PAUL BLAKE walked up the trail toward the nearly completed cabin and puffed vigorously at a cigarette while he whistled lightly between his teeth. Light clouds hid the sun, the dry air was warm yet full of life and against a heavy sky, flaming the west and with a flare of conflagration gathered a low dense mass of fog which seemed to rise from the sea. In the distance, stretching north and south as far as eye could see the Sierras towered in superb grandeur, lifting their summits with their crown of perpetual snows.

Blake scanned the scene with contented eyes. The familiar beauty of this California valley spreading just below him, gave him the keenest delight. All was beautiful, fortune was kind, ah, well, truly the gods were good to him. Only three years before, he had come into the foothills the prey of the white plague and the victim of high and riotous living. The doctors had told him in Manhattan that he might last three months at the pace he had set for himself and he laughted at their decisions but prepared himself for the journey to the west with a haste that belied his raillery, for life was very sweet to him after all. Agnes Forbes, his fiancee, had promised to wait for the building up of his health and the rehabilitation of his fortune that had been nearly swept away on a wheat corner in the east. Scheme after scheme had fallen through and what remained of his money, he had brought west and staked on a mining deal. In the meantime he had lived his life out of doors and while waiting the speculative development of his venture he had recovered his health and looked upon life from a different angle of vision. He was living close to the ground, the conventionalities of his past association were no longer remembered, for he swiftly lost the fastidiousness which had characterized his whole life and unconsciously he accommodated himself to the new mode of society in the mining regions. Whenever he thought of the wild orgies of other days a smile of contempt covered his face and out of the ruins of his early debauchery, he was building better than he knew. In the world where he had lived, he had many acquaintances, but few of them ripened into more than a simple state of passive friendliness that amounted to nothing more than a knowledge of each other's identities. Men whom he had met at the clubs or at various social functions, expressed a polite pleasure in knowing their names. Men, whom he would meet occasionally, ask after their state of health and ignore their answers. His social orbit had revolved around people who had false notions of life, and he would meet men he had seen a dozen times a day to eat or drink with and who in the club vernacular were called good fellows and this acquaintance he conventionally called friendship, for no other reason, perhaps, but because they were not enemies.

But Paul Blake's sojourn in the west had been spent with a different class of associates, where there was no pretense and no seeming. For the first time in his life he had known the meaning of good fellowship among these hardy unpolished miners. He had been brought shoulder to shoulder with men who valued life sleanly and honesty more. The brotherhood of mutual feeling is a sure leveler of social bars and in a few weeks his new friends were calling him by his first name and the false standards of effete society fell from him. He could not remember when had not looked upon Agnes Forbes as his future wife. Their father's estates had bordered down in Virginia and since they were children under the fond supervision of black mammies they had talked of this alliance in a childish way and now he found himself wondering what changes time had wrought in her in the past three years. They corresponded regularly and her letters were a welcome diversion although they were but a chronicle of the doings of the smart set, and he vaguely questioned himself as to how he ever had been satisfied with the follies of the social whirl.

More than once he resisted the temptation to bring her to the land of his adoption, to share his simple pleasures and to enjoy the prospects of striking pay ore, day by day, but he put the idea quickly from him when he remembered her social environments and her luxurious manner of living.

Twice a week he rode to the nearest postoffice two miles away, where he always found a letter from Agnes, and then he spent an hour at the cross roads where a score or more of men, rough clad and unshaven, booted and spurred, most of them in cowboy fashion, were usually assembled. There were times when he felt an overwhelming desire to talk to some of his neighbors and today he felt that he needed a human and present sympathy in his happiness, for he had just heard of a great find in one of his mining camps and so after working at his new cabin until daylight had faded, he called the Mexican boy to saddle his mustang which Blake mounted and urged to gallop to Mrs. Cobb's, his nearest neighbor, just over the ridge. Mrs. Cobb's husband kept the roadhouse and her cottage, a poor cabin of a place that it was, stood back of it, built in a depression and under the shadow of a live oak tree. Even from the open door there were many signs of a woman's foresight and attention. A bright fire burned in the little grate; a kettle hissed cheerily on the old-fashioned hob. There were candles burning everywhere and a table in the window held an orderly collection of newspapers and magazines.

Mrs. Cobb was busy with her tea cups when Blake paused on the threshold but she gave him a hearty welcome and he sank without invitation into the soft, cool recesses of an old fashioned sofa.

"Well," he began, "I believe we have struck pay dirt in the second level, Mrs. Cobb."

She stood now, under the glow of the wax lights, hands upraised and a broad knowing smile spread over her features, pouring forth her congratulations, and finished with "Now I suppose you'll be sending for her?"

"Not yet," he replied, shaking his head, "it is only the first indication and who knows when the lead will peter out. I'll wait awhile longer. I've seen the way some of these fellows out here get lonesome and marry and make their wives live in a shack and work like a dog, but just as soon as my pile is big enough to build a cottage and furnish it for her to live something in the style that she is accustomed to live in, then I'll bring her out on a visit. You see if she should not like the quiet life with just me I don't want her to tie herself down just yet; for it will be some time before I can retire from the diggings, even if the gold pans out all right, for I have the controlling stock in this mine and must take care that none of it gets away."

Mrs. Cobb looked up quizzically, smiling at his native modesty and said: "I guess you needn't worry about her not wanting to live out here with just you" and she looked at the firm and supple poise of the tall athletic man before her.

"I suppose you've written her the good news," she continued, adjusting her glasses and looking up from behind the stove, where a granite-iron teapot had just boiled over and was filling the little room with its tangible odor.

"Yes, I wrote her three days ago that I had made a strike on the Feather River but did not tell her that an English syndicate had ofered me $75,000 for my interest, because I am afraid she would persuade me to sell out and I don't mind telling you Mrs. Cobb that I want to stay here. I know how it will end if I go back there. It will be the same old story. You just can't keep from drinking when you are with people who do little else," and he set his teeth to resist an emotion. To the man it was good to have some one to listen when he talked to her.

Mrs. Cobb nodded approvingly and said sharply: "Well, she'll be mighty glad to come out here or I'll miss my guess."

Blake listened to her comments eagerly for the fulfillment of his dream seemed near.

"You are right," she added, "your future will be ruined if you stay in New York and try to stack up against those millionaires."

Outdoor life had graciously developed in him the graces of face and figure which compel woman's admiration and Mrs. Cobb's glance did not conceal her opinion of this broad-shouldered giant who stood in front of her and she grasped his hand with genuine feeling and said "I congratulate you and wish you all kinds of luck and joy, and I only wish we had something here worthy to be drunk as a toast in her honor."

"Suppose we make it some of Mrs. Cobb's special brew," he said, as he poured himself a cup of tea.

Five days later, Blake came over the trail swung himself lightly from the stirrups and said eagerly—"Well, Mrs. Cobb, I'm off for the east today and I have come to say good-bye. I'll probably be gone six weeks altogether for there is machinery to buy and——"

"A wedding to attend," she interrupted.

He put his hand into his pocket, drew from its case a photograph and held it out. "She is coming to keep my house in order," he said simply, "if the overland doesn't jump the track."

Then he turned and flung himself into the saddle with a satisfied smile and shouting a last good-bye spurred his pony toward Oroville.

II.

The evening that Paul Blake left Oakland mole for his eastern trip was gray damp and foggy and the passengers boarding the limited pressed close to the Pullman steps saying farewells and waiting to hear the familiar "All aboard" before making their last adieus. Then out of the mist a light girlish figure hurried up to the car, panting and breathless and carrying an umbrella with an alpine crook handle. The brakeman's lantern was giving the signal to depart and the porter grabbed her suit case and started ahead when Paul Blake, who was standing on the platform, was suddenly taken in tow by the unsuspecting lady. The hook of her umbrella had caught his watch chain and instead of crying halt he followed her quickly to her seat before releasing himself, much to the amusement of the passengers and later of Jane Dalton, the lady in question.

She reached her section and sank into the cushioned seat before she became aware of the attachment. Then she felt some one was watching her and looking up she met an amused gleam in a pair of gray eyes and the owner of the eyes bent over her deferentially.

"I beg your pardon," Blake entreated. "I am sorry but I must ask you to release me."

Jane laughed in spite of herself, an irrepressible girlish laugh that Blake thought the sweetest music he had heard during his three years exile. She bent over quickly to extricate him from the dilemma and brightened in spite of herself. He seemed to radiate bigness and wholesome outdoor influence, his gaze was direct and the frank friendliness of the young man charmed her. There was something so understanding in his manner that she flushed with pleasure.

A driving mist cloaked the windows as the train gained speed and Blake was glad of this, for she turned her gaze toward the flowing landscape, when she suddenly recalled that it was not conventional to become too friendly with a stranger, but seeing nothing but a great gray void from the window, she looked again at the man towering above her. "But now that you have taken me in tow," he went on as if he had been interrupted in his speech, "will you permit me to sit here until the porter has finished making up my berth opposite?"

"Certainly," she answered, meeting his gaze frankly.

"You are awfully good to put up with it, but if you only knew where I have been these past three years, where the only women to be seen were half-breeds or squaws, why I am sure you would understand what a real comfort it is to be in civilization once more."

Jane's face broke from a dawn of interest into a full sunlight of pleasure and she said impulsively: "Tell me about it."

"Thank you again," he said, "you have done me a real favor," and then there was a sudden lurch, a grinding noise, a violent swaying of the car and the Pullman was in darkness. Ahead screams arose on the air and one and all knew what had happened without questioning. The train had been derailed, but the Pullman had uncoupled and the only injury that its passengers sustained was a violent shaking. But ahead there ensued a black nightmare. Up from the thunder's growl and the patter of rain came the shriek of the wounded, and then followed a sudden sickening silence. Jane Dalton's face grew pale, but she did not faint and Blake found himself consoling her with as much concern as if he had known her all of his life.

The wreck occurred just out of Oakland and a relief train was soon on the spot giving aid to the injured and clearing the track of the debris. At last the whistle screeched and the Pullman was taken back to the station, where another train was in process of making up. And then Jane Dalton remembered that she must send a very important telegram. And she don't deserve to be relieved of anxiety on my account, either," she said resentfully.

Blake smiled and ventured—"Who has had the misfortune to incur your antipathy?" Without answering at once she extracted a notebook from her traveling bag and began to fill out a telegram blank. As she wrote, there arose from the depths of her eyes a new light, shy, baffled, baffling, and her full lips parted tremulously as she said: "Of course I am very fond of her and that is why she has hurt me so; you see it is only the people we love that have the power to wound us. And I always swore by her constancy, but she fooled me."

She hastily scrawled the name and address across the envelope and gave it to him. "She was only a heartless flirt after all and married my brother yesterday after keeping one of the finest fellows in the world on the waiting list for four years. Why he is now on the way east to get her and she promised to go with him, but was so afraid that her conscience would smite her at the last minute that she married my brother and the other fellow is expecting to lead her to the altar as soon as he arrives. He has been out in the Sierras for the past three years mining, and though I have never met him, I hear he is a fine fellow and surely deserves better treatment than Agnes Forbes has given him."

Though he felt it impending, it came at last with stunning suddenness. As he listened, Blake's face betrayed no emotion beyond what was shown by a narrowing of his gray lips. But she had not finished her tirade and he did not interrupt her. "They are now on their way west and I am to meet them in Salt Lake City the last of this week, but this wire will catch them in Chicago, and you never can tell how sensational the papers will make this wreck. Do you know I more than half believe that Agnes dreaded to live out there in the foothills and that was the reason she chose my brother, just because she did not like to live away from civilization. That proves where she was a fool. Civilization could offer nothing better than an eternal grind at keeping up appearances, and if I ever have the chance to bast my lot in married bliss, I'll choose the mountains for my abode and won't marry until that part of the contract has been agreed upon. That has always been my dream to live away from civilization and I suppose you, too, have your dreams. What are yours?"

"I am all alone and I have no more dreams." Blake looked at her thoughtfully and in some way he knew that Agnes had gone from his heart and the knowledge left him calm. Her eyes widened, her soul seemed to shine in them, but Blake continued: "I have dreams, but fate seems to think that all my dreams should end in nothing unless you will take a share in them."

She did not answer, but he read her heart aright, and the following day they were married in Oakland and the next telegram sent to Chicago was received with greater consternation than the first.

BUILD A CHURCH.

Work of a Congregation That Could Not Afford to Pay for Labor.

From the Kansas City Times.

With the light from a dozen lanterns helping them to see where to place joists and how to nail on weatherboards, ten members of the Yecker Avenue Baptist church worked until after 11 o'clock last night on their new church building.

The Yecker Avenue Baptist church was organized about three years ago. Until recently the congregation worshipped in a small frame building. Additions to the congregation made a larger building necessary and it was decided to build a church.

But the congregation was not a wealthy one, and the members felt that they could not give money enough for a new building. Then the Rev. William L. Harms pastor of the church, had an idea.

"We can afford to buy material for a new building and each one of us can give a little of his time in work," Mr. Harms said. The congregation agreed and the material was bought.

Every day and many nights, under the direction of some of the members of the congregation who are carpenters, the work goes on. Those who cannot work by day give a little of their time at night and the women of the church have coffee ready for the men when the work is over.

Save Us.

O, Mr. President,
Is it really your intent
To save us all from being busted flat?
If that is your intention
We'd really like to mention
The thing they call the "Merry Widow hat."

It's a regular purse breaker
And it covers near an acre;
We've seen some fierce ones—none the like o' that.
O, get a message ready
And fire it in, dear Teddy,
Let congress curb the "Merry Widow hat."

Three feet and sometimes wider,
No one can sit beside her
In streetcar, office, dwelling house or flat,
Ask congress to relieve us
For, Teddy dear, believe us,
The worst ever is the "Merry Widow hat."

—W. M. Maupin, in the Commoner.

OSCAR STRAUS IS VEXED

Doesn't Think Much of the Interpolations in His Book of "The Waltz Dream"

From a Staff Correspondent.

LONDON, March 16.—London, capably represented by the first night audience at the Hicks theatre, made it quite clear that it liked Oscar Straus' music for "The Waltz Dream" just as much as American audiences had, but that it didn't care especially for the "book" of this operetta as made over to suit English tastes. The last act in particular went against the grain, and a part of the audience, not having the authors of the words at hand, took it out in booing at the company at the end of the play. But when the composer, who had celebrated the production by conducting the orchestra in person, was summoned to the stage he was applauded with one accord, and so heartily that there could be no mistaking the intention of the audience.

Since then Mr. Straus has had something to say for himself on the subject and has made it quite evident that he doesn't approve of the "tinkering" that has been done on the original Viennese libretto. He has never seen the highly successful American production, of course, but seems inclined to shiver at the reports of the interpolations that have been made there, too.

English musical comedy traditions call for much clowning without regard to the plot. Apparently the understanding is that at certain frequent intervals the thread of the story—if there is any story and it has any thread—shall be broken to give the funny man a chance to let himself loose. If possible the authors give him something to work on, but in any event if he is a truly great funny man he is expected to improvise during the process of rehearsal and even after the first night he is quite entitled to be considered as one of the authors.

Oscar Straus says that in Vienna the public now insists upon having a good story with its musical comedies, and that if they had to choose between one musical comedy with good music and bad book, and another with good book and bad music they would vote for the latter every time—a good book meaning, according to his definition, not only bright lines and picturesque situations, but a definite story that insists on keeping itself in sight. He says frankly he doesn't think English authors can write librettos as good as those "made in Vienna." He has finished an act and a half of a new light opera, "Didi," with a book by no less a personage than Sardou, and has begun work on a musical setting for Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man," which he thinks provides an ideal libretto for a light opera.

Well musical comedies in England are not necessarily made in the heights of Parnassus. A friend of the writer's was called up by telephone three days ago and asked if he had a musical comedy up his sleeve. The man at the other end of the telephone was a manager who wanted one and wanted it quick. My friend promptly responded that he would be down with one next day, and thereafter devised a scenario on the spot. The eager manager listened to it next day and pronounced it good. He was enthusiastic. "But hold!" said he, "this won't do for our first production, although it will be just the thing for the piece after the first."

"Why not?" asked the librettist.

"It contains quite a new idea," said the manager, "and that would never do for a first production by a new management."

The librettist, being a man of great resource, said he thought he could remedy the difficulty and thereupon improvised a plot for a musical comedy to which even the most discriminating manager could not object that it contained anything new. This was declared to be acceptable, and negotiations were going on well when the manager said, "Oh, by the way, I forgot to mention that I had the chance to buy up a splendid lot of scenery yesterday at a bargain and we ought to take a look at it to see how the story would have to be changed to fit it. And I've bought up half a dozen ripping lyrics, too, with music to fit them—or any way the music can be made to fit them with a little change. You will, of course, have to work these in."

When the famous Vedrenne-Barker management comes to an end this week at the Savoy, both partners will go out of business for a time. As has already been announced in these columns, Barker and his wife, Miss Lillah McCarthy, and William Archer, the dramatic critic, will sail for America next week to look the ground over and perhaps to arrange for the publication in book form in America of some of Barker's plays. Vedrenne—so I am told this morning—has stopped reading plays and will have no further use for dramatists for a few months.

Trouble has arisen over the projected production of "Le Foyer" ("The Hearth") at the Comedie Francaise which will probably result in a lawsuit and the indefinite postponement of the play. Its authors are M. Octave Mirbeau and M. Natanson. The play was accepted two years ago, but rehearsals began only a few weeks since.

It is not an idyllic fireside which "Le Foyer" depicts. Its hero, if such he can be called, is a type of man popularly supposed to be more numerous in France than elsewhere. He has long since reached the age of discretion, but is quite content to live in comfort on the ill-gotten income of his wife while well aware of by what means that is obtained. Nor does he see in this anything incompatible with his position as a senator and a member of the French academy. From this it may be inferred that it is not the sort of play that would appeal to weak stomachs.

It is said that when M. Jules Claretie, the manager of the Comedie Francaise, accepted the play, he understood that the authors would consent to tone down some of the passages. But when the rehearsals began he found out that the authors—or at all events M. Mirbeau—understood no such thing. M. Mirbeau, it may be recalled, wrote "Business is Business," which proved him to be, some of the critics said, one of the strongest dramatists of the day. Having acquired that sort of reputation, he proposed to live up to it and hotly resented the suggestion that he make any changes in the play to make it more palatable to M. Caretie, for he is a man of rather vitriolic temper. Consequently there were some lively scenes between playwright and manager at the rehearsals.

The situation was rendered the more embarrassing for M. Claretie because the Comedie Francaise is a state theatre, and he is himself an Academician. A state theatre, he maintained, could not afford to depict a senator as a degraded blackguard. Nor could he, as an Academician, allow a member of that august body to be portrayed as a degenerate scoundrel. In despair he suggested a compromise. If M. Mirbeau would make the man a candidate for the senate merely and only a would-be Academician he (M. Claretie) would permit him to assume on the stage all the unsavory characteristics with which the authors had invested him. M. Mirbeau refused. It would kill the play, he protested, to make such a change. The man would have to be both a senator and a full-fledged Academician. "If you insist on that," M. Claretie retorted, "the Comedie Francaise will not bring out the play." M. Mirbeau insisted and the deadlock was complete. Various state authorities, including M. Clemenceau, the prime minister, were appealed to, but declined to intervene in the matter. The author, it is said, will now bring suit against M. Claretie for breach of contract and claim $60,000 damages. If the case is brought to trial it will be a great advertisement for "Le Foyer."

A NIGHT AT MOSTAR

By Victor Rakosi

SOME weeks ago I was tramping around in the Balkan peninsula. At Herzegowina it was devilish hot, and the whole country is one mass of mountains without any forests or vegetation of any kind, which makes it seem still hotter. The poor goats have to jump around for hours to find a little grass, and the burning rays of the sun are reflected by the terrible mountains. It feels as if earth and sky were both afire. One feels like fainting from heat and thirst like a goose that has been stuffed. If you care for a steak all you have to do is to broil it on the hot stone. But if you want to take a bath you will find the river cold as ice.

I was dead tired when I came to Mostar, the capital of this mountain country. As there was no room at the hotel I was given shelter in a college for young girls, but to do away with any misunderstanding I must explain that it was in July and all the girls were away during their vacation. To me this was by no means unpleasant, but it was worse to my friend, who was too tall to sleep in any of their beds.

I have a brother-in-law who often used to say that he has shed his blood for his country when he, as a young lieutenant, took part in the campaign of '78 and helped to occupy Herzegowina. Without exaggerating, I may say that I have shed more blood in Herzegowina than he has, and still I have not dampened the soil with my blood, but have given it to small but bloodthirsty monsters.

You will understand that I speak about fleas, which are related to our small fleas that we know from home about as cats are related to tigers. The fleas of Herzegowina are tigers.

At home I have been bitten by mosquitoes on Marguerette island, the Plattensee and on the shores of the river Theiss. At Venice bedbugs have robbed me of my blood and even scorpions have bitten me, but all that is mere child's play compared to the ravages of the fleas of Herzegowina. I have been stung by bees and I have got over it without getting sick, but these made me deadly ill.

All night through I fought them, but even through the sheets they drew my blood. In the morning I was so feeble that I couldn't move. My companions went on and I was left at Mostar sick and crushed to be attended by a servant.

The servant was a man considerably over six feet. He was dressed in the national costume and carried pistols and daggers.

I sat up in bed and said to him "Send for a doctor."

He shook his head and I repeated my words in all the European languages that I knew.

He went outside and came back with some picture postal cards.

"Oh, merciful heavens! Zbogen, zbogen," I moaned.

He understood zbogen. When he heard that I was thinking of God he came back with a Servian minister. The venerable gentleman asked me if I was a Roman or a Greek Catholic. Furious, I shouted to him: "I am sick and want a military surgeon."

He understood the word military, told the servant to go and get a soldier, and left.

A little while afterward the servant came back with a soldier, who saluted and stood patiently at attention. Having questioned him some I gave him a silver coin and told him to get me the regimental surgeon. He saluted, turned sharply on his heels and left.

About half an hour afterward the surgeon came, a short, skinny, sun-burned fellow of the kind who believes every sufferer to be pretending. He introduced himself and sat down.

"Oh, yes, the fleas. They are rather unpleasant to strangers. I am used to them already. They crawl all over me, but they don't bite me. Let me look at you?"

He examined me all over and said: "Sixty-eight bites. I congratulate you, you have beaten all records. I have never before seen more than 57 bites on one patient. But you will get over it."

The old doctor had me moved to the hotel where there was a room empty now. Then he rubbed me all over with a salve and told me not to dress until it had dried.

I felt as if all my limbs were burning, and as if a hundred carpenters were at work inside my brain and my throat was parched. I could swallow nothing. Not even water, and all the time I kept walking up and down the floor.

A few minutes later the doctor came back. He was smiling and said: "Now, listen. In the room next to yours there is a Russian in about the same condition. Do you know how to play chess?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, you may play chess together. I will send you over a checker board."

"Fine."

The doctor left, and immediately afterward there was a knock at the door and a gentleman glistening with salve and dressed only in a monocle came in. We greeted each other cordially and told of our misery. Then the checker board came and we started playing.

Three times in succession I was made checkmate. Then we didn't care to play any longer and began to chat. The Russian spoke about a Russian empire of the world.

"All races have played their parts except the Russian and when Russia becomes a free country it will conquer all Europe, the czar will preside as emperor of the orient at Constantinople, and his pope, Grand Duke Nicholas, will rule as governor-general of the occident in Paris. A new Skobeleff will be governor of Rome and the Cossacks will water their horses at the fountain of Alhambra."

I laughed viciously.

"How many bites have you got," I asked him.

"Fifty-one."

"That is fortunate. If you had had still more the Cossacks would have been swimming across the Atlantic, and Grand Duke Peter would pitch his tent at Buenos Ayres."

"You believe I am feverish."

"Of course I do."

"I have never been calmer or cooler than I am at this moment. You small nations do not understand our ambition. You are like the sparrows hopping around in the yard picking up a grain here and another there and believing that the fence is the end of the world. But we are like the eagles crossing the mountains, floating among the clouds and looking at the whole world."

I sat down opposite the Russian.

"Do you know, sir, if the Tartars had not plundered our country, if the Turks had not invaded Europe, the Hungarian nations would sure have been the most powerful in the world. Then Austria would not have crushed us and Hungary would have started at Linz and ruled Bosnia, Hatzewogani and Dalmatia, and the whole peninsula down to Constantinople. We should have had an empire with more than 1,000,000 inhabitants."

The Russian listened attentively.

"How many bites have you got?"

"Sixty-eight."

"Then you are feverish. And no doubt about it. I can see it in your eyes, and besides you couldn't speak as you do unless you are delirious. You complain and talk only of the past, but I talk of the future, of that which must come and which will come as surely as death. I am ready to believe that the Hungarian nation would have been the most powerful nation in the world if this thing or that thing or the other thing hadn't happened. But that is all over, we look into the future, which is ours."

There was a knock at the door and the doctor entered with anti-feben and spirits of ammonia. We were to swallow the anti-feben and to rub our bodies with the ammonia. Then we wrapped ourselves up in our sheets and began to play again. Gradually we felt quite well. A company of soldiers came marching by.

"Do you see what it is which ruins us. Now it is the time of the harvest, the time when everybody should be at work and here the most powerful and healthiest young men are doing nothing. That is why America will be supreme, because Americans work while we spend our time playing soldiers. They build factories and churches, and we build barracks."

"That is very true. It is our common danger, our common peril which we must fight with joint forces, the other peril which threatens us is the yellow race, the Chinese—"

We looked at one another and shook hands.

"Those damn fleas," the Russian exclaimed.

"Oh, you are still thinking of Alhambra?"

"No, no, but there is something else. Even if I had not been bitten by fleas I could imagine the victorious Cossacks marching through Bradenburger Thor or to Vienna—you are yarning?"

"I'm very sleepy. Last night I didn't sleep a wink, although I love to sleep and dream, but that which you talk about when you are awake in broad daylight—the greatest of the nations in the future—we are not even allowed to dream of."

ARE YOU KILLING YOUR CHILD?

Continued From the First Page of This Section

the interest both of the parent and of the public; never attempt to treat such cases without the advice of a physician.

"First. Because you are not competent to make a diagnosis. The diagnosis is essential for the proper management of the case.

"Secondly. Because a case which appears simple at the onset may suddenly develop a serious possibility, a fatal complication, which the physician would be on the watch for. He would promptly meet the situation and save the life of the child.

"These diseases are often grouped together as 'children's diseases,' and the opinion is too frequent that they form an essential part of every child's experience.

"So strong is this belief that it is no uncommon thing to hear it said when one of these diseases attacks a child in a young family, 'Why not let the others get it, too; they will have to have it some time,' never thinking, if it does not prove immediately fatal to one or more of the group, more than one may be in one way or another maimed or disabled for life.

"Statistics show conclusively that, as children approach maturity, they become less susceptible to these poisons, and many persons pass through a long life without having been attacked by them.

"The ordinary hygiene of the nursery, such as ventilation and bathing, systematic and wise regulation of diet and proper clothing as will enable it to throw off the germs which produce chronic diseases, such as tuberculosis and others.

"With what we know about tuberculosis among children, and of the fact that it is most generally introduced into the system through the mouth, too great care cannot be taken with regard to the milk, which should constitute so large a portion of the young child's food.

"And here I may make allusion to the habit, so often observed in nurses, of putting the spoon with which they are feeding a child into their own mouth, for one reason or another, before placing it between the lips of their charge.

"Still more dangerous is the practice, of partially masticating food before placing it in the child's mouth. A lesson may be learned in this matter from the fact that some of our savage tribes were exterminated by that habit. They became degenerate physically, became a prey to their more vigorous neighbors, and were finally blotted.

"The creeping child, as I have before taken occasion to remark, should be carefully gaurded, not only against picking up large objects from the dirty floor and putting them in its mouth, but against getting its finger soiled with all the filth that is dragged over the carpet from the dirty boots and skirts in from the street or garden, so introducing into its mouth the germs of tuberculosis and those of other diseases.

"This can be prevented by the simple precaution of spreading a clean sheet over the carpet before the child is put down to play.

"We must let our children grow up feeling that to go to a meal with dirty hands is a disgrace. We must, at least, take as good care of our children as the breeders of thoroughbred animals take in rearing their young stock. A careful review of the intelligent attention that is given to young animals on some of our good stock farms would certainly be interesting and instructive to our mothers."

Mrs. Anna A. Rogers, who wrote the widely read "Why American Marriages Fail," has discussed in a magazine the momentous topic, "Why American Mothers Fail." The conclusions she reaches are not so far removed from those of so eminent an authority as Dr. Dixon:

"The American mother is ignorant of her subject. Her children are often a series of unsuccessful experiments, which she tries, rather frantically, one after another, as each child presents new problems."

Mrs. Rogers finds that during the early years of the child's life there is what she terms a "love madness" for it, while the ensuing period brings a neglect that leaves it to the care of some ignorant, immature nurse girl, from whom, from morning until night, its moral teachings are imbibed and its mental instruction is received.

Her criticism applies more particularly to the rich and the moderately well-to-do; yet it serves to point the moral that every class of parents, to some degree, are liable to the common reproach.

If the less educated prefer to have their children revel in epidemics of whooping cough and mumps, those with great advantages of wealth and knowledge include many who still believe every child must have the measles, if it is to be immune in maturity; and during a single year in a single eastern state measles is the lethal agent for what are practically 1,481 child murders, with 1,240 of the unfortunate under five years of age.

Communities which do not adequately protect their milk supplies—and there are still plenty of them—have been charged by the United States government with its tabulated list of 500 epidemics, 317 of them typhoid, 125 scarlet fever, 61 diphtheria and seven pseudo-diphtheria. The holocaust of the children from the poisons of the milk supply alone is incalculable.

The whole trend of recent medical study has been to convict our civilization of almost wanton neglect of its children. The child who stammers or stutters is afflicted with a neurotic condition, which should call for the best and most expert treatment; it is, as often as not, calmly allowed to "outgrow" it, where every effort of its parents should be directed toward immediate and radical cure.

Chorea minor, with its twitchings and its sleeplessness, with all its attendant dangers of lowering of the vitality, loss of speech and serious warping of the mind as well of the character, is declared by the most observant specialists to receive far less of consideration by the profession itself than the importance of the subject demands.

One eminent specialist has at length had the discernment to exclaim against the most deeply rooted of all parental superstitions—that when the child has "growing pains" it is preparing for another splendid stage of bodily development.

He points out that the "growing pains" are nothing more or less than evidence of muscular rheumatism; and the symptom instead calling for congratulations, urgently demands blood purification.

"The parents of the "brilliant" child, objects of envy to all their acquaintance, subjects of immense pride on the part of themselves, are known to every village, to every city block; and their unhappiness when the prodigy manifests the familiar symptoms of ill health and shattered nerves is an equally familiar spectacle.

The "cramming" theory on which so many municipalities of the United States proceed in their common-school courses, many authorities declare, has degenerated into a national vice, against which intelligent educators are beginning to raise their protesting voices.

Over-driven, childish brains, half the time handicapped with eyes that make the goaded victim a modern martyr, are lucky if they succumb before the damage is irretrievably done. The Admirable Crichton, that marvel of the graces and the arts, did survive until cowardice assassinated him. But we aim to make our Crichtons by wholesale; and we fall often, because nature turns them out emphatically by retail.

Only this year the Nemesis of our forcing process overtook that famous example, Christopher Royce, son of Professor Charles Royce, of Harvard. He was master of arts at Harvard as a boy, seven years ago, and he was doctor of philosophy two years afterward. While in college he specialized in every known branch of psychology, philosophy and mathematics, and he graduated at the head of the class of 1900, a boy of 17. He is insane now, at the age of 25.

The whole psychology of the child is being suddenly recognized as a new and enormous department of science. It is as though the nation, receiving from heaven its sole, real, life-preserving treasure—the treasure of its children on whom all the value, all the usefulness of its material riches must depend—were waiting until today to cease flinging it into the dust heaps and dooming it to sufferings equal to those of the serfs who flee to us from Russia.

SECRETARY WILSON ON GRAZING LAWS

(Washington Bureau of The Journal.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 13.—Questions relating to the prohibition of grazing on streams supplying water for irrigation have occupied the attention of the departments of agriculture and the interior for some weeks and a cooperative investigation has been agreed upon with the hope that the problem may be settled to the satisfaction of all interests concerned. Secretary Wilson said:

"A recent addition to the southern division of the Tonto national forest in Arizona made at the request of the United States reclamation service to protect the watersheds of the Verde and Salt rivers and a subsequent order to close the area to sheep and goat grazing after April 1, 1903, have brought up questions which have a most important bearing on two great industries of the west, stockraising and farming on irrigated lands.

"Requests from irrigators and officials of the reclamation service that efforts be made to restrict grazing by sheep on the watersheds of streams used for irrigation, on one hand, and protests to the forest service by the stockmen, on the other, have given rise to a situation which can only be settled by a very careful investigation, which has been agreed upon by the secretary of the interior and myself. The investigations will be made with the one end in view, that the use of every resource must be for the greatest good to the greatest number.

"The investigation of the land to consider whether it is necessary to restrict the grazing of sheep and goats on the watersheds will be made by the officers of the reclamation service and the forest service in cooperation, who will meet the stockmen on the ground during the coming summer and thrash out the whole problem. If it is found that a limited number of sheep and goats can be allowed to graze on any of the ranges on the watersheds of the streams in question, the order prohibiting grazing will be modified so as to protect the interests of the sheepmen and at the same time check any tendency there may be to overgraze the forest or damage water supply used for irrigation. Because of the important bearing of the problem on grazing matters in the west, I deem it wise to make the correspondence public at this time in order that there will be no chance of misunderstanding on the part of any interest.

"The protection of the watersheds and streams supplying irrigation reservoirs depends primarily upon the possibility of giving full protection to all areas where grazing is allowed. The fewer forest officers there are to attend to the grazing business on the national forests, the more land will have to be closed to grazing. It must be remembered, therefore, that any reduction in the force of the forest service would necessarily be an attack on the entire grazing industry of the west. Past experience has proven that stock can be allowed to graze, under proper regulation, on areas from which it would be necessary to exclude it if the range could not be properly patroled. The same situation is true regarding the permanent improvements. The more water that is developed, the more division fences that are constructed, the more roads, trails and bridges that are built, the more permanent the range will be and the more stock it will carry."

The Canadian farmer works from 12 to 16 hours a day in the busy season.