FROM THE SKY

By Wallace Brown.

"DO YOU expect," demanded Aunt Matilda Dunn, "that providence is going to send some fairy prince down out of the clouds for you to marry?"

Plainly, the good lady was incensed at her pretty niece.

"Really, aunt," replied Constance Dunn, "I haven't thought anything about it. I am not looking for a fairy prince, nor even for a plain, ordinary man, as I have told you a hundred times, I have no wish to be married. I am perfectly satisfied to live right here with my dear Aunt Matilda."

Gliding close to the side of the silvery-haired old lady, the fair young woman threw her arms about her aunt's neck and kissed the old-fashioned curls that dangled from her head. Aunt Matilda's face softened.

"That's the way," she cried. "The good master knows, my dear, that I am not anxious to be rid of you. Since your mother's death I have tried to take her place beside you. But it is because I love you, dearie, that I am anxious to have you fixed in life. I cannot live for ever—" The young girl sought to suppress the thought by gently laying her hand across her aunt's lips—"and what is to become of you after I am gone? It is the duty of every young woman to think of marriage—"

"But you didn't, Aunt Matilda," cried Constance merrily. "And I am sure you have got along all right."

The face of the aunt grew pensive. "I did," my child, she replied softly. But heaven ruled otherwise."

"Oh, forgive me, auntie," cried Constance. "I did not mean to recall unpleasant memories. But I don't believe, aunt, that when you were my age you would have thought of marrying a cross, hideous, rheumatic old man like Mr. Rumley."

"He is wealthy, my child," the maiden lady replied, "and if his blood has grown cold, and he no longer presents to the eye the picture of a handsome gallant, he at least has deep respect for you and he would make you a tender and devoted husband and protector."

"And I could moon my life away as the mistress of a general store in a country village," exclaimed the village beauty impulsively. "I'd rather die at once. I won't auntie; I tell you I won't. I'll never marry him. So please do not say another word to me about it."

"Very well," said the old lady. "Moon away single, my dear, and wait for the fairy prince to come down out of the clouds to woo you. Your answer is to be no then, is it?"

"Positively, no," was the reply, and to avoid further discussion of the distasteful subject the tall, fair, radiant girl hurried into the old house, leaving her aunt musing alone on the lawn.

That morning Judson Rumley had called to make formal demand for the hand of Constance. She had absolutely declined to see him, and Miss Matilda Dunn, her aunt, had been compelled to make excuses for her niece and invite the rich storekeeper to return in a week for the answer which she promised to get for him.

Rumley was not prepossessing to look upon. He had passed 50, and the few stray hairs that remained on his head were a sallow red, while a scrawny beard of the some color adorned his thin face. He scorned dress, and generally appeared, even on Sunday, when he officiated as a deacon in the village church, in a sack suit the color of which closely matched the hue of his beard and hair. But if his looks were depressing, the extent of his wealth might easily have caused an exception to be made in his favor. A bachelor, he was regarded as the richest matrimonial prize in a community where marriageable men were scarce at best, and Constance Dunn was looked upon with envy when the attention of Rumley to her became sufficiently marked to indicate that he was about to make a choice.

Constance and her aunt lived alone in the old family mansion just outside of Raniegh, on the small competence which remained of a family fortune that had been slowly consumed by successive generations. In every material respect, the suggested marriage of Rumley and the pretty Constance would have been ideal; but from the beginning the girl set her face against it and we have seen how she had finally given into her aunt's hands a positive rejection of the old man's suit.

Aunt Matilda watched her niece's form disappear into the house, and shook her head sadly.

"Perhaps she's right," she mused. "It was at her age that I became engaged to my lost love. All the world would not have made me give him up. And yet—"

Judson Rumley, disappointed over the refusal of Constance to receive him, out of sorts with the world in general, was sitting on the rear porch of his home two hours later ruminating over his unsatisfactory romance.

"Where," he asked himself, "will the girl find a richer husband than I? Not in this place," he continued, answering himself. "And what's the matter with me? Not so young as I was, I suppose, but what difference does age make? Not so handsome as some empty pocketed dudes that she might see in town. The women of these days are too particular. It's just as her aunt says, she's waiting for a fairy prince to descend out of the clouds—Hullo, what's that?"

As he spoke, a monster balloon loomed into view about a mile off. Under the influence of a strong wind it was driving directly toward Rumley's house and every instant it seemed to be drawing closer to the earth.

"Another one of them balloon people," grumbled Rumley. "By Jinks, it's heading right for my place, too. Hey," he shouted, making a megaphone out of his hands "Keep off there!"

By this time the balloon was within a quarter of a mile of the Rumley house.

"Keep off!" yelled Rumley the second time. "Last time one of you fellers came this way you scared all my stock and made a horse run away and do a hundred dollars worth of damage. Keep off!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the balloon, swooping down like a giant eagle, swept over the house. Its trailing basket struck the tall chimney of the mansion, and with a crash half a load of bricks tumbled down upon the roof of the porch, smashed through it and Rumley, leaping about in his fury, received a shower of mortar and shattered bricks on his head.

At the instant of contact the balloon rebounded. Maddened to the point of desperation the storekeeper seized a shotgun that stood in the corner of the porch and pointing it wildly at the balloon let go both barrels.

The charge of shot tore the silk bag of the balloon, which leaped into the air once more and, with the gas rapidly escaping from the rent in its side, floated lazily over the top of a clump of trees adjacent and then began to sink rapidly out of sight behind the woodland half a mile away. Rumley, smarting from the pain of his bruises, and angered at the destruction that had been wrought, gave it no further attention.

Constance Dunn, strolling in the field at the other side of the clump of trees half an hour later heard a weak cry for help. She paused, and the cry was repeated, this time more vigorously. Locating, now, the direction whence the cries came the young woman pushed aside the underbrush and peering through discovered the body of a young man lying on the ground.

"Up There."

He was tall, well formed and bronzed from long experience in the open air. He wore a suit of khaki and from his general appearance suggested military training. Blood from a gash in his forehead trinkled down the side of his face.

Gazing in affright at the apparition before her, Constance cried:

"Mercy, my poor man! Where did you come from?"

A half smile crept over the face of the wounded man, and solemnly he pointed skyward as he replied in doleful tones:

"Up there."

A sudden flush spread over the features of the young girl. She bit her lip angrily to suppress the thought that the mocking answer had called up.

"I—I don't understand," she stammered.

"I was in a balloon," he replied, a twinge of pain distorting his face. "The race, you know—I sailed too close to a house over there—a cross-looking old party, red hair and whiskers—my balloon knocked over his chimney, and he let go both barrels of his shotgun at me."

Constance paled and a scream escaped her lips.

"You are shot!" she cried.

"No," he replied. "But my balloon, I fear, is mortally wounded. His shot ripped open the side, and the gas escaped, we came down, down and the car catching in the trees up there, was overturned and I was thrown out."

"And I am standing here," she cried, her composure returning at once, "talking idly to you when you need assistance."

"I'm afraid there's nothing else you can do," he said. "This cut on my head is nothing—just a scratch from a raw twig; but I fear my leg is broken and you can't very well carry me, you know."

"But I can go for assistance," she exclaimed. "Have courage, and I'll run right away and bring assistance—"

"Not to that storekeeper," he cried, his face twitching with pain.

"To my own home," she said.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, and then, as she turned hastily to note the cause of the sudden change in his voice, she saw that he had swooned.

In repose, even streaked with blood, there was a nobility about his face which held her for an instant as she gazed at him, wondering what she should do. There was strength and courage in his countenance, and she thought of the pain he must have endured while he humorously narrated to her the incidents of his downfall. Her heart swelled with sympathy, and cautiously removing the shawl from about her shoulders she folded it into a pillow and fitted it under his head. With her handkerchief she wiped the blood from his face. She had a burning curiosity to know whether the cut was as slight as he had represented it. She experienced a feeling of joy when she discovered that it was indeed a mere scratch then, conscious of guilt in having tarried so long when the injured man was in such dire need, she ran quickly to the house and summoned aid.

Two of the hired men, with a hastily-constructed litter, followed her back to the edge of the wood, and a third went into the village for Dr. Butler, while Aunt Matilda prepared the spare room for the reception of the wounded man.

He had recovered consciousness when the bearers arrived on the scene, and through his pain he smiled gratefully at Constance, who busied herself in seeing that he was placed comfortably on the litter, the shawl again placed under his head.

Through the swiftly moving weeks that followed, Aunt Matilda did most of the nursing, though Constance failed not to glide silently into the room at first twice a day—morning and afternoon—and then, as the time began to hang heavy on his hands, with greater and greater frequency until, in talking to the convalescent, reading to him and assisting her aunt in the pretty details about the hospital ward, as he called it, most of the day was spent by Constance in ministering to the patient. It was to her that he had dictated letters to an aunt in the far west, as well as to Colonel Weston, his commanding officer at Fort Reno, for he communicated to her that he was an officer in the regular service, Lieutenant Ralph Sutherland by name, attached to the signal corps when the accident befell him which placed him under the tender care of Aunt Matilda and her niece.

Aunt Matilda had flushed and stared when Constance told her the name of the patient, and later had looked at him long and eagerly when next she went into the room. But no questions had been asked about his family, and he had been permitted to rally back to health and strength without being urged to talk upon any topics except those which seemed to interest him.

In a general way, the topic which seemed to interest him most, though in a timid sort of fashion, was Constance Dunn.

"Come in and talk to me," he would plead, as she peeped into his room after the breakfast things had been cleared away. "I can see from your face that you have been out in the fields. You bring the open air—the fields and the brook, the flowers, the birds and the sunshine to me. Come, sit here by my chair and tell me all about my friends."

And then she would sit and tell him that the spring was changing to summer, that the flowers were abloom and woods and fields alive with the merry chatter of the birds, and his eyes would glow and glisten and he would gaze into her face and whisper:

"Pretty soon, ah, pretty soon now, I shall be able to hobble out, and you shall take me to all our out-door friends and make me acquainted with them all over again. Somehow they all seem to be strangers to me since I have heard you talk about them. I thought I knew nature before I dropped down here. But you have given it a newer and deeper meaning."

And Constance would blush and droop her eyes, and Lieutenant Sutherland would gaze pensively out of the window and chafe because he could not leap up and lead her out in the fields.

One morning, before she had made her regular visit, Rumley visited the house. Sutherland, long awake, heard the wagon drive up, and presently the voices of Aunt Matilda and Rumley, mingled in conversation, began to rise to the window near which the lieutenant sat.

"I think it is shameful the way she puts off her answer," said Rumley.

"She says she has no other answer, Mr. Rumley," came the soothing answer of Aunt Matilda. "She does not love you and she will never be your wife."

"That's a girl's answer," he replied roughly. "She's still waiting for that fairy prince to drop down out of the sky, I suppose. Hum! And, by the way, how is that balloon fellow getting along?"

Sutherland heard no more. His heart beat violently, and he began to count the minutes before he could hope to see her pretty face at his door. When she came, he was eager to know when he could move about.

"I am strong enough now to hobble about," he protested. "With your assistance—you will help me, won't you—I could walk down as far as that place in the woods I am sure. Would you go with me—t—hat far?"

She gazed pensively out of the window and across the field, but made no reply. After a long pause she promised that she would consult with the doctor about his ability to walk.

Two days later the long hoped for release came. The doctor gave his permission for the patient to walk a short distance. A brief conversation followed between Sutherland and Constance when Aunt Matilda went to the door with the doctor, and it was arranged that they should walk to the place where she had found him, and have the wagon drive down in an hour and carry them back.

His joy was uncontrollable as they turned the bend which shut the house from view. Leaning upon her arm with frequent softly spoken words of caution from her fair lips, they revelled in the beauties of a mid-July day, and at length reached the spot where Constance, drawing aside the brushwood had discovered him lying helpless beneath his wrecked balloon.

"Here it was," he said, as he settled down again, across the trunk of a fallen tree.

"The spot where he came down."

"He?"

"I mean I—that is to say—oh, Constance, why should I dissemble any longer. Anchored to my chair, unable to move without a twinge of pain, I forced my lips to silence. But here—a few days ago I unwittingly overheard that grocer chap—bless him for the shots he fired!—scoffingly talk about the fairy prince who was to come down from above. I am neither fairy nor prince—but Providence dropped me down here, and into your ministering care—and you won't undo its work now—dear?"

"What?" she asked, her mind far off the conversation.

Aunt Matilda met them when the wagon returned an hour later. Constance at once hurried into the house, Sutherland remained behind to talk to the maiden aunt. It was not a long talk, nor yet a deadly serious one, but just such a talk that follows when two young and loving hearts have met and loved and seek the approving word of elders. Aunt Matilda was not too old to be surprised at the confession of love. But as she took the hand of the handsome lieutenant and looked into his face, a shade of sadness crossed her face and she faltered:

"I knew a soldier once," she said, "and he, too, was a Sutherland. That was long before your time. He was to marry me, and then the civil war broke out, and he fell in one of the first terrible battles. George Sutherland was his name."

"My Uncle George!" he cried.

"Your uncle——," the sweet gray eyes of the maiden lady filled with tears as she drew the head of the young officer forward and softly kissed his brow. "Your uncle—Constance," she cried in a voice choked with sobs.

Timidly, the blushing girl came upon the veranda. With a tender smile shining through her tears, the ancient maiden took the hands of the boy and girl and joined them, then she extended her hands above their heads in silent blessing.

"Providence has indeed sent the fairy prince down out of the sky," she said and disappeared into the house.

CHRISTIANITY *and* ALCOHOL--What the Bible Has to Say Concerning Strong Drink

By Rev. H. R. Gamble, LL. D., the Famous London Preacher.

AT the present time a great deal of harsh language is used which seems to imply that the use of alcohol is forbidden to Christians, and that any one engaged in the business of brewing has forfeited all title to the Christian name. As a matter of fact, language of this sort is in itself anti-Christian. It is tainted with the old heresy, that has appeared in so many forms, which regards material things as in themselves evil, whereas to the Christian religion the seat of evil lies, not in material things, but in the perverted will of man.

There is not a word in the Bible which treats wine or strong drink as in itself evil. There are many denunciations of drunkenness, but none of drink. There is nothing in the Christian religion which forbids a moderate use of alcohol, or which sets up teetotalism as in itself a higher ideal.

Surely nothing can be more clear on this question than the life and teaching of Christ himself. The contrast between John the Baptist and our Lord is very strongly marked. "For John came neither eating nor drinking and they say: He hath a devil. The Son of Man came eating and drinking, and they say: Behold a man gluttonous, and a wine bibber and a friend of publicans and sinners. He increased the gaiety of the wedding at Cana when he changed water into wine.

Or, once more, what could be more significant than that at the institution of Eucharist he should have chosen the common things of life "the bread that strengtheneth man's heart," the "wine that maketh glad the heart of man," bread and wine—wine as well as bread—to be made the memorial of his sacrifice, and the vehicle of his grace?

No serious person will maintain that when "wine" is thus mentioned some non-intoxicating liquor is meant; and in the face of these things some of the language used by certain speakers on platform and in pulpits is, it must be confessed, rather surprising. Those who want a religion which forbids the use of wine can have it, but the religion is not Christianity, but Mohammedanism.

Whether the civilization produced by Mohammedanism is of a higher type than that developed under the influence of Christianity, I must leave to others to decide.

In laying down these principles, which are sometimes forgotten or ignored, it is hardly necessary to say that I am not for a moment disparaging the noble efforts of those who in the hope of saving the victims of intemperance have themselves become total abstainers. They have resolved for a certain purpose to resign a lawful indulgence, and in many cases they would be the last to use the sort of language that I have been deprecating. In the same way we are bound to honor those who "for the kingdom of heaven's sake" have resolved to live the celibate life. But in neither case can they be regarded as setting a standard for average humanity, nor can they who voluntarily abstain from alcohol or marriage impose a similar rule of life upon others.

It must then be granted that the Christian religion leaves the question of the use or non-use of alcohol to the judgment of each individual. But there is, of course, another question behind this. Since it is admitted by all that the abuse of strong drink is a strong and crying evil in the country, would it not be advisable to aim at its abolition by law. Ought not our goal to be the total prohibition of the sale of all intoxicating liquors?

To this I would respectfully venture to reply that such a course, even if possible, would not be expedient. As it is, the country is becoming slowly but surely more sober. No one can doubt this. Public opinion in all classes is against the drunkard, and in the upper and middle classes, as also in the great portion of the working classes, those who drink, drink as a rule, not in excess, but in moderation.

Drunkenness, generally speaking, is a vice of stupidity, and the increased sobriety may be regarded as a direct result of wider education. Men are learning to be masters of themselves, but to attain true self-mastery they must have liberty. In this way only can strong character be produced.

There is a strong truth in the words once attributed, rightly or wrongly, to a famous Bishop: "Better England free than England sober." That is, even sobriety may be purchased too dearly if it be purchased by the loss of freedom, which is essential to the production of character.

But, even if it were expedient, it would not be possible. Experience shows very clearly that where the effort has been made it has failed. In the "Prohibition states" there is quite as much drinking as in others, but it is done secretly instead of openly.

My opinion is that very drastic measures among ourselves, even if less drastic than total prohibition, would be attended by similar results. Those who wish to drink will drink, if not in public houses, then in clubs, if not openly, then secretly, and therefore it is in the interest of true temperance that I dissent from much of the extreme "temperance" program of which we hear today.

The true question for us, then, is not how to abolish the drink traffic, but how to recognize it, and in recognizing regulate it. Obviously so long as drink is regarded as in itself wrong or disgraceful, no regulation is possible; in this case eventual abolition will always be the ultimate goal of the reformer. Our first duty is to acknowledge quite frankly that the desire to drink is not in itself wrong or unlawful. For men to drink, as well as eat together, has always been an outward and visible sign of fellowship and the more openly it is done and the more frankly it is recognized the better.

When we consider how narrow and restricted the homes of the great body of the people are, we are bound to admit that the public house in some form is a social necessity. The important point is, what form? Our aim should be to develop a type of public house on the lines of the French cafe, of the German beer garden, or the Danish "Ofholdshjein."

We want places where food as well as drink, and non-alcoholic as well as alcoholic liquors can be obtained; where a man can take his wife and meet his neighbors without sense of shame, with windows through which everyone can see, and plenty of tables and chairs. These could be true social centers. The worst of our ordinary public house is that it does not afford these social advantages; it has little except standing room, and the windows used seem tacitly to assume that those who drink wish to be concealed.

I venture to think that it would be a great gain if our brewers and others interested in the trade, could be induced not only to resist attacks, but also to throw their energies into a reform of this kind. With large, light airy, roomy public houses, with facilities for obtaining food, and instead of being mere drinking shops, presenting opportunities for real social intercourse —many of the smaller, meaner drinking places might, and I trust would disappear with great advantage. It is too much to hope that temperance reformers would be willing to smile on such a movement.

For myself at any rate, I wish to make it clear that it is not in the interest of intemperance, but of temperance that I am opposed to some of the popular remedies of the day, such as total Sunday closing, extinction of barmaids, local option, etc. It is not by trying to make drinking disgraceful or impossible that we shall get rid of drunkenness. The process, in any case, must be a slow one, but Christianity and common sense alike demand that to achieve results worth achieving we must treat men as free and responsible beings, capable of self reverence, self knowledge and self control.

"INDIAN" SONG.

South Dakota Braves Not Impressed by Singer's Efforts.

From the Denver Post.

William Tomkins, who is at the Orpheum this week, lived for about seven years in what is now South Dakota, near the Cheyenne River agency of the Sioux. In 1881 he went to that country (then Dakota) for his health and became a cook on a ranch. He cooked one year and then began punching cattle. While working as a cowboy he became acquainted with the Indians and learned the Sioux language. Last summer Mr. Tomkins needed a vacation, so he decided to "rough it" a while. He remembered his friends among the Sioux and thought he'd try to find some of them. He went to the present Sioux reservation in North Dakota and found many friends among the Indians. One night he was talking with several of them when he mentioned the fact that so-called Indian songs were very popular with the white people of the United States. The Indians were interested immediately and wanted to know what a "white man's Indian song" was like. Mr. Tomkins sang a verse and a chorus of "Navajo."

The Indians paid close attention. "How do you like that?" asked the comedian when he had finished.

The red men looked at each other a moment. Then one old buck spoke up: "Uh!" he said. "White man call that Indian song?"

"That's what he does," replied Mr. Tomkins.

There was another period of silence, during which the Indians smoked their pipes and gazed at the ground. It was finally broken by the same old buck. He blew out a cloud of smoke and gave another grunt.

"White man d—n fool," he said.

ENGLISH WOMEN *and* CIGARETTES Eccentric Persons Who Smoke With Impunity

By Lady Poore.

OUR women of today play hockey and fence; they have brought down their petticoats to an irreducible minimum; they fill with credit posts formerly held only by men, and earn the bread of independence in a hundred ways undreamt of by their grandmothers, and more or less distasteful to their mothers. Yet in doing all these things the possibility of their remaining womanly is generally admitted. What is there in the smoking of a cigarette that should unsex them? What horrid magic in the little white-coated cylinder (showing so plainly by its pretty suffix that it is the correct feminine of cigar) that its consumption should brand them as bold and almost immoral? Is it fair to class the woman who smokes with her sister who drinks and bets to excess, or swears, or laughs loudly in public places? By many otherwise reasonable persons she is undoubtedly so classed.

In Russia, Austria, and Italy women of the best type have as much right as their husbands to their cigarette, but we poor Englishwomen must often add to the problematical sin of smoking the undesirable one of deceit if we desire to calm an over-active brain or harassed nerves br a much-tried temper by a few whiffs of mild tobacco. Few of us have the courage of our convictions. We know we are not committing a crime in smoking, and yet our hearts fail us when the cigarettes go round after lunch or the savage midge nips us unmolested under the cedars on the lawn. We would not willingly shock the gentle hostess, the dear, old-fashioned parson, or the rich maiden aunt, and to spare their feelings we forego our pleasure; but we get no credit for our self-denial, no pity for our unappeased cravings, even from those who are in our secret, since it is generally supposed that no woman ought to want to smoke. In almost every house now-a-days some accommodation is provided for the male smoker, but now and then one chances on an establishment where tobacco is under the ban, and a smoking-man who has found himself and his pipe thrust pitilessly forth into the cold, damp darkness of a November night can guess something of what a smoking woman has to bear. Many a midnight cigarette, or perhaps only half a dozen puffs of one, has the present writer, in mortal fear of discovery and disgrace, puffed up the wide chimney of her bedroom in some country house whose hospitality stopped short of indulgence towards her one vice. And if it is not the season of fires, one must needs blow out the lights and hang out of the window to smoke, taking care not to drop ash or end on the roof of some veranda or conservatory below, there to remain just out of reach, a silent, damning proof of sin in the eye of mistress and maid. Better far had it been boldly deposited in the silver base of a flat candlestick.

Almost the only women who can smoke with impunity are the admittedly eccentric and the "smart." A pretty woman who neither desires nor deserves to be considered one or the other becomes perforce a clandestine smoker. With a cigarette between her rosy lips she is bound to be accused by her social compeers of unduly courting attention. She is "indiscreet"—in short, she is hardly respectable. But had she been elderly and plain, devoted to good works and clever at knitting things for the North sea fishermen, her taste for tobacco would have been regarded as a harmless peculiarity. It is not to be denied that there are different ways of smoking, offensive and inoffensive, and there are many occasions on which a woman would be ill-advised indeed to light a cigarette. If she possesses a retrousse nose she had beter not smoke at all, for under it a cigarette is certain to look impudent.

The use of a holder, which will prevent pretty fingers from becoming stained, is much to be recommended. It satisfies a proper fastidiousness on the part of the smoker, and lessens the risk of detection by the curious or ill-disposed. Far better than the amber mouthpiece is the long holder of cardboard and quill, of which one can buy 100 for a shilling, so that every cigarette can have its own clean setting. One thing is certain, and that is that the woman smoker should under no possible circumstances frequent a smoking-room intended for the men of a house and their friends. She will be invited to do so no doubt, but, however strong her inclination to accept, she must be firm in her refusal to enter it. It is not her place, and her presence will be an embarrassment rather than a pleasure to its occupants.

Brothers have a great deal to answer for. When they are young and thoughtless, it amuses them to teach their sisters to smoke, never considering that they may be kindling a little fire which even the cold water of parental disapproval will be powerless to quench. Husbands vary, but many are kind and reasonable. These like to share their pleasures with their wives, and see in an after-dinner cigarette no more than a legitimate solace, fairly earned by the woman who is pivot, buffer, and mainspring in the easily jarred machinery of domestic efficiency—the efficiency upon which their well-being depends. The time will come, no doubt, when it will no longer be thought wrong, improper, or even odd, for Englishwomen to smoke. Meanwhile, those of us who do must endure as best we may the cold looks and adverse criticism of the small majority of our men and the vast majority of our sisters, reflecting for our comfort that we are, after all, the pioneers of a movement calculated to benefit thousands of overworked and overworried women—lonely old maids, unappreciated stepmothers and misunderstood wives, mistresses of unruly households, inconsolable widows and daughters of stern fathers and nagging mothers.

$1,000,000 THE PRICE OF A MINUTE OF TIME--

Continued From the First Page of This Section

greatly relieve the surface conditions and thus afford a great gain of valuable time may be understood from a glimpse at the streets.

Teaming in Chicago's business district is enormous in its extent; daily in the area above the subway more than 125,000 tons of freight is handled —the tribute of 5,000 loaded steam railway cars.

Chicago's subways became of more than local importance when the national government made a contract with the company by which the latter was to transfer 200 tons of local mail daily from railway stations to the main postoffice and branches and 600 tons of outside mail from station to station. So that the system has resulted in a great saving of time in handling the mail at Chicago and in that way benefits the entire country.

One would expect such an enterprise of hustling Chicago, but staid New England has something of which it may be proud also.

The construction of the new Union station in Boston, at a cost of about $14,000,000, was planned to facilitate suburban traffic so that several minutes could be saved on each train schedule.

The average time saved each train is about five minutes, so that the cost of the economy amounts to nearly $3,000,000 a minute. Yet this was a small matter when the aggregate of annual economy was considered.

New York city within the last 10 years has witnessed the most wonderful and costly time-saving campaign that the world has ever known.

In response to the feverish demand for haste, human moles burrowed long tunnels from one end of Manhattan island to the other, in order to relieve the congested elevated structures and to transport the vast armies of passengers more rapidly

"From city hall to Harlem in 15 minutes," became a slogan that caught the popular fancy and unlocked the money vaults of capitalists so that millions were poured into the work.

Physical conditions are responsible for much of the celebrity New York has acquired as a lavish spender of money. Its subways and its elevated systems were made necessary by the shape of the city. The broad tidal moats with which nature surrounded it call, in these days of enterprise and hurry, for costly tunnels and bridges.

Time was when New Yorkers and those having business there were content—at least, they were obliged to be content—with the lumbering ferryboats that plied to Jersey and Brooklyn. In time, impatience with this method bore its fruit of relief, which came first to Breeklyn in the shape of the great bridge that was regarded as the newest wonder of the world.

In 1897 it was found that the bridge up to that time had cost $27,000,000 for construction and maintenance. Perhaps there was a saving in time of 12 or 15 minutes, and this was considered well worth the cost.

That wonderful structure, it was found in time, was not equal to the demands, and so New York has recently finished the splendid new Williamsburg bridge, at a cost of $16,000,000, in order that people may save time in hurrying from the Long Island side to the center of Manhattan in the morning and back again in the evening.

The cost? No, that was not considered; at least, it was not considered in the nature of an obstacle when the cry for faster transit rang out with resistless force.

But bridges alone could not meet the insatiate demand for greater speed, could not provide the increased facilities for rapid transportation that were needed, and so, a few weeks ago, the completed subway under East river, connecting the subway station of New York with the surface and elevated lines of Brooklyn, was opened.

In a few years much of Brooklyn will be tunneled under at tremendous cost to extend the transit facilities of Greater New York.

While all this work has been going on, two great railroad systems have been presenting plans that are staggering, even in this age of remarkable undertakings.

On improvements to the Grand Central station, to trackage and securing an equipment of powerful electric motors to snatch its heavy trains in and out of the city, the New York Central is spending $70,000,000. This will result in the saving of six to eight minutes on each train's schedule.

In the neighborhood of $10,000,000 for each minute saved. Think of it!

But one must remember, also, that even what seems a comparatively small economy of time means—with the number of trains in service—the daily creation of 1,440 minutes; it is, in fact, the doubling of the day.

When twice as much work can be done in a day at one of the busiest railroad terminals in the world, it would seem that the initial expense of $10,000,000 a minute would soon be regained.

Even more staggering is the enormous sum—some $120,000,000—which the Pennsylvania is expending to get its passengers and freight in and out of New York quicker than now.

In addition to new and larger terminals, with their necessary approaches, the work includes a double tube tunnel under the Hudson river from New Jersey; a four-track subway across Manhattan and a twin-tube tunnel under the East river to Long Island.

When the late A. J. Gassatt, president of the Pennsylvania railroad, was questioned regarding the plans for a terminal in New York city and the tubes under the Hudson river, he stated that the estimated cost of that part of the general scheme of improvements was about $60,000,000. Time to be saved on trains to and from the west was estimated at half an hour each.

Here, then, would seem an expenditure of $2,000,000 a minute for time. But when it is considered that the capacity of the new terminal will be 70,000,000 passengers a year; that every minute or so trains will depart for or arrive from the west, leaving out of consideration the great number of short-distance trains that will benefit through time saving.

This work in New York, gigantic as it is, doesn't comprehend all of the Pennsylvania's fight against time—a contest that of recent years has extended almost over the entire system.

One knows that the distance between New York and Chicago, for instance, by way of the railroad routes, is not much less now than in former years. Yet when this run has been reduced to 18 or 20 hours there must be something to explain the saving of time.

It is found, for one thing, in superior locomotives—steam giants that are marvels of potentiality. It is found in improved cars, which, while bigger and heavier than ever, are constructed with a view to permitting the greatest speed possibilities.

More than because of any other reason, however, increased speed has been made possible by track improvements. Not only the Pennsylvainia, but nearly every road in the country has been spending vast sums of money in this work within the last decade.

Some one has estimated that it has cost the Pennsylvania from $200,000 to $1,000,000 for each minute saved in its schemes to promote speed on its lines. It has leveled parts of mountains, throwing them to this side or that, has tunneled, has drawn crooked lines into straight tracks, has spent millions for new bridges, has cut across ravines, filled in river crossings and changed the topography of entire sections—at least such as those through which its lines ran.

It is only because they are typical of the spirit of the age—and more ambitious from the mere standpoint of money spending than others—that the plans of Pennsylvania's and New York Central's fight against Father Time have been enlarged upon here. All over the land the same battle is being waged; money is being used without stint.

Tunnels are piercing mountains, expensive steel bridges are replacing wooden structures; in the last 10 years the Pennsylvania, it is said, has spent at least $15,000,000 on them, and the Wabash system has put out even more within five years; tracks are being straightened and strengthened and new equipment to guarantee speed provided.

Taking it all in all, never was the old adage, "Time is money," more forcibly illustrated than in present day railroading.

And then the conquest of the seas has become a matter of money. The giant Lusitania would not have been built by the Cunard line except for the purpose of wresting the sovereignty of the ocean from its rivals.

Costing $7,500,000, the Lusitania embodies every principle of advanced shipbuilding that brains could devise or money buy. The extra knot and a half an hour which this ship and her sister, the Mauretania, are intended to make over rival fliers made necessary the installation of 68 additional furnaces, six more boilers, 52,000 square feet of heating surface and an increase of 30,000 horsepower. There was little thought of money when the plans were given out—the one idea was speed.

And so the world hurries on. If it can save a minute by the expenditure of a million, the million is speedily forthcoming.

What of the future. Or will that future see human endeavor in the way of faster travel transferred to the air?

NOT RACING ENGINES.

Real Object of Pennsylvania Experiments at Clayton, N. J.

Reports which have recently appeared concerning certain tests the Pennsylvania railroad has been making on the West Jersey and Seashore railroad near Clayton, New Jersey, have created an entirely erroneous impression, says Cassier's Magazine. It has been stated that the company was racing steam and electric locomotives, with a view to determining the speed capacity of each type.

The Pennsylvania railroad has other, more accurate and much less dangerous methods of testing the speed of locomotives than trying them out in such a manner as this. Furthermore, the types of electric and steam locomotives which have been used in these experiments were not designed primarily for speed, and any inference based on their performance in this regard would be incorrect.

What the company is doing is this: Experience indicates that the operation of electric locomotives, owing to their lower center of gravity, has an effect upon the track entirely different from that due to the action of steam engines. In order to ascertain the exact nature and extent of this pressure upon the rails a stretch of track about 160 feet in length has been equipped at Clayton with rails and cast steel ties designed and made especially for this purpose.

Instead of attaching the rail to the ties by spikes a special form of block has been substituted which allows a slight movement of the rails as the engine goes over it. This movement registers the force with which the flanges of the wheels strike or press against the rails. It is expected that a large number of experiments with this apparatus will show the company quite accurately what the effect is of either steam or electric locomotives moving at different speeds over either a straight or curved track.