

"When Will the Wind Be Awearry of Blowing?"



When will the streams be awearry of flowing
Under my eye?
When will the wind be awearry of blowing
Over the sky?
When will the clouds be awearry of floating?
The beautiful picture on
When will the heart be awearry of beating,
And nature die?

Never, oh, never; nothing will die;
The stream flows,
The wind blows,
The cloud floats,
The heart beats—
Nothing will die!

Nothing will die;
All things will change
Thro' eternity.
Tis the world's Winter;
Autumn and Summer
Are gone long ago,
Earth is dry to the center.

But Spring, a newcomer—
A Spring rich and strange—
Shall make the winds blow
Round and round,
Thro' and thro',
Here and there,
Till the air
And the ground
Shall be filled with life anew.

—From Alfred Tennyson's
"Nothing Will Die," published
in London in 1878 by C.
Kegan Paul and Co.

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THIS earth is a beautiful, happy home for those full of life and hope. It seems a sad and weary abode to the broken in spirit waiting for the end. The beautiful picture on this page illustrates life as different beings see it.

The wind blows across the sky, and the stream flows on, hurrying. The woman, representing tired age, disappointed and hopeless, asks wearily, "WHEN will the wind be awearry of blowing?" and hopes that the end may come soon.

The little girl, representing happiness in life, asks eagerly, "When will the stream be awearry of flowing?" and hopes that the end may never come.

The wind blowing and the stream flowing typify human life.

The wind, invisible, is thought, and we know it only by its power and its effect.

The stream flowing is the body, coming from a source unknown and hurrying on to its destiny, which is to be restored and lost in the ocean, as our bodies at the end are restored and lost in the universe whence they came.

You may measure your power of imagination and your peace of mind by the effect that these verses produce upon you.

Happy are those to whom the blowing wind and the flowing stream are as beautiful music. And unhappy those who turn away in weariness and wish that it were all ended.

Luckily, for men, the blowing wind and flowing stream are as mysterious today as they were in humanity's childhood.

We know that the water is made up of two gases, united, that it is compelled to flow because of its molecular construction and because of the law of gravitation.

We know the compounds that make up the blowing wind. We know that it is a mere gas, rushing in to fill the space created by hot air that has risen.

We "KNOW" all about the streams and the

**And "When will the stream be awearry of flowing under my eye?"
How Different Human Beings Read Tennyson's Verses That Are Printed
Under This Picture. The World Is Divided Into Two Classes—the Weary and
the Happy. Those That Hope for Rest and Those That Would Have the Stream
Flow on and the Wind Blow on Forever.**

wind. We can take oxygen and hydrogen and with an electric spark create water. And with nitrogen, oxygen and a few other materials, man could actually create air fit to breathe.

But with all our knowledge, there is that within our brains that responds to the mystery of the wind blowing, trees bending and sighing and the stream hurrying—murmuring, fighting its way back to the ocean—as we ourselves, hurrying, murmuring and struggling,

fight our way back to the ocean of eternity to which we belong.

When will the wind be awearry of blowing? When will the stream be awearry of flowing? NEVER.

Forever and forever, untold billions of years hence, the streams will flow and the winds will blow—the little winds that bend our corn, the feeble streams in which children play on this earth, and the gigantic winds that

are the forces of endless space, the gigantic streams like our Milky Way.

The stream that flows at the child's feet can be crossed in a moment.

The great stream of Suns stretching across the heavens is so vast that light traveling one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles in a second takes scores of years to cross "that stream."

And our own bright sun, a million times as big as this earth, is an insignificant little bubble in the lactic stream, with a life as brief, comparatively, as the life of the tiny

bubble that reflects and dissects the sun's light, as it dances along.

Everything on this earth, in this life and throughout the universe is MOTION, ceaseless changing, without beginning, and never to end.

In that thought those that are weary in heart can find comfort, those filled with life's happiness can find joy.

Life and power can never end. The spirit that is weary and broken need not despair. It will find its way to the ocean of rest in time, and again start on its journey of effort in some part of this cosmos in which suns and nebulae are the drops of water in an infinite ocean.

The trouble with many of us is that our eyes do not see the flowing stream, our cheeks do not feel the blowing winds, our spiritual eyes are blind to that vast stream of light and power that flows across the sky at night, and our spirits insensible to that strong wind, the everlasting breath of Divine justice and law.

Our bodies are cooped up in hideous cities, away from the streams and the wind of the bending forest.

And our spirits are cooped up in narrow minds that never see the majestic beauty and endless power of the outside universe.

Never will the stream be awearry of flowing, and never the wind awearry of blowing. You are a drop in that stream of life that is to flow on forever, and the thought within you is a part of that eternal thought, the breath of an infinite immortal universe that shall never cease.

Let those that are young and full of hope rejoice that they begin life in a beautiful world in which the streams flow and the winds blow.

And let the weary take heart, knowing that the infinite life will restore to them youth, happiness, forgetfulness of sorrow and give to them again the joyful spirit to face the blowing wind and rejoice in the flowing stream, as does the happy spirit in this picture.

Everything is hope, life, change eternal, motion without end, space that is infinite, time that never began and will always endure, and law unchangeably just.

And wonderfuller, in this perfect universe, is the earth our inheritance. May we, as a race, be worthy of it.

REDMOAT—Continued from the First Page of This Section

The scheme succeeded. Edwards barely had started on his errand when bells began ringing inside the house!

"Wait!" snapped Eltham, and rushed indoors.

A moment later he was out again, his eyes gleaming madly.

"Above the moat!" he panted. And we were off on a mad race round the edge of the trees.

It was dark above the moat, but not so dark as to prevent our seeing a narrow ladder of thin bamboo joints and silken cord hanging by two hooks from the top of the 15-foot wire fence. There was no sound.

"He's out!" screamed Eltham. "Down the steps!"

"We all ran our best and swiftest. But Eltham outran us. Like a fury he tore at bolts and bars and like a fury sprang out into the road. Straight and white it showed to the acclivity by the Roman ruin. But no living thing moved upon it. The distant baying of the dog was borne to our ears.

turfs of grass. A slender bamboo-jointed rod lay near the fence. It had a hook on the top and was evidently used for attaching the ladder.

"It was the end of this ladder which Miss Eltham saw," said Smith, "as he trailed it behind him into the shrubbery when she interrupted him in her father's room. He and whomever he had with him doubtless slipped in during the daytime while Eltham was absent in London, bringing the prepared cask and all necessary implements with him. They concealed themselves somewhere—probably in the shrubbery—and during the night made the cache. The excavated earth would be disposed of on the flower beds; the dummy bush they probably had ready. You see, the problem of getting in was never a big one. But owing to the 'defenses' it was impossible (while Eltham was in residence, at any rate) to get out after dark! For Fu-Manchu's purposes, then, a working base inside Redmoat was essential. His servant—for he needed assistance—must have been in hiding somewhere outside; heaven knows where! During the day, they could come or go by the gates, as we have already noted."

"You think it was the doctor himself?" "It seems possible! Who else has eyes like the eyes Miss Eltham saw from the window last night?"

the outrage whereby Fu-Manchu had planned to prevent Eltham's leaving England for China. This we learned from Denby. For Denby was not dead!

It was easy to divine that he had stumbled upon the fiendish visitor at the very entrance to his burrow; had been stunned (judging from the evidence, with a sandbag) and dragged down into the cache, to which he must have lain in such dangerous proximity as to render detection of the dummy bush possible in removing him. The quickest expedient, then, had been to drag him beneath. When the search of the shrubbery was concluded his body had been borne to the edge of the bushes and laid where we found it.

Why his life had been spared I cannot conjecture, but provision had been made against his recovering consciousness and revealing the secret of the shrubbery. The ruse of releasing the mastiff alone had terminated the visit of the unbidden guest within Redmoat.

Denby made a very slow recovery, and even when convalescent, consciously added not one fact to those we already collated, for the reason that his memory had completely left him! This, in my opinion, as in those of the several specialists consulted, was due, not to the blow on the head, but to the presence, slightly below and to the right of

the first cervical curve of the spine, of a minute puncture—undoubtedly caused by a hypodermic syringe. Thus, unconsciously, poor Denby furnished the last link in the chain; for undoubtedly by means of this operation Fu-Manchu had designed to efface from Eltham's mind all plans of return to Ho-Nan.

The nature of the fluid which could produce such mental symptoms was a mystery—a mystery which defied western science; one of the many strange secrets of Dr. Fu-Manchu.

Ho-Nan—Have abandoned visit.

ELTHAM.
I underlined the above, which appeared in the personal column of a daily paper a few days after our sojourn in Norfolk, and laid the journal beside Smith's plate on the breakfast table.

"I am glad for Eltham's sake—and for the girl's," was his comment. "But it marks another victory for Fu-Manchu! Just heaven! why is retribution delayed!"

Another insidious murder plot of the terrible Chinese Doctor Fu-Manchu is described in "The Green Mist," which will be published next Sunday. This, the fourth of the series, has to do with a deadly green vapor that mysteriously enters the house of Sir Lionel Barton, a noted Tibetan explorer. Nayland Smith again goes out on the trail.