ABANDONS FORTUNE TO JOIN OUTCASTS

Alexander Stewart Gray, Prominent Scotch Lawyer, Surrenders $250,000 Worth of Property to Cast His Lot With the English Unemployed--Originates Idea of "Hunger Marches" and Walks Barefooted at Head of Poverty Procession

LONDON, AUG. 29.—Alexander Stewart Gray, leader of the "Hunger Marchers" who are attracting so much attention in England just now, was, until recently, one of the most prominent and successful lawyers in Edinburgh, Scotland. In order to identify himself with this new movement—which is organized for the purpose of calling public attention to the unemployed problem, especially in its bearing on the land question—he abandoned a fortune of nearly $250,000.

Clad in rough garments, a slouch hat, and sometimes barefooted, Stewart Gray is tramping about the country at the head of a body of men, like a modern Peter the Hermit, preaching a new crusade. Not long ago, the "Hunger Marchers," led by him, walked from Manchester to London, a distance of 187 miles, to present a petition to King Edward. In London, they were invited to St. Paul's cathedral, where Archdeacon Sinclair delivered a sermon championing their cause and collected $200 to provide them with food and shelter. The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, also "entertained" them in a similar way. Recently, they "invaded" Canterbury cathedral and created a sensation by demanding that a sermon on unemployment and the land question should be preached.

The personality of Stewart Gray is striking. Tall, gaunt, ascetic, with long hair, and deep-set eyes, clad in workmen's clothes, and often wearing knickerbockers with no stockings, with a great "sombrero" pulled down over his eyes, he looks like the typical "social reformer" depicted on the stage. Seated in his dingy little office in Fetter Lane—the headquarters of the Hunger Marchers—he told me the story of his life.

"I was born in East Lothian, Scotland, in 1862," he said, leaning back in a rickety chair and smoking a cigarette, "and had every advantage of a good education, except that, as my father was more or less independent, I was brought up to entertain a mistaken notion of the dignity of labor. My mother was a woman of great culture, a remarkable musician, and is said to have been descended from an early Scottish king. One of my uncles was physician to the late Queen Victoria.

"I was sent to one of the best private schools in England—a place where, as part of your education, they bring you up to have an utter contempt for manual work. I had a natural instinct for farming; but my people took good care to suppress these yearnings, and when I left school I was sent straight away to study law. I eventually entered the office of a prominent Edinburgh counsel. This office was connected with the highest people in the country, and, in time, I made the acquaintance of the most aristocratic 'set' in Scotland. I became a typical society man, and moved in the atmosphere of royalty even, coming in contact with the duke of Fife. Eventually I became the trustee of a very large estate in connection with the heirs of the dukedom of Fife, and had the management of their vast landed holdings.

"It was about this time that, in traveling about Scotland, managing various estates and buying and speculating in landed property, that I came in contact with some of my father's people who belonged to what would be called the peasant proprietary class. Though these people were in a far humbler state of life than those among whom I moved, I soon learned that they were worth more than all the educated 'society' people and rich people put together. In the humble homesteads of Caithness, I found the highest standards of virtue, and, besides, the people possessed very fine ideals of citizenship and humanity. In the poorest cottages I often came across photographs and mementoes of famous scientists, explorers, writers, artists, and people of that kind. I began to realize the emptiness and vapidity of the sort of life I was leading, and, indeed, of the life that is led generally by the so-called 'upper-classes.'

"My business during this time increased enormously. In Edinburgh, as a successful lawyer, I had upward of 17 clerks under my employ; and I had the sole management of some of the most important landed property in Scotland. Before many years had passed I had assets to the value of some $250,000. I seemed to have a natural aptitude for land management and speculation; and most of the estates I handled succeeded admirably. By watching the land market I found that it was possible to buy land, even in London, at prices at which people usually place mortgages. I got hold of a lot of property just before a great land 'boom' came. You can imagine what it paid me when I began to realize on it.

"Though practicing as a lawyer at this time I always tried to act as a man and by attempting to perform this dual duty I lost my respect for the law and lawyers generally, while my admiration for men, as men, increased. Naturally, my business deals brought me in contact with a large number of people who were not men in any sense of the term. Especially in the commercial classes I found meanness and unscrupulousness, and my soul often burned with shame at the transactions I came across. Just at this time—the psychological moment, it might be called—I came in contact with the works of Tolstoy and Henry George and I chanced to meet Prince Peter Kropotkin. By thinking over the new problems which these great thinkers brought to my mind I formed a plan for severing my connection with all that class of society and 'all its works' in which I had been engaged.

"I decided to 'cut the painter' and devote my life to the cause of the people. One thing in England impressed me very deeply and that was the condition of the people who owned no land. The whole country I found to be in the hands of a very few people. My business dealings had shown me the absolute rottenness of landlordism and land speculation. In looking on these matters from the inside I felt that I could no longer allow myself to be connected with them.

"When I took the resolve to 'quit the game' I gave all my property into the hands of a friend and then left the whole business. I should say the property abandoned was worth about $250,000. I decided then to devote my life to trying to obtain some of the land for the people. There are vast tracts of land in England which are not under cultivation at all; and besides this upward of 100,000 acres a year go out of cultivation for sporting purposes, that is, for shooting and fishing and for deer parks made by the wealthy and landed classes. With nearly a million unemployed men walking about, and these bare acres of England waiting to be tilled, it seems a crime to me that this idle land should not be linked to idle labor. The people of England have a birthright in their own soil, and that is why in my speeches and pamphlets I refer to them as the 'born-robbed.' They have no right to live, and if the landed classes in England choose to turn them all out tomorrow they would have perfect legal power to do so. With my knowledge of farming and my experience on the land I am quite convinced that I would soon be able to teach every man under my charge to make his own living on the land.

"My main idea in the Hunger March is this: If we can get say 10,000 men marching about the country and agitating we are sure to make an impression on the authorities in time. The people themselves will have a species of grand holiday at the best season of the year. We are taking our men to all the 'swell' seaside resorts, such as Hastings, Bexhill, Brighton and elsewhere and the process of education is going on. Wherever we go we find the public sympathetic, though, of course, the police and the authorities are generally opposed. In London several prominent persons have already come to speak from our platform, and we think the plan we have adopted of giving the workless men and women a grand national holiday at the public expense a very effective way of calling attention to the unemployed problem.

"One million men and women in England at least are unemployed. These include many of the most vigorous and capable workmen the world has ever seen. Vast tracts of fertile land lie idle. England's cultivated area is the only one in the world that has decreased during the last 25 years. Her land and climate and markets are the world's best. It is madness on the part of those who value money to neglect these considerations. The unemployed are costing us for maintenance in prisons and workhouses, by public and private charity and reforming agencies and by a loss of potential productive power on the land not less than $500,000,000 a year. The Hunger Marchers seek to abolish all these costly institutions."

ALEXANDER STEWART GRAY, LEADER AND HIS "HUNGRY MARCHERS" IN LONDON

Oysters are wild animals, according to a Queensland judge, who held that there was no penalty for stealing them.

PASSING THE DESERT

By John Nelson.

A WEATHER beaten "private car" swung at the end of a long train and took the dust stirred up by the cars ahead as it was jerked around curves and along the tracks over the Arizona alkali plains. The car was old and dingy, and the paint was spotted and rubbed off in places. Half obliterated signs on its sides said that it contained Smithson's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" company, and there had once been a panel picture above the windows representing Eliza crossing the ice, pursued by a pack of ferocious bloodhounds. The windows were all down and their panes were dust incrusted.

Inside the car the heat was intense, and the fine alkali powder that sifted in in spite of the tight shut doors and windows, covered the faded plush of the seats and begrimed the chapped and blistered faces of the dozen or more men and women sitting there. It was not an attractive interior. Baggage of various sorts was bundled about in the racks and on the floor, and at one end two large dogs of uncertain breed lay, chained to a seat, their tongues hanging out and their eyes half closed, trying to sleep. Occasionally they lapped at some warm water in a pan placed near them in the aisle.

At the other end of the car—it was a "combination" sleeper—a berth was made up and just across the aisle sat a man and woman, talking in low tones and now and then looking to where the gray sheets covered a thin form.

In the berth lay a girl, of not more than 18 years, small and pale and faint with the fever and the heat. Her light hair, almost colorless from the dust that filled the car, was spread out on the pillow and a handkerchief, moistened with water, lay across her forehead. The curtains of the berth were drawn back for the sake of the air, yet she breathed hard and painfully in the hot atmosphere. Her eyes were open and she stared intently at the ceiling of the car, hardly turning her head in either direction.

The man across the aisle rose at a little sign from the woman, took the handkerchief from the sick girl's head, moistened it afresh and replaced it. The girl thanked him with a look and sank again into her revery. Now and then one of the other people in the car came softly to look at her and then turned away again to try to sleep or to play cards with another member of the company.

"The ice is 'most gone," whispered the man across the aisle to the woman with whom he sat. "There's only a little piece more."

"I'm afraid she won't want much more, Tom," said the woman. "She's getting weaker all the time. Don't you think we ought to get a doctor from one of the other cars? There's 'most always a doctor on a train."

"Wouldn't do any good," said the man, still in a whisper, "but I'll see."

He got up quietly and started to the door. The sick girl heard and in a weak voice called him back.

"Tell Fred I want to talk to him, Mr. Howard, please," she said, when he bent over her. "He hasn't been to see me all day, and I don't like to be treated that way."

"All right; he'll come," said the man gently. "He just didn't want to disturb you, that's all."

The man left her, and on his way to the car ahead stopped to speak to a young man who was pretending to read. The young man got up at once and went to the berth, pausing for an instant to wipe some dust off his face. He leaned over and spoke to the girl, and her eyes lighted up with pleasure.

"I've been lonesome all day without you, Fred," she said. "I thought you had forgotten me."

"I didn't know you wanted to see me," he said. "I've been to look at you once or twice, and I thought you were asleep."

"I can't sleep; it's so hot and dusty," she answered. "We'll be out of the desert before long, won't we? I think I could sleep if it wasn't for the dust. It chokes me up so I can hardly breathe."

The young man gulped back a little lump that rose in his throat before he spoke.

"We'll be out of it in two or three hours, Kitty," he said. "Can't I do something for you now, though? Maybe I could fan you."

"No, that would make the dust worse. I want you just to talk to me, and maybe if you're not too tired you'll play for me a little after a while." She turned her head until she could see a violin case in a rack on the other side of the car, and she looked toward it and nodded. The young man started up.

"Not now," she said. "Let's talk first. Do you think they'll keep me with the company after I get well? They've been mighty good to me while I was sick, but maybe they won't want me any more when I get up, because I'll be too weak then to do much work."

"Of course they'll keep you," he answered. "We've never had a Topsy that made such a hit as you've made. Why, the company couldn't get along without you."

"It's nice in you to say that, Fred. I've tried to do my best all the time, but it was hard some days. Don't you remember that night in Idaho, in the little town where we played in a hall? The men were so rough that I was afraid at first to go on. They weren't as bad as they looked, though, were they? And then I get homesick sometimes, Fred, and once—I haven't told this to anybody but you, and you must not tell."

"I won't," said Fred.

"Well," I started to run away one time, and had my satchel all packed and money enough for a ticket part of the way east. I'd have gone if little Elsie—Mrs. Larkin's little girl that was playing Eva then—hadn't come to my room and asked me to go walking with her. I went out with her and when I got back I got to thinking how good everybody'd been to me, even Mr. Howard, and how you'd all chipped in and helped me that week when the salaries didn't come and I'd spent all my money, and I unpacked my things and didn't go."

There was some animation in her face as she spoke, but she was too weak to talk long, and as the young man listened to her, she sank back on her pillow and closed her eyes. He was about to steal away when she stopped him.

"Don't go, Fred," she said. "I'm all right now. I've been lying here so long that I get tired easy. Won't you wet this handkerchief for me again? Mr. Howard's gone somewhere and Mrs. Howard's gone to sleep. Give her one of my pillows. I don't need both."

The young man did as he was told and then took the handkerchief and dampened it at the water cooler and placed it again on the girl's forehead.

"Thank you," she said. She was silent for a moment and then began to speak again.

"Maybe I won't get well, Fred," she said, and the young man looked away and brushed something from his eyes. "You don't think so either, do you? I've known it all day, Fred, but I haven't told Mrs. Howard. I know I can't get well. Fred, lean down. I want to whisper something. I shan't know when we get out of the desert, Fred, because I'll be somewhere else then. Don't cry. Now don't. I'm not sorry. You've all been so good to me I don't want to leave you, but I'm not sorry I'm going."

"Don't talk like that, little girl," said Fred. "You'de going to be with us a long time yet, or maybe you'll get another engagement somewhere where the work won't be so hard."

"No, I know. And I want you to do something for me. I want you to tell Mrs. Howard—afterwards—to send my things home to my mother. There's her address in my satchel, and some letters I want her to have. Oh, Fred, she don't know where I am. She don't know whether I'm alive. I haven't dared write to her because I ran away and— you wouldn't understand. I did write to her, but I never sent any of the letters. They are all in my satchel. You'll do this for me, won't you?"

The young man leaned his head down on the arm of the seat and tried to keep back his tears.

"Of course I'll do it if you wan't me to," he said. "But there won't be any need. You're going to get well, I tell you."

She put out her thin hand and stroked his head gently. The man who had gone into another car to find a doctor came back, followed by a red-faced gentleman with a handkerchief about his neck. The girl opened her eyes and started to see a stranger looking at her, and instinctively drew the sheets closer about her throat.

"This is a doctor, Kitty," said the man, when he saw she had noticed the newcomer. "He's going to see if he can't make you feel better."

"Thank you, Mr. Howard," said the girl. "You are mighty good to take so much trouble for me."

"It's no trouble to do something for you, little one," he said. "Don't you think you can make her more comfortable?" he continued, turning to the doctor.

The physician bent over the girl and listened to her breathing and felt her pulse. Then he shook his head and looked intently at the man.

"If she's got any friends in the west you'd better telegraph them to meet you at your next stop," he said in a low voice, intended for the man alone. The girl caught his expression, however, and raised up on her pillow.

"I know what he means, Mr. Howard," she said. "I've known it all day and Fred, here, knows it. I've told him what to do. I'm sorry I've been so much trouble for you, but I couldn't help it."

"Of course you couldn't, dear," said the man, "but you're not going yet. That isn't what the doctor means."

"Yes, it is," she insisted. "Isn't it, doctor?"

The man of medicine looked at her before he spoke and cleared his throat.

"I'm afraid so," he said. "There's no use trying to pretend you aren't since you know it so well."

"Thank you," she said. "Mr. Howard, won't you ask all the people to come down here. Fred's going to play for us. I'm ready now, Fred."

The company was called together and the young man took down the violin case, his fingers trembling as he undid the fastenings. The men and women gathered about the berth and stood silently as the young man drew the bow across the strings. The girl, with her eyes half closed, lay propped against the pillow, waiting for the music.

The violin was cheap and weak in tone and the young man was not a genius, but he put his whole soul into his playing, selecting some of the old familiar tunes that everybody knew and remembered from childhood.

He played on and on, the people listening quietly, someone now and then leaning over to rearrange the pillow under the girl's head, or to put a few drops of cool water on the handkerchief on her forehead. The doctor from the car ahead stood with the rest, his eyes rather dim and his handkerchief in frequent use. The sick girl lay still, her eyes always closed except when they opened to thank a friend for some act of kindness.

Suddenly the violinist began a ragtime melody, the same piece that the orchestra always played when Topsy made her entrance. The girl's eyes opened and she raised up in her bed. She seemed to be listening for something.

"Why don't he give me my cue?" she said. "Dat's so, Miss Phebie. I knows I'se wicked. I won't do it again mamma—Why, I forgot where I was. Where's Fred. Lean down, Fred, I want to whisper something to you. Fred, I believe—I've—been—in—love—with—you—Goodbye—everybody."

Her head sank down and her eyes closed and then opened again to stare at the ceiling of the car. The whistle of the locomotive sounded and somebody who looked out of a windown said that the desert was passed and the hills were ahead.

Girl Seized by Shark.

From the London Express.

Milena Sgambelli, a Dalmatian fisher-girl, was bathing near Zara with other girls when two sharks rushed into the midst of them.

Milena ran to the beach, on which she found an iron rod. Seizing this, she rushed boldly into the water again, striking at the sharks with the rod in order to save her companions.

She overbalanced herself and fell at full length in the water, when one of the sharks seized her leg in its mouth and bit it off above the knee. Her companions dragged Milena out, but she died from loss of blood.

CUPID'S AMBASSADOR

By Mildred Wyckoff.

"ESTELLE, I—I—"

"Yes, Jack."

"I shall look for you on the links tomorrow."

"Yes, Jack."

"Good night."

"Good night."

The girl moved out of the shadow of the big lilac bushes, where they had been sitting, and gliding across the moon-lighted lawn, entered the house.

"I wonder if I shall ever find courage to ask her to be my wife?" grumbled the man aloud. "Every night for two weeks I have tried and every time I fail miserably. Why will a man be such an arrant coward when it comes to telling a woman he loves her?"

Jack Allerton, still growling at his own cowardice, walked down to the road and disappeared in the shadows. He was a handsome athletic fellow, who had never known what physical fear meant, but he had courted Estelle Williams for a winter and two summers, and, while he felt reasonably certain that his suit was not distasteful to her, he had been unable to screw up his courage to the point which would put his fate to the test.

As he had done innumerable nights before, he strolled down the road about half a mile and then returning took up a position opposite the Williams cottage in the shadows of the roadside bushes and waited for the light in her room to be extinguished.

"Jack Allerton, for a sane man, you make all kinds of a monkey of yourself," he said finally as the light that he was watching went out and he turned to depart again.

Suddenly he stopped short with a catch in his breath.

A dark form had passed quickly across the lawn and been swallowed up by the shadow of the house.

Allerton sprang to the low fence that surrounded the Williams grounds, and vaulting over, made his way stealthily toward the spot where the form had disappeared. The dining-room window was open and a man was clambering clumsily into the room.

For a moment Allerton hesitated while he rapidly thought out a plan of action. The house must not be aroused lest Estelle be alarmed. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly and quietly.

Allerton's mind was soon made up. Gliding from shadow to shadow he reached the open window by which the man had entered the house. Crouching beneath it he slowly raised his head so that he could look into the room.

As his eyes became accustomed to the darkness he could dimly make out the form of a man moving stealthily around the room with outstretched arms, feeling along the walls. When he reached the door he passed into the hall and out of sight.

Was he going upstairs?

Allerton's heart was in his mouth.

Placing his hands on the window seat he drew himself up and jumped lightly into the room. It was now a game of hide and seek, and Allerton was "it." For a moment he listened. But the man apparently knew his business well. Not a sound broke the stillness of the night.

Again he listened, but not a creaking board or stair gave him any hint of the direction the man had taken after leaving the dining-room. Allerton stopped and thought again. What would he do, were he a burglar? The sleeping rooms first, for jewels and money, of course. The thought meant quick action. He, at least, had the advantage of a thorough knowledge of the house. He tip-toed to the foot of the stairs and, taking one step up, stopped.

It could scarcely be called a sound, but to Allerton's starining ears it seemed as loud as the roar of Niagara. It was a gurgling sound like that made by liquid poured from a bottle and it seemed to come from the direction of the butler's pantry at the end of the lower hall. Allerton retraced his steps and as he turned down the hall he paused and involuntarily crouched against the wall.

There was his man in plain view. The pantry door was wideopen, and standing in a patch of moonlight that came through the window stood the burglar. In one hand he held a bottle of beer, and in the other something edible, at which he was contentedly munching.

While he stood out in sharply defined silhouette, Allerton was invisible to the burglar, and would be until he reached the streak of moonlight that penetrated just outside the pantry door. Moving silently along close to the wall, he finally stepped quickly out in view.

With a smothered oath the man dropped the bottle with a crash and sprang at Allerton, who met his onslaught unflinchingly.

"You fool," whispered Allerton as he blocked the blow aimed at him and caught the man in a grasp of iron, "you'll rouse the house."

"What's your jay, anyway?" grumbled the man, as he ceased to struggle against his too powerful captor.

"First, I want you to be quiet; second, I want you to pick up your shoes, climb out of the window through which you came, and just as silently, and then make tracks out of town. I know your face, and if I see you around I'll have you arrested."

"And ain't you going to have me pinched now?"

"No, all I want you to do is to get out of this house."

"I'm your man, boss. You're the right sort, you are. Most of you swell blokes is apt to be hard on a poor chap."

"All right, now march."

Still keeping a firm hold on the man's collar, Allerton swung him around facing the door, when both started back with a gasp of surprise.

A woman in a long white dressing gown stood facing them with a revolver in her right hand pointed firmly at them.

The crash of the falling bottle had done the mischief.

"Estelle," said Jack, softly.

"Jack," she gasped, as she recognized him, "thank God you are here."

"Two's company, three's a crowd. Don't you think I'd better be going, boss?" chuckled the burglar.

Giving the man's collar a vicious twist, Allerton led him, followed by Estelle and her pistol into the dining-room, where he lighted the gas. The burglar picked up his shoes and seating himself on the window seat swung his feet out and prepared to jump when Allerton should release his hold.

"Say," he said, when he felt himself entirely free, "you're a couple of game uns. Don't you think you'd like to marry the young man, miss? He's been trying to ask you for a long time, but couldn't get up the grit. I heard him say so while I was laying low behind the bushes waiting to pull off the job he's spoiled. Youse been good to me, and I'd like to see you happy. Take my word for it, he wants ye bad, miss, but hasn't got the sand to tell it."

With a low chuckle of delight the burglar dodged a vicious uppercut that Allerton handed to him, and dropping quickly to the ground disappeared.

Allerton looked at the girl, who had recovered from her fright.

"Estelle," he said falteringly.

"Yes, Jack."

"What the burglar said is true."

"Was it, Jack?"

"Will you—will you"—

"Yes, Jack, only I don't like being proposed to by a burglar."

The Homesteader.

My stakes are driven deep into the sod,
My plow has turned a furrow through the loam,
My tent gleams where the cactus flowers nod:
That's all—but, stranger, it is Home.

Perhaps my eyes shall some day see great trees
Nod o'er the spot where unchecked winds now whine;
Perhaps, in years to come, the vagrant breeze
Will whisper round a mansion, mine—all mine.

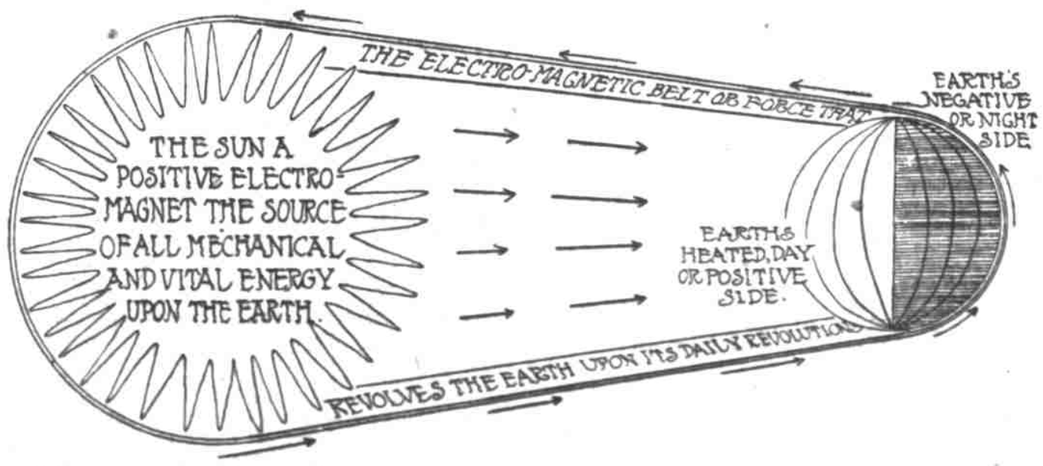
Perhaps, beneath a not unkindly fate,
My throw against the desert's spell shall win,
So he who lingers at my outer gate
Shall know prosperity is housed within.

Yet whether all my dreams shall be in vain,
And whether gods of chance nod aye or nay,
Come sun or shadow, drought or welcome rain,
My stakes and tent and plow spell Home today.

—Denver Republican.

WHY DO INVALIDS SUFFER MORE AT NIGHT?

Problem That Has Not Been Solved by Scientists



THIS query was forced home to the writer by two or three years of suffering from a spinal affliction, which was always more acute and intense as the shades of night fell upon the earth, and continued thus until daylight. I observed, also, that the majority of deaths, from both acute and chronic diseases occurred from midnight to daylight.

Upon inquiring of my physician, and others as well, they could give no reason why this was so, though admitting the fact in their observation and practice. To answer this question briefly we will have to assume that the electrico-magnetic potency is one of the attributes of the infinite sources of all life, as it fills all interstellar space and permeates all material bodies, and is so closely and intimately related to that energy called life that there is no life where there is no electrico-magnetic potency present.

Then as it is an admitted fact that the sun is an enormous positive magnet, radiating life-giving electricity throughout the solar constellation. But on the other hand the earth is a dead mass, or a negative magnet, having no life energy to dispense, only as it receives it from the sun.

As the flood of positive electricty is poured upon the negative earth that side of it becomes surcharged with positive electricity, which is propitious to life in all animate organisms.

But this side of the earth has now become a positive magnet, hence is a repulsive force, and this is the mechanical force that gives the earth its diurnal rotary motion upon its axis, working just an enormous mechanical belt, as illustrated in the cut, the darts indicating the direction of the push and pull of this life-giving energy of electricity.

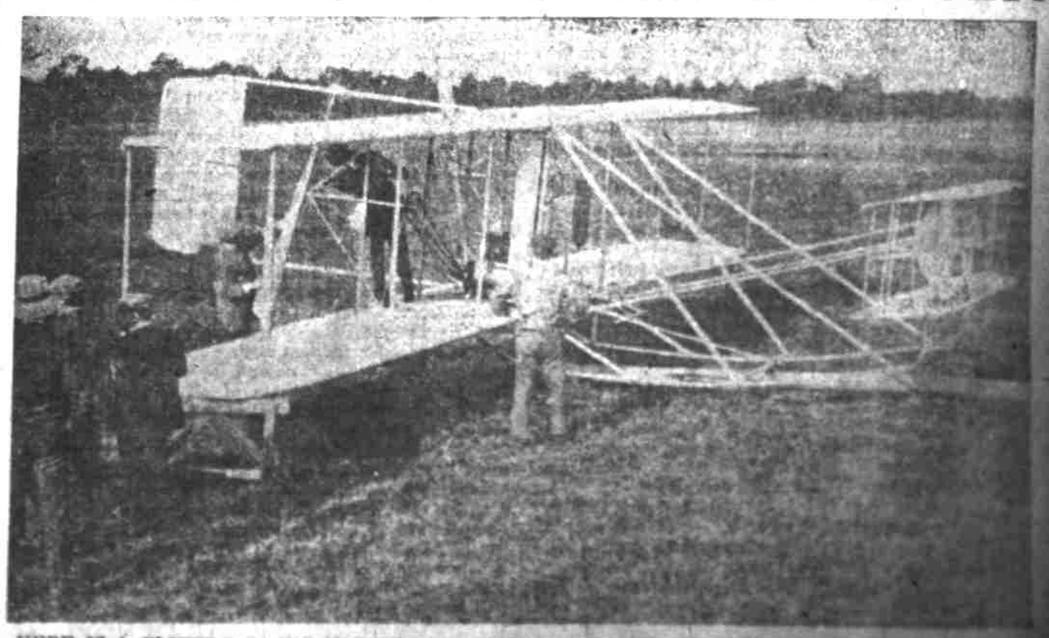
While all forms of life, both vegetable and animale, are passing through this daylight and electrified portion of the earth, all is life energy and activity.

But just as soon as they begin to pass into the night shades and negative portions of the earth, all is changed from activity to a state of inertia and somnolency, the vegetable world closes its leaves and petals for a few hours of rest, the fowl seeks its roost, the beast its lair, the man to his couch. All for the want of a sufficient supply of the life giving energy of electricity. The consequence is the diseased organs of the invalid, in the absence of this life giving force, succumb to disintegration more rapidly, hence the greater suffering and consequent death.

This is only a rough and brief outline of the subject, but probably as much as admissable here.

O. M. FRINGLE.

WRIGHT AND HIS GREAT FLYER



HERE IS A PICTURE TAKEN FOR THE SUNDAY JOURNAL OF THE WRIGHT AEROPLANE, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN SMASHING RECORDS.