END OF THE BITTER ROAD

By M. Bower.

THE Dervishes were burning, raiding, proclaiming a new Mahdi all up the land from the country to the Blue Nile. The British army of occupation had pushed a detachment into the desert to keep them in check, and when that did not suffice the main force under Earleigh-Earleigh, seconded from the luxury of the guards to the hard work of licking the Sudanese into shape, Earleigh, a baron in the British peerage, rich, sought after, a rising soldier, and man loved by all other men—had come up by forced marches, and, after only 24 hours' rest, had hurried his column over the sand wastes by night, had hidden it by day, had located the Dervish camp, had stormed it, had worsted and dispersed the foe—but at the cost of his own life.

Earleigh was just breathing when they got him back to the camp, he died at daybreak.

The surgeon-major was thinking of him, was thinking of the sorrow that would follow the announcement of his death in the clubs, in the drawing room at home, was thinking of the wail that had gone up from the dusky faced warriors whom the fair haired Englishman had somehow turned from cravens who fled at the first volley into troops, who were steady before a frontal fire, when a knock came at the door of the shed which served him for an office, and a woman entered in a nurse's costume.

"What is it?" he asked sharply.

The woman replied that she did not want to be sent to the base with the other cases going back at sunset, but that she wished to remain with the old French Catholic sister in charge of the patients who were too desperately wounded to be moved.

The surgeon major grunted, and intimated that he liked nurses at the front as little as a certain blue eyed man, then in command, liked women in any capacity on active service.

Nurse Mildred listened, seemed to be about to argue, then her lip quivered, her face grew white, she came nearer to the big man with the kind eyes and the large hands who had not had time to shave for the best part of a week.

"Don't," she implored, "don't send me back!"

The surgeon major moved impatiently. He began to suspect what in penny fiction is called a romance. Now, love's young dream, however beautiful it might be, was out of place, he maintained, among mud and sand shelters.

The woman with the great eyes, and her pretty hair tucked under her cap, suddenly took the doctor's own chair.

"Sit down," she said to him.

The surgeon major, in sheer bewilderment at finding one of his nurses issuing orders to him instead of he to her, subsided into the only other seat available, an upturned packing case.

"You must not send me back," Nurse Mildred commanded.

He called it just that to himself, "commanded."

"Don't you see," she went on, "that I must stay, that you must let me stay, that you must give me something to do, plenty to do, more than I can get through. I got here—no matter through whom or how—to nurse my brother. I found him dead. He and I were everything to each other. I am alone. He gave his life for his country. You must help me to live under the loss. Let me work. Let me take care of those who fought with him."

The doctor sprang to his feet.

"Then," he blurted out, "you must be—"

The woman rose, too, stopped him with a gesture.

"I am nurse Mildred," she said.

The surgeon major bowed, sank back onto his packing case. The woman remained standing. Without a word she intimated that their roles were changed again. That now it was her part to obey, his to give orders.

Being a man it took him a minute to get used to the transformation. Then he began to tell her what she was to do. She was to take charge of the two white patients in the large hut, but she was to be under the Catholic sister.

"She'll be safe enough there," the medico muttered, as the door closed and left him alone. "The mess shed adjoins it, and one of us is always about. It isn't the place for her; but I couldn't send her back."

He broke off, filled his pipe. Suddenly he laid it down.

"Why," he told himself, "if she isn't a beautiful woman."

* * * * * * *

In war nothing is certain but the unforeseen.

It was a week later. The worst white case had had the last honors paid to him. The Catholic sister and her black charges had started for the base 12 hours ago, and Nurse Mildred and her remaining patient were to follow at sunset. The doctor had gone across the opening half barrack yard, half fortified compound which surrounded the well, to the mess tent, the captain and two subalterns, the gunner and two British officers "lent to the khedive," were taking a meal which it pleased them—and the native cook to call dinner, with the aid of four knives, a short supply of forks, a few tin plates, and two glasses, which had somehow survived many vicissitudes, when the sentry suddenly rang out the challenge.

Instantly every head was raised. The captain ran out, the gunner thought of his "little dear," as he called the tenpounder.

In a minute the captain returned, followed by a bedraggled ragged, unkempt individual who evidently was a British subject.

The man had a tale to tell; and he told it shortly.

He had been prospecting for gold with a French band. The Dervishes had come down on them, had murdered all the others. There seemed no reason why they should have spared his life; but they had. He had endured the horrors of captivity. Lightly as he passed over that, each man listening felt a sudden cold shudder run down his spine. The Dervishes had dragged their prisoner up country with them. At length this band had joined the main body. Then, every day, men crept out by ones, twos, threes to make their way nearer to the British outpost. By day they hid themselves in the sand hills, or they traveled miles on their hands and knees, or they even wriggled at full length in the sand to evade the "unbelievers'" scouts. Their plan was to storm this isolated outpost, and so cut off the main British column proceeding up country, which was to be caught between this force and another marching in a wide half circle to serve it as the mahdi of that day had served Hicks Pasha.

Instantly the captain saw that on his weak detachment depended the safety of the whole expedition.

He looked at the gunner.

"We shall have our work set," said one man to the other.

"It will be death or the V. C., for most of us," remarked the surgeon major.

"Why!" cried out the subaltern, "if we let the devils in here, Earleigh will have died for nothing."

"Earleigh!" ejaculated the ragged man who brought the news. "Do you mean Lord Earleigh?"

"The same," nodded the "sub."

"And he is—"

"Dead!" answered the boy, and he spared a minute, even at this emergency, to enlarge on the merits and courage of the comrade they all had loved.

The next instant the captain was taking command, was calling on the "lent" officers to get their men to work to throw up intrenchments of sand and sun-baked mud.

In the midst of the bustle, when the decision had just been arrived at to destroy all the outlying huts and concentrate round the building by the well, the surgeon-major let fly such an expletive that even the captain turned.

"God alive, man," the medico called out, "have you forgotten that there is a woman with us?"

A pause followed, a pause a thousand times more significant than any number of words.

"Send her here," decreed the captain, and he set his teeth.

In a very short time Nurse Mildred stood in the messroom. The group of men told this one woman what they all felt she had better know. She looked round from right to left.

"Then there is sure to be work for me," was all she said.

The bearded, haggard man who had brought in the news looked up quickly with a sudden gleam in his eyes. He had never seen this woman before, but then and there at the first instant of their meeting she seemed to be somehow near to him, almost a part of him.

He rose. What he was about to say neither he nor she would ever know. For instead of speaking he feebly put out a hand.

"Don't you see," Nurse Mildred cried out. "Don't you see that that man is fainting with hunger?"

She was by his side almost as soon as he lurched forward.

The doctor hastened up and took her place.

"Nurse Mildred," commanded the captain, as she turned to leave the messroom. "Your place is in the big hut in the center of the defenses. Whatever happens, you are not to leave that."

She understood. Looked from man to man with her great blue eyes.

"No," she returned, in a steady voice, "I shall remain there."

Then began the pitiless siege of that little group of improvised fortifications round the well. It was a case of science versus numbers, and, day by day, as the sun, the lack of rest, the shortness of food, fought against them, the band of defenders steadily diminished. Soon a new horror was added. The enemy located the well; directed a continuous fire on it, until it was only in the morning or the evening, and then at the peril of his life, that a man could steal out to draw water.

The defenders took it in turns. Once one of the subalterns never came back, then a Sudanese sergeant, then the man—he had given his name as Bill Bush—who had brought in the news, took the bucket.

It was early in the morning. He drew water, turned to start back again. He reeled, fell. His comrades saw him attempt to crawl. Then he lay still; but they knew he lived, for they could see him fling his arm over his eyes as if to preserve them from the bullets hailing round him.

"He's done for," the gunner muttered.

But as he said that, a murmur of wonder, of horror, ran through the watchers.

Across the shot-swept space a woman was flying. It was Nurse Mildred braving death. She was racing down the enclosure—she was by the well—she was by the wounded man—she was down on her knees by his side.

Bill Bush looked into her face.

"I am not worth this," he cried out. She only smiled at him.

"What is it?" she demanded.

"I am bleeding to death," he answered.

Her practiced eye told her that he was speaking the truth. Already there was a pool of blood by his right leg.

She looked at the center hut, she looked at the outer wall. She measured first one distance, and then the other. She took her decision. She rose to her feet. Filled with that marvelous strength which animates some women in the supreme moments of their lives, Nurse Mildred took the big man in her arms, lifted him on to her shoulder, carried him across, and set him down right under the mud wall, which, overhanging a little, afforded some protection against the lead storm.

"Now leave me," he implored.

She did not even expostulate. She bent over him, examined his wound. She wrenched off a length of tape from her apron and bound it tightly about his leg.

Still the red flow spouted up.

He looked at it.

"You see," he whispered.

"No," she returned, "I do not."

She laid her finger and thumb on the place, pressed back the stream of blood.

They both waited, breathless. No stain appeared.

"But," he cried out, "you cannot go on doing that. You have not the strength."

She looked over her shoulder at him. Smiled at him, lightly, almost mischievously.

The whole day was before them. The enemy, as if conscious that more than usual was at stake in the enclosure, never once relaxed their fire. No one could venture out into the compound and hope to live.

The hours crept on, the mid-day sun blazed out, the air was a dancing, shimmering bath of heat. The flies hummed, the bees buzzed, stung, teased. Hunger attacked them, thirst tortured them. There was always a fear that a bullet might glance upward from the hard, sun-baked ground, or, striking the wall, might fly back onto them.

But Nurse Mildred never moved. There she sat, never forgetting that on the strength of her endurance depended a life.

Then, toward sunset, all at once, without any warning, they both heard a great, ominous shout. The man had listened to it before, had shivered before it; the woman instinctively knew what it meant. Waited. The rolling volume of fierce, human sound came thundering down on them again.

"The Dervishes are attacking in force," he whispered. "Our reliefs must be coming near, and they are going to try to do for us before help has time to come up, or they would never choose such an unusual hour."

"Yes," she answered.

Again they were silent.

In a twinkling they seemed to be caught in the midst of a very whirlwind of din and heat and lead. There was the spitting and spattering of bullets, the thud of the 10-pounder, the battle cry of the Dervishes, the taunts these fanatics yelled at the while men, the bribes, reproaches, promises they cried out to their co-religionists within the defenses.

Presently, where the two under the wall could see distinctly a single Dervish came in sight. He stood there but a moment, he had hardly time to poise his spear before he fell, but he had cried out something to his fellows behind him.

Nurse Mildred looked at the man beside her. The same thought came to them both. What if the Arab had seen them, and with his last breath had shouted out the news of their comparatively defenseless position. Supposing a determined effort was made to capture them. It might succeed.

The man who called himself Bill Bush remembered his captivity. He remembered also that beside him was a white woman. If the horrors were nameless for him, what would they be for her?

She answered to that very thought.

Carefully keeping one hand in place on his leg, she bent over, and with the other found his revolver.

She thrust it toward him.

"Load it," she whispered.

He looked at her. Her glance never wavered or faltered. His eyes fell, his hands moved nervelessly.

Again, fierce, cruel, prolonged, the Dervish battle-cry rang in their ears.

"Listen," she commanded.

He took up the revolver.

"Now load it," she urged.

He complied.

"Lay it down close under your right hand," she went on.

He obeyed her.

They neither of them spoke again for a little; they neither of them looked at the other.

He saw, she saw the sudden apparition of another white figure. This man fell, too, as his fellow had fallen.

Nurse Mildred turned about until she could look the wounded man straight in the face.

Bill Bush endeavored to avoid her eyes.

She kept her glance on him; forced him to look at her.

"You will shoot," she implored. "You must shoot rather than—than let me—"

With a hard, sobbing breath, he interrupted her:

"Before God," he swore, "I will shoot.

L'ENVOI.

"Will you step this way, my lord?" asked Mr. Smithson's confidential clerk.

The new Lord Earleigh walked into the private room of the old, white-haired solicitor, who knew more about the Earleigh's family skeletons—and there were several, the new lord had been one himself—than any man alive.

The peer and his man of business exchanged a brief greeting.

"I heard that you were in London a week ago," the lawyer reproached. "We have been expecting you here daily. There are matters of importance—"

"I had matters of more importance still to attend to," interrupted the new owner of the title.

The old lawyer sat down with a gasp. More important matters than the Earleigh title and estates! He could not conceive it.

But his client sat opposite, silent, not deeming it necessary to explain that his occupation for the past week had been to fidget, worry, question, and counter-question anyone and everyone at the war office connected with the army nursing staff, with the object of discovering the present whereabouts of a certain nurse, Mildred.

For the ragged prospector who had brought in the news to the British outpost, the man who had crouched helpless under the mud defences from morn until eve with a woman staying the flow of life-blood from his wound, was the new Lord Earleigh, the ne'er-do-well cousin of the late baron, the spendthrift who, running through his own modest fortune, had quarreled with his family and had disappeared for years.

He had learned afterward—that towards midnight, when the bitter cold following the heat had rendered him lightheaded—that the relieving force had come up, not a moment too soon, that, with the defenders in their last gasp, the Dervishes had fled. He had been conveyed down country, still unconscious. Weeks of fever and delirium had followed. Nurse Mildred had disappeared, completely, entirely. He could find no trace of her.

But, sooner or later, he meant to see her again. What was the use of wealth, of influence, if he could not track down this one woman? Earleigh was telling himself that instead of listening to Mr. Smithson's precise voice, assuring him that, for a peer, he was by no means a rich man, as the late lord had left all he could to his sister.

"And this lady," the man of business wound up, "has written to me asking me to inform you that she would like to make your acquaintance."

"Eh?" questioned Earleigh, roused at last. Mr. Smithson repeated the message.

"Then," concluded the man opposite, "does that mean that she wants me to call on her? Ought I? Must I?"

The lawyer coughed and hesitatingly gave it as his opinion that such a mark of respect was due to the lady.

The big man with his face still brown from the tanning of the African sun, rose abruptly.

"Then I'll get it over at once," he exclaimed.

He hurried out of Mr. Smithson's office, kept steadily on towards Green street. As he went he pictured a sober, prematurely middle-aged woman given over to good works and mournfulness, or a supercilious grande dame, who would find him wanting and let him know it.

"Hang it all," he muttered, as he rang the bell. No. 9, "however she receives me she can't get over the fact that we are cousins."

The servant showed him upstairs. He looked round the room. He had not seen a drawing-room for more years than he cared to remember, but he felt sure this must be more inviting than the majority. There was such a quality of restfulness about it. He would like Mildred to have such a room as this—when he found her. He would find her—of course he would. What were he and she made for if not to come together?

He stood up straight, well tallored, with hair tinged with grey, and keen, alert eyes.

He heard the door open, waited for the middle-aged spinster or the haughty dame to come round the high screen.

He heard the soft flutter of a dress. It stirred him; it was so unaccustomed a sound.

Nurse Mildred's dresses, when he bought them for her, should flutter with just that pretty sound.

He looked up.

He threw out his arms.

The one wild question, was he sleeping or waking, sane or delirious, darted across his brain, and then he was striding down the room.

"Mildred! Nurse Mildred!" he was breathing.

She looked at him.

"I thought James said Lord Earleigh," she faltered.

The man—he was by her side—laughed aloud.

He bent, took both her hands.

"Mildred?" he questioned again.

"Oh!" she cried out. "You would have shot had there been—"

"Hush!" he commanded, his jaw set square.

She looked up at him. He caught her; held her.

Afterwards he was to tell her how, after a wild youth and a wandering manhood, the sight of her had changed all the purpose of his life; afterwards she was to tell him how she had contrived to get to the front—against all precedent—to nurse her brother, how she had arrived too late, why she had remained; but during that first hour there was neither time nor inclination for anything so prosaic as mere explanation. For her there was a home after the great loneliness following her brother's death—such a home as, being a loving woman, she had, perhaps, dreamed of—for him the last step on the "Bitter Road" was taken.

Fishers' Luck.

From Harper's Weekly.

Stella—Did she fish for compliments?

Bella—Yes; but the big ones got away.

WHEN THE SEARCHLIGHT OF SCIENCE IS TURNED ON THE BRAIN--Continued From the First Page, This Section

of human life and thought, of human emotions and human endeavor; the secret of what man has accomplished during past ages, when empires rose and fell, and what he may possibly accomplish in the labyrinths of the future.

Of the possibilities in the development of the brain there is no limit; the study practically has only begun and the tremendous findings of Dr. Spitzka only indicate more stupendous conclusions that may be reached in the future.

A gruesome task, you imagine—this study of brains. On the contrary, the most vitally engrossing task which a scientist can pursue. Certainly one of the most important phases of scientific investigation of the century—of tremendous import and unlimited possibilities.

For many years Lombroso, the great Italian scientist, and his school thrilled the world with alleged exposures of seats of crime and studies of criminals' brains. "The brains of most criminals," Dr. Spitzka declares, "are healthy, normal brains, and so far no seats of crime can be located."

Beginning with the sawing of the cranium and the removal of the organ the brain student's work begins. Extreme care is required in the removal of a brain from the cavity of the skull. An expert can perform the operation within ten minutes.

With the brain, a tremendous jelly-like mass, before him, the scientist begins his work by weighing it immediately after removal. Then it is placed in a mixture of formalin and water containing sufficient salt to bring the specific gravity of the fluid up to 1.036. Thus the brain neither floats nor sinks.

Extreme care is taken so it is neither flattened nor misshapen. Cotton is placed in the bottom of the vessels. Pure formalin is injected into the ventricular system of the organ by a needle syringe; wherever it is possible the fluid is also injected into the cerebral arteries. Thus as little as possible shrinkage is secured, and the brain retains its normal shape when it hardens.

Alcohol is not used as a preservative, as it causes a shrinkage of the organ. With the brain sufficiently hardened, a more complex study begins. Rubber gloves on his hands, the scientist takes the brain from the solution and peels off the membrane. Next the brain is separated into its principal parts, and drawings and measurements are made of the various divisions. This is a most delicate and complicated task.

The measurements of the cerebrum, cerebellum and pons are recorded separately. Dr. Spitza makes a careful observation of the weights of parts of the brains and their relation to one another. He endeavors to make a systematic description of the fissural pattern and drawings of the various views of the different sections of the brain.

Systematic measurements are also secured. There are ascertained the principal diameters and circumference of the cerebrum, which are given in centimeters. Measurements along the dorsal border are secured by the use of a tape.

The length of a fissure may be obtained by the use of a wet string laid along its course, while the depth is determined by means of a flat sound with a smooth, rounded end. The measurements and relative expanse of the lobes and cortical areas, the description of the fissures of the various parts of the brain are all of utmost importance.

For it is by comparison of the infinite number of weights and measurements of the various parts of the brain with those of other brains that conclusions are reached.

By comparing the brains of intellectually endowed individuals, such as that of the late George Francis Train, with those of less endowed races, such as the Papuan and Andamanese brain, the scientist is able to trace the marvelous development of intelligence in the human race and observe the indelible marks of advancing intellect.

"The brains of more intelligent persons," declares Dr. Spitzka, "are larger and heavier than those of ordinary persons and are marked by more complex fissuration. The fissural pattern of the gorilla is like that of man. Only the fissural pattern of the highest order of men is more complex and compact.

"The average weight of the brains of human beings ranges from 1,300 to 1,400 grams. The brains of some may go as high as 2,000 grams or as low as 1,000 grams. The brains of tropical races weigh less than those of other races."

It is interesting to note the weight of the brains of some of the world's most intellectual men. That of Turgeney, the Russian poet and novelist, who died at the age of 65, weighed 2,012 grams. That of Gambetta, the Italian statesman, weighed 1,160 grams. Although the accuracy of the figures is in doubt, it is said the brain of Lord Byron weighed 2,238 grams.

Dr. Johann Wagner who was present at the autopsy of Beethoven, the German composer, is said to have declared that "the convolutions appeared twice as numerous and the fissures twice as deep as in ordinary brains." The brain of George Francis Train, one of the most perfect brains preserved, weighed 1,525 grams. The weight of the brains of six eminent men examined by Dr. Spitzka are given as follows:

Joseph Leidy, estimated, 1,454 grams; Philip Leidy, 1,415 grams; A. J. Parker, estimated, 1,475 grams; Harrison Allen, 1,531 grams; E. D. Cope, 1,545 grams; Dr. William Pepper, 1,593 grams. The average weight of nine eminent men examined was 1,513 grams against the average of 10 ordinary men, 1,443 grams.

Descending to the low weight of the brain of a Zulu, 1,050 grams, there is a gap between the lowest brain weight of a human being and the highest brain weight of an anthropoid, that of a gorilla weighing as much as 425 grams.

Man, declares Dr. Spitzka, is the "brain animal." Yet for many years anthropologists have dealt with a study of the cranium, the skull and bone formation rather than with the priceless treasure within. They have studied the surface features of the Sphinx rather than the riddle within.

In the anthropological collections there are thousands of skulls to one human brain. To the evolutionist there is no study so important as that of the brain, which will result in what Huxley terms the "ascertainment of the place which man occupies in nature."

The general impression that the quantity of gray matter determines intelligence is exploded. "A brain made up of gray matter alone," says Dr. Spitzka, "would be as useless as a telephone system with all its inter-connecting wires destroyed."

With the aid of a microscope the brain can be studied from the earliest stages of embryonic life. With the development or ripening of bundles of nerve fibers one can trace the successive awakening of mental faculties in the growing child. The mystery of precocious genius, mature ability at an early age, is thus explained.

As yet it is impossible to locate seats of emotions. A difference has been observed in the frontal lobes of abstract and concrete thinkers. Musical talent has been located and is evinced in a considerable breadth of the configuration of what is called the supra-marginal gyre, which lies on the side of the brain. A similarity exists in the brains of mathematicians, which would seem to indicate that musicians are potential mathematicians.

Two conclusions reached by Dr. Spitzka from his observations are of great importance—the refutation of the idea that genius necessitates a disease or abnormal development of the brain or that there are seats of crime.

"The brains of men of genius are not diseased and genius is not a result of abnormality," he says. "The reason that abnormality is so often associated with men of genius is because defects, moral or mental in them, are brought to public attention and are often exaggerated, whereas they exist in ordinary people and remain inconspicuous.

"Many criminals do not show a single anomaly, while persons with marked aberrations never have exhibited criminal tendencies. I have failed to find any cerebral characteristic which might be ascribed to a criminal constitution."

Andrew Carnegie on Temperance.

From the Indianapolis News.

"My attitude on the temperance question is somewhat like that of a man whom I once reproached for wearing the blue ribbon in his lapel, while he staggered from bar to bar, depleting the entire available supply of Scotch whiskey. 'I'm a temperance man,' says he, 'but I'm nae bigot.' Though not a bigot myself, I like to encourage temperate habits among those in my service, especially the sailors and engineers who run my yacht. So I give 10 per cent bonus over and above their regular wages to all who promise to abstain from liquor."

AMERICA THROUGH GERMAN GLASSES--By Henry F. Urban

SINCE the exchange of professors was begun, a flood of German professors has inundated Dollarica. Only a few of them resist the temptation of publishing their impressions of the land of the dollars after they have been there a few months. I begin to believe that our good German professors very often give their countrymen at home a false idea of the United States. It is not given everyone to get a correct impression of a people from a short visit. To do so you must possess a certain gift, must be what one might call a "psychological hunting dog." A common cobbler may possess this gift while it may be denied a college professor, but whoever possesses it may travel in America a few months and read the secrets of the soul of the American, as did Lamprecht. Who dose not possess it may live in America for 25 years and still know nothing about Americans.

At all events, it is rather rash of the average traveler to believe that he has correctly sized up after a few weeks' travel the Americana who show more contrasts in their character than any other people in the world, and a college professor who has met only certain classes and who has been received as an honored guest cannot do it all.

The situation is this: There comes to the United States a German professor, who, as one among many, has done his scientific work quietly at home and who has found his best reward in the appreciation of his students and some of his colleagues.

In America he suddenly discovers that he is one of the world's seven wonders. When he arrives in New York reporters are waiting for him, pencils in hand. What he says is printed in the papers the next day with a picture of himself. The American fraternity receives him like a triumphator. The American love of sensation crowds him from all sides and the dignified German professor falls into its nets. He becomes a "star" over night like Caruso or Paderewski and one must know something about the American adoration of "stars" to be able to understand it. Only a few of the star worshippers worship from conviction. To them the scientific star means a tickling of their nerves, a sensation which is passed along from hand to hand by the aristocratic idlers.

I still remember with horror Professor Lorenz, of Vienna, whose scientific operations for hip diseases were turned into sensational shows in New York. A lecture by a professor which in Germany is purely scientific, in America is turned into a social entertainment at the end of which the professor is applauded by his male and female audience.

The doors of the aristocratic mansions open to the German professor who becomes the lion of 5 o'clock teas or dinners where gentlemen in evening dress and ladies in priceless gowns continually shout into his ears: "Oh, professor, I cannot tell how delighted I am to make the acquaintance of such a distinguished man." I know a professor to whom a New York lady said: "Oh, professor, you really awe me."

I cannot imagine a professor whom so much adoration would not impress, because German college professors are not men of the world. They are overwhelmed, see everything American in the most rose-colored light, and exclaim time and again: "Why this America is a veritable fairyland, inhabited by the most charming people." And America will not leave him in peace until he has published something in return for all this hospitality.

Typical of these impressions is an article recently written in a German magazine by an eminent German scholar. He says among other things that America does not know frivolity and bigotry. Now I cannot think of any more bigoted people than the American Methodists, and I might even add that not one of the other sects is free from it.

The most mediaeval intolerance, concerning, for instance, the drink question and the Sabbath, is found among the American clergy, arising from the ridiculous puritanism which pervades the American church. This puritanism rules with a despotism, social and political, which would be impossible in Germany. It gives rise to the most disgusting hypocrisy which condemns the drinking of it in secret.

Religious frivolity is less apparent in America than it used to be, but secretly it is as strong as ever. Hypocrisy bids the Americans not to be frivolous in public because religious feeling belongs to the necessary make-up of every American lady or gentleman. Religious connections bring the American many advantages in business and this is why so many business men are Sunday school teachers.

The professor's impressions of the American women are equally wrong, because these have charmed him on first acquaintance by their beauty, elegance, amiable manners and intelligence, and because they always understand to make themselves appear better than they are.

He writes that the American men allow themselves to be led by the women because American women, he has found, are good hearted and charitable. This is far from the case. American men give in to the women because they have been taught from childhood that woman is a superior being and that it is the duty of every true gentleman to adore her and submit to her whims. Another side of the question is that the men don't always allow themselves to be led by the women of their own free will, but very often do so cursing in their hearts. Very often too they promise to do everything they are asked and then go and do just as they please.

This feminine influence in America has resulted in the existence of a gynecocracy which is anything but beneficial in its effects. The despotism of women not only prevents thousands of men from making a decent living because of its fanatical crusade against even the most moderate use of liquor. Brewers, saloon keepers and their employes know something about this. It is this despotism which has caused the abolishment of the army canteen which was opposed by the most prominent military experts. That the soldiers now drink worse than ever and that they go to the worst kinds of dives to do so, doesn't matter anything to the women.

It is also due to the influence of women in America that the number of divorces is continually growing, that all art is becoming emasculated, and especially so the novel and the drama which must be so that they are fit for Sunday school pupils of both sexes. It is due to the influence of women that the young man is becoming more and more effeminate and that the girls show less and less inclination to take up household and family duties.

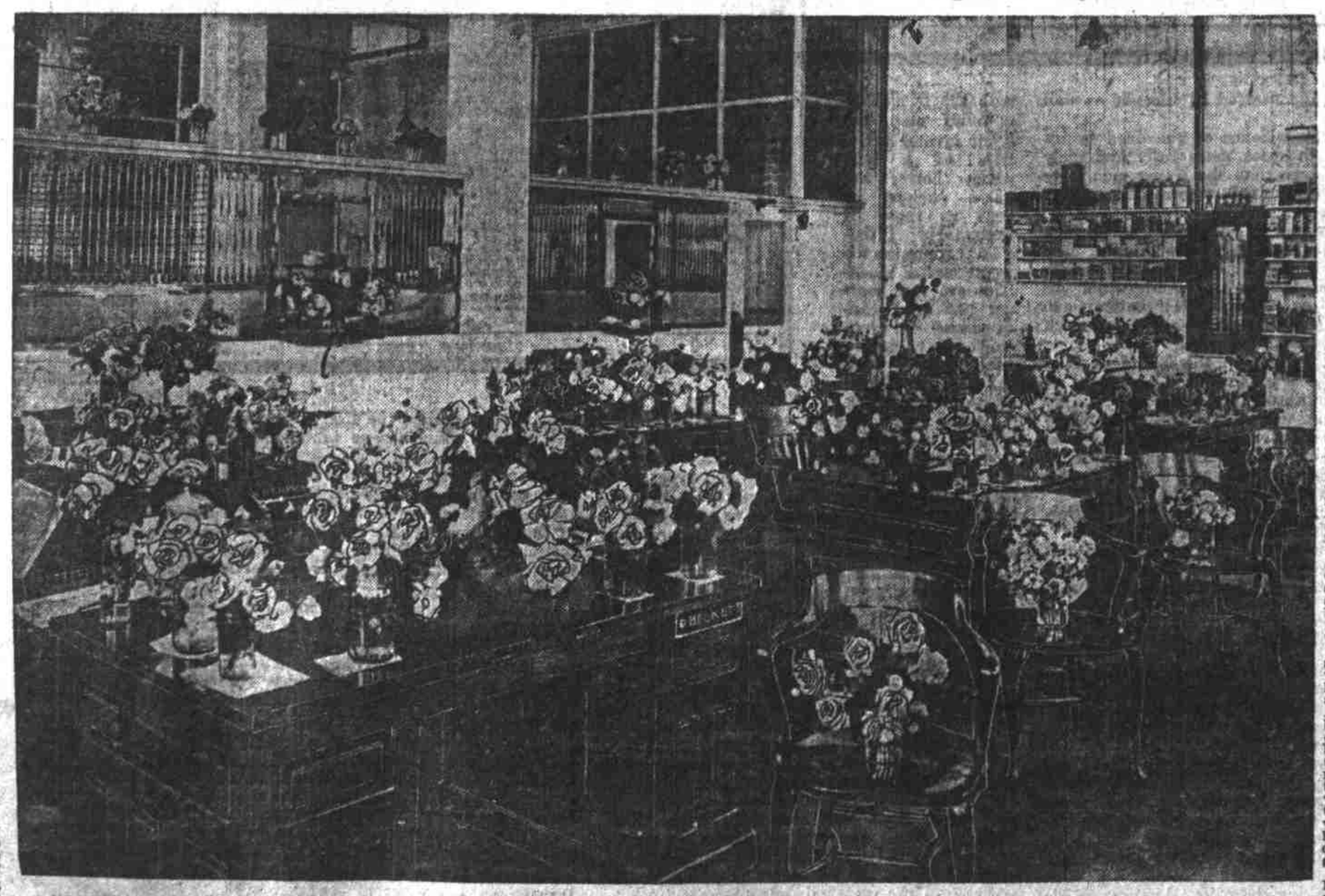
I don't mean to say that there are not in America, splendid women and wives also among the puritans and especially in the country.

Quite amusing is the statement the professor makes that every American man spends his Sunday either in a public library or at home. The rich American has his club, and the poor American sneaks through the back door into a saloon or goes picnicking in the country during the summer. Only in the puritan villages he sits idling away his time at home. He reads far less than the German.

When the professor even says that the average American is no materialist and no hunter of the almighty dollar, this is another great mistake. The great masses of the people, especially the business people and the working men, have no higher ideals than to make as much money as possible to be able to spend it for luxury in dress and pleasure. It is the business man and the working man who lead in America and not a few educated puritans of both sexes whom a traveling college professor meets in and around Boston.

The impressions of our worthy German professors show us therefore, too often, an Uncle Sam in evening dress and not in working clothes.

OFFICE TURNED INTO ROSE SHOW--Imagine Mr. Ehrman's Surprise When He Saw This Display *of* Flowers



CAN YOU imagine a wholesale grocery house turned into a rose show, with the sugar boxes loaded down with roses, the barrels of merchandise beneath jars of enormous red, yellow, white and pink flowers and with the air still spicy, but with the spice of the rose instead of that from the ledger?

That was the surprise prepared for Edward Ehrman of Mason-Ehrman company by his office employes one day last week When Mr. Ehrman stepped into the lobby of his building, at Fifth and Everett streets, he thought that he was enjoying a rosy dream and rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was awake. Then he rubbed them again and took another look from behind all the rose jars and the desks that were covered with the flowers peeped a score or so of smiling faces and he knew that he was really in his office and that the flowers were actual.

The rose show had been arranged by J. T. Bumfield and others with the Mason-Ehrman company and all the flowers had been secured from the gardens of employes of the company. It was a remarkable exhibition of what 20 average rose gardens in Portland, picked at random, can produce in the way of beautiful roses. There were over 20,000 of them, many as large as a cantaloupe, and the finer varieties that are never grown outside of Oregon and England and France were well represented.

When Fred J. Mathews, rose expert, was called to judge the show he made eight awards for individual exhibits. The company selected some handsome prizes as trophies, those securing them being J. T. Bumfield, Miss E. Boscow, Miss M. Gilman, Jack McDonald, David Beckett, Harry Giltman, M. Driscoll and John Nolan.

FENCE FOR TELEPHONE.

Used by Signal Corps in Directing Military Maneuvers.

From the Washington Post.

"In the west and southwest, where there are long stretches of unbroken wire fences, these wires are frequently used to convey telephone messages from one point to another," said Captain John G. Souder of San Antonio, Texas, here on business before the departments.

"In some localities the fence wires are converted into regular telephone lines, with permanent equipment for practical use. These lines are often from 10 to 30 miles long, and are a great convenience to people of the ranches.

"The United States signal corps is well trained in the use of wire fences for telephone purposes. In the military maneuvers that take place in the ranch region the signal corps plays an important part in directing the movement of the troops by improved telephones.

"In some localities where the country is rough or heavily wooded it is impossible to convey the signals from one point to another by the usual methods of flags or other visual signals. It is then the telephone is brought into play.

"Each detachment of signal corps men is equipped with a field telephone attachment. It requires the work of but a minute or two to connect this attachment with a fence wire and to get into direct communication with headquarters.

"The use of the fence wire for telephone communication obviates the necessity of constructing temporary field telephone lines by the signal corps. It sometimes happens that a little difficulty is encountered in using the wires on account of some poor connection or break, but it usually does not take long to discover and remove the cause of the trouble.

"On some of the big ranches straight lines of wire fence 50 to 75 miles long are frequently found. These afford excellent opportunity for military field service.

"As a matter of necessity all ranch fences must be kept in good repair. To do this fence riders are constantly employed."

Pennsylvania Nature Story.

From the Philadelphia Record.

Six weeks ago a workman in the Pennsylvania repair shops in Allegheny left two dozen eggs in an abandoned toolbox in the roundhouse. Steam pipes go through the box. All over the eggs a heavy layer of coal soot settled.

Three weeks ago 14 sooty chicks arrived. It was found that the steam pipes kept the temperature of the box at 103 degrees. A second batch of 10 chicks appeared, sooty but healthy. Another batch is being prepared.

Born among the clanging noises of the roundhouse, every chick so far discovered is deaf.