

HENDRICK'S PLACE

He Held It Only Long Enough to Make Sure of a Better.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Evelyn Post acknowledged the respectful greeting of the tall, straight young man in the doorway. Hendrick did not look the part of chauffeur—not exactly; he was altogether too handsome, too self-possessed, with an air of authority that did not rest well on a servant. But his skill in driving compensated for these other faults. He had remained in the employ of Evelyn's mother for three months and all during that time he had kept his "place."

But Evelyn did not like him—she was positive of that; because he looked disconcertingly like men of her own class. It was puzzling and not at all desirable in a menial. There even were times when she found herself addressing him on terms of equality. Of course, she always followed such a lapse by unusual haughtiness. Altogether the advice of Hendrick was rather disquieting to his young mistress.

Now he stood, quietly attentive, waiting for his morning orders.

"Get the morning mail, Hendrick," said Mrs. Post; "return and drive Miss Post over to Mill Hill."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Post, but the river is rising and the Mill Hill bridge is unsafe," said Hendrick.

"Then go around the other way—the long road," returned Mrs. Post. Hendrick bowed and disappeared.

At eleven o'clock Hendrick returned with the car and announced that the long bridge was down in the flood and that the upper bridge could not long hold up against the waters pouring from the swollen creeks which were tributary to the river.

Evelyn paused with one foot on the step of the car.

"I'm sure it cannot be so bad," she said carelessly. "You will drive over, Hendrick; Mrs. Beatty's place."

Hendrick hesitated, almost as if he were going to demur; then he shrugged his shapely shoulders, climbed to his seat and started the car.

Evelyn found herself studying her chauffeur's stern, clear-cut profile. How becoming was the neat tan livery—Hendrick was so dark—she bit her lip and stamped her foot on the rug.

She would tell her mother to discharge Hendrick in the morning. He was presumptuous!

"Presumptuous? In what way?" asked her conscience.

Evelyn Post knew that the chauffeur's presumption lay in the fact that he stimulated her interest—nothing beyond that!

At the foot of the slope that led to the bridge, Hendrick stopped the car and turned to Evelyn.

"Do you still wish to cross the river, Miss Post?" he asked.

Evelyn glanced indifferently at the bridge in the distance. "Certainly—drive on Hendrick."

"The bridge isn't safe, Miss Post," objected Hendrick, with a note of sternness in his voice.

"So you said before," returned Evelyn coldly. "Please drive on. I promised Mrs. Beatty I would be there at twelve o'clock, and it is now half past the hour."

The car glided down the hill until the front tires touched the timbers of the bridge. Evelyn glanced at the river boiling between its narrow banks. She could see that it was rising rapidly, and the wooden planks of the bridge were wet where the waters had splashed up between them. The frail structure trembled at the first impact of the heavy car.

Hendrick got down and came to the tonneau, one gauntleted hand resting on the door.

"It is unsafe to take the car across the bridge, Miss Post," said the chauffeur patiently; "it is more than unsafe—it is foolhardy. If you will walk across, I will try and take the car over and then pick you up on the other side." He opened the door.

"If you are afraid, Hendrick, I will drive the car myself," said Evelyn, with wonderful self-control. Hendrick would be discharged the instant they reached home—she would see about that.

"If you are afraid, Hendrick—" Evelyn was repeating when the chauffeur leaned forward, deftly snatched her from the seat and ran across the bridge, holding her in his strong arms as if she had been a baby. She could feel his heart pounding beneath her hand. She hated him!

The bridge swayed a little under their united weight. They reached the other side and Hendrick dropped his burden and ran back to the car. He leaped to his seat and started the machine across the bridge.

Evelyn, hating him with all her heart, saw the bridge quiver under the weight of the big car. She longed to cry out and send him back, but pride stilled the words on her lips. The structure sagged when the car reached the middle. There was a rending crash of timbers, and then a horrible thud from the river beneath. She saw the water boiling up through the jagged remains of the old bridge. The car and its driver had disappeared.

"If mad with terror and remorse, the girl ran to the edge of the bank and looked for Hendrick. The car was visible, half balanced on the big stones beneath the bridge. But the broken timbers of the bridge were heaped over it so that she could see

no sign of the plucky chauffeur who had dared death to carry out her foolish orders.

She tossed aside her veil and hat and, crawling out on the jutting end of a girder, she looked down at the fallen motor car.

"Hendrick!" she called, and her voice broke into sobs.

She fancied that some of the planks around the car moved; then a gloved hand was visible, then a shoulder, and at last Hendrick's pale face looking up at her from the heaped debris.

"Go back!" he ordered hoarsely.

For answer Evelyn leaned over the abyss of boiling foam and stretched out a hand. "Let me help you—what can I do?" she called.

"Go back!" he repeated. "I am all right."

"You can do nothing alone," she protested. "Keep perfectly quiet and I will go for help—please, please keep still and let me do something for you."

"Very well," he agreed shortly. "Only make haste and get off that broken girder—go back cautiously, fix your eyes on shore and don't lose your nerve."

With encouraging words he cheered her way back along the dangerous stringpiece—a way which she had bravely trod a short while before in the great fear that he was forever lost.

Gaining the river bank, she tossed her long cloak aside, sped up the road to the top of Mill Hill, and stumbled through the gate just as Mrs. Beatty came down the drive in her smart runabout.

There were hurried exclamations and questions, which Evelyn answered with what calmness she could muster. Then Alice Beatty issued a few orders and in ten minutes several men were racing down the long hill to the broken bridge. Mrs. Beatty and Evelyn followed in the runabout.

When they reached the bridge it was to find the flood tearing at the splintered boards which had imprisoned Hendrick in the fallen motor car. The Beatty servants were quick-witted and trained to meet emergencies. Two of them tossed down a noosed rope to the chauffeur, who slipped it under his arms. Then, by main force they pulled.

When Hendrick reached the river bank he promptly lost consciousness. Bigley, the gardener, made a hasty examination and spoke to his mistress.

"He's hurt his head, I think, ma'am. We better be taking him up to the house in the car."

Evelyn turned her head that she might not see Hendrick's still, white face, stern even in its unconsciousness. Mrs. Beatty leaned forward eagerly, pressed back the heavy locks of brown hair and screamed:

"Why it's Teddy! Evelyn, I thought you said it was your new chauffeur!"

"Why it is—Hendrick—he has only been with us a few months. If it isn't Hendrick—who is it, Alice?"

"My cousin, Teddy Hendrickson," sobbed Mrs. Beatty, holding Hendrick's strong hand in both of hers. "He speculated and lost every penny he had. Father offered to help him get back on his feet again, but he refused—said he'd find some way out all by himself—he's the pluckiest boy alive! Then Teddy disappeared and father has been looking for him high and low ever since."

Evelyn was crying bitterly as they walked back up the hill.

It was several hours afterward, when the late chauffeur was lying with bandaged head in the best bedroom of the Beatty home, that Evelyn was admitted to see him. Mrs. Beatty had personally borne her cousin's request to see Miss Post.

The room was bathed in the late afternoon sunlight. Teddy Hendrickson was lying with his dark eyes fixed on the door. A glad look came into his face when Evelyn entered.

For a long while they looked at each other. Then the girl's glance wavered and fell beneath his ardent glance.

"I'm sorry—I cannot tell you how sorry I am to have been the cause of your injuries. It was all my silly willfulness, and I hope you will forgive me."

"Forgive—you?" he breathed quickly. "You must have known it was a privilege to serve you."

"And I am sorry—sorry that I said—that I said you did not know your place—I didn't understand that it was your better judgment and your courage in rising above your situation that prompted your defiance of my orders."

She held out her hand timidly and Hendrickson covered it in a warm clasp. His dark eyes looked into her blue ones with a strange significance.

"I know the place I want to fill, Miss Post," he said quietly, "and some day I will gain it."

Italy and Civilization.

The history of Italy is, with the exception of Greece, the most illustrious in the world. In art, especially painting and sculpture, Italy stands pre-eminent. In literature her place is, to say the least, in the front rank. In science, she has borne a conspicuous position, and in music her place is easily second, if not first. In fine, Italy's story is more brilliant than that of any other country except Greece, and to Greece she is a very close second.

A Triumph Lacking.

The teacher had told the story of David and Goliath.

"There wasn't any baseball in those days," said the thoughtful boy.

"No."

"It's a pity—David ought to have made a great pitcher."

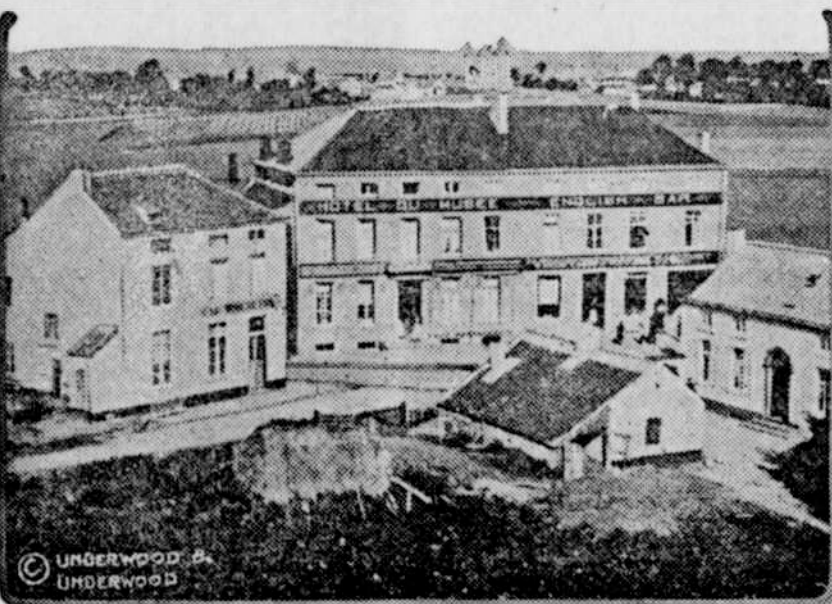


JUST thirteen miles from Brussels the little local train that ambled to Charleroi by way of Luttre used to stop at a wayside station that hundreds of thousands of British tourists know so well—Braine-l'Alleud. What has been happening there in the past months the "fog of war" has effectively obscured; but in those days before the war, Braine-l'Alleud was the starting-point of a pilgrimage few visitors to Brussels ever missed. It was the station nearest to the Field of Waterloo, says William Bateman in the London Magazine.

From Braine-l'Alleud the pilgrim would wander by one way or another to the shrine of his pilgrimage, "Le Lion de Waterloo," the great Belgian Lion cast in metal taken from the guns captured in the great battle, standing at the apex of a pyramid of earth some two hundred feet high that dominates the whole of the flat landscape for miles around. The Lion Mound stands as a monument to the memory of all the brave men who fell on that June day. Beneath the great bank of earth, as they tell you, rest the bones of thousands of soldiers of varied nationality. From the summit of the mound practically the whole area of Waterloo's battlefield may be seen.

Probably there is not in the world a more striking memorial than this hill of memory rising from the rolling plain that stretches all around. Yet, to create it, one of the most important features of the battlefield was destroyed. In the building of the Lion Mound the ridge of ground which formed part of the Mont St. Jean, so important a position in the battle, was removed, and the surrounding flat country made flatter still.

You ascend the mound by a seemingly endless series of steps until you



LOOKING OVER THE BATTLEFIELD.

reach the platform at the summit from which the pedestal of the Lion rises. That pedestal bears the simple inscription—"June 18, 1815." The Lion itself, so your guide would tell you, weighed twenty-eight tons.

Many Monuments There.

The Lion Mound occupies a site that was about the center of the British lines, a front not two miles long. Behind lies the village of Mont St. Jean, and further back the little town of Waterloo, with the forest of Soignes near at hand. Before it stretches the flat field of Waterloo, waving with corn in the summer, deep in mud in the winter, across which two cobbled main roads run away to the south in the direction of Quatre Bras, from which Wellington fell back only a few days before the great battle.

The whole battlefield can be covered on foot in a few hours. But for its history, it is a most unprepossessing spot. Ditches and muddy roads intersect the fields from which, even today, the plough will turn up rusty arms and bleached bones.

But the pilgrim can never forget that he is on unusual ground. The place bristles with monuments.

You descend from the Lion Mound. At its base stands a little group of houses, chief of which is the Museum Hotel, so named from the museum of Waterloo relics attached to it. A few hundred yards to the east and you find a simple pillar to the memory of Colonel Gordon. Almost opposite, across the main road, rises the Obelisk to the memory of the Hanoverian officers of the German Legion. A little farther on, by the side of the main road, stands the historic, red-roofed, white-walled farm of La Haie Sainte, the building which protected the Allies' center in the battle, and around which some of the most desperate fighting raged.

Belle-Alliance and Hougoumont.

About a mile down the road you come to another of those low, white, red-roofed houses. It is now a little wayside tavern, La Belle-Alliance. There is an inscription over the door that tells that Wellington and Blucher met there. But this is not correct. The historic meeting took place some two miles from here.

Belle-Alliance, however, has much claim to history. It was Napoleon's headquarters at the beginning of the

battle, and by its name the Germans still know the battle of Waterloo.

Close at hand is undoubtedly the most beautiful monument on the whole field—and one of the most recent. It shows a wounded Imperial Eagle dying in defense of a broken standard. It bears the simple legend "Aux Dorniers Combattants de la Grande Armee, 18 Juin 1815." To the last of those who fought in the Grande Armee of Napoleon, to the gallant veterans of those wonderful soldiers the Little Corporal led through Europe, Frenchmen erected this striking monument only a few years since.

From Belle-Alliance the pilgrim's road led generally to the right along the narrow lane that runs through the very center of the battlefield to perhaps the most historic of all its remains, the Chateau de Hougoumont. The story of this chateau is one that can never die.

Hougoumont was one of the advanced posts of the British lines and the key of the British position. If it had fallen, the history of Europe would have been differently written.

At the time of the battle, Hougoumont was an old, partly-ruined chateau, surrounded by numerous out-buildings. By the Great Duke's own orders the place was hurriedly turned into a fort. Here, throughout practically the whole day, the Coldstreamers, who fought the bulk of the defending force, held back the most violent attacks of the action.

With the circuit from the Mound to Belle-Alliance, and back to Hougoumont, the tourist generally contented himself; but in Waterloo itself, and in Mont St. Jean, there are scores of memorials of the famous day.

Waterloo was the Duke of Wellington's headquarters from June 17th to the 19th. The church contains a bust of him, by Geefs, and numerous memorial

GETTING ONE'S SECOND WIND

Explanation of Action Familiar to Every Athlete Is a Most Simple One.

The probable explanation of the "second wind" is as follows: In the deep breathing of an athletic person taking moderate exercise at sea level, lack of oxygen plays no part. The effect is wholly due to an increased production of carbonic acid stimulating the respiratory center, which responds proportionally. On very violent exertion at sea level, however, and on even moderate exertion at a great altitude, the oxygen supply to the tissues of the body is temporarily insufficient.

Substances other than carbonic acid, such as lactic acid, are produced, and, when these substances reach the respiratory centers by the way of the blood they excite it to such activity that one overbreathes. That is, the violent panting ventilates the carbonic acid out of the blood more rapidly than the body is producing it. The substances which thus overestimate the respiratory center, are not volatile and cannot be given off by way of the lungs, but they appear to be rather rapidly oxidized in the blood.

When the carbonic acid has been considerably diminished a part of the stimulus to the respiratory center is removed so that one can breathe more moderately—that is, one gets his "second wind." When the exertion stops, the production of the stimulating substances ceases, and the quantity of carbonic acid in the blood having been reduced below the amount necessary to stimulate the respiratory center, one falls into a period of apnoea followed by Cheyne-Stokes breathing, like an engine with a sensitive governor and no flywheel. Breathing oxygen under these conditions hastens the combustion of the acid substances which have accumulated in the blood. —Yale Review.

Brave Old Admiral Hawke.

The British cruiser Hawke, blown up in the North sea by a German submarine, was named after one of England's most daring admirals, Baron Edward Hawke. Not only was he a sturdy fighter, but without a superior as a seaman. His great achievement was the destruction of the French fleet of De Constance, near Quiberon, on November 21, 1759. Hawke sighted the enemy off the Morbihan. De Constance, after clearing the decks for action, decided to fight another day and to run for the Quiberon anchorage. As a storm was rising and the coast one of the most dangerous in the world, he assumed that the English admiral would not follow him, but Hawke pressed on sail and opened fire as darkness was falling. He had 21 ships to the enemy's 20. The engagement was won after dark. Hawke losing only two ships. The old admiral would turn in his grave if he knew that a vessel named after him was sunk on blockade, for it was a kind of duty in which he had no peer in his time, keeping the sea in winter gales and never losing a ship. —New York Sun.

Usual Causes of Indigestion.

Dr. Henry P. De Forest, medical examiner to the New York civil service commission, says that irregular and too short hours for meals are a common cause for indigestion; and he admits that the physicians themselves are about the worst violators of the law against irregular meal hours. He also says that too great a consumption of prepared foods does away with the use of the teeth and, therefore, the food passes to the stomach without proper mastication and that even the stomach itself does not have enough to do when insufficient solid food passes through it. Improper food, modes of dress, sedentary indoor life, too little water and too much iced water taken with meals, excess of stimulants and too much hot bread, are among other causes for chronic catarrh of the stomach and constipation mentioned by Dr. De Forest.

Sweden and Norway.

One hundred years ago, following the brief war between the two countries comprising the Scandinavian peninsula, the Norwegian parliament voted to accept the supremacy of Sweden, and elected the king of Sweden, and elected the king of Norway. The Scandinavian union, as finally agreed on, made the person of the king and his management of the foreign affairs of the country the only common bond. Each country retained its own constitution, parliament and cabinet. This agreement continued in force for nearly a hundred years, until 1905, when the desire of the Norwegian people for complete independence led to a peaceful dissolution of the union and the election of Prince Charles of Denmark to the Norwegian throne under the title of King Haakon VII.

Streets Can Be Paved With Glass.

A new use for the glass dust that collects in glass works has recently been discovered in Berlin. The dust is gathered up and placed in a furnace, where it is reduced to molten "lava." The lava is then molded into glass bricks which are as hard as granite and eminently adapted for paving.

The World Burden.

It has been estimated that the war will destroy one-fourth of the world's wealth. That loss will reach to the utmost confines of the earth, and all will feel its effect—farmer, merchant, and manufacturer alike.—Manufacturer's Record.

GETTING RID OF FLY

Only Sure Way Is to Keep Things Cleaned Up.

Prevent Pests Breeding, and There Will Be No Problem to Solve in Hot Weather—Manure Pile and Garbage Pail.

The only rational and sure way to get rid of the fly is to prevent breeding—clean up. Next to keeping the premises cleaned up, the most important thing is to keep the houses well screened. Those that do get into the home should be killed. It is especially important to kill those that appear early in the season. One fly killed now means millions less in August.

The house fly breeds, usually, in fresh manure. The more of this waste that is allowed near the house the more will the dwelling be infested with flies. Not only do flies breed in filth, but they have filthy habits. They are distributors of disease germs of all kinds, including tuberculosis germs. Extreme care should be taken, therefore, to destroy breeding places and to keep flies out of the house.

After you have excluded Mr. Fly from your house next turn your attention to your garbage pail. This is one of the great breeding places for germs of all sorts. Don't be content because the garbage man has emptied your pail. It must be cleaned. If in no other way, put a few newspapers in the bottom of it and burn them. Heat is a simple disinfectant. If possible pour a bit of creolin or an oil disinfectant on the papers and place the cover part way over the pail. This will rid your garbage pail of any germs. Remember that only by sanitation can fevers and various other diseases be prevented.

The department of agriculture has just promulgated the following method: Powdered borax is sprinkled over the manure at intervals of five days. The quantity used is .62 of a pound to eight bushels of manure. The University of Wisconsin recommends the use of arsenic.



A Fly With Germs on Its Legs (Magnified.)

Hutchinson of the department of agriculture says that when manure is so spread out that it rapidly dries out flies will not use it as a place in which to deposit eggs. The department recommends that manure be scattered on the fields and thus be rapidly dried out. This is even more effective than treating it in boxes with borax, iron sulphate or paris green.

To prevent flies from breeding in stable manure several procedures are advised. Some of these are:

Prompt removal. From fly to fly—through egg, larva and pupa, the stages when the insect must stay in one place—varies at different seasons of the year. In the hottest weather it is never less than ten days. Therefore, if the manure bins are emptied once a week the flies will not reach maturity in the vicinity where the eggs are laid.

Screening of manure bins. This is even a more difficult procedure than screening a house against flies. The female fly, ready to lay, will try harder to reach a good laying place than flies do to reach a good feeding place. Nevertheless it can be accomplished.

The larvae can be killed according to the method of Forbes. A barrel of a solution of sulphate of iron, two pounds to the gallon, is kept in the stable. Each day some of this solution is sprinkled in the manure box and on the floor where the droppings fall. The cost is about a cent a horse a day. The manure is not harmed. The stable is deodorized.

Number Tags on Fishes.

An idea of what is being learned by scientific study of fish life in the waters off the coast of Norway was given by Dr. John Hjort in a recent lecture. Fishes bearing numbered tags have been systematically released during a number of years, and the records of the time and place of release and subsequent capture, with other facts, have been carefully kept. In this way much has been learned of migration and of growth and age as indicated by annual rings on the scales. It has been shown that growth is more rapid in favorable years than in others. The basis of an estimate of the catch of any season to the number of fish available has been obtained, this ratio for the common food fishes being about one to ten.

Inventor Ahead of His Time.

Fifty or more years ago a Birmingham, (Eng.) inventor manufactured an airship very much on the lines of the modern Zeppelin, which it was suggested could be used for bomb-dropping in the event of invasion. The idea was laughed at by the scientists of the day as being impossible, and certainly unworthy the attention of any civilized nation. So the man's invention was literally killed by ridicule, and the machine, in which several flights were made was eventually destroyed by fire as a means of effectually removing any further cause for sarcasm.