

ORGAN GRINDER'S DAY

HARVEST REAPED BY WASHINGTON STREET MUSICIAN.

Story From the Capital Concerning French and German Ambassadors Is a Good One, Though It Is Not Official.

It was before the war came in grim earnest, of course, but here is the form in which a perfectly respectable old story used to be told over the cigarettes in Washington. When the governments of France and Germany were merely barking at each other across the conference table, it happened one day that an Italian organ grinder, strolling along the streets of Washington, planted his instrument of torture on the curb in front of the German legation and began grinding out the Marsellaise.

The strains of France's great national air fell upon the ears of the German ambassador, Count Bernstorff, as he sat within, deep in the diplomatic puzzles of his office, and a frown overspread his brow; for the Germans, though a music-loving people, love not the tune of the Marsellaise. However, he passed the incident, as a momentary annoyance, and buried himself deeper in his work.

When the musician, having reached the end of the Marsellaise, proceeded to adjust his machine and play it over again, the ambassador grew restless. And when the third round began, Count Bernstorff's patience broke under the strain. Hammering upon his call-bell, he summoned an attendant.

"Go out and drive that fellow from the block!" he commanded, and was turning again to his work when a bright idea flashed upon him. "Here, wait a moment," he called, and, drawing a coin from his pocket, gave the valet some instructions along with the money.

The valet, swiftly making his way to the street, addressed the organ grinder.

"Can you play 'Die Wacht am Rhein'?" he asked.

"Yes, sure, Mike, I play him," replied the son of Italy, in the lingo of the country.

"Do you know where M'sieur Juserand, the French ambassador, lives?" now queried the servant.

"Yes, yes, sure, Mike, I know," responded the dago.

"Well, here's a half-dollar," said the servant, handing him the coin. "I want you to go up to Ambassador Juserand's house and play 'Die Wacht am Rhein' for 15 minutes without stopping. Understand?"

"Yes, yes, sure, Mike," exclaimed the dago eagerly, and, slinging his organ across his back, as he prepared to move on, added proudly:

"Today, beeg day; today I make de beeg mon." Ambass' Juserand, just now he give me one dollar to come here and play de Marsellaise for 15 minutes."—New York Evening Post.

The Dam Bill.

It was a legislative bill day in the house, and a call for a quorum had been sent forth. Wearily the members dragged themselves forth from the cool house offices into the heat of a summer day. And as one congressman greeted another, the question, "Is the dam bill up?" was overheard by a rather prim and earnest visitor, who went on, horrified at such profanity, only to hear another group inquire: "Is the dam bill up?" Hurrying on toward the office building, still a third time her ears were assailed with the undignified query—"Is the dam bill up?"

"Well, I never," said the good lady, shaking her hussar plumes viciously, "I never heard such profane congressmen. The changeable weather has worked on their tempers sure enough, for every congressman I meet has been inquiring about that dam bill, and the thought of it so impressed itself on my mind that I almost feel like saying that dreadful word myself for the sake of relief."—"Affairs at Washington," by Joe Mitchell Chappel, in National Magazine.

Deposits of Phosphate Rock.

While the states of Florida, Tennessee and South Carolina have for many years been the principal sources of phosphate rock in the United States, it is believed that the main production in the future will probably come from the great deposits of phosphate rock on public lands in Idaho, Utah, Wyoming and Montana. While Georgetown is the only village strictly within the area discussed, Montpelier and Soda Springs are closely adjacent. An estimate of the high-grade phosphate rock available in the area northeast of Georgetown has been made—2,663,290,000 long tons. Although this estimate is approximate, it is derived from the most complete data available at the present time and has been confined to the content of the main bed, which lies in the greater part of this area near the base of the phosphate shales, and no attempt is made to estimate the vast tonnage of the intermediate or low-grade rock.

Cat Had the Advantage.

Cherry Kearton, the famous photographer of wild animals, says that during the bombardment of Antwerp a dog and a cat followed him down the street. "As the shells burst the dog went dodging from one side of the road to the other, but the cat never turned a hair." A cat is naturally used to being bombarded, and, besides, has eight lives advantage on a dog.

The Governor's Lady

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play

By GERTRUDE STEVENSON

Illustrations from Photographs of the Stage Production

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SYNOPSIS.

Daniel Slade suddenly advances from a penniless miner to a millionaire. He is ambitious to become governor of the state. His simple, home-loving wife fails to rise to the new conditions. Slade meets Katherine, daughter of Senator Strickland, and sees in her all that Mary is not. Slade decides to separate from his wife and takes rooms at his club. His description of his wife and his constant attendance on Katherine Strickland causes public comment. Editor Merritt is won over to the support of Slade because he cannot otherwise supply the money for a European trip demanded by Mrs. Merritt.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

"There are strangers there who learned of your—or—domestic difficulties for the first time tonight," Strickland continued. "Merritt has thrown the bombshell."

"Why, I thought—" Slade began to protest.

"He's all right," came the senator's reassuring tones. "It had to come out. He's got his coat off in there for you now. He maintains that the opposition papers are bound to take it up at any moment. Now, what do you advise?"

"The truth," thundered Slade. "My wife is preparing to desert me. It will happen—Hayes jumped up and fung himself out of the room—tomorrow—the next day—any hour."

"I see," and the senator looked grave. "Is this irrevocable, Slade?"

"Irrevocable," declared Slade, positively. "As I have told you several times, senator, it is irrevocable. I'll stand by that."

Convinced that Slade knew his own mind in this matter as well as he had the reputation for knowing it in all other matters, Strickland returned to the waiting politicians.

Slade had been alone but a few minutes when Katherine returned.

"Well, Mr. Slade," the girl exclaimed, "things seem to be coming our way."

Slade was in no mood for mere conversation. He was annoyed at Hayes' attitude, and incensed because his private affairs were being publicly discussed in the next room. Mentally he consigned Hayes to the devil, his wife to the far East of the country, and registered a vow with himself that he would have that divorce and the woman he wanted in spite of everybody and everything.

He resolved to sound Katherine out then and there. He turned over in his mind the most cold-blooded proposition that a man ever made to a woman. He was planning to ask her to marry him, when he should be free, to decorate his home, preside at his table, share his wealth and the honors of the chief executive of the state. There would be no warmth in his tone, no love in his heart, no hunger of his lips for hers, no yearning of his arms for her yielding figure, there would be none of the fire of youth, nothing of the love of little children, nothing of the spirit that makes of marriage a sacrament rather than a thing of convenience.

As Katherine walked across the room, moving toward him with the quiet grace and dignity of the well-trained, well-gowned woman, he had a fleeting memory of the slight, badly dressed little woman, whose diffidence in strange surroundings had always fretted him. She a governor's wife? Impossible! He rose and stood beside the woman whom he proposed to use as another living stepping stone.

"Miss Strickland," his mind fully made up, "you've done a lot for me in the last few weeks while you've been making that bust. I think I understand you in a way. The more I see of you the more I think I'd like to make a—well, a bargain with you. That doesn't seem to be quite the word," he hesitated as the girl averted her eyes. "Yet I think that's what we call it."

"A bargain!" echoed Katherine. "Yes, a bargain," he repeated. "I never knew but one woman well—that was Mrs. Slade. She's a good woman—a mighty good woman, but we can't—I never had a home—not a home like Strickland's. When I have another house—that'll be what I'll want, I'll want my friends, my acquaintances, to come there. I want—well—headquarters. And I want a woman at the head of my house that I can be proud of—like Strickland."

Katherine was not surprised. She had anticipated some such move as this on his part, but now that she was face to face with the unvarnished suggestion, she found herself more shocked than she would have believed.

"In a couple of months I'll stand free," he went on. "Perhaps sooner. I don't expect any woman's going to love me—she isn't. Got to do that when you're young. But I'd do all I could for the woman. She'd have everything—money and—the power that goes with it. I want to say right here that I wouldn't speak if I thought young Hayes had a chance. I saw he didn't."

At the mention of Hayes' name Katherine had an instant's vision of Bob's tender face—his eyes burning with love looking into hers—of his youth—his strength—his fine honor, and her heart cried out desperately, pitifully, for the shelter of his arms.

In another moment the old recurrent vision of life in the old town, dull, cheap, uninteresting, and the lure of what Slade was offering, the money, the clothes, the servants, the power to reign supreme, swept her off her feet. The thought of divorce did not terrify her. Mrs. Slade, whom she had never seen, was only a name.

As Slade watched her standing straight and white, he feared he had been too brutally blunt.

"You needn't think it over now," he hastened to add. "Perhaps you will later, and perhaps you won't. That's for you to decide. I guess I've said all I can say."

But Katherine was not a woman to shrink from a situation because of its unpleasant features. She knew that she couldn't have all the things she wanted without some suffering, some pain. Her father's world had taught her that love was a thing of small consideration where marriage was concerned, unless it went with the advancement of one's ambitions. Love was not of the world. Place, power, wealth—these were of the world and this man offered them to her.

"This isn't a matter of sentiment," she agreed with him calmly. "I'll be perfectly frank with you. I don't say I won't think it over. I know just what you want of a woman. When you can go to my father free there won't be any barrier in the way."

She offered her hand as if to bind the bargain. He held it for a brief instant and with a hurried "thank you" left the room.

CHAPTER VII.

Left alone, Katherine drew a long breath. Her face was set and her eyes were harder than it is good for a woman's eyes to be. She pictured to herself the future for which she had just bargained. There would be wealth—no more pinching struggle with masked poverty, her father at ease, his political debts all paid. There would be no more pretense that her art was for love of it and not for money—she would be free to follow her desires in this as in all else. There would be honor and power as wife of the state's chief executive—and that was but a step to further honors that she would achieve at Slade's side—with Slade—always with Slade—ah!

As she stood thus the horror of what she had agreed to do swept over her, and she sank moaning and shivering into a chair, covering her face as if to shut out the hideous vision of herself as Slade's wife. She did not hear Bob enter, and did not know he was in the room until he touched her shoulder with tender alarm, exclaiming: "Why, Katherine, what's the matter?"

He did not think he ever remembered Katherine, strong, firm-willed Katherine, looking so pathetic and helpless. She dropped her hands from her face and he was surprised to see the misery in her eyes and the drawn lines about her mouth.

"I'm cold—I'm cold! I've had an awful chill," she tried to say, her teeth chattering with the sudden cold that seemed to freeze her lips. "Don't touch me, Bob!" she choked. "I've done it. I've done it. I always knew I'd do something terrible—I've done it!" Her voice was hollow and her eyes were blank and expressionless.

"Katherine, tell me what's the matter? Can't you tell me?" There was a world of love and tender solicitude in Bob's voice. His manner seemed to rouse her, and she began to pace the floor excitedly.

"My mind's made up. It's all over between us now. I'm going to marry Slade," the words were uttered quickly, breathlessly.

"You're going to marry Slade," Bob could scarcely believe his ears. "You must be crazy!"

"No," her voice was firmer now. "But I'm twenty-seven years old, twenty-seven years old." She bit the words off with a vengeance. "Soon I'll be thirty—thirty—do you hear? And you're the only man I've ever cared a rap for. I've tried to marry other men, rich men, men with important positions. Once I nearly did it in Europe. Then I thought of you, and I waited. I waited. And it's too late now. I can't wait any longer. I've worried and wondered ever since I got home what I could do. What I could do! Slade's the answer, Bob. Slade's the answer."

"My God, Katherine!" Hayes was completely bewildered at this unexpected outburst. "Slade's married."

"I don't care," she retorted, defiantly, gaining courage as she talked. "A woman more or less is nothing to that man. He'll move a mountain. He'll soon sweep her out of his path."

The hot blood surged up into Hayes' face. He was aghast at this peep into the soul of the woman he had thought was tender and dear and sweet. Her complete disregard of Mrs. Slade enraged him.

"So this is what Slade has done!" His fists were clenched. "This is what he's after. This is what you want. I'm not surprised," he went on, bitterly. "It was always in you."

"Yes," she met this accusation, an

angry light in her eyes. "It was always in me. I always had to have everything, be everything. I can't stay here and be a nobody. We're getting horribly poor. If we look prosperous, it's because nothing is paid for. When I was a child I always had to lead all the little games." She was talking rapidly, earnestly. "Then when I grew up there was only one leader here—Katherine Strickland, and after there was never but one woman left this place and did the things I've done and made the successes I've made, and now—to come back here—and settle down! When I'm Mrs. Slade I'll have the life I'm after—money and power and Europe—the world."

"Don't forget Slade," came sarcastically from Hayes. "Don't forget Slade," and he came toward her. "You'll have Slade, too. You'll have to live with him, a man who has lived all his life with another woman—who—"

"Don't!" she commanded. "He is only marrying me for a—a sort of housekeeper."

"You'll be his wife just the same." Every word was a sting.

"Yes—you'll have your revenge," Katherine answered quietly, more to herself than to him. Her voice dropped wearily. "Every time he kisses me—every time he comes into the room. But I'll get used to him, I suppose. Women get used to that sort of thing."

"Yes, and then go to the devil! I'll tell you what I think of you," he stormed. "You're a bad woman. You're as rotten as they make them. There's no type so low. You're bad to the marrow. London and Washington and Paris have done for you. You've buttered all over the world till you're a heartless jade, junketing about from one embassy to another with all your pretty little cheating tricks and not a decent thought in your head."

"I won't listen," she gasped, amazed at his denunciation of her.

"You will listen!"

"Don't, oh, don't say such things, Bob," she pleaded.

"Why not?" he demanded. "You who plan to do such a devilish thing in the eyes of God and of men, can you be afraid to hear what it really is you plan? You will listen!"

He took a step nearer. He caught her roughly by the shoulders. He buried his lips into the soft tendrils of hair around her ear as he almost shouted: "You are going to rob a poor little woman—step into her house and snatch away her husband—and the only excuse you can offer is that you want his money. Why don't you rob somebody outright and get away with it? It's more honest."

Katherine shrank from him with a cry of protest.

"And all the while you love me," he went on, passionately, "you love—"

"I don't," she sobbed.

"You lie!" he accused, hotly.

"Well, supposing I do—what can you give me?" she asked coolly.

"What can I give you?" he repeated. Then with a look of utter loathing in his eyes: "You contemptible little—"

and he flung her from him.

"You're going to sell what's mine to the highest bidder," he panted.

"But Slade's not divorced yet, and before you get out of this dirty mire you'll regret it. You'll find yourself so deep in scandal—"

"I won't," Katherine protested, vehemently. "I won't have a scandal."

"They'll say he's your lover," his rage turning into fury.

Katherine looked at him as if she had been turned to stone. Then the real significance of what he had said fanned to a flame the rage that was burning in her heart—rage at him—at conditions—at everything! She gripped her fingers around one of the lovely roses at her belt and crushed it to a pulp. Then she ripped them from her gown—his roses—and threw them among the blazing logs in the fireplace.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ROLL-TOP DESK IS BARRED

In the Interest of Efficiency Eastern Railroad Equips Its Offices With Modern Furnishings.

This is an age of efficiency, and in the successful stores, offices, and corporations one sees many things that make for more efficient work on the part of every one from the big boss down to the janitor.

Nowhere perhaps is efficiency more rigidly demanded than on most of the railroads. An order just issued by an Eastern railroad is illustrative of the point. This order forbids the use of roll-top desks by any of the employees—all offices from the president's down and all those along the system have been equipped with flat-top desks.

This is so the men will not cram pigeonholes full of papers and pile work and papers on their desks, close them up and go home. The man with a flat-top desk will clear it off before leaving, in fact it's mandatory in this case, and he steps up to his desk the next morning, not having to fuss and fume over a pile of unsorted papers, but ready to dig right in on the day's job. There's nothing left us done from yesterday.

Leaders Laid the Foundation.

In manual toil, in commerce, in education and in public service, at home, at the council board, in the church, there is not a bit of routine you can put your hand to, but the saints and heroes were at the beginning of it. "Princes dug this well, yes, the nobles of the people hollowed it out with their scepters and with their staves."—George Adam Smith.

On the top of Mt. Wilson

AN EXPEDITION to Mt. Wilson is no small undertaking. The mountain is 5,887 feet in height according to the geodetic survey. The altitude is usually given in round numbers as 6,000 feet, which is a pardonable exaggeration. The trip involves a climb of 4,000 feet—vertical—which is accomplished in a tramp of nine miles from the terminus of the Sierra Madre cars of the Pacific Electric system. This is called the Sierra Madre trail and is usually taken by foot passengers or by those who choose to make burros or mules do the fatigue work, writes W. H. Knight in the Los Angeles Times.

But there is besides a so-called auto mobile roadway, of greater length and easier grade. It was built and is kept in good repair by the Carnegie Institution for the transportation of building material and also to bring up supplies to the astronomers, for although the latter devote their time to the contemplation of the heavens and seem to be dwelling in far-off celestial spheres, yet they are actually human and have cravings that can only be satisfied by consuming things of terrestrial growth.

Observatory Will Be Massive.

Up this Carnegie road 200 tons of steel have been transported for the construction of the new mammoth observatory which is to house the great 100-inch reflecting telescope, and before the observatory is completed that gigantic building will consume an additional 600 tons of structural steel. This will include the grand dome 100 feet in diameter, whose topmost point will be 120 feet from the ground. It will be by far the most massive building ever planned for, and devoted to, astronomical use.

The members of the Astronomy club climbed the trail under the direction of Secretary Thomas P. Smith. Mr. Baumgardt, son of B. R. Baumgardt, laureate, and his friend brought up two fine portable telescopes which proved of great service on the mountain.

But there was another party whose adventures are worth noting. It was conducted by Vallette L. Benedict. The members of this little group ventured over another trail which proved to be full of surprises. They went up the Mt. Lowe electric road to Alpine Tavern, 5,000 feet elevation, and from there started for Mt. Wilson by one of the standard forest trails along the dividing ridge.

Long and Tiring Hike.

An optimistic signboard near the tavern reads "six miles, but who could suspect that it meant by air line, as the aeroplane flies? After hiking along their serpentine course for two hours, alternately climbing steep grades and dropping to lower levels, they came to another sign which read "five and one half miles." Overcome with the humor of the situation, they settled in a shady nook, opened their noon lunch, which was washed down with a bottle of Bryan beverage thoughtfully provided by the president, and doubly appreciated, for there was not a trickle of water on the whole route.

But the scenery was magnificently grand. There were fascinating views of Alpine peaks, some of them wooded to the summit with giant pines and spruces, others bastioned by granite crags which pierced the clear blue sky, and on either hand deep verdure-clad canyons lead off through interminable vistas to other lofty mountain ranges. And a special charm of these beautiful scenes was their endless variety.

At four o'clock, when the sun began to throw long shadows from the magnificent peaks across the dark canyons below, one of the party exclaimed: "Why, yonder is the tower telescope on the distant summit of Mt. Wilson," and it was still three miles away. At last, after ten miles of strenuous hiking, the camp was reached, and though all felt well paid by the fine scenery they had enjoyed, they were dubious about recommending the ridge trail to other pilgrims inquiring about the route.

Glimpse of Delavan's Comet.

At 3:30 a. m. young Baumgardt, who is an enthusiast, summoned the enterprising members to rise and get a glimpse of Delavan's remarkable comet, which has now been visible to astronomers for many months. It is midway between brilliant Capella and the Twins. Though but dimly visible to the naked eye it is flashed out with great beauty in Baumgardt's powerful binocular telescope, and has a broad comb-like tail, but had then developed any long streamers.

Presently the comet began to fade in the approaching dawn and then the party adjourned to Echo Rock to witness the novelty of a sunrise over the San Antonio range of mountains. A level stratum of cloud resembling molten gold adorned the summit. Suddenly a rim of translucent silver and then a sphere of pure undazzling light rose as if it were a gigantic bubble issuing from the cloud. Words fail to express the exquisite beauty of the scene. It well compensated for the toilsome climb of the previous day and the broken slumbers of the morning.

From Echo Rock the party went

LOOKING FROM TELESCOPE TOWER

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