MILLIONAIRE BARONET ENGLAND'S "MARK HANNA"

Sir Alexander Henderson is the Man Who is Really Running the Protectionist Campaign Which is Destined to Revolutionize Great Britain's Tariff Policy *and* Knock Out Free Trade

By John S. Steele.

LONDON, March 12.—When the big manufacturers of America decided that their interests demanded a great increase in the protective tariff they turned to the late Mark Hanna, a great business man, who until then had little to do with politics, to take charge of the campaign. And now, when a considerable number of business men in England have arrived at the opinion that the adoption of the protective principle would be of advantage to themselves and to British trade and commerce generally, a great business man has come forward as the engineer of the movement.

This man is Sir Alexander Henderson, whose career in many respects closely parallels that of the man who stood behind McKinley when he was carrying through his tariff measure. Already Sir Alexander is known to a few persons in England who are familiar with the history of American politics as the "Mark Hanna of England." Like Mark Hanna, he is a man of great wealth, and like Mark Hanna he is entirely self-made.

No one knows just how much Sir Alexander is worth. Wealthy men in England are more reticent about their holdings than rich men in the United States. Perhaps the fact that a reputation for great wealth invites the attention of the income tax collector has something to do with this. Some of his friends say that Sir Alexander is the owner of $10,000,000. Some put the figure as high as $25,000,000. Sir Alexander, who, like most great business men, is noted for his careful control over his tongue, smiles and says nothing when the subject is discussed.

Like Mark Hanna, Sir Alexander is a great railway man. He is chairman of the Great Central railway, which runs from London to Manchester, and has just succeeded in engineering what is practically an amalgamation of his line with the Great Northern railway. The anti-trust outcry has been raised in England against this merger, and the board of trade has filed an objection to it. The matter will now have to come before the courts, but there is not a railway man or a business man in England who would not be willing to stake most of his fortune on what he considers the certainty that Sir Alexander will carry through his merger.

Capture London Times.

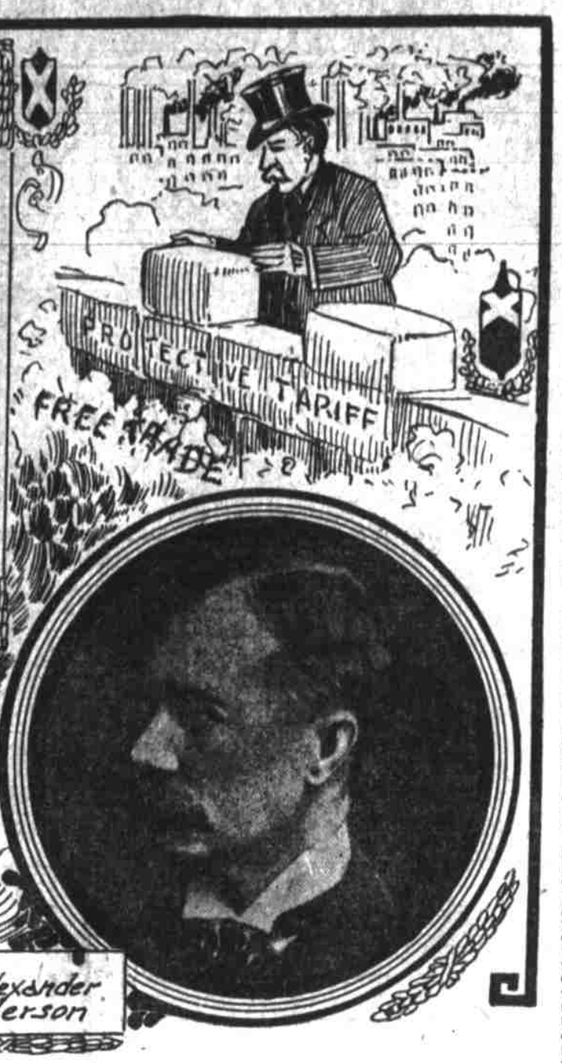
To capture the London Times for the party of protection is the latest scheme of this Mark Hanna of England. His efforts have been temporarily blocked by the courts, but in this case also English business men predict that Sir Alexander will win out.

The Times, as everyone knows, is a national institution, and its opinions are adopted as their own by thousands of Englishmen all the world over. When Joseph Chamberlain started his campaign for protection a few years ago the Times warmly supported him, but of late it has been wobbling, and it was decided that it must be brought into line. Sir Alexander was the man selected to do it. Its proposed transfer to the management of C. Arthur Pearson, the proprietor of several protectionist papers, is public property, but it is not generally known that it was Sir Alexander Henderson who organized the deal. Sir Alexander promised to provide $1,000,000 of his own money for the reorganization of the Times, and he persuaded Lord Brassey, Lord Strathcona and Lord Iveagh to stand good for the rest.

This is not Sir Alexander's first venture in capturing a newspaper for protection. A few years ago he assisted Mr. Pearson to acquire the London Standard, an old-established free-trade paper, and in the management of which he is still associated with Mr. Pearson.

What manner of man is this, who has undertaken to revolutionize English business politics and journalism? He is the second son of a Scottish journalist who came to London in the late '40s to write for the magazines and newspapers. He was born in London in 1850. When 17 years old he obtained a post as a clerk in an accountant's office at the munificent salary of $2.50 a week. He stayed at this for four years. When he was 21 he decided to begin business for himself and he joined the London Stock Exchange and opened his own office.

He was a success from the beginning. Before he was 30 circumstances caused him to enter the railway field. He had advised many of his clients and friends to invest in the shares of the Great Central railway, which were then very cheap. The railway was in a bad way, but Mr. Henderson, as he then was, saw its great opportunity, and he acted on his belief. Things kept going from bad to worse, however, and finally, to protect his own interests and those of his friends, he joined the board of directors. At that time he had no knowledge of practical railway work, but he soon displayed such a genius for organization that in a few years he was called to the vice-chairmanship, and finally to the chairmanship of the company. When he took control he found a bitter and wasteful competition being waged against the Great Northern company. He put an end to that at once and arranged a working agreement which has lasted for many years, and which has finally culminated in the merger which will probably be carried through soon.



Financed the Canal.

His greatest business achievement, however, was the financing of the Manchester ship canal. Everyone will remember how that great undertaking flagged at first. Several financiers tried their hands at it and burnt their fingers. The Rothschilds tried it, and gave it up in despair. At last Mr. Henderson was appealed to and he carried it through triumphantly to success. The Manchester ship canal has insured the prosperity of Manchester and incidentally it has brought millions of dollars worth of business to the Great Central railway. To Mr. Henderson it brought the baronetcy which was conferred on him in 1902.

In spite of the great business affairs in which he was constantly engaged Sir Alexander found time for politics. He sat as Unionist M. P. for West Strafford from 1898 until the last general election, and when Mr. Chamberlain first put forward his protection proposals he became one of his warmest supporters. Sir Alexander was a leading member of the Tariff Reform league to inquire into the state of British industry and collect facts and figures which would tell in favor of protection. It is said that his grasp of statistics proved of incalculable value to the commission and that many of its reports are largely his work.

How does he manage to accomplish so much work and to reconcile so many apparently conflicting interests. The secret of it all is hard work. He works 18 hours a day. He rises at dawn and goes through his letters before breakfast in his house at Prince's Gate, London, and dictates the replies to his secretary. Then follows a dash in a swift motor car to the offices of the Great Central railway at Marylebone station, where the chiefs of departments submit their reports to him and receive instructions. The afternoon is given to receiving business callers and the evening is devoted either to private business at home or public business abroad. At nearly every meal he has a guest who has come to discuss some business matter.

Lover of Country.

It must not be supposed that his interests are wholly in business, however. Like most Englishmen he is a great lover of the country and during the summer he travels every day to and from his beautiful seat at Buscot Park, Berkshire, which he bought with 7,000 acres of surrounding land, in 1888. There he breeds saltre horses on an extensive scale and he has carried off most of the prizes at the English horse and agricultural shows for this class of horse.

The house, which was built by Adam, the famous architect, in 1785, has been entirely remodeled inside, and it is said to be one of the most magnificent homes in England. It stands in the midst of a country that is probably more interesting to Americans than any other part of the world. A few miles away in one direction is Sulgrave Manor the ancestral home of the Washington family, and in another direction about the same distance is Penn's meeting house at Jordans.

Sir Alexander also owns a beautiful estate at Glenalmond in Central Perthshire, Scotland, which he bought for $350,000 in 1905, and he spends a few weeks there in the shooting season every fall. Every year, in March, he goes to the Riviera for a month with his wife, but even when he is on the Riviera or in Scotland he is in close touch by telegraph with his affairs in England.

Such is the man to whom the English protectionists look to play the role of Mark Hanna here. Though, as I have stated, there are many points of resemblance between their methods and careers in personality, Sir Alexander differs from his American prototype. Mark Hanna was a "jollier," genial and "hail fellow well met" with everybody. The English Mark Hanna is taciturn and reserved and strict even to harshness in his business dealings, but in spite of that he is popular with the employes of his various undertakings, for he is a just man. He has succeeded in procuring for the protectionists the support of the most powerful newspaper organs in England and already the effect is being felt in the by-elections. It may be some years before the country is called on to decide at a general election on the question of protection or free trade, but in the meantime it is evident that the tide of opinion is flowing in the direction of protection. The unionists, who are the protectionist party, are slowly capturing seat after seat as it falls vacant by death or resignation, and the men on the inside declare that to Sir Alexander Henderson, more than any other man, is due the turn of the tide.

LIVE TILL YOU WANT TO DIE--Continued From the First Page *of* This Section

a simple and sober life are favorable to longevity, but, apart from these, there is something unknown which tends to long life."

The work of science now is to find the secret of long life. And Metschnikoff is convinced that it will be found.

In the meantime he has made many important discoveries and has evolved theories which, to a great extent, explain the possible cause of death and the means of attaining a long life.

Supposing you were told that one of the largest organs in your body is the cause of early death. Would you have it removed?

Metschnikoff lays his finger on one of man's organic enemies—the large intestine. While he does not advocate the elimination of this organ, he points out that it is harmful, the breeding place of the microbes which cause putrefaction, which results in auto-intoxication and—death.

Years ago the scientist told the world of the existence in the human body of cells known as phagocytes, whose chief function is to guard the body and devour invading germs. But these friends of man often become his enemies, and turn on the cells and higher tissues and destroy them. They are stimulated to this activity by the products of putrefaction in the intestines. Now, what is the remedy?

In brief, the scientist believes that the avoidance of alcohol and of foods which conduce to intestinal putrefaction, and the liberal use of lactic acid—in the form of curdled milk—which counteracts and prevents putrefaction.

Few people die natural deaths.

This Pasteur's successor declares emphatically. They fall a prey to disease or die as the result of accidents. By taking precautions one can overcome disease and by hygienic measures prolong life on the suggestions laid down.

Then when death comes it will be natural, the human being will develop a desire for death as naturally as children develop the instinct of sleep. Death, then, he believes, will be one of the pleasantest of human experiences.

Declaring that true natural death must be rare in the human race, the scientist quotes Demange's description of the natural passing away:

"Arrived at extreme old age, and still preserving the last flickers of an expiring intelligence, the old man feels weakness gaining on him from day to day. His limbs refuse to obey his will, the skin becomes intensive, dry and cold; the extremities lose their warmth; the face is thin; the eyes hollow and the sight weak, speech dies out on his lips, which remain open; life quits the old man from the circumference toward the center; breathing grows labored, and at last the heart stops beating. The old man passes away quietly, seeming to fall asleep for the last time."

Death and sleep, asserts Metschnikoff, are analagous.

Both are probably due to auto-intoxication of the organism.

Do you know why you sleep? What causes sleep?

During one's working hours, according to Obersteiner and Bintz, products of exhaustion gather in the brain and are carried away during repose. An acid produced during the activity of the organs numbs the nerve centers and results in fatigue, according to Preyer and Errea; these acids, they say, are oxidized during sleep.

Natural death may then be due to an intoxication much more profound. And death may be averted for many years by a destruction, by the use of lactic acid, of the germs which produce the intoxication.

One of the most striking cases of a person exhibiting the instinct for death, Metschnikoff quotes from Brillat-Savarin's "Physiology of Taste":

"A great-aunt of mine died at the age of 93. Although she had been confined to bed for some time, her faculties were still well preserved and the only evidence of her condition was the decrease in appetite.

"She had always been very friendly to me, and once when I was at her bedside, ready to tend her affectionately, although that did not hinder me from seeing her with the philosophical eye that I always turned on everything about me, 'Is it you, my nephew?' she said in her feeble voice. 'Yes, aunt; I am here at your service, and I think you will do very well to take a drop of this good old wine.' 'Give it to me, my dear; I can always take a little wine.'

"I made ready at once, and gently supporting her gave her half a glass of my best wine. She brightened up at once, and turning on me her eyes which used to be so beautiful, said: 'Thank you very much for this last kindness; if you ever reach my age you will find that one wants to die just as one wants to sleep.' These were her last words. And in half an hour she fell into her last sleep."

Instead of the instinct of death being harmful, as some of Metschnikoff's critics have averred, he says it would have advantages.

"If men were convinced that the end of life were natural death, accompanied by a special instinct like that of the need for sleep, one of the greatest sources of pessimism would disappear," he says.

"Now pessimism is the cause of the voluntary deaths of a certain number of people and of many others refraining from reproduction. The instinct of natural death would contribute to the maintenance of the life of the individual and of the species.

"Man is the only animal with a definite notion of death. There is nothing extraordinary in it if it is in man that the instinctive wish for death develops.

"As sleep and syncope are often preceded by very pleasant sensations, why may not this also happen in natural death? Several facts prove it beyond dispute. It is even probable that the approach of natural death is one of the most pleasant sensations that can exist.

"As a sensation of happiness occurs in cases of pathological death, it is much more likely to occur in natural death? If natural death be preceded by the loss of the instinct of life and by the acquisition of a new instinct, it would be the best possible end compatible with the real organization of human nature."

Hippocrates and Aristotle, in ancient times, complained of the shortness of man's days. Theophrastus, who probably lived to the age of 75, when dying deplored "that nature had given to deer and to crows a life so long and so useless, and to man only one that was often very short."

Ought we to listen to the cry of humanity that life is too short and that it would be well to prolong life? Metschnikoff asks. Would it be for the good of the human race to extend the duration of the life of man beyond its present limits?

After pointing out the objection that already the burden of supporting the old is too heavy, Metschnikoff declares that, with the prolongation of life would there be a prolongation of intelligence and the power to work? "When we have abolished such cases of precocious senility as intemperance and disease," he writes, "it will no longer be necessary to give pensions at the age of 60 or 70 years. The cost of supporting the old, instead of increasing, will diminish progressively." And he adds:

"We must use all our endeavors to allow men to complete their normal course of life and to make it possible for old men to play their parts as advisers and judges, endowed with their long experience of life."

How do so?

How are you, in your practical everyday life, to realize what Metschnikoff says is possible?

The following precepts, formulated by Dr. Weber, of London, who is 83 years of age, are suggested by Metschnikoff as preliminary steps:

"All the organs must be preserved in a condition of vigor. It is necessary to recognize and subdue any morbid tendencies, whether these be hereditary or have been acquired during life. It is necessary to be moderate in food and drink, and in all other physical pleasures. The air should be pure in the dwelling and in the vicinity. It is necessary to take exercise daily, whatever be the weather.

"In many cases the respiratory must be especially exercised, and exercise on level ground and up hill should be taken. The persons should go to bed early and rise early, and sleep not more than six or seven hours. A bath should be taken daily and the skin should be well rubbed, the water used being hot or cold, according to taste.

"Sometimes it is advantageous to use hot and cold water. Regular work and mental occupation are indispensable. It is useful to stimulate the enjoyment of life so that the mind may be tranquil and full of hope. On the other hand, the passions must be controlled and the nervous sensations of grief avoided. Finally, there must be a resolute intention to preserve the health, to avoid alcohol and other stimulants, as well as narcotics and soothing drugs."

That people live longer today than formerly, Metschnikoff says, is attributable to the advance of hygiene. As the surgical removal of the large intestine or the disinfection of the digestive tubes cannot be recommended, he finds a specific against the deadly germs in lactic acid. In this respect it is well known that the races which live principally on soured milk are notable for extreme longevity.

Intestinal putrefaction, he writes, is not prevented by the acid itself, but the introduction into organisms of cultures of lactic bacilli.

"From time immemorial human beings have absorbed quantities of lactic microbes by consuming in the uncooked condition substances such as soured milk, kephir, sauerkraut or salted cucumbers which have undergone lactic fermentation. By these means they have unknowingly lessened the evil consequences of intestinal putrefaction.

"In the Bible soured milk is frequently spoken of. When Abraham entertained the three angels he set before them soured milk and sweet milk and the calf which he had dressed. In his fifth book Moses enumerates among the food which Jehovah had given his children to eat 'soured milk of kine and goats' milk, with fat of lambs and rams of the breed of Bashan and goats with the fat of kidneys.'"

While kephir in some cases is beneficial, Professor Metschnikoff says it cannot be recommended for the prolonged use necessary if intestinal putrefaction is to be overcome, as the yeasts which produce it at times may be harmful, as they are favorable to such infectious germs in the digestive organs as typhoid fever and the vibrio of Asiatic cholera. Quite satisfactory results were obtained by Metschnikoff by use of the Bulgarian bacillus, the microbes of "yahourth."

Metschnikoff advocates systematic investigations of the influence of diets which prevent intestinal putrefaction. "It can be only in the future, near or remote," he says, "that we shall obtain exact information upon what is one of the chief problems of humanity. In the meantime, those who wish to preserve their intelligence as long as possible and to make their cycle of life as complete and as normal as is possible under present conditions must depend on general sobriety and on habits conforming to the rules of general hygiene."

BANKING SYSTEM OF CUBA--Increased Use *of* Checks in Provinces of Island

AS Cuba's business is international in its character, so is its banking, and consequently its principal feature has been, in the past especially, the buying and selling of foreign exchange.

These operations are usually made against Spanish gold, as the local payments are made in that money, but drafts are drawn on Cuba in the money of the different countries and remitted in the same money.

The currency of Cuba is not as cosmopolitan as her people, says American Industries, and yet she has in active use Spanish and French gold, United States currency and Spanish silver, each circulating in its well defined sphere, although the use of American money is extending constantly.

Spanish gold supplemented by French gold is the commercial money of the country except in Santiago province, where United States currency was introduced by military order during the first American occupation and where all other moneys have practically ceased to circulate.

United States currency, whether gold, silver or paper, is the official money established by the American government, in which the Cuban government collects all incomes and makes all disbursements for its expenses by check on the National Bank of Cuba.

Spanish silver is the fractional currency and the money in use in the markets, small shops and for wages of labor generally. The value of each money is subject to constant fluctuation, dependent upon the demands for exchange and for the different moneys at the different seasons of the year.

Some of the larger customers carry in the bank three accounts, against which they draw in different moneys, and the banker must have in mind at the close of each day the proper reserve—not in the total sum, but in each money, varying according to the demands of the season.

To maintain the proper proportions there is a constant flow of the various moneys in and out of Cuba, so that the banks are actually shipping Spanish and French gold, Spanish silver and United States currency between the respective countries to meet the needs of the seasons and to neutralize the rates of exchange.

It has only been within the last seven years, since the establishment of the National Bank of Cuba, that checks have been used to any extent, but the convenience and safety is so apparent that they have rapidly grown into favor, as indicated by the increase in deposits shown by the statement of this bank from $4,000,000 in 1902 to over $14,000,000 in 1907.

The number of checks paid through the windows of the head office of the National Bank of Cuba reaches over 3,000 a day, and the movement of actual cash, as distinct from checks, through the tellers reaches more than $1,000,000 a day, principally in coin, as United States bank notes are scarce. Collections in Havana run over $1,000,000 a week.

The only two banks which publish statements of their business in Cuba are the Bank of Spain for the Island of Cuba and the National Bank of Cuba. The Bank of Spain was organized in Spanish times, and the Spanish government transacted its business through it.

Its nominal capital is $8,000,000 Spanish gold, equivalent approximately to $7,200,000 United States currency, but it carries in its assets $3,000,000 of its own stock. The last statement showed its deposits to be in round numbers $5,000,000 Spanish gold, equivalent to $4,500,000 United States currency approximately. It formerly had branches throughout the island but now has only its bank in Havana.

The National Bank of Cuba was organized in 1901 and was the first agent and depositary for the United States government, through which all revenues were disbursed and audited by means of checks on the bank. The paid-up capital of the bank is $5,000,000 United States currency, with deposits of over $14,000,000, all moneys reduced to United States currency.

Its head offices are in Havana, with 14 branches throughout the island and an agency in New York. This bank has combined the system of the United States with the branch banking systems of Europe, and its heads of departments have been drawn from the principal banks of the world.

The Bank of Havana has a paid-up capital of $2,500,000, but has never published a statement. There are also branches of the Royal Bank of Canada and the Bank of Nova Scotia doing business in Cuba.

In regard to credits and collections in Cuba, the facilities are as complete and satisfactory as in any city of the Union. Dun's Commercial agency covers the entire West Indies, and Bradstreet's has an agency in Havana. Information is quite as definite and satisfactory as that to be obtained in any American city. The principal mercantile houses of Cuba have gone through the series of Cuban revolutions, and their stability under these trying circumstances has given them credit throughout the world for unusually high commercial strength and integrity.

Why Policemen Face a Gun.

From the Philadelphia Record.

"A policeman never turns his back on a man who has a gun out," said a copper the other day, "and it isn't bravery, either. It's a matter of safety. If there's going to be any shooting done it is better to receive the bullet in front than in the back. I'll tell you why. Every officer has to carry a lot of books, guides and other things in his pockets. He has a rule book, a report book, a trolley guide and a slip book for accidents, in his breast pockets. Besides, he carries a watch, a billy, and wears his shield all in front. This stuff is enough to stop or turn aside many revolver bullets, whereas in the back a policeman has nothing but his coat and jacket as covering. There are a number of instances where policemen have been saved by this 'front' protection."

Farm House Antiques.

From the Manchester Guardian.

A highly ingenious device for putting on the market "old" furniture, the faking of which is quite a considerable industry in the Western Midlands, has been told by a dealer.

He had 80 Welsh farmhouses on his books, in each of which he had deposited for the use of the tenant, but also in the hope that holiday people might desire to buy them, "old" dressers and cupboards and tables.

The inexperienced hunter for old furniture invariably looks for worm holes. They are provided for him by a judicious peppering with small shot, and lest he should be suspicious and probe for worm dust they are carefully "salted" with fine sand.

PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDS MADE BY ENGLISH STAGE FAVORITES--Phyllis Dare Appears in 240 Different Poses on Picture Postcards

LONDON, Feb. 15.—People in the United States have very little idea of the intense loyalty to their favorites which is one of the best characteristics of the English theatre-goers. Once enshrined in their hearts a player is assured of a generous support the rest of his or her career. No better evidence of this intense devotion could be adduced than the story I have just heard of Phyllis Dare, one of the most popular of the younger actresses here. Although she will not be out of her teens for several years yet she has already a large following that guarantees her an immediate success whenever she appears. She it was who took Ædna May's part in "The Belle of Mayfair" when that independent American actress quit in a huff because too much prominence was given to Camille Clifford, the erstwhile "Gibson Girl," who was in the same show. Phyllis Dare is now playing in pantomime in one of the provincial towns but will shortly come to London as a full-fledged star.

The story I hear is that like many other popular favorites here she has been charging a slight fee for attaching her signature to the many thousands of post cards which are sent to her for that purpose by her admirers. During the year just passed she collected in this way a little short of $2,000, all of which she has devoted to relieving poor families which have come to her notice. Some of these fees are said to be as large as $2.50 while others are as small as six cents. There is no fixed figure for the prized signature, the young actress using her own judgment in fixing the price in accordance with the applicants' circumstances.

Is True Story.

Now in the United States that story would carry with it a very strong suspicion of the press-agents' imagination, but I happen to know that it is true. The amount represents thousands of admirers of the little girl scattered all over Great Britain, some of whom may have seen her but once in their lives, but who swear by her the rest of her stage life and who eagerly watch for new post cards of her.

The picture post card mania has reached enormous proportions in England. Some enthusiastic collectors with money to spare even boast of collections running to 6,000 and more cards. The public taste inclines to actors and actresses much more than in the United States, and many collectors leave standing orders with their dealers to supply them with new cards immediately upon publication.

Although Phyllis Dare is a big favorite she is by no means the most popular actress with these collectors. That honor must be accorded to Gabrielle Ray, a young actress who appears under George Edwards' management and who is now playing in the London production of "The Merry Widow." One firm of picture post card makers has issued no less than 300 different poses of this actress and they are busy turning out others as fast as they can get her to pose.

Pretty Miss Dare, Whose Pictures Are Sold to Aid Charitable Institutions

Phyllis Dare comes second in the number of poses of her that are on the market. About 240 different ones are now scattered about Great Britain. Her older sister, Zena Dare, a great favorite with the "Johnnies" of London, and now appearing with Seymour Hicks, Charles Frohman's London "prodigy," presses her closely for honors, for she looks at one in 200 different ways from the shop windows. Not content with these varying views of the two sisters the industrious post card publishers have invaded their home and snapped their mother and father and brother, so that the combined family is responsible for 500 cards.

Americans Big Sellers.

Some American actresses have proved big sellers for the post card men. Billie Burke, who is now appearing with John Drew in "My Wife," in New York, but who was a big favorite here up to a few months ago, is an instance. One hundred and twenty-five different pictures of her may be bought in postcarddom. Pauline Chase, who is now playing Maude Adams' part in "Peter Pan" in London but who will be remembered as one of the Pajama Girls in "The Liberty Belles" when it was produced in New York some years ago, boasts one hundred cards. Camille Clifford, who married a peer's son and has now retired from the stage, but who will be recalled as a show girl in "The Prince of Pilsen" who came to London and caused a sensation by her shape and her pose in an original creation called "The Gibson Girl," still has sixty-two varieties on the market, despite the efforts of her husband's family to buy them all up and prevent further publication.

Then there is Maude Fealy, she of the classic features and the homemade marriage views. Thirty varieties of Maude may be discovered if one searches very hard. Marie George, one of the mainstays of the yearly pantomime at the Drury Lane theatre, is responsible for an addition of thirty to the already long list, while the joyous manner of Happy Fanny Fields, a favorite of the vaudeville stage and of pantomime as well, has charmed the picture man into sixteen attempts to catch the inimitable humor of her smile.

Robey Makes Show.

Among the actors we find that George Robey, the favorite music-hall comedian of England, makes a brave show. Thirty-five pictures of him have been transferred to post cards. Harry Lauder, whom you have recently heard in New York, and who longs to go back to the United States and accept a salary of $260,000 a year (so he declares) can point to twenty-five that look more or less like him. There is a wide difference between the number of cards of the matinee hero twins, Lewis Waller and George Alexander. The former is now playing the part that William Faversham made famous at Wallack's theatre, New York, in "The Squaw Man" and no less than forty views of him have made their appearance in the market. Alexander is now playing in "The Thief," a big success, but he can only boast fifteen representations of his handsome person.

THE CASE OF DR. HARWOOD
Continued From Preceding Page

unsteadily by the table. "Is that all?" she said.

He did not turn. "Aye, all," he answered.

She tried to stop the dry sob that shook her.

"Men do not cry," said Harwood.

She stiffened as she stood. "Thank you, I had forgotten."

"There are several things you do that men don't do," went on Harwood, slowly. "You had better stop them. One man never steals another man's heart. It isn't done. Don't do it again—now go." The girl took a step that brought her back of his chair, and she stood there listening as he went on.

"I once loved a woman"—he spoke low, but she could catch every word; they fell distinct upon the air—"and she was not able to bear the weight of something I had done. She was quite right, no doubt; but she struck me so hard a blow that I have been sick at heart ever since, and if I were to tell you what I did, you, too, would turn from me. I will spare myself that, yet I cannot ask you to love me with that story left untold, though I could love you—I could love you well, I think."

He turned, and the red blood surged to his cheek, staining the pallor that had lain there. "Ah, if I were 10 years younger," he murmured, with a passion that shook his voice.

Her hand trembled as it rested on the back of his chair. "Do you think it is your past that stands between us?" She spoke very low. Harwood bent toward her to catch the words. "Your past—I've guessed it."

Harwood caught her hand in his. "When? How?"

She let him draw her near him, and almost laughed in the happiness of her complete understanding of him.

"Long ago," she answered. "I put it together from pieces. You had a quarrel, and you wounded or killed some one, with an excellent motive; but, having done it, you have forgotten the motive, and it lies on your mind. Why should it lie on mine? I believe in killing people for excellent motives. Then—" she hesitated—"You loved some woman. She did not love you enough, poor fool. What is that to me? If you love her no longer—only did—I believe you love her no longer—"

Her hand still lay in his. She searched his face as she finished speaking.

He cast the idea from him, with the dull ache of pain that wrote its mark on his face whenever he thought of those hours.

"Love her? No," he said. "Forget her, I never shall; but love her—it is seven years since I have loved her. So—so—He fastened his melancholy black eyes on her. "You have been living with me, not ignorantly as I thought, but knowing me, gauging me, judging me, no doubt."

"Judging you, no doubt," she repeated, slowly. "Yes, I am apt at that. Why, George, you are not very wise, are you?"

She looked up into his eyes with the light-hazel brilliance of her own, then dropped her glance.

Harwood stared down at her. "What a strange life you have been leading—and those rooms you live in—they must be cold for a woman."

A sudden very exquisite smile touched her lips. "Stupid George! Women have inward fires men don't possess. The thing is a riddle, read it if you can. It was cold, but I did not feel. The wind and snow beat loudly on my window, but I did not hear them. There is an answer. Can you guess it?"

She held out her hand. "You found me good company, and a fine hand in the operating-room—those were your words, weren't they? I have found you—but there is the riddle again. Good night." He did not take the hand she held out to him, but took in his fingers a bit of her loose, scarlet sleeve instead.

"Don't go just yet," he began, hurriedly. "Such a wild, foolish hope is lighting a fire within me that I cannot bear to stamp it out so quickly—let me cherish it a moment; I have dealt so little in hopes. Nina—Nina—how the whole thing has blended into one. Was there ever an hour in which I did not know you as a woman and love you as a woman?" He sank into his chair and covered his face with his hands. "What right have I to work upon your pity? What woman would dare do more than pity the dull, moody brute I have become?"

As he finished speaking, he felt two hands rest on his shoulders, and a figure that stooped over him. Her cheek touched his, her lips brushed his hair. He sat quite still, after one deep-drawn breath, and listened to the strange music she that sounded in his ears then, putting up his hands, he held her in their place—and there was silence, silence throbbing with those heavenly sounds.