THE PROFESSOR'S NIGHT OUT

By Francis Gribble.

PROFESSOR THEGARTHEN—professor of moral and metaphysical philosophy in Wales—was dignified, portly and imposing, an old Cambridge "blue," and as much a man of the world as one could expect a professor to be. He knew London fairly well, and when he came to town he stayed at his father-in-law's house in Berkeley square, where the events related in this story happened.

The professor was sitting up late that night, preparing a lecture on the Absolute, when Lady Carmichael came down into the library in her dressing gown.

"Sir John is very ill," she said in an anxious whisper.

"Dear me, dear me!"

"I left Ella with him while I came down to speak to you. All the servants are in bed and he wants the doctor."

"I'll go, of course. What is the address?"

She told him, adding:

"There's something else. Perhaps I'm more frightened than I ought to be, but I really think that Arthur ought to be fetched, too."

"You won't wait to hear what the doctor says?"

"I think not. You won't mind going for him, will you? He said he'd be late. He's at his club."

"What club is it?"

"The Junior Sportsmen club, No. 217 St. James' place."

"No. 270 St. James place—yes, I'll remember," said the professor as he unlocked the door and hurried forth upon his errand, running the 200 yards or so to the doctor's house. Then, having rung the night bell and shouted up the speaking tube, he hailed a cab.

"No. 270 St. James place. Drive as fast as you can."

"Ho! ho! ho! chuckled the cabman, grimly, on his perch.

"Stop that indecent guffawing and make haste," said the professor.

"Ho! ho! ho!" repeated the driver, as he whipped up his horse.

For, as you have seen, the professor had made a mistake in the number. He had given the address, not of the Junior Sportsman's club, but of the Young Sportsman's club, which is a club of a very different character. The cabman knew the Young Sportsman's club, though the professor did not. So all the way through the silent streets he chuckled:

"Ho! ho! ho!"

At No. 270 St. James place the professor got out and spoke to the commissionaire on guard at the entrance.

"Will you kindly tell Captain Carmichael that Professor Tregarthen wishes to see him at once?"

"Carmichael? There's no gentleman of that name here, sir," replied the man in uniform.

"Nonsense," said the professor. "This is No. 270 St. James place, is it not?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Then I know that my brother-in-law, Captain Carmichael, is a member of this club, and I have ever reason to believe that he is in the club at the present time."

"I assure you there's no gentleman of that name here, sir. I take the names of all the gentlemen as they come in."

"Then you have made a mistake in not taking the name of Captain Carmichael."

"No mistake whatever, sir."

"There must be a mistake, and as I am here for the purpose of fetching Captain Carmichael to the bedside of his father, who has been suddenly taken ill, I shall come inside and ascertain for myself whether he is here or not."

"Very sorry, sir. It's against orders to admit strangers, sir," replied the commissionaire.

"Then let me see the secretary of the club."

"Very sorry, sir. The secretary has gone home, sir."

"In that case you must let me pass in the exercise of your own discretion."

"I'm sorry I can't do that, sir, but I've got my orders."

"I will take upon my own shoulders the responsibility of your breaking them. I am the professor of moral——"

"You can't pass, sir."

"What do you mean, man? How dare you speak to me like that?" said the professor, who was accustomed to be obeyed. "I insist upon coming in."

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A man of less imposing appearance would, no doubt, have been stopped by force. But the commissionaire hesitated to lay rough hands upon the professor, and instead of stopping him he followed him, protesting, up the passage.

The professor opened the first door that he came to, calling in a loud voice as he entered:

"Captain Carmichael! Is Captain Carmichael here?"

A chorus of interjections greeted him.

"What in thunder ——"

"Who the ——"

"Well, I'm ——"

Thus they saluted him and the professor perceived that he had intruded upon a company which had not expected him.

He had expected to find himself in an ordinary club smoking-room; he found himself in an apartment which seemed half gambling and half refreshment buffet.

Up the center of the room ran a table covered with green baize, at which men were playing baccarat—old men and young, pigeons and hawks, a moneylender, heavily bejeweled, who doubtless found the place a useful antechamber to his business offices. They were not playing for fish counters, but for notes and gold. At one end of the room was a refreshment bar, where young men who had already drunk too much champagne were drinking more.

On any other occasion Professor Thegarthen would doubtless have felt it his duty to rebuke the gamblers, but now his business was too urgent.

"I fear I intrude upon you, gentlemen," he began politely.

"Not at all, old man. Sit down and have a drink," came a graceless voice from the bar.

"Be silent!" thundered the professor, and the graceless one collapsed.

"I am looking," he continued, "for my brother-in-law, Captain Carmichael of the Royal Horse Artillery. He left word that he would be spending the evening here, and I have volunteered to call for him in consequence of the sudden illness of his father. I am the professor of ——"

A sober man—almost the only sober man—left the baccarat table to attend to the professor, and explained the mistake into which he had fallen. The professor thanked him.

"I am obliged to you, sir," he said. "No doubt, as you suggest, I shall find Captain Carmichael at the Junior Sportsman's club. May I add that it is a relief to me to know that my brother-in-law——"

"Shall I tell the commissionaire to call you a cab?" continued the sober man.

"It will be very good of you, sir," said the professor.

"We may trust you, I hope," the other went on, "not to give us away."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I don't quite understand the expression."

"Not to give us away—not to blow gaff, you know. You see you've acquired a certain amount of information, and the police——"

It was as though the sober man had called the police. A whistle was heard. Through the open door the uniforms of a small crowd of constables were seen; a vigorous man in evening dress and a light Inverness cape over it, came up the passage, and in a voice cried:

"Raided, by George!"

The sober man went back and the professor went on, and ran into the man in evening dress, who put up his hand to stop him.

"Be good enough to let me pass. I'm in a hurry," said the professor.

"Certainly not," said the other. "No person can be allowed to leave the premises except in the custody of the police."

Professor Tregarthen explained:

"You evidently don't know me," he said. "I am the professor of ——"

"I can't help that, sir. Professors aren't allowed in gambling clubs any more than other people."

"But——"

"They aren't really, sir, I assure you."

"But I haven't been in the place five minutes. I merely came here in search of my brother-in-law, Captain Carmichael, of the royal horse artillery, whose father——"

"I don't doubt it's all right, sir, but you'll have to tell that story at Marlborough street."

"Do you mean to say that you have the audacity to—I'll——"

The professor nearly said that he would write to The Times about it, but reflected that even that step would not save him from looking ridiculous. Before he could think of an alternative threat the lights went out. In the confusion which followed he drifted back into the card room, and was mixed with the general crowd of gamblers, talking volubly to all who would listen of the scandal which would result, if in consequence of his mistaking one house in St. James' Place for another, he should be obliged to stand in the dock of a police court.

"STOP THIEF! KETCH 'IM, THERE!"

"It will be in the papers," he said. "They'll have my portrait in the illustrated papers. And what will my undergraduates say?"

A young man—the graceless young man who had previously asked the professor to have a drink—took pity on him.

"It's a shame, sir," said this young man, "and I was rude to you just now; but, if you'll let me, I'll see you through."

"My young friend," said the professor, "I am obliged to you, but there is nothing to be done. If the inspector wouldn't listen to me, is it likely that he would listen to you?"

"No, but I'll hide you,"

"Eh?"

"And then, when they've gone, you can walk out of the front door as if the house belonged to you."

"But, my young friend ——"

"Come along sir. No time to lose. Nip in here behind the bar."

He gripped Professor Tregarthen by the arm and opened the door of a large cupboard.

"Nip in there, sir," he said.

"But, my young friend ——"

"It's narrow quarters, I know, sir, but it's the largest cupboard we've got. We'd have had it made larger if we'd expected you."

He bundled the professor in and then there was a pause in the proceedings.

In his concealment he reflected. He was not at all sure that he had acted wisely. He could not disguise from himself that if by any hazard he should be discovered and dragged forth he would suffer graver loss of dignity than if he had faced the music from the first, and he felt tempted to come out and face it now. But the fear of ridicule deterred him, and he clung to the chance of presently slipping out undetected.

Meanwhile the raid proceeded. The gas was relit; the gambling implements were taken away; the gamblers were removed in custody; the lights went out again; the front door was shut with a bang; the rolling of wheels was heard and ceased; silence reigned in the street as in the house.

"Now," said Professor Tregarthen, "I think I may venture."

He pushed the cupboard door, and it yielded without much noise; he struck a match, and lit a pair of candle that were standing on the mantlepiece; carrying one of them, he found his way to the front door. But——"

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated.

For not only was the door locked, the key had been removed. The cupboard from which he had escaped was only a prison within a prison after all. He returned to the card room to reflect.

"Dear me!" he meditated. "I shall need all my wits. Perhaps the young man who so irreverently invited me to drink with him would not mind if I were to ——"

There was brandy and soda on the buffet. The professor drank. His courage returned to him, and he formed a plan.

"Presumably," he reflected, "there is some caretaker on the premises. Perhaps, if I were to find him and explain ——"

He took up the candle again, and proceeded cautiously on his quest. Room after room was empty or unoccupied, but in one room he found a suit of clothes belonging to the commissionaire.

"If the worst comes to the worst," he soliloquized, "I will put this uniform on and escape through the window."

This measure, however, could only be regarded as a last resource. The professor brought the uniform to his headquarters in the card room and resumed his search for the caretaker.

It was not until he had climbed on tip-toe to the attic that he discovered any sign of human life. Then he perceived a door ajar, and heard a snore proceeding from it. He coughed and pushed the door further open. It creaked upon its hinges, and a voice called:

"Now then, Tom! Why can't you make haste and come along to bed?"

Professor Tregarthen took a step backward, and replied:

"My good woman, you are mistaken, I am not your husband. I am ——"

A shrill shriek interrupted him; there was a patter of footsteps, and the door slammed in his face.

He stood, and, putting his mouth to the keyhole, spoke reassuring words:

"My good woman, do not be alarmed, but pray assist me in my most unfortunate predicament. I am the professor of moral ——"

"Go away you wicked man. If Tom catches you ——"

"Come now, pull yourself together and be sensible, my good woman," said the professor.

But the answer was mixed with hysterical sobs. It was:

"If you're a burglar, take the silver and go, but don't come murdering a Christian woman who never did you any harm. Oh! oh! oh!"

And the poor woman ran back to her bed and hid herself under the bedclothes.

"Dear me, dear me!" said the professor. "How foolish people are!"

But he perceived that he was foiled, and fell back upon his second plan, of escaping in the disguise of a commissionaire, carrying his own garments wtih him in a parcel.

He went back, therefore, to the card room, and began to effect the change. But he had not proceeded far—he had, in fact, only substituted the commissionaire's cap for his own hat—when he became aware of a faint noise, as of someone creeping about behind the buffet.

He coughed, but there was no answer to his cough; then he approached the buffet carefully with long and silent strides.

"Ullo!"

The greeting came from a person of evil countenance, who, with a look that was half leer and half menace, thrust his face close to the professor's.

"Who are you, my man?" the professor asked in a tone of authority.

"Go are you yourself, if it comes to that!" replied the other.

"Come now, my man, it is quite evident you are here for no honest purpose," said the professor boldly; but the man was not intimidated.

"Dishonest purpose, is it?" he retorted. "Very well, then; and what price you, comin' in 'ere and dressin' yourself up like a monkey on an organ, this time o' night?"

The professor's eye caught his own reflection in the mirror, and he realized that his appearance was hardly in keeping with his tone of voice.

"Just you listen to me, my lad," the other went on. "You're thinkin' I don't look as if I was the landlord of this 'ouse. No more don't you, so fur as that goes. You're 'ere for what you can get, same as what I am. You ain't anxious to meet the coppers any more than me. Very well. Do we 'ang together and git away, or do we quiver each other's pitch and get copped?"

The professor understood. Unless he could get away unobserved he risked having to face a charge of attempted burglary. On the other hand, he could not get away without the burglar's help. Consequently he must make overtures.

"I certainly shall be much obliged to you," he said, "if you can indicate a means of which I can leave this house, in which, by a most unfortunate series of accidents ——"

"Now you're talkin'. Give us yer 'and on it," interrupted the burglar; and the professor had to accept the proffered grip of friendship.

But the burglar made conditions.

"I'm thinking," he said, "that it would look more nat'ral if I was to put on the suit of clothes what you was dressin' yourself up in. Then, if there's anybody about, it'll seem as if you was the gentleman, and I was the servant a-showin' yer out."

The professor agreed, and the burglar made his second condition.

"Likewise I'll just ask yer to kerry the bag for me, and to stow them candlesticks in yer coat tail pocket."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," answered the professor indignantly.

"Well, I'll let yer be couped if yer don't, and yer can't say I didn't tell yer," the burglar rejoined, and the professor yielded.

His conscience pricked him, but he controlled its qualms by making good resolutions. He would carry the bag only as long as the burglar's eye was on him; at the last moment he would find a means of leaving it behind. As for the candlesticks, he would return them afterwards by registered parcels post, together with an anonymous letter, apologizing for their temporary removal.

"Come along, cocky," said the burglar, and the strangely assorted pair began their retreat on tiptoe.

The burglar led the way into the gloomy basement, and thence through a window, from which he had removed a pane by means of treacle and brown paper. A wall had to be climbed, and the burglar pointed to a broken garden roller, and insisted that the professor should get up and reconnoiter.

"If the copper catches sight o' you," he said, "speak to him in a lordly way, same as you spoke to me afore you knew me, but don't let him ketch sight o' you if you can 'elp it."

"I'll see what I can do, my friend," the professor answered.

In the darkness he slipped the burglar's bag into the interior of the garden roller. Then, taking off his hat to be less conspicuous, he stepped onto the roller, and peeped over the wall.

He could see no one except the driver of a crawling cab, some 50 yards away. There seemed a chance that if he were quick he might escape from his compromising companion by jumping into that cab and driving off. He put his hat on, drew himself up, threw his leg over the wall, dropped, and waved his hand energetically to the cabman.

"Oh, there you are, are you? I've been waitin' for you this half hour."

The voice was that of a youthful police constable, who stepped unexpectedly out of the shadow.

"I knew you was here," he continued, "by the way the moss on the wall was kicked about, and I knew you'd be out again presently, so I waited for you. Now you'll come along to Marlborough street."

It seemed to the professor that neither expediency nor justice forbade him to denounce his companion to the policeman.

"My good man," he began.

"Who are you calling your good man?"

"Your misapprehension is excusable," proceeded the professor. "There certainly has been a burglary. The real burglar ——"

But the real burglar had also formed a plan of campaign; and his plan, like the professor's, included the betrayal of a comrade. Protected by his commissionaire's uniform he scrambled on to the wall, bellowing:

"Stop thief! Ketch 'im there! 'E's dropped 'is bag, but 'e's got the kandlesticks in 'is pocket. 'Old him tight!"

"You atrocious scoundrel!" shouted the professor, aghast at this unexpected treachery, and once more he tried to explain to the constable.

"Listen to me, constable. You are stopping the wrong man. I am not a burglar. I am the professor of ——"

"'Old 'im tight, constable!" came the burglar's voice. "Dont let him go! I'll run and get 'elp for yer."

And he jumped from the wall like a cat, and bolted like a hare, while the policeman fastened the handcuffs on the professor's wrist.

"There you are," he said, "safe and comfortable. Not that I've any ill feelings towards you. Quite the contrary. Much obliged to you for getting me my first stripe."

It was indeed a terrible situation, and it was in vain that the professor told the truth, and in vain that he offered bribes.

"Thank you kindly," the officer answered. "But I'd sooner 'ave my stripe."

And then driven to desperation, the professor shook himself free from the constable's grasp and ran.

The constable pursued, blowing his whistle. A sergeant of police was 'round the corner, and the professor ran into his arms.

"Good Lord!" was the sergeant's exclamation.

"Heavens! Why it's Sergeant Llewellyn of Llangollen."

"Certainly, sir. Sergeant Llewellyn that you got put into the metropolitan police. Asking your pardon, little was I thinking then ——"

"For heaven's sake, Llewellyn, listen to what I have to say."

Sergeant Llewellyn could see clearly enough that there had been some misunderstanding. Whether it was a misunderstanding that could be cleared up without a visit to the police station was another matter. But he would try.

"Constable Parsons," he said, "stand to one side. Now, sir, you tell me what it's all about."

At last the professor had a sympathetic listener, to whom he could relate his night's adventures. Sergeant Llewellyn listened to the story gravely, removing the handcuffs while he did so. Then he turned upon Constable Parsons.

"What's the meaning of this, Constable Parsons?" he asked.

"Charge o' burglary. I seed the gentleman comin' out o' the house ——"

"Yes; and who else did you see coming out o' the same house at the same time?"

"Nobody. Leastways, only the commissionaire that was after 'im and went for 'elp that I didn't require."

"Went for help, did he? Do you see what you've done, Constable Parsons? You've run in a real gentleman and you've let a real burglar go. A pretty figure you'll cut, Constable Parsons, when you tell that story to the inspector."

"Well, I dunno," replied the constable. "Look in the gentleman's pockets and you'll find the candlesticks."

It was a good point. For a moment the sergeant did not know how to meet it. Then a happy thought struck him.

"Candlesticks! Fiddlesticks!" he replied. "When a real gentleman, as I know this gentleman to be, has candlesticks in his pocket, it stands to reason they're his own candlesticks. How else would you have a gentleman carry his candlesticks—slung 'round his neck?"

It was an inconsequential argument, but it served.

"Well, you're a sergeant; I'm only a constable," was the answer, to which Sergeant Llewellyn rejoined:

"Constable Parsons, that's the truest words you ever spoke. I'm the sergeant, and I'll trouble you to go back to your beat and leave me to take charge of this case. And, mark my words, Constable Parsons, the less you talk about this night's foolishness of yours the less likely you are to get in to trouble."

Then, to the professor:

"I'll have to take you home, sir, and get you formally identified by your friends and relations. Then, if you wouldn't mind handing over the—er—candlesticks, sir ——" and the professor produced them.

"Rest assured, too," he added, "that I shall find a tangible means of showing my gratitude both to the constable and yourself, if this little matter can be so arranged as to entail no further publicity."

And that, of course, was how Sergeant Llewellyn managed it.

ARE WE A NATION *of* POISONERS?

Continued From First Page of This Section

readily convinced of the guilt of the murderer who discharged cyanide of potassium or prussic acid into their drinking water, hesitate to spend money for the proper treatment and disposal of the sewage which goes into their neighbors' water supplies purely because the cost would touch their pockets.

"Sewage which is being emptied into our water courses is almost wholly responsible for the typhoid fever that slaughters our population. And the latest work which our department of health has undertaken proves that water is one of the carriers of the micro-organisms of tuberculosis.

"Tubercle-infested sewage has been followed through sewage systems in the state to streams used as water supplies, and the tubercle bacilli has been shown there.

"The time has long gone by when the citizen or the community can allege ignorance in condonement of the universal crime; the time is here when the responsibility must be borne.

"A milkman knows as well the whole extent of his culpability when he poisons the milk he sells as does the manufacturer when he pollutes the stream he has pre-empted.

"And both and the criminally careless individual who adds his contribution to the mass of deadly sewage that kills off his neighbor farther down stream, commit their crimes because they refuse to take the trouble or spend the money to make their poisons innocuous. I will quote only two cases. We need merely common sense to realize the direct, absolute, indisputable connection of the causes and the effects.

"The city of Philadelphia reported 16 cases of typhoid fever in a boarding-house patronized by students of the College of Pharmacy, and asked the state department of health to investigate the establishment's milk supply, which came from beyond the city limits.

"First investigations gave results altogether negative, because the people who conducted the dairy were very cleanly and the water supply was free from any intestinal discharges. But no other reason could be assigned for the infection, and the inspector was ordered back with instructions to study the progress of the milk from the time it was drawn from the cow until it left the dairy.

"The dealer who collected the milk arrived with his individual bottles and placed them near the large milk cans. He drew from his pocket a rubber tube, stuck one end of it in a can and began to siphon into his bottles by sucking at the other end. Asked how long he had been doing it, he answered that he had done it for only a few days. His brother always collected the milk, and he was following the brother's instructions. The brother had stopped work because an attack of typhoid fever now confined him in a hospital.

"That one milk dealer had, to the department's certain knowledge, poisoned 16 young men destined by vocation to be so many guardians of the community's health. His culpability, because of his lack of malicious design, may have amounted to mere negligence; yet, if he persisted in sucking that siphon tube after the origin of suspicion of his typhoid, his action would have been criminal in its guilt.

"Now, take the notorious Nanticoke epidemic, which raged furiously in the surrounding villages, reached the total of 466 cases, interrupted all activities of life and cost thousands of dollars. The very town hall became a hospital.

"One case of typhoid did it all. Several miles beyond Nanticoke, on a steep incline 200 yards from the stream supplying the town with water, we discovered a farmhouse in which a man lay sick with typhoid. The waste from that one case had gone into the creek and had poisoned the whole population.

"What these patients or the families of these patients may have done innocently in their ignorance has been done wilfully by whole towns after their officials and all their citizens were duly warned of the crime they perpetrated upon their neighbors.

"Brandywine creek, in this state, has been used as a sewer from its source, and it is the water supply of a city of 80,000 people. The Schuylkill river has been poisoned by everything, from chemicals to typhoid germs, and it is the supply of more than 1,000,000 people in Philadelphia. County poisons, county; state poisons state. Is it, now, oversight, or is it murder?"

The city of St. Louis some years ago rushed into the solemn chamber of the United States supreme court at Washington, crying that word of alarm, "Murder!" when the city of Chicago, far north in Illinois, proposed to shunt its sewage down its canal into the Mississippi and save its own people from its own poisons, while it saved its investment in the canal for its own pocket. The supreme court went to the length of admitting that Chicago might possibly create a nuisance—it did not so much as admit it could near the word "murder"—and it permitted a temporary legal injunction.

Chicago hastily opened the gates and let the sewage flow. After that, let St. Louis and the supreme court close them if they could. And they never could. That was magnificent law. It was also magnificent war.

It has been scarcely a year since the putridness of "The Jungle," which stank in the nostrils of the world, was abated, not by law, not by the suddenly galvanized national government, but by the simple consideration that a lot of ordinarily easy Englishmen declined to buy any more meats that were dangerous when somebody told them of the danger.

Law did not weigh a feather; greed was what turned the obstinate scales. The law, when the packers fed American soldiers in time of war with poisonous meats, no more dreamed of trials for murder than it did of charging treason.

"Murder!" would have been the hysterical shriek of socialism; treason would have been fit for the crude civilization of Japan, where the contractors would have been barbarously decapitated because they aided the enemy by killing the defenders of the nation. In the United States the government questioned the propriety of anyone working off poisoned meats on the army; but all of us knew it was mighty good business.

There is still the dairyman. And there are also the thousands of cases of consumption, from Kennebunkport to Los Angeles, with the countryside dotted everywhere these days with sanatoria devoted to the desperate struggle to cure the insidious poisons the dairyman finds it too expensive to eliminate from his herd by the extravagant remedy of slaughtering tuberculous cows.

Well, then, the consumptives themselves? They, at least, could not possibly be like the La Voisons of France or the Pritchards of England. The physicians and the nurses can tell what stringency of regulations, what dire, positive threats of instant expulsion, are required to prevent patients from spitting out their poison on the ground, because it is too much trouble to use the sputum cups provided for every one of them.

Municipal boards of health can tell the fearful story of ignorance among families where the patient remains at home, and the more fearful sequel of wanton neglect after definite, thorough instruction as to the dangers of carelessness.

Still, we have our druggists, who are officers of the community—for whose neophytes we are angered as well as pitiful when the milkman poisons them with the invisible bacteria of typhoid. And we have, too, the now ironclad laws which fine or disqualify them when they sell poisons to anybody who chooses to commit suicide.

We would not dream of indicting them as being accessory to self-murder, of course, any more than we would dream of charging them with an offense more grave than proper and legitimate enterprise when they sell deadly poisons in patent medicines to poor wretches who have colds or cancers; any more than we would dream of imprisoning quacks who make drunkards of consumptives, blind men of astigmatics, corpses of women with headaches.

Well, the food we eat? We have just done reforming our foodmakers by requesting them to tell us precisely, on their labels, how much poison they put in. This enables us to poison ourselves or not, at our pleasure. It is a great comfort.

Our clothes, then? State inspectors are just beginning to inflict upon the proprietors of sweatshops, who fill their goods with the germs of typhoid and tuberculosis, the awful penalty of using soap and water once a week.

Our—

But who dares pick up the first stone?

His Shoulder Dislocated 41 Times.

From the Indianapolis News.

"It's out again, Doc," was the complaint of William Hanagan to Dr. Mayer of the dispensary staff today.

The man's shoulder was dislocated and the physician placed him under the influence of an anaesthetic and twisted the injured member back in place. It was the 41st time that Hanagan had his shoulder "set." It was the 40th time the accident had happened to him and he told the physician it was an "even 40."

"I have set Hanagan's shoulder 12 or 15 times Dr. Mayer said. "Every few days he comes into the dispensary, and the same work is done each time. Because of his work as a cabinet worker the injured arm must be left free to move. Today Hanagan apparently was all right when he reached behind him for a tool. The motion caused his shoulder to slip out of place, and as usual the man stopped his work and came here. He keeps count, and he has had the injury repaired 41 times."

ENGLAND HAS A BEEF TRUST—U. S.

Not Only Country With Troubles of This Kind

(By a Staff Correspondent.)

LONDON, Dec. 22.—To show that the beef trust has obtained in this country a position in which it practically commands the market, dictates to the consumer the price at which he shall buy, reduces the wholesale dealer to a mere commission agent, and makes it a matter of uncertainty to the breeder and feeder whether they can run their business at a profit has been the object of the previous articles published under this title. With the question of remedies a wide field is opened out. The tariff reformer rushes in with his suggestion of a duty, and as the effect of that would be not to cheapen beef to the consumer, but to make him pay more for every kind of meat, home-grown or not, the proposal is scarcely worthy of serious discussion. It is not along these lines that cheap meat will be obtained. In this matter the farmer, the wholesale dealer, and the butcher have to work out their salvation on principles like those which have come so near to their undoing.

At the basis of the whole trouble at the present time is the fact that on one side is a splendidly organized machine controlling one third of the supply and on the other is a hopelessly disorganized body of atoms, which can be crushed one by one, notwithstanding that in the bulk they represent two thirds of the supply. The railway companies defend the preferential rates given to the trust produce on the ground that it is offered to them in such quantities and under such conditions that it is handled at much less cost. The English farmer sends his own little parcel of meat at odd times, and he cannot get the same terms. That is partially true. The form in which the trust traffic comes makes it convenient to deal with; but, on the other hand, even if the Birmingham wholesaler has tons of meat to offer for transport, he gets no advantage in conditions—the companies assume that he will deal with them on a small and unsatisfactory scale, and allow for no elasticity. That is one of the things that will have to be altered if British beef is to fight against the trust. There must be organization of dealers that will insure the traffic being offered to the railway companies under conditions that will make such a preference as is given Liverpool over Birmingham or Glasgow over Aberdeen so indefensible that public opinion will not tolerate the cheaper rates to the foreigner.

Cooperation of Other Trades.

In cooperation among the farmers lies the most hopeful remedy, and in that cooperation the farmers will not have to be allowed to stand alone. There are immense interests dependent upon keeping a large supply of cattle for slaughter in this country. The whole business of tanning leather has been shaken by the scarcity of hides under the new conditions; the makers of boots have felt the pinch of the higher prices; the tallow-boiler, the soap manufacturer, and a vast number of other dependent trades have been hard hit; and in no case has that fact failed to reflect itself in the prices charged to the public.

A combination of all the interests concerned, controlled by men of real capacity, would meet the trust with its own weapons. It would arrange with the railways, secure proper cold stores, have an organization which kept it in touch with supplies all over the kingdom, and prevented dearth at one spot and surplus supplies at another. It would set up proper factories, tanneries, etc., at which all the hides and offal would be handled to the best advantage. In no respect is organization more productive than in this. The Chicago packer claims that he sells dressed beef for less than it costs him on the hoof, and that the difference is made up and the profit is earned on the utilization of the by-products. The claim is substantially true, and there is no reason why a cooperative enterprise in this country should not do the same.

Cooperation in agriculture, although not quite the dream that it once was, is still a thing of slow growth, and it can scarcely be hoped that an organization will be created in a moment, although the demand is for action that will stop the gradual absorption of all the meat interests into the maw of the trust. One obvious means of meeting the case would be to utilize the foreign animal wharves for the purpose for which they were constructed and allow all foreign animals to be landed there for killing so long as they were not obviously diseased. The risk of any disease spreading beyond the port of debarkation is scarcely worth consideration. An immediate consequence would be to enormously increase supplies from the Argentine and to make them of far better quality, for the Argentine beef has the peculiarity that it will not stand chilling in the same way as that from the United States, and it has almost become a saying in expert circles that a pound of the meat freshly killed is worth a stone of frozen. With independent Argentine supplies coming in we should have the position existing a few years ago in which the competition of North and South America was real, was on equal terms and resulted in low prices to the consumer.

A Channel Island Scheme.

The fear of disease is the cry that is raised against this proposal, but without minimizing the fear of disease in any way it may be said that it is extremely small, and that it has been made a stalking-horse for a protection of a very different kind, which has proved in actual practice not a protection of the British farmer, but of the Chicago packers. If, however, this fear of disease is more potent than it appears to be, there is another scheme, which seems to avoid even the slight danger involved in debarkation in this country. Briefly, it is proposed to establish animal wharves in the Channel Islands, to create there a huge organization for killing, preparing and storing meat; to bring it in steamers across the channel and to market in England. These plans involve the creation of the necessary factories for dealing with all the by-products. Alderney is chosen because neither Jersey nor Guernsey will permit the landing of cattle, so careful are they in preserving the purity of their local and famous breeds. Alderney, however, with its small population, its facilities for the creation of such a vast place as is contemplated, and its nearness to Southampton, from which point London could be quickly reached, presents many reasons for its selection, not the least being that the majority of the inhabitants would welcome this great new addition to their industries.

The development of such a plan of meeting the difficulty depends, however, on the good will of the board of agriculture, and that good will does not seem to be forthcoming. If the landing of the cattle cannot be prohibited, the landing of the meat can, and so long as there is a fear of that capital will not be embarked in an enterprise that must obviously be on a great scale if it is to succeed.

The question suggests itself whether it is not time that some inquiry were made into the whole situation. Anxiety about our coal supplies brings an attack of national nerves every few years; yet there is much more ground for anxiety about our position as regards meat, and if restrictions which were adopted in a time of panic a few years ago are to be maintained, in face of the fact that they are bolstering up an American trust and depressing the cattle-raising industry in this country, then that process should only go on after the whole facts have been brought out on this side of the Atlantic, as they have on the other in more than one government investigation.

ARDENT SUPPORTER OF "DUTCH CHURCH"

IT is unlikely that the Reformed church in America will ever lose the affectionate title, "the Dutch church," which is given it by its members and friends. The popular name is a recognition of the fact that the denomination was founded by early Dutch settlers in this country, who planted their first church "in the fort" on the lower end of Manhattan island in 1628. But the "Dutch church" is no longer Dutch. Even the adjective was dropped from the official title a generation or two ago, and although a later emigration from Holland, bringing with it a love for the established church of the mother country, was instrumental in planting the Reformed church in America among the settlements of Michigan, Illinois, Iowa and the Dakotas. And although services in the Holland language are to this day conducted in these recent colonies in the east, where the strength of the denomination lies, the church is Dutch in nothing except the popular name.

In its form of government this denomination is closely akin to the several Presbyterian bodies, and from them it differs very little in creed. It is therefore natural that its ministry should be to some extent recruited from Presbyterian sources, and it is therefore that the anomaly is presented of a Dutch church which recruits some of its leaders from the Scottish peninsula, where Presbyterianism predominates.

Foremost among these leaders is the Rev. Dr. Donald Sage Mackay, who has been for several years pastor of the St. Nicholas Collegiate Reformed church of New York City, the lineal successor of the original Dutch church on Manhattan island. Dr. Mackay came to New York from Newark, New Jersey, where he had successfully filled a pastorate in a Reformed church, and in the pulpit of which he has been succeeded by a Presbyterian from the south, the Rev. Dr. James I. Vance. Dr. Mackay's leadership in the denomination has three especial causes—his pastorate of the most important Reformed church in the country; his personal charm, which endears him to all the men of the Reformed churches, and the ability and cleverness with which he succeeds in gathering about him some of the foremost people of the country in point of influence and wealth. Two of his parishioners are, for instance, Mrs. Russell Sage and Miss Helen Miller Gould.

Two years ago Dr. Mackay received the highest honor in the gift of the Dutch church. He was made president of the general synod of that denomination, presiding with unusual ability over the deliberations of that body. It was an unusual session of the general synod, for there were two complicated legal cases to be tried. One involved one of the Holland pastors of the west, and the other a minister of northern New York state. Some time after the synod adjourned Dr. Mackay said that the presidency carried with it unpleasant reminders. For one of the ministers had sued him, and the other had taken even a worse course—he was constantly writing him letters.

Dr. Mackay is in constant demand, not only in the east, but all over the country, as a speaker at religious and social gatherings. No one in America has a fund of funny Scotch stories quite equal to his, and there is hardly a public speaker who can more effectively impress his auditors with a serious conviction. Personally he is of the florid Scottish type, extremely emotional and sympathetic. In some degree he has worn himself out with his work and has recently been compelled to take a rest of a year to build up his strength.