said the psychologist: "Love is that set of sensations which, finding their way through the afferent nerves, stimulate certain ganglionic centers of the occipital portion of the brain, and extend upward through the higher areas of cerebral consciousness. It is purely subjective in its action, and while it has no regular synthesis, being extremely diverse in all of its aspects, it seems to be subject to some higher definitive law as yet undetermined."

Said the college graduate: "Love is the supreme folly."

Said the octogenarian: "Love is eternal."

Said the theologian: "Love is that divine force, coexistent with Jehovah, that has dwelt in the hearts of men since the shepherds have watched their flocks, and which enables us to force every one to believe in our own particular views, even if we have to dot it with the edge of the sword."

Said the actress: "Love is the angel—with plenty of money."

Said the bachelor: "Love is an amusement."

Said the married man: "Love is the dearest thing in the world. It's the only thing that prevents me from living within my income."

Said the widow: "Love is constant in its change."

Said the dressmaker: "Without love I should go out of business. Love pays all my bills."—Life.

When a preacher is going to be away from home on Sunday, he has as much trouble sneaking away from his congregation as a woman has in getting away from her children.



"I can always tell when you are going to tell a lie," said Cregg to Legg. "How?" asked Legg. "I see you open your mouth," said Cregg.—Town Topics.

Old Gentleman (to small boy, who is nursing a skinned knee)—Did you fall down, little chap? Small Boy—Yer didn't think I fell up and bashed agin a cloud, did yer?

Barnes Torner—I am in a quandary. I have been offered an engagement by two managers, and I don't know how to act. Sue Brette—Well, don't worry. They'll soon find it out.

"And do you think," he asked, "that men progress after death?" "Well," she replied, "if they don't, it would almost seem useless for some of them to die."—Chicago Record.

Mother—Willie, what's Tommy crying for? Willie—Only because he doesn't want to learn anything. I just took his sweets and showed him how to eat them, and he screamed.

"Thomas, spell weather," said the teacher. Thomas—W-l-a-e-t-h-t-h-e-a-r. Teacher—You may sit down, Thomas. You've given us the worst spell of weather we've had this year.

She—But if you say you can't bear the girl, why ever did you propose? He—Well, her people have always been good to me and it's the only way I could return their hospitality.—Punch.

Miss Cutting—That dog of yours, seems to be remarkably intelligent. Softleigh—Yaws, indeed! I—aw—could not begin to tell you all he knows. Miss Cutting—No, of course not.—New Yorker.

Bizzer—I regret to learn that your son Reginald failed in his graduating examination at Harvard. Buzzer—Reggy could stand that if only his crew had not been beaten in the boat race.—Ohio State Journal.

Gentleman (to man on horseback)—Why, my man, how do you expect to get that horse along with a spur on one side only? Horseman—Well, sir, if I gets that 'ere side to go, ain't the other bound to keep up?

"What a polite little boy you are," exclaimed Miss Anne Teek, "and do you always take off your hat like that when you speak to ladies?" "No'm," replied the polite little boy, "only old ladies."—Philadelphia Press.

"I think I'll take this bracelet," said a lady whose husband had suddenly amassed a fortune. "Are you sure it's made of refined gold?" "Oh, yes," answered the jeweler. "Because I do detest anything that isn't refined!" said the lady.

The Uncle—Well, here's the money you've been bothering me for. Now, remember the old saying that "A fool and his money are easily parted. The Nephew—I don't know about that. I've had to coax you for more than a week for this.

"I wonder why the groomsman at a wedding is called the best man?" queried the leap-year girl. "I suppose," rejoined the old bachelor, "it is because he has shown his superior intellect in not posing as the victim in the tragedy."—Chicago News.

She was city bred, and had the usual fear of cows. "Why," she asked, when the danger was past, "did you take me across this lot?" The small country lad chuckled. "I thought it would be fun," he said, "to see you try to climb a tree." Then after another chuckle: "And it was."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wordsworth; "the family are most interesting. John dances divinely. Tom sings like an angel. David is a famous footballer. Susanne paints with great taste." "And Henry?" "Oh, Henry! Well, he's a rather dull sort of a fellow, you know. He only works and supports the others."

"John," said the bargain-hunting half of the matrimonial trust as they sat at the breakfast table, "I wish you would let me have \$25 this morning." "My dear," replied the meek and lowly husband, "I wish you would break yourself of the habit you have of dreaming that I married an heiress."—Tit-Bits.

Employer—You are having a decided flirtation with the girl who has charge of our telephone wire? Truthful Clerk (with cold chills running up and down his spine, and with visions of instant dismissal)—Y-e-e-s, sir; but please, sir—Employer—Well, keep it up. She will give more attention to our calls if you do.

The small boy was having his face bathed by a sister, who perhaps showed rather more enthusiasm in the matter than was altogether necessary, for the victim wriggled in her grasp. "Let me go," he said gaspingly, when he had shaken off the folds of the bit of Turkish toweling used for a face cloth. "I can't see why you wash my face, any way; I never use it."