

A DOCTOR'S MISSION

BY EVELYN THORNTON
Author of "ROY RUSSELL'S RULE,"
"GLENROY," "THE FASHIONABLE MOTHER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)
But the road seemed very rough. Great ruts had been made in the earth, softened by the long rain, and these caused her to trip and fall twice. Both times it had jarred her arm and drawn forth tears of anguish. At last the gate was reached and opened with difficulty, then a ditz feeling came over her, and just as her feet stepped on the porch she fell forward in a long, death-like swoon.

Dr. Eifenstein had gone into the country, after his call at the baronet's, to visit a rather critical case, and did not return until quite late.

He had reached his home, given his horse to the man in waiting, and then turned to enter his door. But what was this he saw lying in a heap upon the porch? Stooping to discover it, he might see a large, strange dog, his fingers came in contact with a human hand, and from its small size he knew it belonged to child or woman.

"Throwing open the door with his latch key, the light from the hall revealed Ethel Nevegal's pale, unconscious face to his astonished gaze.

"Ethel, here senseless! Oh, my darling, my darling!" he murmured, as he lifted her in his arms and bore her to the parlor. Here he laid her down, and with his hands gently stroked her forehead and temples, and soon her eyelids were slowly opening. "Placing her in this, he ran to the foot of the stairs and called Mrs. Plum to his assistance. With joy, at last, they saw her eyes open; but the cry of pain that followed filled both with surprise.

"My arm! my arm! Oh, my darling, don't hurt my arm! I cannot stir my hand or arm, and fear it is broken. I came here to show it to you."

"Then it was hurt before you left the hall?" returned the doctor, passing his hand over the useless member, in order to see the nature of the injury.

"In order to replace it, I fear I must cause you pain. It will be impossible for you to go out again in this storm, therefore Mrs. Plum, my housekeeper, must prepare you a room, and you will remain here to-night. After she has made you comfortable in your bed, I must replace the bones, and then you must perfectly quiet, or, after all this excitement, you will be thrown into a fever."

"Giving Mrs. Plum aerial instructions, he saw her leave the room to prepare one for poor Ethel's reception; then, and not until then, he bent over the sofa where she lay, and asked her in a low voice:

"Why did you not tell me this, instead of coming out in the storm, when I was at the Hall this evening?"

"I did not know you were there, and could not have seen you if I had known it. Sir Reginald threw into a furious passion as soon as he saw me to-day, and bade me instantly leave his house. As my arm was hurt, I was obliged to come to you."

"Miss Nevegal, how was your arm dislocated? and what means the mark of those fingers, which I see upon the surface?"

"Do not ask me, doctor, for I cannot tell you."

"Well, if you cannot tell me that, why did Sir Reginald bid you leave his house?"

"I cannot tell you" was still her only reply.

"Was it for any willful fault you had committed?"

"No, oh, no! I had met with an accident the nature of which I cannot explain. In short, I had, without intending it, neglected a duty he had charged me with on the day of my fright by the railroad. My nervousness then caused me to forget something. He had just discovered it and flew in a rage."

"Then the brute seized your arm and gave it this wrench? You need not tell me, child, I know it by instinct. It is well I was not there, for one reason."

"Why?"

"I should have struck him as he lay helpless in bed. I could not have helped it! But you are safe now; he shall never touch you again. Stay here, of course, until you are well; then a place will be provided, never fear! Promise me one thing now, which is, not to worry about the future. Leave everything of that nature for time and Providence to make plain, and try to compose yourself in order to recover the sooner. Will you do this?"

"He took her well hand kindly, almost tenderly, as he spoke; and, meeting his anxious, beseeching gaze bent upon her, she blushed faintly and gave the required promise.

CHAPTER XVIII.
That night an urgent call came for the doctor. It was to attend a rich and capricious patient whom he had formerly known in the village, but now very ill at a town nearly a hundred miles away.

Before he departed, Eifenstein saw to it that Ethel's arm was well cared for. Leaving explicit instructions as to her case with Mrs. Plum, he left home, expecting to return the next day.

But in this he was disappointed. His patient was quite ill; he insisted on the doctor remaining until he had seen his side, and policy and real concern for him kept Earle away for nearly two weeks.

A vast surprise greeted Eifenstein when he returned home—a perfect series of them, in fact. During his absence two very important things had occurred. Sir Reginald had died suddenly, death probably being hastened by his recent great excitement, and Ethel was no longer an inmate of the doctor's house.

Mrs. Plum told him how the young girl had remained two days. Her arm had come to rights quickly. The death of Sir Reginald had shocked her, and she seemed nervous, worried, eager to get away from the scenes that had horrified her. She had left a tear-stained note, fervently thanking the doctor for all his kindness, and saying that she felt she must get work and support herself.

In this she had been successful. A few miles distant was the home of the Duchess of Westmoreland. Ethel had somehow learned that she wished to engage a governess for her daughter, Lady Claire Linwood. She had applied for the position, and had secured it.

One day Dr. Eifenstein rode over to the sumptuous baronial home. He passed an hour in the company of Ethel, when he left his horse at the door and cold, and she, poor child, was tortured with the anguish only can feel.

In fact, Earle had asked for an explanation of her seeming part in siding with Sir Reginald to frighten the simple natives with the superstitious idea that the tower was haunted. Ethel remembered her solemn promise. She dared not break it. The doctor grew from suspicion to distrust, so a baleful cloud arose between them. About three days after the burial of the baronet, Ethel Nevegal

call, with Lady Claire Linwood, accompanied Eifenstein, started out for her usual horseback ride. Both were skillful horsemen, and both were extravagantly fond of the saddle. This morning they had resolved to follow a wild looking path, leading through a deep wood, one they never had noticed, in rides past the spot, until the day before.

Suddenly, after an advance of about half a mile, both girls noticed at once that footstep had diverged from the beaten path, and looking towards the point to which they seemed directed, they were astonished to see the opening entrance to what seemed a large cave, overhung with vines of thick luxuriance. These vines seemed lately to have been parted. Relying on their horses, they passed before the spot, in order to survey it more closely, when all distinctly heard low moans of pain, issuing from a point near the entrance.

Surmising at once that some fellow-being was in distress, Ethel requested the point to which they seemed directed, they were astonished to see the opening entrance to what seemed a large cave, overhung with vines of thick luxuriance. These vines seemed lately to have been parted. Relying on their horses, they passed before the spot, in order to survey it more closely, when all distinctly heard low moans of pain, issuing from a point near the entrance.

"You are hasty in this answering," interrupted the lover. "You surely cannot thus forget what your feelings would be under such different aspects."

"Indeed, in doing so, you will surely interrupt you by distinctly saying that, as I am situated, I cannot receive visits; therefore, I must beg you to receive this, my final answer. It would be the same after years of friendly intercourse. I do not love you, and I never can love you. I forgive you, and will ever think of you kindly; beyond that we can never go."

"Then there is no necessity for my remaining," he said, sadly, as he arose to leave.

"None whatever," was the firm reply. "Miss Nevegal, believe me, as long as I live I shall regret having made you a resident at the hall so disagreeable. You certainly had enough to endure in being under obligations to amuse an irritable invalid. The rude manner in which you were dismissed excited my deepest sympathy."

"For which I am very grateful," kindly returned the young girl.

"If ever, as a friend, I can serve you in any manner, will you allow me to do so?"

"I will, if I know your address."

"That is not quite decided, but I will leave it with the postmaster of this place. And now, thanking you for your kindness, although feeling deeply my unrequited love, I will bid you farewell."

Robert Glendenning held out his hand as he spoke, and seeing that genuine tears were floating in his eyes, Ethel said here in it without hesitation. Stooping over the little white hand, he pressed his lips upon it, then hurriedly left the room, and she saw his face no more.

That night the whole family left the hall, and the grand old mansion was closed to the world, by order of Sir Fitzroy Glendenning.

The residence of this gentleman was unknown, but it was believed that he went to America, therefore every effort was made by the proper ones to discover his retreat, in order to make known to him the honors that awaited his acceptance.

Yet, while his resolve and duty was to be immediately put in force, many hearts rebelled against that return.

All united in feeling that, although acquitted by law of any knowledge of his unhappy brother's fate, circumstances still looked very dark where he was concerned. (To be continued.)

HEALTH IS WELL GUARDED.
Substantial Progress In Sanitation Is Being Made of Late Years.

People hear so much about health institutes nowadays that they are apt to be a little skeptical as to their efficacy, and to regard them as largely money-making arrangements.

In England almost all matters concerning the public health are treated at institutes, like the British Sanitary Institute, for instance, and every public man thinks it his duty to patronize it.

At a late meeting of the Institute the question was raised as to what had been accomplished by these institutes, and it was found that since public health became a science at the beginning of the late Queen's reign the average life of a man has been increased by three years and that of a woman by five years.

"That the doctors do know something is evidenced by the fact that thirty years ago typhoid fever killed 374 persons out of every 1,000,000 in Great Britain. To-day, with an enormously increased population, it kills a bare 100 per 1,000,000. Typhus, which sixty years ago struck down another 300 per 1,000,000, has been literally stamped out by sanitation. Statistics computed that the London County Council has saved 20,000 lives, mostly infants, since its creation.

In the days of "Good Queen Bess" the death rate was 80 per 1,000 per annum. Deaths from fever have fallen by 85 per cent, typhoid by 90, scarlet fever by 81, and consumption by 45 per cent. From 1861 to 1865 scarlet fever killed 982 persons per 1,000,000; it now barely carries off 100.

"The death rate in consumption is also declining. During 1861-65 deaths by consumption claimed 2,520 persons yearly out of every 1,000,000 living. To-day a better acquaintance with the laws of health has checked death of half the harvest of 1861-65 from this disease.

So that the various institutes of medicine and sanitation do much good even if no more than to induce better modes of living.—Boston Globe.

Too Late.
Kitty—What did you do when he threatened to kiss you?
Blanche—I didn't do anything. Why should I? I just waited until he had completely exhausted his net.
Kitty—And then?
Blanche—Why, then, it was too late to punish him.—Boston Transcript.

Didn't Make Him Sick.
Arthur—I was given my first cigar last night and it didn't make me sick.
Horace—That was because you did not smoke it.
Arthur—By George! What a chap you are to find out things!—Boston Transcript.

When a boy is given permission to go on a trip, he begins to scheme round for a plan to get off without bidding the kin good-bye.

the sentence he had commenced. Breaking the silence again, for it was becoming oppressive, he resumed:

"Miss Ethel, I come this morning to lay before you a proposition that I hope will meet with your sanction. I must first, however, express to you my deep regrets for the manner in which I used to treat you. I know not why I was led to make myself so disagreeable. I was probably prompted by a spirit of mischief, but as soon as you left the hall so suddenly I became aware of my great mistake. I loved you, but I felt it was without hope. In my agonized haste I knew that I had won, perhaps, what I merited, your contempt. To-day I felt that I could endure this misery no longer. I resolved to see you, to ask forgiveness for my course in the past, and to crave the privilege of retrieving my former mistake by being allowed to visit you as a friend until I can win your love, and ask you to become my wife."

"Mr. Glendenning," interposed Ethel, "what you propose is an utter impossibility. I can do and forgive the annoyance I confess your conduct occasioned me in other days, but the proposed visit I must positively decline. It could never result as you seem to imagine, for I assure you my affections could never be won."

"You are hasty in this answering," interrupted the lover. "You surely cannot thus forget what your feelings would be under such different aspects."

"Indeed, in doing so, you will surely interrupt you by distinctly saying that, as I am situated, I cannot receive visits; therefore, I must beg you to receive this, my final answer. It would be the same after years of friendly intercourse. I do not love you, and I never can love you. I forgive you, and will ever think of you kindly; beyond that we can never go."

"Then there is no necessity for my remaining," he said, sadly, as he arose to leave.

"None whatever," was the firm reply. "Miss Nevegal, believe me, as long as I live I shall regret having made you a resident at the hall so disagreeable. You certainly had enough to endure in being under obligations to amuse an irritable invalid. The rude manner in which you were dismissed excited my deepest sympathy."

"For which I am very grateful," kindly returned the young girl.

"If ever, as a friend, I can serve you in any manner, will you allow me to do so?"

"I will, if I know your address."

"That is not quite decided, but I will leave it with the postmaster of this place. And now, thanking you for your kindness, although feeling deeply my unrequited love, I will bid you farewell."

Robert Glendenning held out his hand as he spoke, and seeing that genuine tears were floating in his eyes, Ethel said here in it without hesitation. Stooping over the little white hand, he pressed his lips upon it, then hurriedly left the room, and she saw his face no more.

That night the whole family left the hall, and the grand old mansion was closed to the world, by order of Sir Fitzroy Glendenning.

The residence of this gentleman was unknown, but it was believed that he went to America, therefore every effort was made by the proper ones to discover his retreat, in order to make known to him the honors that awaited his acceptance.

Yet, while his resolve and duty was to be immediately put in force, many hearts rebelled against that return.

All united in feeling that, although acquitted by law of any knowledge of his unhappy brother's fate, circumstances still looked very dark where he was concerned. (To be continued.)

HEALTH IS WELL GUARDED.
Substantial Progress In Sanitation Is Being Made of Late Years.

People hear so much about health institutes nowadays that they are apt to be a little skeptical as to their efficacy, and to regard them as largely money-making arrangements.

In England almost all matters concerning the public health are treated at institutes, like the British Sanitary Institute, for instance, and every public man thinks it his duty to patronize it.

At a late meeting of the Institute the question was raised as to what had been accomplished by these institutes, and it was found that since public health became a science at the beginning of the late Queen's reign the average life of a man has been increased by three years and that of a woman by five years.

"That the doctors do know something is evidenced by the fact that thirty years ago typhoid fever killed 374 persons out of every 1,000,000 in Great Britain. To-day, with an enormously increased population, it kills a bare 100 per 1,000,000. Typhus, which sixty years ago struck down another 300 per 1,000,000, has been literally stamped out by sanitation. Statistics computed that the London County Council has saved 20,000 lives, mostly infants, since its creation.

In the days of "Good Queen Bess" the death rate was 80 per 1,000 per annum. Deaths from fever have fallen by 85 per cent, typhoid by 90, scarlet fever by 81, and consumption by 45 per cent. From 1861 to 1865 scarlet fever killed 982 persons per 1,000,000; it now barely carries off 100.

"The death rate in consumption is also declining. During 1861-65 deaths by consumption claimed 2,520 persons yearly out of every 1,000,000 living. To-day a better acquaintance with the laws of health has checked death of half the harvest of 1861-65 from this disease.

So that the various institutes of medicine and sanitation do much good even if no more than to induce better modes of living.—Boston Globe.

Too Late.
Kitty—What did you do when he threatened to kiss you?
Blanche—I didn't do anything. Why should I? I just waited until he had completely exhausted his net.
Kitty—And then?
Blanche—Why, then, it was too late to punish him.—Boston Transcript.

Didn't Make Him Sick.
Arthur—I was given my first cigar last night and it didn't make me sick.
Horace—That was because you did not smoke it.
Arthur—By George! What a chap you are to find out things!—Boston Transcript.

When a boy is given permission to go on a trip, he begins to scheme round for a plan to get off without bidding the kin good-bye.

The average man boasts seventeen times as much about what he's going to do as he does about what he has done.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

SPAN AS IT IS TO-DAY.

By Eugenio Montero Rios, President Spanish Senate.

As a general rule, a distinct idea is entertained in foreign countries of what Spain is, thinks and desires; and America is by no means free from the mistaken notions. Even as regards our dress and our manners the same false ideas prevail. The typical Spaniard, as shown in illustrated papers and engravings, is the Andalusian dandy or dancer, the smuggler of pictorial art, the swaggering dandy, and the gypsy tatterdemalion; types which are as foreign to the general life of the nation as they would be in America, and which are to be found in Spain only in the booths at fairs, on the stage of male halls, at balls, at carnival time, and in shows of like nature.

We have no need to indulge in empty self-glorification. Since the time of our colonial disasters Spain has broken with the romantic and the epic. She has proved her perfect sobriety, even to the point of prodigality, in the manner in which she paid debts for which she had only a secondary responsibility. Our securities are quoted at a higher figure than that at which they stood before the war, the wealth of the inhabitants is increasing, our industry and commerce have notably developed, and one may say in general that, now that Spain is more concentrated in herself, her efforts have gained in intensity what they have lost in extensiveness. No one can forget the vital energy revealed by a country which, in the space of a quarter of a century, has transported more than 800,000 men in her own ships across the Atlantic, has spent more than 8,000,000,000 pesetas, and has got so far with the liquidation of the debt thereby incurred that more than two-thirds has already been paid off.

I do not suggest that we do not dream of further adventures; when we count our hopes as to the place in the world which destiny reserves for us we do not forget that powerful England was, in the reign of Charles II, in a worse position than that in which we find ourselves to-day; that Germany fell far lower after the Napoleonic wars than we ever fell; and that Italy, which is now courted by the great powers, served for centuries as the cockpit of the kings of Europe, who ever treated her as the spoils of war are treated by the conqueror.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE YELLOW PERIL.

By Count Serna.

At present we are confronted with a great transformation in Eastern politics, and the eyes of all the nations are riveted on the island empire in the Far East. Under the circumstances it may not be altogether amiss to clear off some misunderstandings with regard to the real position of Japan in the world. Let us consider, first of all, the question of the yellow peril. History tells us that the so-called white people suffered from the invasion of the Mongols, who came crossing over the Ural Mountain range and pushed their interests as far as the Danube. In 1255 Genghis dispatched armies in many directions. One was directed against Korea. Victorious and always advancing, the Mongols moved on into Hungary and Poland. Genghis Khan was a formidable enemy of the nations of the twelfth century. Wherever he went he scattered his enemy and made havoc of everything with which he and his soldiers came into contact.

The word Tartars created consternation among the people at that time. The germ of the yellow peril was already there, so that it is by no means a new phenomenon; but in the twentieth century, with the development of the island empire in the East, the old fear of the yellow race again took possession of the Europeans. Yet it is historically true that the Mongols marched against China, Japan and India. Expeditions against Japan were several times repelled; the last, in 1281, on an immense scale, met with huge disaster. China was often attacked by these marauders. And it appears from historical study that these barbarians have been holding their stronghold in Russia for the last hundreds of years. The real cause of the yellow peril does not lie with Japan or China, but with the gigantic neighbor of the north.

It is said by some that Japan is a heathen nation; she is not to be relied upon. Nothing could be more mistaken than this notion. The old characteristic civilization of Japan has assimilated Christianity, giving birth to something better. Japan's progress for the last thirty years does not necessarily depend upon Christianity, but upon the peculiar attractiveness of the Japanese character.

While Japan was practically a sealed country for over two thousand five hundred years, the world outside was making rapid progress. England, France and America underwent respective reformations. With the arrival of Commodore Perry Japan awoke from her long slumber and did everything she could to introduce Western civilization.

SUCCESS BY LEARNING EMPLOYERS' VIEWS.

By John A. Howland.

When the inexperienced youth enters the business field the first thing he runs up against is the other man's point of view. He starts out full of himself and of what he can do, and of how excellently well he can do it. After a time he begins to wonder why he doesn't get on; if he is an inferior man he never finds out, for the inferior man goes through life fighting his employer all the time. Whatever the employer wants such an employe feels bound to look at with more or less antagonism. In other words, the ordinary employe—the one who drudges at the foot of the ladder all his life—is the one who sticks to his own point of view.

If you are eager to rise in the world, consider yourself in relation to your employer's business ideas and standpoint. Try to get at his aims and difficulties and consider your work in relation to those aims and difficulties, not yourself primarily. If you want to know whether you are making progress toward ultimate success, try to think out your employer's method of dealing with his problem and with his employes. Not till you have gained some insight into these things are you in a position to take the first step toward the realization of your ambition.

It ought not to take much argument to convince a man that if he believes himself capable of realizing his ambitions, then the methods, the routine, the business ideas that are best for his employer are best for his study. Avail yourself of your opportunity to study your employer's methods; if he is a successful man what you learn is of greater value than any service you can render him, and you are paid for that; he gets no pay for what he gives you full opportunity to learn. You who have fixed your attention on your own, the employer's point of view, turn square around, take your employer's viewpoint of your work, if you are ambitious to rise in the world.

A DOG WHICH SAVES LIVES.
"Rags" is a four-year-old dog, unkempt and ill-looking, but a heroic heart beats in his shaggy breast. Rags has saved more than forty lives.

His field of service is the Klondike, where he and his master have wintered for several years. The Philadelphia North American tells of two of the dog's exploits.

In the winter of 1901 a number of men belonging to a Pittsburgh mining company were prospecting in Alaska. They lived in a little wooden hut, from which they went out in pairs to explore. They were away beyond any sign of civilization, and the weather was so severe that they endured a good deal of suffering.

One day two of the men out on an expedition were caught in a sudden and terrific storm. They started back for camp, but the trail was rapidly covered by the drifting snow. On and on the men plodded, each falling now and again, only to be rouset from the death-dealing sleep and hauled on by his companion. At last both sank, and the snow drifted over them.

The men in the camp, alarmed by the non-appearance of their comrades, started out to rescue them. Rags went along. He straight as an arrow he followed the trail and before long a sharp yell told the party that the friends had been found. The two men were completely buried in the snow, and help had not come one moment too soon. This was Rags' first exploit.

At another time he went out as the leader of sixteen dogs which were dragging a rescue team to relieve a party of snow-bound miners. As the team was plodding steadily along Rags suddenly gave a cry, broke from the traces and bounded away. Thinking he might have found a trail, the party followed, and by the time they had reached him Rags had dug away enough snow to allow an entombed miner to crawl out.

Rags has saved forty-six lives and made several record-breaking rescue trips. His badge of honor is a gold collar on which is inscribed a list of his deeds.

DISPLACING STEAM POWER.

Oil and Gas Engines Superseding Them on Land and Sea.

I have been led lately to think of the whole development of the steam engine, to the exclusion of the gas engine, has been a mistake and that we are now at the beginning of a new era in the use of power. Engineers could to-day gain better and more economical results by abandoning steam and using internal combustion engines, even in large establishments. The gain in economy in fuel will advance with the size of the establishment. With the internal combustion engine a brake horse power can be produced on a pound of coal. This could not be done with steam under any conditions.

So great a revolution has come about in methods of producing power that a 10,000-ton engine of twenty-one knots an hour could to-day proceed round the world at fourteen knots without taking on fuel and without sacrificing any of her war efficiency.

Oil engines, using crude petroleum, will be developed as soon as the demand is felt for them, but even here the fuel can be made into gas and burned thus with far greater economy.

found there, so that it is by no means a new phenomenon; but in the twentieth century, with the development of the island empire in the East, the old fear of the yellow race again took possession of the Europeans. Yet it is historically true that the Mongols marched against China, Japan and India. Expeditions against Japan were several times repelled; the last, in 1281, on an immense scale, met with huge disaster. China was often attacked by these marauders. And it appears from historical study that these barbarians have been holding their stronghold in Russia for the last hundreds of years. The real cause of the yellow peril does not lie with Japan or China, but with the gigantic neighbor of the north.

It is said by some that Japan is a heathen nation; she is not to be relied upon. Nothing could be more mistaken than this notion. The old characteristic civilization of Japan has assimilated Christianity, giving birth to something better. Japan's progress for the last thirty years does not necessarily depend upon Christianity, but upon the peculiar attractiveness of the Japanese character.

While Japan was practically a sealed country for over two thousand five hundred years, the world outside was making rapid progress. England, France and America underwent respective reformations. With the arrival of Commodore Perry Japan awoke from her long slumber and did everything she could to introduce Western civilization.

THEY WILL BE HELPED.

By John A. Howland.

When the inexperienced youth enters the business field the first thing he runs up against is the other man's point of view. He starts out full of himself and of what he can do, and of how excellently well he can do it. After a time he begins to wonder why he doesn't get on; if he is an inferior man he never finds out, for the inferior man goes through life fighting his employer all the time. Whatever the employer wants such an employe feels bound to look at with more or less antagonism. In other words, the ordinary employe—the one who drudges at the foot of the ladder all his life—is the one who sticks to his own point of view.

If you are eager to rise in the world, consider yourself in relation to your employer's business ideas and standpoint. Try to get at his aims and difficulties and consider your work in relation to those aims and difficulties, not yourself primarily. If you want to know whether you are making progress toward ultimate success, try to think out your employer's method of dealing with his problem and with his employes. Not till you have gained some insight into these things are you in a position to take the first step toward the realization of your ambition.

It ought not to take much argument to convince a man that if he believes himself capable of realizing his ambitions, then the methods, the routine, the business ideas that are best for his employer are best for his study. Avail yourself of your opportunity to study your employer's methods; if he is a successful man what you learn is of greater value than any service you can render him, and you are paid for that; he gets no pay for what he gives you full opportunity to learn. You who have fixed your attention on your own, the employer's point of view, turn square around, take your employer's viewpoint of your work, if you are ambitious to rise in the world.

ILL-FATED STEAMER GENERAL SLOCUM,
WHICH BURNED IN EAST RIVER, NEW YORK

The steamer General Slocum, which was burned in the East River, New York, causing a frightful loss of life, was the largest and probably the best known excursion boat running out of New York. When not engaged specially for some huge private or semi-private excursion party, the General Slocum ran between Manhattan and Rockaway Beach. The boat had a capacity of about 2,000 passengers and was almost invariably chartered whenever any large party of visitors was to be shown the sights of New York by water. For this reason the General Slocum is familiar to many persons in all parts of the country, as delegates to many conventions held in New York in the summer time have sailed on the steamer to many shore resorts near the city. The General Slocum was built at Brooklyn in 1891, and was of 1,284 tons burden. It was 250 feet in length, with a breadth of hull of 27 feet 6 inches. It had two boilers and four furnaces. The boat was built especially for the excursion trade.

It was possible when the oil itself is burned under boilers or gasoline can be used. In an ordinary 3,200-horse power torpedo boat forty-three tons of coal would be used in ten hours. With gasoline the radius of activity of the same torpedo boat can be more than quadrupled, for 3,200 gallons of fuel. Briefly, 16,000 gallons of gasoline will do the work of 96,000 pounds of coal. The cost of the fuel is higher, but with a gasoline plant in a torpedo boat only two men are required in the engine room and none at all in the fire room. The dangers of steam at high pressure are avoided and the complexity of steam machinery done away with.

Owing to the certain saving to be secured in coal consumption and to the simplicity and reliability of the gas engine plant, we shall witness a gradual forcing out of the steam plants in future power plants for lighting, pumping or factory use, and it will be a question of but a short time before many of the existing steam plants will be replaced.—Lewis Nixon, in World's Work.

Vertical Grain Flooring.
"Vertical grain yellow pine flooring," read the sign on the fence of the lumber yard; and "Vertical grain flooring," said a man in the office, "why, that's nothing new."

"But you never heard of it before? Well, vertical grain flooring is saved from logs that have first been quartered; as quarters oak is sawed, flooring sawed in the ordinary way, with its grain lying flat, is more or less liable to splinter; vertical grain flooring, saved from quartered timber, has its grain on edge, the rings that mark the timber's growth showing in parallel lines, for which reason vertical grain flooring has sometimes been called comb grain flooring.

"Vertical grain flooring does not splinter, but will wear smooth down to the beams on which it is laid; and it makes a very durable and handsome flooring besides.

Vertical grain yellow pine flooring is laid in places where the floors are subjected to great wear and where freedom from splinters is especially desirable. It has been used for school-room flooring and it is used in stores and office buildings, and in fine kitchens. It costs more, of course, than ordinary flooring. With the regular flooring at \$27 to \$30 a thousand vertical grain flooring would cost \$52.50 to \$45.00 a thousand.

"Maple flooring, costing \$40 to \$45 a thousand, is now also used to fill the same requirements for a good floor, but there are people who still prefer the vertical grain yellow pine."—New York Times.

The Big Bell of Burma.
One of the sights of the Shwe Dagon pagoda in Burma is a gigantic bell of bronze, weighing 42 1/2 tons and said to be the third largest bell in the world, the largest being in Moscow and the next largest in Mingin, also in Burma. After conquering Burma the British undertook to carry the great Hangun bell to Calcutta as a trophy, but dropped it overboard in the Rangun River, where it defied all the efforts of the engineers to raise it. Some years later the Burmese, who had not ceased to mourn its loss, begged to be allowed to recover it. Their petition was granted, and by attaching to it an incredible number of bamboo floats the unwieldy mass of metal was finally lifted from its muddy bed and triumphantly restored to its place.