AT HOME---By M. Bower

IT WAS the day of reckoning.

Through the length and breadth of Russia the hour of vengeance had come. And in the Grand Duchy (for the czar, though he be autocrat of all the Russias, is but the grand duke in Finland), to the everyday tale of individual oppression and cruelty was added the bitterness of trust betrayed, of promises broken, of loyalty harried, until the one faithful corner of the empire was turned into a hotbed of rebellion.

The little town of Svendsborg had its own account to present, and one particular man to present it. For Boris Schouvaloff, colonel, for all he was not 40, of the regiment quartered in the town to overawe the burghers—Svendsborg had held to its rights, municipal and ducal, with peculiar tenacity when all were firm—was universally execrated. Sent on a cruel task, he had set about it in a cruel way.

Now came the turn of the oppressed. In vain Schouvaloff confined the troops to barracks; they were disaffected. In vain he appealed for "uncontaminated" reinforcements; such a thing did not exist. He went about in fear of his life, and every man meeting him shrank from him as if he were a leper.

* * *

It came to a day late in October. The sun was glittering on the pale waters of the Gulf of Bothnia; the pines on the tapering spurs of land cast long shadows over the sea; the fringe of islands, treeless for the most part, were still tinged with purple from the heather; but in the air was the first warning of winter, and the north wind, sweeping down, already suggested frost and ice and snow, when the little trading schooner which exchanged the timber and resin of Svendsborg for the commodities of Gothenburg stood into the bay, and the man who leaned against the rail, his eyes fixed on the little town, suddenly threw up his head.

If he was a Finn, he had Swedish blood in him, for he was tall as a son of Anak, blue-eyed, with a sensitive face, betraying that quickness of emotion which the Swedish alone, of the peoples of the north, possess.

"Carl!" he called in that sing-song voice in which Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, vary the same language.

A man peered out from the skipper's cabin and because the sun was in his eyes made a shelter of his big weather-beaten hand.

"Mein Herr," he began, with a touch of deference.

"The barometer is falling?" questioned the big man.

"Ach so, mein Herr," acquiesced the sailor.

"I am John Johnassen for the present, remember," the other put in.

The old sailor pushed a battered hat far back and nodded.

"S-s-so," he commented.

"It will blow a gale after sunset?" the big man questioned.

This time the skipper confined himself to a nod.

"In the open we shall have a rough night of it?"

"Rain," decided the old man. "A heavy sea, and maybe hail."

His listener nodded in his turn, paced the deck, then stopped short before the tubby figure in the woolen jersey.

"It is for tonight," he said.

* * *

That night the men of Svendsborg, maddened by wrongs and insults, stormed the barracks, and in the thick of the din, when a handful of Russian officers fruitlessly promised to remit all punishments and increase all pay if the troops would but obey the word to fire, Boris Schouvaloff found himself seized, bound, blindfolded.

"Monsieur le Colonel," a voice whispered in French in his ear, "I am going to take you down to my boat in the bay."

"Who are you?" the Russian gasped.

"You shall know presently," was the enigmatical reply.

Schouvaloff struggled no more. What would it profit to escape from this man, only to fall into the hands of the yelling, clamoring mob without?

Bound, helpless, he found himself carried down to the water—out to the schooner. He was laid in a bunk in the little cabin, the bandage removed from his eyes.

He heard the getting up of the anchor, the rattle of the winch; he knew they were putting out to sea. At first he lay still, merely relieved to find himself rescued from that death-trap and that din of voices howling for his blood; and then a slow, cold wonder overcame him.

Why was he still bound? Why had he been left bound?

He shouted, but no one responded.

He struggled, but the ropes only cut into him.

He shouted again—in vain.

The motion told him that the schooner was rounding the bay, and he knew that, since they were catching the swell, the north wind must be rising.

He shouted with all his might.

He tried to get a hand free—but not a knot would give, not a rope lengthen by as much as a couple of inches.

With a snarl like that of a wolf (one of the wolves in his own forests) he lay hot, cramped, his limbs strained, his flesh bruised.

He listened to the throb of the engines. He could hear the wind getting up; already the boat was pitching.

But no physical discomfort was equal to the fear that assailed him.

Thought can torture with exquisite dexterity, and remembrance had him in hand. He could recollect this man, that, the other; all of whom had been brutally punished at his command. He could see wounds, scars, stripes.

He had thought nothing of pain and agony in those days; but he was sure now how terrible they were.

Then there were the lads—mere boys many of them—that he had caused to be drafted into various Russian regiments, in direct defiance of the ordinance which enacts that no Finn shall be called on to serve out of the grand duchy without his own consent; he could see them hustled along by a hedge of bayonets—pale-faced, with curses trembling on their quivering lips.

After them came the older men—those against whose names he had penned, with never a pulsation of pity, the one word, "disaffected," which condemned them to transportation, often to Siberia itself. And the mothers they left behind! The wives, the daughters, the tears, the prayers! There was above all, Marie de Tocki.

He could not get Marie out of his head. She seemed to come out of the darkness, to stand close up to him, to look at him with big, reproachful eyes.

"Marie!" he moaned. "Marie!"

Could he point to no extenuating circumstance? Would it avail him nothing that he had in a measure spared her, that he had at least abstained?

Marie died, it is true, broken-hearted; her father only saved from Siberia by flight; her twin brother living, Schouvaloff knew exactly what kind of existence, with a Russian regiment under the Urals; but though her home was wrecked and her parents beggared, Marie herself was unmolested, and she died unconscious of what might have been her worst peril had she lived.

It was De Tocki's own fault. The man had his chance. He should have forgotten that he was a Finn, and remembered that he was a subject of Nicholas. Then all might have been well, and Marie might have been alive, and he, Boris Schouvaloff, might have sought her hand—perhaps. Why not? For when a prominent Finn apostatized who was more caressed at court? And as Schouvaloff came to that the door of the cabin opened.

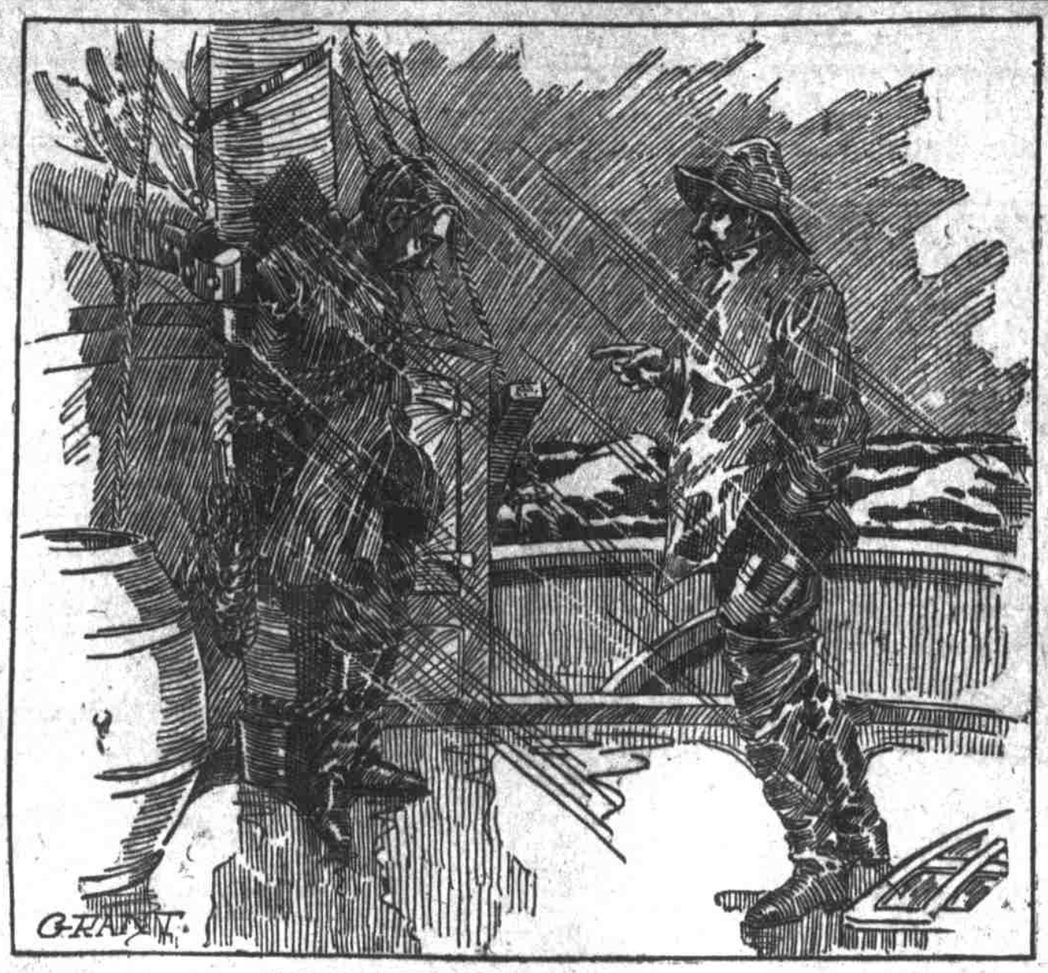
"Here!" began the Russian in his barrack-yard voice, "you fool, whoever you are, why do you stand there? Come and cut these ropes."

The newcomer advanced a few steps, flashed a lantern, that the man in the bunk might have a full view of him.

"Monsieur le colonel," he said, and he still spoke French; but now it was tinged with an ironical accent.

Schouvaloff took but one look at the massive form, at the face set and stern, and his jaw dropped.

"De Tocki!" he ejaculated.



"HAD YOU EVER PITY ON HIM?" HE DEMANDED.

"Bien sur, Monsieur le colonel," came the reply.

Boris began a quick flow of words in Swedish (the language of the educated nationalist Finn), but the man checked him.

"I remember," he said, "when you accepted the hospitality we were forced to offer—and abused it—you could not understand one word of our 'jargon.'"

The Russian understood. "What are you going to do with me?" he gasped, and his tongue, all at once dry, seemed to have grown too large for his mouth.

There was a long pause before De Tocki answered. He stood looking down at the prostrate man. His expression was unmistakable. It gratified him to see this disheveled wretch in the place of the insolent oppressor.

The minutes went by. Suddenly a sea caught the schooner, the screw seemed to be jerked out of the water, and the lurch threw Schouvaloff violently from one ledge to the other of the bunk.

"You rapped your head, then," commented the Finn. "You could not put out a hand to save yourself. You were bound, you know. But then you always were an advocate of shackles. You threatened my boy with them when he protested against a forced service in one of your regiments."

Boris clenched his teeth. "What are you going to do with me?" he ejaculated, when he could bear the silence no longer.

De Tocki smiled slowly. He went toward the door.

"For the present," he said, I am going to keep you in suspense. But rest assured, I have my intentions; and I shall carry them out—in my own good time. We are on the sea; my crew are faithful to me. There is no one to interfere. But for the present I leave you in suspense. Do you recollect? You laughed at my suspense! Day by day I came to you to beg you to tell me where my boy had been sent—my boy, my only son, who was hardly twenty. It was your doing that he was drafted into a

CHAPTER II.

The hours slowly ebbed; the storm grew; the ship rolled and pitched and plunged. It was a wild night, in a locality celebrated for wild nights. One descent, deeper even than usual, threw Schouvaloff out of the bunk on the floor. He lay there, bruised all over, one arm badly crushed, and the pain of it, held about with ropes, grew almost intolerable. Then to pain was added hunger—to hunger, burning thirst. And this, he had been assured, was but the beginning. Hour by hour, that certainly burned into his brain; each pang seemed but a foretaste of far worse to come, each burning dart but a pinprick to what he would have to endure.

At last, when between the lashing gusts of spray, a trickle of daylight filtered in at the porthole, the door opened again, and again De Tocki's bulk filled it. He still carried the lantern, and when its gleam showed him the form on the floor, there was neither relaxation nor pity on his face. Russia regiment, and you knew where he was. You knew, and yet every day for 13 weeks I came to you. I begged you, I implored—and you would not tell me where he was. You laughed.

"Water!" gasped Boris.

"So," said the Finn, still preserving the irony of his speech, "monsieur finds himself thirsty."

If Boris answered, it was lost in the howling of the wind and the dash of spray rattling like a shower of bullets against the port.

"You hear?" said the Finn. "There is water just without."

Again the Russian understood. He gave vent to an imprecation.

"Dou you recollect," De Tocki went on, "that I had a faithful servant? Olaf would not answer a question, 'quite a simple question, monsieur le colonel,' but then, he knew you. He could not recollect in what direction his master had gone hunting. The master never returned. He met a friend who warned him. But what did you do? You had the servant. You beat him, my faithful Olaf until he was in a far worse condition than monsieur is now, and yet the Colonel Schouvaloff finds himself none too comfortable. Olaf was burning with thirst, and you directed your men to place a jug of water just out of his reach. You kept him so bound, one whole night, not in a cabin, but in an outhouse; and it was not October, but December. Do you recollect?

* * * *

All day the storm increased; all day Boris Schouvaloff was left on the floor of the cabin. He could hear the fury of the gale; now and then he caught a sharp word of command; he could feel the laboring of the engines, and he began to pray that the ship might go down. Drowning would be a quicker, more merciful death than the one he felt to be in store for him.

He was past suppressing a shiver when, toward evening, the fury of the wind abated a little the door of the cabin was opened again. De Tocki stood before him.

"It has begun to hail," he said. "The cold it bitter—the sea is pouring over the deck. I am drenched, but then, I am going down to a good meal and a jug of hot coffee."

He shut the door as abruptly as he had opened it, but before Boris could do more than realize that the weather had a bearing on him, it was opened again. This time De Tocki was accompanied by two men.

"Pick him up and carry him on deck," the Finn commanded.

Roughly the Russian was seized, and in a minute the ice cold wind was slapping against his face, and the lash of hail made his flesh tingle, while the spray swept over him and drenched him.

"Lash him to the mast," he heard De Tocki say, and he knew that, do what he would, he could not even throw himself into that churning, blue-green, ring-marked through.

Quickly he was reared up against the mast, bound to it and then Boris Schouvaloff, exposed to the wind and weather, was left while the men went about their work.

He called to them, each, all, until his teeth chattered with the cold and his voice failed him. Hungry, thirsty, the cold, which had at first revived him, soon added to his misery. He began to wonder how long he could endure such torture and live. Again memory added to his pain. He remembered the sentry he had ordered to be bound outside his box, and how the man lived, and lived and lived; he remembered—oh, God! He could not think of one who had died quickly.

And just when despair pointed that out his persecutor stood before him.

"Monsieur finds it cold and the night wild," De Tocki began; "but there is no snow on the ground, let me remind monsieur le colonel, when he sent my wife, a delicately nurtured woman, no longer young, up and down Svendsborg, from the barracks to the colonel's residence, from the colonel's house to the town hall, from the town hall to Major Pradkin's, from the major's rooms back to the barracks. The poor woman was sent, tramping on foot in the cold and snow, because you had requisitioned the only horse left in her stable, and because you had robbed us and fined us until we had not money to hire another. My wife was told to go from house to house by your orders, though you were in the barracks all the time. You knew she would go on seeking you until she dropped, since it was for me. She thought you were responsible for my disappearance—you had been for so many sudden arrests—and I had been obliged to fly so quickly that I could not let her know of my escape for some time."

A gust of wind caught the Finn's sou'wester, and he waited until he had fixed it on again.

"Do you recollect, monsieur," he enquired, "if there was also wind on that night?" and he turned on his heel.

* * * *

Schouvaloff was not sure whether it was night or day when a dose of hot brandy so far revived him that he opened his eyes and saw De Tocki standing before him.

"Have I not suffered enough yet?" he moaned.

De Tocki looked at the haggard face, at the blue lips, at the startling eyes, at the form, only held up by the ropes.

"When a prisoner cried that to you, had you ever pity on him?" he demanded.

The Russian had no answer.

"At least," said De Tocki, when his prisoner kept silent, "you have been truthful there."

He went away; he returned.

"After all," he said, "if I let you die by inches in torment it will bring nothing back—neither my home, nor my daughter, nor my boy."

He thrust his hands into his pockets, and contemplated the wretch who had once been a cringed-to Russian officer.

"Can you urge anything on your own behalf?" De Tocki demanded.

Half dazed, more dead than alive as Boris was, he yet caught the relaxation of the voice. But what could he urge? His regard for truth had never been imperious—it was not the virtue demanded of him by his training or his code—but now some instinct warned him that a lie would be worse than useless.

Yet his lips were so stiff he could hardly articulate.

"Oscar," called De Tocki, as if he would not touch himself, "give this man more brandy."

The seaman complied, and then at a sign left the accuser and the accused together.

"I give you a chance," began the Finn. "What can you say for yourself?"

"Nishevo," mumbled Schouvaloff, using the one word in Russian that stands for every negative from indifference to despair, and then he feebly tried to throw up his head.

"Your daughter——" he faltered.

"You dare to mention her?" De Tocki thundered. "We kept her out of your way, knowing you and your kind, and that she was beautiful beyond the majority of girls. But when I was gone and her mother was too ill to know, she came to you to plead that a few bundles of wood might be left in the house, that a handful of bread and meat might be left to them; and how did you receive her?"

The Russian saw that it was his last chance.

"How I received your daughter is one thing, and how I acted when I had seen her is another," he mumbled. "Did I not send Pradkin back to Abo because he found her too beautiful?"

"Was that the reason?" demanded De Tocki.

"On my honor."

"On your honor!" the Finn jeered.

"I can give no other guarantee," returned the Russian, the beginning of something like dignity dawning in his manner.

"What else did you do?" ground his accuser.

"This," said Boris, a new confidence in his voice. "When the list of the daughters of Finland was betrayed to me, and the two leaders——"

"Girls of 20," put in De Tocki sternly.

"Were—were removed——"

"Banished without protection or money, fetched out of their homes in the middle of the night——" again amended De Tocki.

"The third, for there were three, was left unmolested."

"She was dying."

"Has the arm of authority ever waited for sickness?"

De Tocki looked his prisoner in the face. "Well?" he said.

"The third name was your daughter's, and I suppressed it."

"What proofs have I of that?" flared forth the Finn.

"None; only my word," answered Boris Schouvaloff.

"Why," demanded De Tocki, "did you spare her?"

"Because," said the Russian, "I thought I loved her?"

"You!" ejaculated Marie's father. "You!"

He drew back as from something that might sting.

"I thank heaven," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "that my daughter is dead."

The wind howled, the spray swept indiscriminately over the man who was bound and the man who was free. For the first time the moon suddenly rode out of the clouds.

"She died," muttered De Tocki, as the silver light illuminated the deck and sea, "at home."

He turned about.

"Unbind that man," he ordered, in a hoarse voice; "give him food and drink, but keep him out of my sight."

JOHN GILCHREST'S MADONNA---By Katherine White

"YES, but you know only one aspect of Clatsop," said John Gilchrest, puffing meditatively at his companionable pipe beside our driftwood fire which flung the radiant banner high into the dark sky and isolated with its splendor a solitary patch of the long dark beach, while the booming of the surf grew fainter as the tide crept slowly out. "But really to have known it," he continued, "you should have been here before summer hotels and summer crowds had invaded the silences."

"We came down on the Astoria boat, back in the early eighties, spent the night at Astoria, took a tug there and came to Skipanon where the river was so narrow that the branches of the trees on either bank nearly met overhead. At Skipanon we piled into the four-horse wagons and Jake threw the baggage up behind and roped it in. Checks, we didn't bother about them, everybody was supposed to look out for his own baggage.

"There was a pretty little woman in the party the first time I came down—young, with big, brown eyes and nice ways. She had a small boy with her, about four years old, I suppose. She found her trunk had been left at Astoria."

He paused in his narrative to say, "You don't see those half-grown moving vans much nowadays, do you? Funny things. Women used to like 'em. She hadn't been out in the wilderness before, but thought she was going to Atlantic City or Saratoga. We fell into conversation easily enough, for she had a natural and pleasant way. She admitted that she had brought one of those baby elephant trunks and she particularly explained to the purser that it was marked in white letters, 'Mrs. J. Atkins.'

"You haven't seen it yet," John explained, "but tomorrow I'll show you some of the old wagon road—though it's not what it used to be. Then, it was a plunge into the heart of a great silent forest. The old firs and cedars standing thick and dark, hung with grey moss, the fallen trunks covered with thick green moss and fir needles, scampering squirrels and chipmunks peering down at us and then scurrying off in pretended alarm. The deep green of the shiny salal and the bright huckleberry strung with coral berries banked the roadside with brakes as high as a man's head when he was on horse-back. Those woods—and the smell of them! The piney, mossy, unbreathed sweetness of them!"

He threw back his head and breathed deep, reminiscently. I silently threw more driftwood on the fire.

"Where was I?" he asked.

"You said Mrs. Atkins and the boy——" prompted.

"Oh, yes, well—I was somewhat—sentimental, we'll call it. When the boy grew tired on the long ride and she cuddled him against her breast trying to shield his face from the thick, percolating sand that the four horses' kicked up in the soft road and that constantly drifted back upon us, gradually turning us all into grey mummies, she seemed to me a beautiful Madonna from some old painting. It was the look in her eyes, as much as anything. But if you could have seen her so matronly and so girlish—my Madonna, I called her to myself. I hadn't much idea of an Oregon beach, either, and the next morning I started off exploring. It was grey and misty. I kept on walking for a couple of hours, then turned back to go to breakfast. It was too foggy to give an outlook over the ocean, but the salty taste of the air was good and the long beach gave a fine chance for a man to stretch his legs.

"You can imagine how surprised I was to find myself suddenly stopped at the edge of a tide creek. I had blundered along without seeing where I was going, here in the meantime the tide had come in, and I was on the wrong side. You may think it's funny, but it didn't strike me so then. I was hungry—ravenous. The tide was still coming in and the stream getting deeper. I followed along its bank for a way and found that it split into three creeks, diverging through the salt grass meadow, so I came back to the beach and prepared to do the only thing there was to do.

"I took off my shoes and stockings and started to wade. It might have been the last of me, too, for I got into a nasty quicksand, and if it hadn't been for a fisherman with a boat it would have been a case of swim, er—

"Well, I insulted the fisherman by trying to pay him—visitors were rare at Clatsop then, you'll remember, and as I got out on the other side, shoes in hand, I found myself face to face with that Madonna and the boy. No use trying to look dignified and stiff when you're barefooted—especially—and John glanced at the length of leg which lay sprawled on the sand.

"So we laughed, and after I'd got into my shoes again we walked back to the hotel—there was only one.

"Well, I don't know that I can tell you anything more about those days. It was something new to me, for I was young and green and gawky. She was beautiful and self-possessed and gracious. She was certainly younger than I, but though I told myself to stand up and be a man, she made me feel like a school boy. Not intentionally—bless you, no! It was just the quiet, dainty, sweet way of her. I found her the next morning with the boy up by Packard's and we walked back together again. I carried the little chap—hard walking on those big round boulders—but she was as sure-footed as a mazama and never needed a hand.

"It was that afternoon when I was out in the surf—away out, too, farther than any one with sense would go with that heavy undertow and in such icy water—but I didn't think of such things then—that I faintly heard a call and as I came up on the top of a breaker and looked toward shore I saw a woman run into the water. She wasn't dressed for bathing, either—I saw that in the glance. With a few rapid strokes I came in close enough to see that she was trying to reach a certain spot in the water, so I dove under and sure enough caught the youngster. We rolled him and rubbed him, but he was as limp as a piece of kelp, so I carried him up to the hotel, about half a mile, and then posted off as soon as I could get into my clothes and find a horse, to Fort Stevens for a doctor. That was the nearest place, about 17 miles. I saw the doctor off on his horse, then put up the winded nag and went over to Skipanon to ride up with Jake. Now there was a curious thing. The mail came to Skipanon and was redistributed, so I took my letters and found one from Mary.

"'Your sister?' I asked.

"'Yes—telling me that Aunt Jane was to follow the letter the next day, and when she arrived in Portland would I show her what attention I could? She signed it, I remember, 'With sympathy,' but she couldn't know what she was sympathizing with.

"'Of course, my holiday was up. I told Jake to send my grip up and got aboard the tug to go back to Portland. I'd left more than my grip behind, though, now I tell you.

"The last I saw of Skipanon, Jake was trying to load a trunk half as big as the wagon—he'd brought the small one that day, too—up into the back of the rig. I was spared the language, but I could see the staring white letters, and maybe you think I hadn't a hateful sick feeling inside of me at the sight of that 'Mrs.'

"Why? Because I was a hot-headed youth, full of big ideals and full of gratitude to the only woman I had ever known who had brought out all that was best in me. I can't tell you—nobody could—what those few talks with her had been to me.

"I loved her, I tell you, just as finely and as purely as God ever let a man love a woman. I loved her with a passionate, heavy, hopeless longing because I knew she could never be anything to me. I thought of her and dreamed of her and prayed to her, I did."

"But, John," I ventured at last when the long silence made me fearful that I was not to hear any more, "that isn't all, is it?"

"No," he replied at last, rousing from a long reverie while I replenished our almost forgotten fire, "I met Atkins soon after, and of all the measly, little-natured, growling, grumpy, dyspeptic—bah! Sneaky, too. Tried to palm off some worthless stocks on poor old good-natured Thomas, and I caught him at it.

No, he and I didn't love each other much. How she could live with such a man I couldn't see. So I fell to pitying myself and looking at her Sundays in the old church where she sat with Atkins and another woman, her sister, I had heard, and so fall and winter passed with me moping around and hating myself and generally savage. Guess I wasn't very good company then. What? Oh, yes, they tried to make something of the hero act. The boy got along all right and the fellow Atkins tried to thank me for saving his life. I didn't take that kind of talk very well from him either. I knew I was in love with his wife, and I knew he was a scoundrel. She? Oh, yes, I got a nice little note asking me to come up and be thanked and meet her sister, but of course I didn't go.

How could I with the affair standing between Atkins and old Thomas and me? Didn't I tell you? Yes, he got blazing mad—was going to have me run out of town. "Ha, ha," suddenly laughed John. "If you could have seen the little whipper-snapper talking about doing me up, ha, ha!"

"And so matters went along till spring?" I prompted again, for I wanted to hear the rest.

"Yes, till one day, early in the summer, when I was strolling over the hills and was trying to make up my mind to go back east and leave my heart behind. Hopeless if I stayed; utterly so if I left—can you think how that felt?

"I remember I stood in a little cleared space looking down on the town and the river, with the old snub-nosed ferry plowing across. There was no bridge then, and not much of the town. The great old snow mountains were there, though, just the same. I heard a sound in the bushes and there she was, with her arms full of syringa and her big eyes shining—a picture. She laid the branches on the grass and we sat down together on the hilltop.

"'Why wouldn't you come to see me?' she asked. I told her because Mr. Atkins and I were not freindly. 'But I'm not Mr. Atkins,' she said. How could I answer such a challenge? I wonder if she could see in my face all that I wanted to say to her. When I still sat silent she gathered up her flowers again as if to go, and I told her somehow, brokenly and despairingly, that I must go back east and begin all over again. As she rose she dropped a little book and I picked it up for her when from between the leaves fell a little piece of stuff. She clutched for it and then held it out to me and asked if I recognized it. I said it looked like a piece of sandy leather.

"'It's yellow heliotrope,' she said. 'Don't you remember it at the beach?' Not,' I blundered, 'not that we picked—'

"She nodded. 'But Mrs. Atkins,' I said.

"'Who?' she asked, quickly.

"Then she began to laugh, but her eyes shone as if she would cry.

"'Did you think,' she said, 'that I am Mrs. Atkins?'

"'Aren't you?' I asked, humbly, while at last I began to see a light.

"'Of course not.'

"'But that trunk,' I gasped. 'And the boy——'

"'Yes,' she said, quietly, 'my sister's trunk and my sister's boy.'

"'Will you come to see me?' she asked, as she turned away.

"'That's what I'm doing now,' I said, as I fell into step with her. 'But just one moment—will you tell me what your name is?'

"'My name is Alice,' she said."

Here I recklessly threw all the rest of the driftwood on the fire.

"John," I said, "your wife—"

"Yes," John answered, "certainly, my Madonna."

KATHARINE WHITE.

A TREELESS LAND IN TWENTY YEARS---Continued From the First Page of This Section

ple and starvation because China wasted her forests.

Mr. Pinchot calls attention to the number of bridges which, in these later years, are swept away by floods such as were unknown half a century ago. With the forests gone, nothing remains to retain the rushing waters. But it is not merely the bridges that fall. Far worse is the character of the waters that pour into the river beds.

The streams that come seeping from forest lands are practically filtered in their course; those that roar down over the denuded tracts, turbid and brown, are filled with silt which they deposit in their beds.

"There has been an attempt," observed Mr. Pinchot, "extending over 15 years, to induce congress to purchase the lands controlling the headwaters in the southern Appalachians of the streams flowing into the Atlantic and the gulf. We have spent $30,000,000 in digging mud out of those rivers, and they are filling up faster than ever. We could keep out the mud for a fraction of what we pay to dig it out. We are deliberately choking up the very arteries of our commerce."

The estimates of the length of time for which the timber supply of the United States is to last are based upon the present rate of consumption, which fails to take into account the enormous growth of population and the enormous increase in the amount of wood used up.

There are 1,000,000 immigrants more every year, who can no more do without wood in some of the forms of its utilization here than they could do without it at home. But some of the facts of our "present rate of consumption" will be enlightening.

In 1906, for which the statistics are now compiled, we cut over 37,000,000,000 feet of lumber. The railroads alone used 1,000,000,000 ties, the product fo 1,000,000 acres—and such hardwood as is needed for ties grows no more than 40 cubic feet per acre in a year. It will take some time to replace the trees from which those ties were cut.

There were 1,370,000 cords of tanbark used up in our tanneries. For telegraph poles, all over 20 feet in length, we cut 3,526,875 specially selected spars.

Staves for tight barrels, made of that now rare and valuable wood, white oak, we ground out to the number of 267,827,000—and we passed $5,000,000 worth of them to Europe, as though we had hardwood to spare.

The slack barrel cooperage industry used up 1,097,063,000 staves, largely cut from woods we used to regard as worthless. We are poorer now, and not so particular as to elm, gum, beech and bass.

Our hardwood, all told, amounts to no more than 400,000,000,000 feet; and we use up 25,000,000,000 feet per year. In 16 years, there should be no hardwood left.

Our paper pulp alone, for one year, costs us 3,661,176 cords of spruce and—for we are only too glad to get them—hemlock, balsam, pine and poplar. The lead pencils that marked up some of the 2,327,844 tons of pulp, when it was made into paper, called for 7,300,000 cubic feet of cedar.

To sum it up, we are cutting timber at the rate of 111,000 acres every day, in order to supply the 100,000,000,000 feet we use every year.

The year's lumber cut, piled up, would make a stack as high as the Singer building in New York, and would measure eight blocks each way. It would be a woodpile more than 600 feet high, covering a tract of land of 124 acres.

Is there no hope of escape from the inevitable famine?

There is, if the nation can be brought to see its duty—not to the forests, but to itself. The reality of a duty to the forests passed into wholesale fraud and wholesale slaughter while the men of this generation were spouting, as boys, their cheap, sentimental lie—"Woodman, spare that tree!"

That hope lies in forestry, the science which, to quote the definition employed by President Roosevelt in his first message to congress, "is the preservation of forests by wise use."

Not merely on the national forests, but on the far greater area in private ownership, forestry is the sole measure known to man which can shorten the dread period of timber scarcity, which can reduce its severity, which can prevent its recurrence.

But there is not a day to be lost. Rightly managed, we have land enough to furnish at least as much wood as we are now consuming every year. But the "wise use of our forests," as the president has phrased it, is the only salvation.

It is believed that there is little hope in the "substitutes" for wood which have been so fondly expected of science. Throughout the centuries science has come no nearer to finding an adequate substitute for wood than it has to finding an adequate substitute for water.

Thirty years ago we built proportionately more wooden houses, more wooden ships, than we are building today. We used proportionately less iron, less steel, less cement, in all branches of construction, while we burned proportionately less coal and oil and far more wood. And in those 30 years an increase in the use of materials other than wood in construction, in fuel, in all branches of industry, has taken place. Yet last year the average American used more wood than he ever used before.

The fact is that substitutes for some of the uses of wood have given an enormous impetus to construction of all kinds, while the increased use of wood for such purposes as make it indispensable far more than offsets its earlier relatively limited use. In the skyscraper, in proportion to its size, there is far less wood than there is in an ordinary frame house, yet actually the amount used is immensely more.

So the very scarcity of lumber is already beginning to point out one of the ways to ultimate salvation—the way that France learned so cruelly years ago, the way Italy is learning so cruelly now.

We must treat our forests as a crop and learn to plant and nourish and foster them as solicitously as we do our grapevines and our alfalfa.

During the last 10 years the average rise in the price of 250 selected commodities has been 36 per cent; the rise in the price of the leading kinds of timber—white and yellow pine, hemlock, spruce, oak and maple—has been over 70 per cent.

That means lumber is already so far from a permanent supply that it is a regular crop—slow, oh, very slow, to its harvest, but a product which it will pay to handle as a crop, nevertheless.

There are in Germany 15,000,000 acres of government and state forest lands that are being managed. A continual crop of timber is being grown, and the net annual income, from the entire 15,000,000 acres, is $2.40 per acre. That amounts to a net income of 5 per cent upon a valuation of $48 per acre. Timber, as a crop, is on a paying basis in Germany.

Our national government is already the national farmer of trees. It is only a beginner, and it is trying with such a pitiful appeal to make its crude wildernesses object lessons to the heedless lumbermen who own the great majority of the timber.

Out of its 162,000,000 acres that are receiving the "wise use" of conservative forestry, it derives now a yearly income of $1,500,000, while its original holdings are steadily increasing in value instead of being converted into the white pine deserts of beggared Michigan.

Already some few private owners of forests have come to realize it is poor business to slay outright these gifts of nature that are so well qualified to lay golden eggs of riches for all time to come. The others, as short-sighted as they are unpatriotic, are to be enlightened as soon as men like Gifford Pinchot can teach them.

He and those who are associated with him in this now desperate struggle to save the nation's timber and the nation's rivers and the nation's agriculture find that only by other and more emphatic means can we reasonably expect to supplement this first help of rational lumbering.

First, they point out, the government should purchase the forest land along the most important watersheds down the length of the southern Appalachians and up through the White mountains, if only 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 acres, to serve as a beginning.

Then the various states should pass laws that will assist the national government and private owners in handling them according to rational methods. Timber land is taxed to its full value every year, although the crop it bears is harvested only once in 50, 75 or 100 years. It is now the suicidal practice of various states to tax their invaluable forests out of existence.

Again, the states must pass and enforce laws which compel a proper system of fire prevention. Experience has demonstrated that forest fires are by no means an act of Providence; they come of very human carelessness and are absolutely preventable under a system of the right kind.

It is a bleak outlook at best. And among all the ignorance and selfishness which has mowed the woods from off the face of the land until barrenness confronts in their age the men who lied to themselves about "sparing that tree" in their youth, there are only these chances of a meager salvation left. And the time to use them is now.

No Prize With This.

From the Chicago Tribune.

There was a fair maid in Skowhegan,
Who married a man from Puyallup,
They quarrel at Peekskill,
He left her at Verplanck,
And he's somewhere now in Coatzacoalcos

MY IDEAL SCHOOL---By Count Leo Tolstoy

IN THE village, people are getting up and kindling the fires. In the schoolhouses the lights have been burning for some time and half an hour after the pealing of the bells one sees long rows of little figures rushing towards the school. The children do not need to be told to go—when it is time to start for the schoolhouse they do so of their own accord.

It seems to me that their individualities are ever growing stronger; that their characters are rapidly being molded. I have hardly ever seen children playing in the road with exception of the very smallest, or those who have come from other schools. None of them carry anything—neither books, nor writing materials, for none of them are required to study at home.

But not only do they carry nothing in their hands, they carry nothing in their heads either. Not one of them is ever asked to remember what he did yesterday. They are not tortured by the thought of coming examinations. Each pupil brings only himself, his impressionable mind and the knowledge that he will have just as good a time at school today as he had yesterday.

He does not think of the lesson until it it has begun. A pupil is never scolded for being late, and, therefore, there is never one of them who is late, except when some of the bigger pupils have had to stay home to help with the work.

"Lord, what conditions!" I have heard people exclaim, when they heard me read something to my pupils, young and old. Of course, the conventional teacher throws up his hands in despair when he reads of these things, but I have many a time been gladdened by seeing happy smiles and sparkling eyes during my readings and have been encouraged by visitors, who are famous teachers in other countries.

Between the old and the new way of teaching many teachers have hesitated; have adopted some features and rejected others. Some have refused to see anything in my methods at all, a few have adopted my entire plan, but those who have hesitated between the two extremes are in the majority.

It is the same everywhere, the conservative teachers do not seem able to grasp new ideas in education and instruction and my ideas of what a school should be fills them with horror.

I shall give just an idea of an incident which may be seen any day in my school.

Suppose that according to the plan for the day the first class is to practice spelling, the second class reading and the third mathematics. The teacher enters the class-room to find the children piled on top of each other on the floor while one shouts: "The pile is not big enough yet." Another cries: "Don't squeeze me so," and from the bottom of the heap comes a voice, "Oh, Peter Michailowitch, tell them to stop."

"How are you Peter Michailowitch," others cry to the teacher, while they continue to wrestle.

The teacher takes the books and hands them to those who follow him to the closet, where they are kept and those who are on top of the heap ask for books, while still lying down.

Gradually the heap on the floor grows smaller. As soon as most of the children have been given books the others get up, rush to the closet and shout: "Me, too, me too—give me the same as yesterday!"

The excited ones grow calm, open their books and only their quick breathing tells of their excitement of a moment before. The warlike spirit disappears and the mind of the teacher rules the room.

Mitka is studying his book with the same enthusiasm he first displayed in boxing Vassili's ears. He grits his teeth, his eyes sparkle and he sees now nothing but the book in front of him. To get him away from his book now requires much more effort than to stop his playing and fighting.

Every pupil sits down, where he feels like, on the bench, on the table, on the windowsill. The girls always sit together.

And thus the day passes, young minds absorbing instruction eagerly and sorry to hear the signal to go home for the day.

This is my ideal school.