

SERIAL STORY

The Courtship of Miles Standish

With Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy

The Lover's Errand

So the strong will prevailed, and Alden went on his errand. Out of the street of the village, and into the paths of the forest, into the tranquil woods, where blue birds and robins were building towns in the populous trees, with hanging gardens of verdure, peaceful, aerial cities of joy and affection and freedom. All around him was calm, but within him commotion and conflict. Love contending with friendship, and self with each generous impulse. To and fro in his breast his thoughts were heaving and dashing. As in a foundering ship, with every roll of the vessel, washes the bitter sea, the merciless surge of the ocean? "Must I relinquish it all," he cried with a wild lamentation. "Must I relinquish it all, the joy, the hope, the illusion?" Was it for this I have loved, and waited, and worshipped in silence? Was it for this I have followed the flying feet and the shadow over the wintry sea, to the desolate shores of New England? Truly the heart is deceitful, and out of its depths of corruption rise, like an exhalation, the misty phantoms of passion; Angels of light they seem, but are only delusions of Satan. All is clear to me now; I feel it, I see it distinctly! This is the hand of the Lord; it is laid upon me in anger. For I have followed too much the heart's desires and devices, worshipping Ashtoreth blindly, and impious idols of Baal. This is the cross I must bear; the sin and the swift retribution." So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand; Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and shallow, gathering still, as he went, the Mayflowers blooming around him, fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness, children lost in the woods and covered with leaves in their slumber. "Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens. Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla! So I will take them to her; to Priscilla the Mayflower of Plymouth, modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them; breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish, soon to be thrown away, as is the heart of the giver." So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand; Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean, sailless, somber and cold with the comfortless breath of the east wind; Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow; Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem, music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist, full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many. Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snow-drift piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle, while with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its motion. Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Almsworth, printed in Amsterdam, the words and music together, rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard, darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses. Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan anthem, she, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest, making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being! Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless, thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe of his errand; All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished, all his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion, haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces. Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it: "Let not him that putteth his hand to

the plow look backward; Though the plowshare cut through the flowers of life to its fountains, though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of the living, it is the will of the Lord; and His mercy endureth for ever!"

So he entered the house; and the hum of the wheel and the singing suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold, rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome. Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage; for I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning." Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had been mingled thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden, silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer. Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in the winter, after the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village, Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered the doorway, stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and Priscilla laughed at his snowy locks, and gave him a seat by the fireside. Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the snow-storm. Had he but spoken then, perhaps not in vain had he spoken; Now it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished! So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful spring-time. Talked of their friends at home, and the Mayflower that sailed on the morrow. "I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden, "dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows of England,— They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden; thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet, seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbors going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together, and, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.



"Why Don't You Speak for Yourself, John."

Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion; Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England. You will say it is wrong, but I can not help it; I almost wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched." Thereupon answered the youth: "Indeed I do not condemn you; Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter. Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on; So I have come to you now, with an offer and a proffer of marriage Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the Captain of Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters— Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases, but came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy; Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly. Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder, feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless; Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence: "If the great Captain of Plymouth is

so very eager to wed me, Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me? If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the wooing!" Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter, Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy— Had no time for such things—such things! the words grating harshly on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer: "Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married, Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding? That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you can not. When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one, Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another, Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal. And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected, Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing. This is not right nor just; for sure a woman's affection Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking. When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it. Had he but waited a while, had he only showed that he loved me, Even this Captain of yours—who knows?—at last might have won me. Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla, Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding; Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders, How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction, How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth; He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England, Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish; Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded, Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent Combed and wattled gules, and all the



rest of the blazon. He was a man of honor, of noble and generous nature; Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during the winter He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's; Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong, Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always, Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature; For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous; Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England, Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent language, Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival, Archly the maiden smiled, and with eyes overrunning with laughter, Said in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Result. "I suppose those garden seeds I sent saved you quite a little money," said the affable statesman. "No," replied Mr. Groweber, "I hadn't the heart to waste 'em and the result is that I'm in debt for garden implements."

POKER MONEY FOR CHURCH

How Statesman of the Past, with Gambling Proclivities, Helped Out Institution.

Thad Stevens, the illustrious Pennsylvania statesman, used to be a faro bank fiend in the old days when big gambling houses flourished on Pennsylvania avenue," said Mr. E. W. Creecy, a prominent Washington patent lawyer, at the Stafford. "The games are merely memories now, for gambling is no longer fashionable with the solons of the present, at least not the kind that was in vogue in old Thad Stevens' days. "If luck went his way Mr. Stevens was just as apt as not to tarry all night in his fight to beat the 'dear,' and on a certain occasion which I remember as vividly as though it were yesterday, starting in pretty early one Saturday evening, he played until the church bells began ringing the next morning. Thoroughly tired, but in a gracious frame of mind, he descended the steps at Teel's resort, between Four and a Half and Sixth streets and emerged on the avenue chuckling to the thought of the big roll of bills he had brought away. Fortune had been with him and he had hit the bank hard. "He had hardly turned in the direction of his hotel when a good lady whom he knew in the friendliest way accosted him. Little did she suspect what the grim old senator had been up to during the preceding 12 hours. Politeness demanded that he should listen to her talk. "Mr. Stevens," she began, "I am awfully glad to see you this morning. The truth is that I want you to help our church a bit. The congregation is sad and distressed at its inability to raise enough money to pay off a long-due mortgage. Will you kindly give us a donation?" "Madam," responded old Thad, "it will be a genuine pleasure for me to help your church. How much will it take to wipe out the whole debt?" "The mortgage is for \$2,000."

"Here, then," said Stevens, going down into his jeans, 'is the exact sum. Take it with my compliments,' and before the astonished woman could recover enough to even thank him he was stumping down the avenue, repeating to himself: 'God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.' "The donation was to a dollar what he had won at faro, but the good church folks had never the slightest suspicion that they had accepted tainted money."

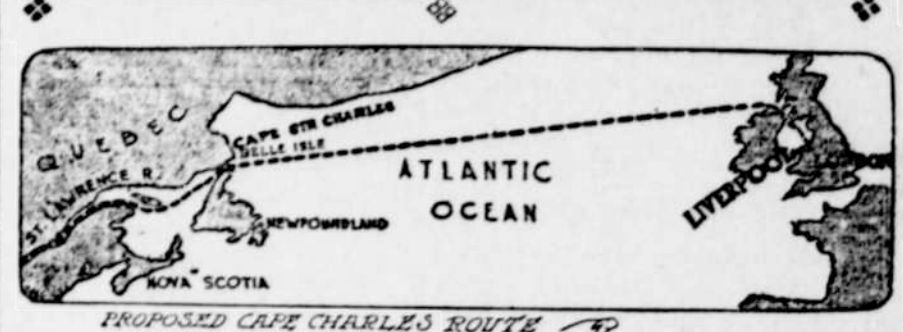
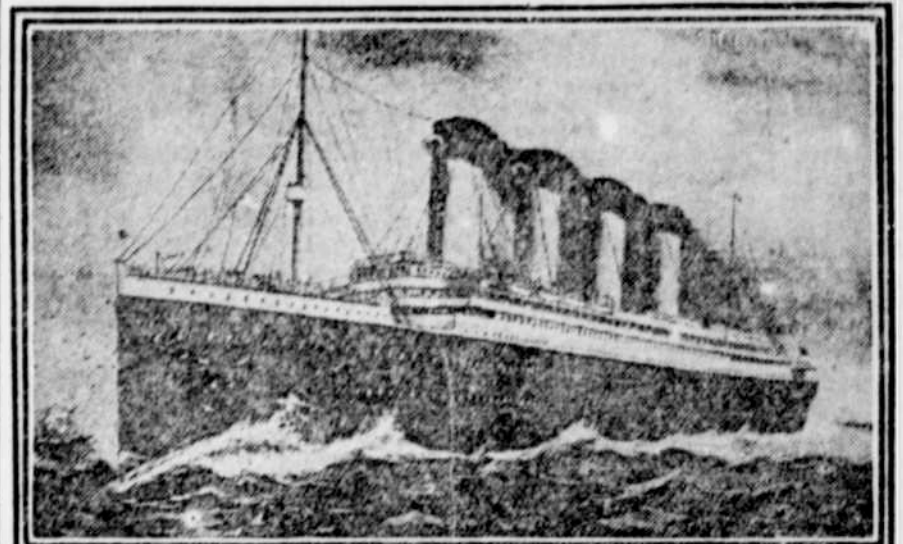
One Tie That Binds. "In some cases the tie that really binds is the same pet superstition," a woman said. "Since last Thursday my maid and I have had a much keener appreciation of each other's virtues. Sadie went shopping. When she had been gone half an hour she telephoned that she had left behind the carefully compiled list of things she wanted to buy and was afraid to cross her good luck by coming back for it. Would it be too much trouble to look it up in her room and send it by the janitor's boy to the store where she was waiting? "My heart throbbed with sympathy. Sadie had always seemed rather a tactful person, but that message showed that she was very human after all. She felt just as I did about going back for a forgotten article; therefore no service I could perform for a fellow sufferer could be too much trouble. The janitor's boy was out, so I spent time and money to take the list to the store myself. But I do not regret it, for are not Sadie and I friends for life?"

Splitting Paper. Here are two good ways to split a piece of paper: First, lay the paper on a piece of glass, soak it thoroughly with water and then press it smoothly over the glass. By using care, the upper half of the sheet can then be peeled off, leaving the under half on the glass. When dry it will come off easily. Be sure that the glass is perfectly clean. Second, paste a piece of cloth or strong paper on each side of the paper to be split. When it is thoroughly dry, suddenly and violently pull the two pieces of cloth apart. Then soften the paste with water and take the two halves of the sheet from the cloths.

Overwork a Waste of Time. Overstrained faculties can never bring out the best results. Overwork is always a waste of time, and though it may not seem to be so at first, eventually the sad truth is always manifested. To cut off needed recreation, to curtail the hours of sleep, to postpone a holiday indefinitely, to refuse to take a rest and ease and change, under the impression that this time is saved, is always a shortsighted policy and often a fatal mistake. The time arrives when the poor, abused faculties take their revenge and refuse to serve altogether, or do so feeble a fashion as to show their deterioration.

Persia Bans Jules Verne. The censor of literature in Persia has banned a Persian translation of Jules Verne's "Voyage to the Moon" on the ground that it is irreligious, and from his point of view he is right. It will be remembered that a party of scientists was shut up in a shell which was fired at the moon from a great gun. Now the moon is Mahomet's coffin, and to shoot at the moon is a crime in Persia. It is true that the shell didn't hit the moon, but the intention constituted the crime in Persia.

BRINGING ENGLAND NEARER TO AMERICA



IN MORE senses than one England and America are drawing nearer to each other. The latest phase of this approaching nearness is foretold in a geographical sense by Sir Edward Morris, premier of Newfoundland. His scheme is geographical because he proposes to cut off a whole day in transit between the two countries. The saving of a day, 24 hours of time, is the same thing as taking up the United Kingdom by its roots and planting it in the middle of the North Atlantic, at least a thousand miles nearer Canada and the United States.

Sir Edward's proposition would be interesting merely as a theory, but the premier is in earnest about it. He proposes in brief to construct first a railway from Quebec to a point on Cape Sir Charles across the Strait of Belle Isle at its narrowest part opposite Newfoundland, and then to connect with two steamers of the Lusitania and Mauretania type to run between Cape Sir Charles and Liverpool. The sea distance between the two points is only 1,656 miles, running between Ireland and Scotland and through the Irish sea. There will be a ferry across the straits to Newfoundland. "This would be by far the shortest passage across the Atlantic, and with steamers of the Lusitania type the voyage from land to land could be accomplished with only three nights at sea," said the Newfoundland premier. "The route would be open all the year round—occasionally drift and floating ice would be met with, but nothing to obstruct properly built and equipped steamers. "From Cape Sir Charles to Quebec is about 1,000 miles, and with a line of standard gauge this could be covered at sixty miles an hour, which means that passengers could be landed in lower Canada and in the United States twenty-four hours earlier than by the Lusitania to New York today. "This can readily be seen when it is explained that the ocean passage would be 1,200 miles shorter and that the 1,000 miles will be covered on land at sixty miles an hour, which is nearly three times as fast as the Lusitania and the Mauretania travel. "The Mauretania's best time is about thirty land miles an hour. "The period of self-absorption of American capital in transportation schemes of a domestic nature still continuing, and his partial bridging of the North Atlantic having its terminals respectively in the mother country and her colony, it is British capital, consequently, which proposes to father this project, which sounds and looks so much like a dream. "But Sir Edward, who has never been accused of being a dreamer, said that he had discussed the plan with a syndicate of British capitalists in New York. "There are in New York at the present time," he said, "the representatives of a large and influential English syndicate who have acquired rights to a railway running out of Quebec and who have a charter to build a railway in the direction of Cape Sir Charles and Newfoundland, the width of the strait at that point being only seven miles. "So far as the steamers themselves are concerned, marine experts say that the only saving would lie in one day's steaming coal, an economy of \$3,000 or \$3,500 a trip. The provisions saved on a three-day trip would not be counted at all. "The cost of running a great steamship such as the new White Star liner Olympic, pictured above, is tremendous. To bring the Olympic from Southampton to New York and tie her safely to her pier costs in the neighborhood of \$100,000. This vast sum is made up principally by the purchase of coal, the wages of the men on board and the buying of food for the passengers. The value of the coal consumed—about 800 tons per day—was only a trifle less than the cost of the food eaten by the passengers. This latter item was increased about \$10,000 on the return voyage because the first and second cabins were filled when the leviathan departed. "From a chief steward's viewpoint it

is said the Olympic is a bad vessel for an economizing head of the eating department, because the very steadiness of the vessel helps a passenger to eat three good meals per day, and maybe four, whereas if the chief steward could only rock her a bit, you know—well, quite a number of the hopefuls would be clutching the rail, gazing at the sea and thinking about a biblical expression that is quite apropos. The principal items of expense in moving the Olympic from Southampton to New York are:

Coal	\$2,400
Wages of employees	15,000
Laundry	2,000
Meals for first cabin passengers	17,000
Meals for second cabin passengers	4,425
Feeding the third cabin passengers	1,900
Feeding the employees	5,000
Eighteen tugs for docking	400
Transferring third class cabin to Ellis Island	75
Transferring third class baggage	75

Here is a part of the list the chief steward made up to restock his larder before sailing again: Three thousand pounds of Philadelphia roasters, 3,000 pounds of Philadelphia broilers, 2,000 pounds of capons, 3,000 pounds of ducklings, celery fed; 2,000 pounds of fowl, 500 guinea chickens, 100 dozen squabs, 7,000 pounds of fish, 30,000 eggs, 7,000 pounds of butter, 35,000 pounds of beef, 10,000 pounds of mutton, fifty spring lambs, 3,000 pounds of veal, 3,000 pounds of pork, thirty tons of potatoes, 1,500 quarts of ice cream, 100 Virginia hams, 100 dozen sweetbreads, 1,000 sheep kidneys, 500 ox kidneys, 200 corned ox tongues, 1,000 pounds of sausage, thirty barrels of clams, 100 dozen soft shell crabs, 200 barrels of flour, 100 dozen asparagus, 500 dozen lettuce, twenty-four boxes apricots, 100 boxes Newton pippin, 100 boxes cooking apples, fifty crates cantaloupe, 100 boxes grape fruit, fifty boxes lemons, 200 boxes oranges, fifty boxes peaches, 200 crates strawberries, fifty boxes peaches, 200 crates strawberries, fifty crates water-mellons, twenty dozen crates pineapples.

The Olympic is the largest vessel ever constructed. It is 882½ feet in length, 100 feet more than the world's tallest building, and has a width of 92 feet 6 inches. Its displacement is 66,000 tons. From the bottom of the keel to the top of the captain's house is 105 feet and 7 inches, while from the bottom of the keel to the top of the funnel the height is 175 feet. The vessel is supplied with electric elevators, Turkish bath and swimming pool, a squash racquet court and hand-ball court, a golf course, palm court and sun parlor. It has a dining-room with a capacity of 550 guests and a dance hall accommodating 200 couples. It can carry 2,500 passengers and crew of 860. It has 2,000 windows and the number of its floors is 14. The Olympic was built in Belfast, Ireland, and cost approximately \$10,000,000.

Nicknames of Papers. Nicknames for newspapers have gone out of favor. While the Times was formerly Granny and afterward the Thunderer, the Morning Post used to be known as Jeames, that generic name for funkeys being attached to it in allusion to specialization on society news. When the Morning Herald and Standard had the same proprietor and to a large extent the same staff, and used to appeal to each other as independent authorities, they were familiarly known as Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Gamp. The Morning Advertiser, as the organ of trade, has at various times been dubbed the Barrel Organ, the Tap Tub and the Gin and Gospel Gazette. The Pink 'un scarcely counts as a nickname, being officially adopted as an alternative title for the Sporting Times.—London Chronicle.

Golf and Kisses. "Seashore golf seldom amounts to much," said H. Chandler Egan, the golf champion, on the Wheaton links. "Seashore golf always suggests to me the dialogue between Jack and Jill. "Oh, Jack, dear, don't!" whispered Jill. "The caddie will see us." "No he won't," said Jack. "He's too busy looking for the ball, and it's in my pocket."