

PORTLAND, OREGON, SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 29, 1914.

GREAT HAVOC WROUGHT IN AMERICA BY USE OF "DOPE"

Lives Wrecked, Minds Weakened and Crimes Induced Through Use of Cocaine and Kindred Drugs Among Increasing Number of People.

A vice more terrible than any that ravaged bygone civilizations is eating into the very vitals of the American nation, writes Henry N. Hall in the New York World. In New York city alone more than 250,000 people are the slaves of "dope," and of these the most miserable and most forlorn are those who have fallen victims to cocaine. They begin with the wonderful exhilaration of a "snow ride" and end in prison, in the insane asylum or in the potter's field.

Worse Than Alcohol or Opium.

Cocaine, hailed as one of the greatest boons that science had ever placed at the disposal of surgery, is now denounced on all sides as a greater curse than either alcohol or opium. It is classed among the scourges of humanity. The truth is that when properly used it is one of the most useful servants of man, but that when abused it asserts itself as a terrible and relentless master.

When the first missionaries of Spain visited Peru they were struck by the wonderful endurance of the Indians, the amount of work they could perform in the mines and the days they could pass without solid food of any kind. They noticed that at the religious ceremonies of the Incas the weird ritual was rendered yet more impressive by the exaltation of the Indian priests. They noticed that the Indians, as if the gift of tongues were theirs, were not only eloquent, there was something about their flow of incantation rhythmically chanted that was superhuman.

The fact was that priests and laborers alike were addicted to the use of cocaine in its most natural and least dangerous form. Eight million people throughout the western coast of South America habitually chew fresh leaves of the coca plant. It is a shrub, somewhat like a blackberry bush, and grows to eight feet high, with little pointed leaves of a light green color which darken after they have been picked. It has nothing in common with the cocoa tree that produces the cocoa from which chocolate is made, or with the coconut, that grows on a tall palm along the seashore.

The Leaves of the Coca Plant.

Coca is grown wild or cultivated all through Peru, Ecuador, Bolivia, Colombia and the Rio Negro, and when picked smells something like very fine tea, and when the leaves are placed in the mouth and chewed it has a warm and somewhat pungent taste which is very pleasant. The Indians always carry a supply of leaves hung from their neck in a little leather pouch.

A small quantity of the leaves, masticated and well chewed two or three times a day, will enable an ordinary man to go without food for three days even when traveling at top speed over the mountains and carrying a heavy load. His strength is increased, the appetite is stimulated, and he acquires a wonderful confidence in himself. Little wonder that modern medicine investigated and never halted till it wrested the secret from the tiny little leaves of the coca plant.

Analysis showed that the leaves contained about 2 per cent of a substance, which, reduced by chemical means to the form of white crystals, was a powerful poison if taken in large doses. The "heaven dust" which the negro of

the south sniffs in the cotton fields today, and which is known as "snow" to the underworld in New York city, is merely a white, bitter, crystalline alkaloid obtained from the leaves of the coca. It is the most dangerous drug on earth because of its insidious appeal, the cheapness with which it can be produced and the ease with which in the past it has been possible to obtain it in all the larger cities in the United States.

Our Own White Powder.

There is a vast difference between the beneficial effects of the leaves slowly chewed under a tropic sun and the deadly white powder sniffed by the "coke" fiends of our so-called civilization. The one is naturally absorbed in very minute doses through the saliva, the other enters the system through the sensitive mucous membrane of the nose, and is so terrible in its effects that the very bone of the nose is eventually destroyed by the shrinking of the blood vessels.

The white powder is placed in a quill toothpick or on the back of a finger and sniffed up into the nostril. The effect is almost immediate. It makes one feel the full joy of living; it stimulates and quickens the brain, fires the body and stirs the blood until one feels it coursing through the veins and every muscle tingling. When sleep is desired, it can be countered by a slightly increased dose, and then come dreams that are as beautiful or as inspiring as the "snow rider" wishes, because by a slight effort of the will he can order his dreams almost as one would order a meal in a restaurant.

Besides this, the "heaven dust" takes away all fear and pain and worry. It deadens the sensibilities; it annihilates all moral impulse; it stifles the conscience. Under its influence the meanest and most cowardly kind of criminal becomes brave, daring and resourceful, but only while the effect lasts. The dulling of all sense of decency, which is the most marked trait of cocaine, is such that 90 per cent of habitual users become criminals, no matter what their antecedents.

Made Brave by "Coke."

Cocaine will make men attempt crimes which in their normal state they would never dream of. It is so well known that it keys them up to take any risk. Boys who are trained by gangsters for use in house breaking or in street looting are given "coke" to make them brave. There is nothing the New York policeman fears so much as a "coke" fiend, because he knows that with all fear dulled, with their worst passions inflamed and their bodies almost insensible to pain, his adversary is no more criminal, but a man under the influence of a powerful and insidious drug that literally controls the human being into whose body it has found admittance. But, if when first taken, cocaine lessens fatigue, augments both mental and muscular activity and quickens the muscular contractions of the heart and raises the blood pressure, it is not long before its evil effects begin to be felt. At the end of even 30 days the habitual user begins to degenerate physically, and very few indeed who escape prisons and asylums can stand the effect of the drug for even five years.

STOP HIM!

The Meanest Thief Is the Thief Who Robs the Poor. It Is High Time That Uncle Sam Ended His Sinister Activities.

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WINSOR MCCAY

UNCLE SAM TEACHES YOUNG OFFICERS THE ART OF BEING HANDY IN WAR TIME

Washington, Aug. 29.—The ordering of nearly 50 officers to the Mounted Service school at Fort Riley, Kan., has brought into prominence the elaborate educational system the war department has developed for the instruction of young officers entering the service. It includes numerous technical schools throughout the country. In addition to an aviation school the army maintains courses for horsemen and farriers, for saddlers, for cooking and baking.

Best Graduate Course.

The army service school at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., is divided into four branches—the staff college, the signal school, the field engineers' school and the field service and correspondence school for medical officers.

After a West Point cadet graduates he is assigned to some special training school. The army staff college is somewhat on the order of a post graduate school, but in the signal school a complete course covering all methods of signaling is given.

Field engineer officers, as well as intelligent engineers, are trained in the engineering school at Fort Leavenworth. There is another engineering school at Washington barracks. In this city, the fourth division of the educational establishment at Fort Leavenworth—the field service and correspondence school for medical officers—is the most scientific and technical of the courses there.

At Fort Riley, Kan., is the school for field and company officers, which is strictly technical and tactical. There are also the school for farriers and horsemen and the school for cooks and bakers. The school at Fort Riley is a mounted service school, and the department of horsemanship is one of the most important branches.

Army horses during war are subjected to extremely hard usage and their greatest suffering is from foot trouble. Horseshoeing becomes a fine art in the army, and the most approved methods are taught at Fort Riley by officers trained in the work. It is really a course in equine chiropractic.

Cooking and Baking. The school for cooks and bakers has a counterpart at the Washington barracks. This school is open to officers and enlisted men alike. All the principles of fire making, food preparation, culinary chemistry and field baking are taught. The students are required to make a special study of dietetics, and bread making is brought to a high degree of excellence. Most of the bread baked at these schools is used by the men at army posts.

At Fort Monroe, Va., is the coast artillery school. The plant consists of the fort, with the long range disappearing guns mounted behind them, are used in giving instructions to officers and men in coast defense. The school of fire for field artillery

officers and men is at Fort Sill, Okla. The course includes problems of field artillery, fire, attack, defense, and all the minor details of changing base, advancing on the enemy and retreating under fire. The course is more strenuous at the school for field artillery than at the school for coast artillery. The latter fights with stationary guns and its men are trained to fight naval vessels, while the problems of field artillery are more varied and subject to conditions which change more rapidly.

This Denver Boy Is Real Encyclopedia

Volumes of Statistical Information at Tongue's End of Youth of Remarkable Mind.

Denver, Aug. 29.—The Colorado Neurology society has been investigating the wonderful performance of Celia Smith, a Denver boy, known as the human encyclopedia, his speciality, that of remembering numbers and statistics, he is being compared with William James Sidis, the Harvard phenomenon.

Smith is able to give from memory the population of all the cities in the world in less than 30 seconds, the names of all the capital cities of the world, giving their altitude; the population of every county seat in the United States and every mountain peak in the world; the number of miles of railroad in each state, and in every country in the world; the number of farms in each state; the length of the population of every country in the world; the foreign population of every city in every state; the number of Chinese, Japanese, etc., the total number of foreigners in each state; the number of counties in each state; the date of admission to the union of every state; the number of manufacturing plants in every state and in Canada.

Before he could talk he knew 84 cities and countries by heart from their pictures. His mother, who, had, when the baby was born, an insatiable desire to travel, used to spend all her spare time in looking at the maps of the world. A coffee company at that time packed in each can a picture of some foreign or American city. The child learned to know by sight before he could speak.

Forest Notes. Cornell University recently dedicated a forestry building in connection with the New York State College of Agriculture. The annual capacity of the forest nurseries of the United States government is about 25,000,000 young trees.

THE EVENING STORY

(Copyright, 1914, by W. Werner.)

It was a spring morning at Macartney's and it seemed as if there would be no end to the selling of hats. The ready to wearers were in constant demand. Celia Bright had as many as customers at a time, and she managed to suit them all, she knew her business. She had been selling ready to wear hats at Macartney's for seven years.

Celia Bright was slender and pretty formed. Her thick shining hair was silvery gray. She had violet eyes and a tinge of color in her cheeks. She was as delicately, unobtrusively pretty and sweet as a small white rose. As a rule, Macartney's saleswomen were smart and good looking, and among them Celia escaped notice from the average observer. But as a seller of cheap hats she had no equal. Usually when she selected a hat and set it on a woman's head it stayed there. She was honest and her judgment could be relied upon.

She was standing with a hat in each hand, considering a third which a tired looking woman was wearing before the glass, when she saw a girl coming toward her through the wilderness of artificial cherry trees and vines which made the millinery department a place of enchantment. She was trimly dressed in blue and was brilliantly dark and had an air of having walked in sunshine all her life. Macartney's people, and some who were not Macartney's, spoke to her and looked after her as she walked past. Celia herself could not take her eyes from the girl. And as she gazed her patient face bloomed into an exquisite smile of love and welcome. "My Dorothy!" she exclaimed.

"Dorothy did not sit down. She stood watching while Celia sold two hats. "Why do ugly women always want to wear blue?" she inquired fretfully. "Is it because when they see pretty

women wearing it they think they will look the same way themselves?" "I suppose so," Celia answered. Her eyes rested with simple delight on the young radiance of her daughter. But her time was paid for while she



"Dorothy? Your daughter! Is this—"

was in the store and other customers were waiting. "What is it, dear?" she asked anxiously. Dorothy became animated. "Oh, I must have a new frock. That's all. We're planning a dance for Thursday night and I've nothing I want to go in. Has the new lot of lace trimmed volles got in yet?" "Yes," Celia answered. "But can't you wear your pink dress one more time, Dorothy?" A hard glint entered the girl's eyes.

Her lips tightened. "No, I can't. I'd be ashamed to."

Celia drew a deep breath. She picked up a hat and turned it round and round in her hands. She was not, however, conscious of what she was doing. At last she said slowly: "Well, go and get your dress. Only, don't pay too much for it, dear."

"I won't," Dorothy promised. She was all sunshine and roses again. She kissed her mother in a rapture. "We'll lunch together today and talk it over," she cried.

At noon as Celia in her shabby neat black emerged from the store she found Dorothy waiting before the window seriously studying a display of frocks.

"I got one like that," she said, pointing. "It was \$17. I presume that was more than you intended I should pay, but mother, it was so pretty and I shall only be young once, as Miss Ormond said," she laughed merrily.

Miss Ormond was a clever saleswoman in the costume department. Well, Dorothy was not to blame, though \$17 had been altogether too much to pay. Besides, it was true she would only once in a long lifetime be so young and so lovely. Yet there were reasons why the purchase of the gown created a burden. Celia earned only \$9 a week. Of course, that was not all she had to live on. There had been her husband's life insurance and something besides. But she had to be very economical. And she was, as far as her own expenditures were concerned. It was Dorothy who expended their income. Dorothy was young and gay. She had many friends like herself. She went about and had good times. This meant that she must be dressed appropriately. This new frock was \$17, with the rent raised \$2 and everything just as high as it could be! Celia felt troubled.

She was brought to herself by Dorothy pulling at her arm. "Martin's mother!" She understood. Martin's was the highest priced restaurant in the town.

She had heard Dorothy tell about it, but she had never been there. She made a custom of slipping into the Palatial, where one could have sandwiches and tea for 15 cents. "I think not, dear. Let's try the Palatial," she suggested.

"May I sit here with you?" she asked. "You have not ordered your luncheon? Let me have the pleasure of doing it for you. Yes, she had little appetite. Dorothy, however, ate with enjoyment. She talked, too, and Mahlon listened. How pretty she was! "And now, what?" Mahlon asked as they rose from the table.

"Oh, I'm going to a matinee party," Dorothy said promptly.

"Back to the store?" "Mother's got such a restless nature that she can't be happy unless she's working all the time," Dorothy said, carelessly.

The meeting with Mahlon Page was soon out of Celia's mind. Worries gathered. Dorothy had been asked to go with a long motorcade to the Beldens and that necessitated more new clothes. She was wild about going. Celia scolded more and more, and yet there never was money enough. But Dorothy did not know. Perhaps if she had known she would not have cared. Yet Celia did not think of that. She only realized that work was distressing to Dorothy.

After Dorothy had gone away with the Beldens Celia felt a sense of relief. The girl was happy. The weather was humid and hot. Still, women always seemed to find something to like. The faint rose color fled her cheeks; her lips were dry. Yet somehow she kept on smiling. At night when she lay in bed she filled with the air from a furnace. She did not care to eat. She began to wish for cooler weather—even to pray for it.

One night Celia dragged herself home from the store to find not a letter from Dorothy but a letter from the lawyer who managed her small affairs. Something had failed somewhere and her biggest security, her last, she did not understand business, but she understood that her \$9 a week was the biggest prop that now held between her and actual want. The

Dorothy flushed. "Oh, mother, dear! It's so cheap and so common. I'm sure they have nothing fit to eat."

Celia flushed. "Well, then, we'll go to Martin's," she consented.

PROBLEMS CONFRONTING ROADS INVOLVE MILLIONS

Wrecks Alone Cost Over Two Hundred and Fifty Million Dollars Annually in Spite of All Attempts to Eliminate Them.

The unsolved problems of the railroads are among the most momentous things that we have to face today, says a writer in the New York Times. Basically these problems concern increasing the cost of transportation and increasing its safety. Interwoven with them are great questions of distribution and lessening the cost of the necessities of life. Literally thousands of millions of dollars are involved.

Railroads are manufacturers of an intangible commodity called transportation. They produce it on a more gigantic scale in the United States than anywhere else in the world. But the demand is for stripping the capacity of the plant. In a single year the freight ton mileage of our railroads grew 11 times as fast as the trackage and five times as fast as the equipment. The railroad today is in the peculiar position of a manufacturer who knows that his machinery is not as efficient as it should be, yet who cannot find any one to devise and carry out the vast changes and improvements that he feels are necessary. The material is at hand, but the genius who will make the most of it has not yet appeared.

One of these big problems—the most familiar to the general public—is the elimination of train wrecks and of lesser accidents that cause loss of life, bodily injury, and damage to property. No railroad is without accidents or can show how much all this costs. Some experts have approximated the railroads' annual loss in this respect to \$250,000,000.

Injury to persons, damage to freight and property, and clearing away wrecks make up only about one-fifth of this huge bill. A portion of the rest is composed of renewals and repairs to the rolling stock destroyed or damaged. The incalculable items are loss of time, interruption of traffic and the falling off of patronage due to casualties. On a busy line a stoppage of traffic for 60 seconds means a loss of \$230. In an hour this loss may reach \$25,000. It increases faster than a snowball rolling down a long hill. In the second hour this loss is more than trebled. It keeps on growing until in the third hour the blocked railroad is losing anywhere from \$1000 to \$5000 a minute, owing to the traffic that is piling up on both sides of the wreck and the number of idle employees. Also the longer delay the greater the hazard of more accidents.

6500 Collisions a Year.

There are yearly, in round numbers, 6500 collisions and 7500 derailments on the steam railroads of the United States. The cost of the operation of

expensive, dear," she began bravely. "I'm really not hungry." "Oh, no," said Dorothy. She was eating the menu. At that moment a man approached the table and glanced at them. He had silvery hair and a clean brow face. At the sight of Celia he drew his breath. She looked up and their eyes met.

"Celia!" "Mahlon!" Their hands clasped. "Why, Celia! It has been 10 years since I've seen you."

"More than 10 years, Mahlon Dorothy was only nine."

"Dorothy? Your daughter! Is this—"

"Mr. Page, dear."

Dorothy held out her hand with charming good will.

"I'm so glad to meet you again—after 10 years, Mr. Page," she declared mischievously. "Have I changed much?"

"Considerably."

"And mother?" "Oh, not so much."

"Oh, Mahlon, my hair—"

"Your hat conceals it, Celia. Otherwise you are not a day older."

Celia smiled faintly. It was good to hear that even when one knew better. She and Mahlon Page had been brought up in the same village. They had had the same friends. Once just before her husband died he had come to see them. That was as she said, more than ten years ago. She had not seen him since, but she had heard things concerning him—that he remained married, that he was making a great deal of money.

"May I sit here with you?" she asked. "You have not ordered your luncheon? Let me have the pleasure of doing it for you. Yes, she had little appetite. Dorothy, however, ate with enjoyment. She talked, too, and Mahlon listened. How pretty she was! "And now, what?" Mahlon asked as they rose from the table.

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next day she fainted at her work. They took her home in a cab. The doctor came, talked about the heat and her need of rest, and when she was crying her heart out and found it comforting, yet she found no courage to tell Dorothy what had occurred.

It was then Mahlon Page came, cool, gray, full of strength and cheer. He appeared not to notice her face. He had gone to the mountains. He found that she had not seen him since he had followed her. "You have been in my mind ever since our meeting the other day," he said. "The fact is you've always been in my mind. I didn't want you to marry Will Bright. I wanted you myself. I want you now, Mary me, Celia."

"No, no!" she cried. And then words came. She told him everything about the lost security and her breakdown and Dorothy. "You see, I can't marry you," she moaned.

He laughed tenderly. "Oh, yes, you can. You should. The things you have just told me are all reasons for your doing so. He kissed her. "Now we are engaged. Listen, Celia. You can't go back to the store. You can't stay here. We'll be married at once and have a long honeymoon. I'll make you as happy—see if I don't. Trust me, dear."

"I do," sobbed Celia.

They were married the next day at noon. An hour later they were on their way to the mountains. A letter from Dorothy followed them. She wrote joyously that she was engaged to a nephew of the Beldens and wished to be married at once. "You see, I can't marry you," she moaned.

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the 50,000 miles of block signal systems is yearly about \$8,000,000. There is no doubt that these signal systems have saved many times their cost, but they have not put an end to wrecks by any means. What is needed, and what has been sought for a long time, is some mechanism that not only will signal the presence of danger ahead, but stop moving trains and do it without human agency, without uncertainty, without the negligence of complicated mechanism, and without regard to weather conditions.

Under ordinary conditions a block signal will fail to work only once in a hundred thousand times. The percentage of failure of the human element is immeasurably higher than that. Less than 2 per cent of all accidents on railroads are due to hidden or latent defects of material or machinery or lack of human agency. The rest are caused by the negligence of the public, and 85 per cent are due to the negligence of employees.

Human Machinery Errs Often. A great question before the railroads is how to perfect the human machinery so that they employ and how to make it more reliable. Yearly about 1,728,000 persons are employed by the railroads in the United States. In railroading the personal equation is an element of danger which has not been reduced appreciably. The largest share of accidents is due to the failure of employees to obey rules. Those whose duty it is to do their work properly and carefully may fall at some crucial moment or may take a chance, by a lapse of hundreds of lives are lost and millions of dollars worth of property are destroyed each year.

The most widespread and earnest attempt to cure this evil is the "campaign for caution" that the railroads all over the country are waging. "Safety first" is a rule that is being taught and enforced more rigidly than ever.

The "safety first" movement takes the men at the start and today with training and experience and habits of years. It has been unable to change their characteristics or to lessen their carelessness by the punishment of fines or suspensions. Experts agree that in order to solve this problem it will be necessary to go to the root of the matter and to revolutionize the methods by which the railroads select their employees.

One of the most noteworthy attempts at educating the rank and file of railroad men is being made by the Union Pacific. That road has an educational bureau at Omaha, which teaches by correspondence, without charge, all employees who desire to fit themselves for better jobs.

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