

BIG WAR ON OPIUM

Prohibitive Law May Result From Hague Conference

United States Takes Initiative in Fight Against Drug Used by 150,000—The President's Floating Home.

Washington—An international agreement for the suppression of the opium traffic may result from a conference of the interested powers at The Hague. The United States is taking the initiative in the fight and the call for the conference was made through diplomatic notes from Secretary of State Knox. The desire of this government is to see embodied in the international law some form of statute grow out of the belief that only through the co-operation of opium producing and exporting countries with our customs officials can the prohibitory statute of 1908 against the importation of fumble opium into the United States be made effective. Despite the unceasing efforts of customs officials it is known 68,000 pounds of the drug were smuggled last year for the use of 150,000 people. Thirteen and possibly fourteen countries will be represented. They are the United States, Great Britain, Austria-Hungary, France, China, Germany, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Portugal, Persia, Russia and Siam. Turkey may be also represented.

The American delegation at The Hague will seek an international law requiring each country to prevent the shipment from her ports of smoking opium intended for countries where that form of a drug is prohibited.

United States Has Troubles. This government first came into direct contact with the seriousness of the problem when it started out to put the Philippines in order. Investigation showed that aside from the question there, the continental United States also presented a serious problem. In 1880 this government had



Secretary of State Knox.

made a move against the drug through a treaty with China which prohibits the importation of smoking opium for the use of Chinese residents in this country. Many Americans were then engaged in the traffic and, as there was little trouble in secretly distributing the drug after it had been brought to the United States, the traffic continued regardless of the treaty and the drug acquired victims, white and yellow, accordingly. Last year when the statute prohibiting the importation of opium for anything but medicinal purposes was passed, there were about 200,000 users of the drug among Americans. A recent estimate places the present number at 150,000. Great Britain and Portugal are assumed to be the strongest opponents of this measure.

The attitude of Great Britain will be watched with interest by the delegates from other nations. Although in the last few years she has shown an inclination to join in the movement for the suppression of the misuse of the drug, Great Britain in the past has been open to severe criticism because of her Indo-Chinese opium traffic. It has been the popular impression, and with some foundation, that the British government forced opium on the Chinese by the so-called "opium war." It may be said in extenuation that for every pound of the drug India sent to China the Chinese produced and consumed at least 20 times that amount within their own borders—a fact not generally known.

One effect of the International Opium commission's conference was a pact between the British and Chinese governments, by which the former agreed to reduce her production and exportation of opium to China at the rate of one-tenth a year, beginning January, 1908. Great Britain has kept her part of the contract, and China has more than kept up her end. It is claimed on behalf of China that she has up to the present time reduced her annual production and consumption of opium to 380,000 pounds—666,666 pounds—about half the former amount. It is now China's desire for a new agreement with Great Britain, by which the ten-year period may be shortened to seven or even five years.

PRESIDENT'S FLOATING HOME.

When the president's flag, with its national coat of arms emblazoned on a blue background, is raised over the United States ship Mayflower she becomes "the President's yacht." At other times she is a cruiser on the regular list of the navy. The "other times" are few, especially in the summer, since the President of the United States, being a normal human being, cannot help having a liking for the beautiful ship and a desire to spend much of his time on board of her. The navy list says that the Mayflower is detailed for "special service," which means that she is assigned to the personal use of the commander-in-chief of the navy and his family.

The proximity of President Taft's summer home at Beverly, Mass., to the beautiful north shore of Mass-

achusetts brings naturally thoughts of cruising, and he has made considerable use of the Mayflower during his vacation. He is a good sailor, thanks to his numerous voyages on blue water, and he is believed to be quite at home on the Mayflower as was Mr. Roosevelt. The latter frequently expressed his delight on boarding the yacht, and he selected her as the flagship when he bade adieu to the battleship fleet before its departure on the memorable around-the-world voyage. When the big ship returned triumphantly to Hampton Roads it was from the bridge of the Mayflower that President Roosevelt welcomed them home to Yankee-land.

In size and in furnishings the Mayflower compares favorably with the royal yachts of Europe. Her birth was in Scotland, where she was built in 1894 for the late Osgood Goelet, the New York millionaire, who did not live long to enjoy possession of the beautiful craft. The original cost of the Mayflower was \$500,000. After Mr. Goelet's death the yacht was offered for sale by his widow. It was reported at one time that the late King of the Belgians had acquired her, but the report was unfounded. The vessel was bought for \$450,000 by the United States government shortly before the Spanish-American war and was converted into a gunboat, or small cruiser. The price paid by the government was considered a low one.

The Mayflower is 270 feet long and is of 2,690 tons burden. Her engines produce 4,700 horsepower, and she is propelled by twin screws. She carries a complement of about 170 officers and men. The Mayflower carries a few light guns, principally for use in firing salutes. Otherwise there is nothing in her external or internal appearance to distinguish her from private yachts of her size. Like all the other vessels of the navy, she is kept in exquisitely neat condition, her smartness being accentuated by her coat of dazzling white paint. The fine lines of the Mayflower, which were built for cruising at medium speed as well as for comfort, have attracted the admiring notice of many marine observers. The interior of the Mayflower does not resemble that of a warship, thus belying in a way her place on the active list of the navy's ships. She is decorated beautifully, principally in white, gold, silver, and every provision is made for the comfort of the President and his guests. Thousands of dollars are spent annually in the upkeep of the vessel.

The Mayflower has been assigned to the use of the President since 1902. Between the close of the Spanish-American war and her assumption of her new duties she served as a gunboat. The question of her disposition arose when it was considered by the authorities that she had outlived her period of naval usefulness. The decision to reconvert her into a yacht and detail her to do duty as a Presidential vessel in place of the old Dolphin brought forth almost universally favorable comment, as it was felt that the President should have a yacht worthy of comparison with those of the heads of other great nations.

The bluejackets of the Presidential vessel are all picked men. Assignment to the Mayflower is held to be an honor by officers and men, but they do not consider their berths easy. They are intrusted frequently with the safety of the nation's chief executive, his family and his guests, generally men of distinction, both Americans and foreigners, and they are required to keep constant minute watch on the condition of their vessel. Strict naval discipline is maintained, and the men are drilled regularly in the use of the guns. The vessel's fires are never banked more than lightly, since the Mayflower must be kept in condition to respond if necessary to the orders of the President for immediate use.

GOVERNMENT OWNS RECLAIMED ACRES.

In execution of the project for improving the channel of the Potomac river along the water front of Alexandria, the United States will obtain about 44 acres of land in Battery cove, just above Jones point. The question of title to this land has been in dispute for several months, and it required an opinion of the Attorney General to settle it.

The river and harbor act of the recent Congress contained an appropriation of \$60,000 for the improvement of the Potomac opposite Alexandria. The approved project contemplates dredging the river channel 24 feet deep along the water front of Alexandria and depositing the dredged material in Battery cove. That cove is within the limits of the District of Columbia, and the jurisdiction and ownership of the United States extend to high-water mark on the Virginia shore.

To use the cove in the way proposed, the construction of bulkheads and retaining walls was necessary. Interested parties owning adjoining land offered to make these constructions at their own expense, provided the government would not dispute their title to the land thus reclaimed. The engineers regarded that arrangement as economical and advantageous to the United States. Before entering into any formal agreement, however, it was decided to ask the Attorney General for an opinion as to the ownership of the artificial accretions when made as proposed. In his opinion the Attorney General reviews the law in the matter and holds that the submerged area will remain the property of the United States up to the present high-water mark on the Virginia shore. Capt. W. T. Hannum, the engineer in charge of the project of improvement, has made an estimate that the reclaimed land will be worth from \$20,000 to \$60,000.

Two Seaside Views. The beautiful beach was covered with shells this morning. The practical one—Yes it's a shame to allow 'em to eat peanuts down there.

A Pleasant Relief.

"What are the wild waves saying?" demanded the girl playfully. "I don't know," said the man who had wandered away from the hotel, "but I don't believe it is scandal of any sort."

Judge Griscomb's Son-in-Law

By BRYANT G. ROGERS

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

That Judge Griscomb was wealthy and did not care for society everybody knew; that his daughter Mabel was handsome and accomplished and a social favorite was also a fixed fact. It was observed, over and over again, that she was not a bit like her father. He regarded the society dawdler as a cumber on the earth; she had a dozen of them fluttering around her.

"Mabel," he would say as they sat down in the library in the evening, now and then, for a companionable little talk, "what do you find in society?"

"The getting home as soon after midnight as I can," she laughingly replied.

"You have many young men calling here?"

"Ten or a dozen."

"And the society papers are hinting about this and that admirer?"

"In every number."

"You are twenty years old. You are handsome and educated; and they know my bank account to a dollar. I sometimes encounter one of your admirers and callers."

"Poor old daddy! But what must be your feelings when you do?"

"Marriage will come, Mabel, and the son-in-law will come. I've wondered what he would be like. I've wondered if a girl who took after her hard-headed old father could find a man among these pink-tea dawdlers."

"It's the foolish women that make the silly men. If they looked for men instead of butterflies then men could

be found. The women of society do not ask if a man has done great things in finance, science, art, invention or what not. The question is: Can he talk to entertain and amuse?"

"And what are you going to do?" asked the father in a dubious tone.

"Now, daddy, don't you worry one little bit. You shall see the man and have a chance to judge him before he becomes your son-in-law."

It was said of Phillip Barton that he was a society butterfly. He was born with a gold spoon in his mouth. He had time to kill. He had never made a dollar for himself, but when he picked up a fallen fan and presented it to a lady a score of persons held their breath at the grace of it. He was just a rich young man—just a dawdler—just a butterfly! He was one of those who danced and dangled about the Miss Griscomb. He was one of the dozen who called.

"Way back, among Mr. Barton's ancestors, there had been a hard-headed man—a shoemaker, blacksmith, banker or what. From him there had drifted down something worth preserving. Society had insisted on the young man being a dawdler and a butterfly. It had never taken him seriously. He admitted Miss Griscomb in a society way. For social reasons he felt it a sort of a duty to fall in love with her and ask for her hand."

When he was ready to put his ideas into words he got a surprise. She was in society, but not of it. It came to him as he looked into her eyes that she would never give her heart to a man like him. If anyone of his friends had said to another that he took this matter seriously to heart, there would have been smiles and laughter.

From that far-back ancestor came the leaves, and Mr. Phillip Barton saw things and thought of things and did things. It was said that he had gone to Europe.

One spring day a farmer up in Connecticut was leaning over his gate and looking up and down the road. It was corn-planting time, and he was without help. A far off he saw a man coming with a sack in hand.

"Walks purty smart for a tramp," mused the farmer, "but mebbe he's new to the road. I'll either set him to work or scare him to death. Got to get that sweet corn in or the hotel won't have any for August. Hello, you—want a job at good pay?"

"I'm ready for work if you'll show me how," was the reply.

"Hain't used to it, eh? You don't look up to much, but most anybody can plant corn. Five kernels to a hill, and cover 'em up well. Hope you ain't a gambler or anything of that kind, and that the police won't be after you."

He was assured on that point, and within an hour the stranger was working in the cornfield beside the farmer. He chopped his feet with the

A SOLITARY PICNIC

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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The wide piazza of the farmhouse was deserted save for Helen Rogers swaying gently in the hammock near the door. The entire household had gone to a clam bake three miles distant; but Mrs. Blake, the farmer's wife; her maid servant, and all the summer boarders had rumbled away in two large hay wagons at 11 o'clock.

Helen had stoutly refused sacrifice on the part of her mother and sister. If her sprained ankle forbade her to take the jolting ride to the clam bake she could enjoy herself quite as well in the hammock with her books and needle work. She was not afraid. Ponto, the big collie, was her slave and the day would soon pass.

When the last wagon had rumbled away and she had cheerfully picked her handkerchief as long as the picnicers remained in sight, Helen picked up her book. But her eyes strayed from the open page to the cool shadows on the grass under the drooping elms; to the distant sunlit fields where the men were garnering a bearded crop, and with a little sigh of contentment lingered on the preparation that had been made for her comfort.

A small table at her elbow held water pitcher and glass and a bottle of lime juice. Ned Freer had dropped a tempting box of chocolates within her reach, some one else had brought magazines, her mother had laid a gray shawl across her pretty little feet, its slender ankle now swollen beyond belief. Farmer Blake had propped his cane against the door jam and Mrs. Blake had packed a little basket of lunch in order that the invalid might enjoy the favor of picnicking if nothing more.

An hour passed. The night before had been a painful one with many wakeful hours. Helen's book dropped from her fingers, her lips closed in

her white gown, there was no color about her—just a tinge of rose in the delicate lips and the blue-black luster of her hair.

The tall clock in the dining room chimed noon and the long hands swung round to the half hour. Bees tumbled in and out of the hollyhocks, a humming bird poised trembling above the honeysuckles. These were all the sounds save a cautious step on the grass.

Ponto lifted his nose and sniffed as a young man approached the house, scanning the many windows with a swift, searching glance. He murmured some words to the aroused dog and Ponto's head went down on its towsy paw.

The man paused on the top step and stared at Helen Rogers, asleep in the hammock. With a sharply indrawn breath the stranger turned his eyes away from the sleeping girl and laid his hand on the knob of the screen door.

Ponto growled, the clock struck the half hour, and as if watching for these signals, Helen's dark eyes opened suddenly on the vision of a dusty, travel-stained youth about to enter the empty farmhouse.

She sat upright with a stifled cry, and he withdrew his hand from the knob. He faced her.

"What do you want?" she demanded.

"I—er—really, must I explain my errand?"

"Of course." Helen's voice was crisp and did not harmonize with her soft eyes and winsome face. "Of course you must explain whom you wish to see. You have no right to enter the house."

"Her Eyes Strayed From the Open Page."

Every three or four days during the month he appeared. He brought green corn, new potatoes, squashes, onions, radishes and other good things to eat. Always there was a nod, but no word between the two.

The judge and his daughter returned to the city at the end of the month, and society came to life. It asked after Phillip Barton, but no one replied. September and October came and went, and one evening the father and daughter sat down for one of their talks.

"Father," said Mabel, after a bit. "Phillip Barton is to call here tomorrow afternoon. He is finished with his farm work for the season. He has so longer the wings of a society butterfly but the sunburn and callousness of the man who has earned his living. What shall I answer him?"

"I guess he's the son-in-law I've had in mind," was the reply as he bent over to kiss her.

The Hindustani Language.

Hindustani, which is understood and spoken nearly all over India, except in Madras, where the servants speak English, is the best example known of artificial—or pidgin—speech. It is really Urdu, shorn of all grammatical complications. All verbs are regular, and practically all inflections of noun and pronoun, though in real (or "pukka") Urdu, the irregularities always found in ancient languages exist abundantly. Thus the white "sahib" has only to acquire a sufficient vocabulary and learn one conjugation for all verbs and one declension for all pronouns, and he is equipped. Working facility in speech can be gained in a week or two, and the leading Anglo-Indian newspaper publishes a little pocket book called "How to Speak Hindustani in a Month." Whatever faults may be found with Hindustani, it is greatly to be preferred before the jargon called petit negre, which the French have taught the natives to use in Cochin-China.

Froze the Quicksand.

An interesting application of the freezing system in shaft sinking was recently exhibited at a colliery in England. When the shaft had been sunk a short distance it was found that a layer of quicksand 80 feet in depth had to be penetrated. To prevent the wet sand from flowing into the shaft it was frozen solid. A circular row of holes, forming a ring over 20 feet in diameter, was made round the shaft, and by means of metal pipes a freezing mixture of brine, or chloride of sodium, was caused to circulate in them. This had the effect of freezing the sand in a circular wall round the shaft as hard as rock. On the removal of the soft sand in the center the frozen wall remained intact, protecting the workmen from the quicksand behind it.—Harper's Weekly.

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Tourist—I must confess that I can't see why so many people want to come here—no scenery, no amusements, no good things to eat, absolutely no attractions by treating them with respect. Such persons might learn a lesson from the Japanese. "Not only are children gentle and courteous to their elders in Japan," says a recent writer on the Lotus Land, "but their elders are also gentle and courteous to them. Courtesy is mutual. The old folk never forget that they themselves were at one time young, and the young seem to divine instinctively what is due to age."

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Mary's Revenge. Mary was a little girl who did not like to wait, but one day her mother, having several guests, Mary was made to wait anyway, so just about the time dinner was under good headway, she poked her little curly head in at the dining-room door and said: "I don't care if I do have to wait; that was an old sick turkey, anyhow."—Norman E. Mack's National Month-ly.

Complainers. What is odious but noise, and people who cream and bewail! People whose vane points always east, who live to dine, who send for the doctor, who coddle themselves, who toast their feet on the register, who intrigue to secure a padded chair and a corner out of the draught. Suffer them once to begin the enumeration of their infirmities, and the sun will go down on the unfinished tale.—Emerson.

Humor in Signs. A New York shop exhibits a card warning everybody against unscrupulous persons "who infringe our title to deceive the public." The shopman does not quite say what he means, any more than the proprietor of an eating house, on the door of which may be read the following announcement, conveying fearful intelligence to the gallant tars who frequent port: "Sailors' vitals cooked here."

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You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE. Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures itching, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All drug stores sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Peculiar Excuse. A teacher in a girls' school recently had the following excuse for absence handed her by one of her pupils: "It gives me much pleasure to write to you because I have a worryment, and you should please excuse my Annie, who does not come by you because she has to go to the hospital with her sister's sore eyes."

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