

# The Man and The Tiger

By George Munson

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When Loftis, seated at his desk in his office in the little Indian town where he was deputy magistrate, looked up to see his trusted orderly, Ram Singh, covering him with a revolver, his first idea was that the heat had affected his brain. His second, which was the correct one, was that the long-expected mutiny had broken out at last.

Ram Singh spoke with quiet deliberation. "Your time has come, Sahib. Will you pledge me your Sahib's word to come quietly outside, where the Rajah awaits you? Or must I shoot the Sahib?"

Loftis understood the alternative. It was sudden death without torture, or a slow death plus torture. Personally he preferred the former. But as the sole representative of British power within a radius of seventy miles, he conceived the idea that it was his duty to be game to the last, and, looking up, he saw that Ram Singh had formed the same opinion concerning his intentions.

Loftis walked quietly out of his office into the presence of the mutineers drawn up outside the office. Among them, reclining in his palanquin, was the Rajah.

Loftis had known the Rajah for three years. The Rajah was an up-to-date ruler, with a palace a mile away, brilliantly illuminated by electricity, and full of electrical devices, phonographs, moving picture apparatus, with a whole company of trained actors upon the spot, automatic birds and animals—just such a ruler as modern India turns out by the score. Loftis had been instrumental in arous-



Looks Very Much Like the Tiger.

ing the Rajah's anger six months previously. He had, in fact, rescued an unfortunate slave who was about to be thrown to the Rajah's pet tiger. The ruler had hated him cordially ever since, and Loftis suspected what fate was awaiting him.

He faced the king with steady eyes. The Rajah smiled. Loftis did not smile.

"This means rebellion?" he asked. The Rajah nodded. "O yes, yes, certainly," he answered. "Will you please come to my palace? It is necessary to take care of you in the present disturbed state of affairs, you know. You will be very—comfortable there."

Loftis, guarded by two soldiers of the native army, followed in the wake of the palanquin.

Arrived at the palace, he was escorted to a luxuriantly-furnished suite of rooms and left under close guard. He spent the remainder of the day there. He wondered what particular form of cruelty the Rajah was devising for him. From his impression of the Rajah's character he assumed that the pleasant preliminaries, the more distasteful the sequence would be.

On the following morning at daybreak he was aroused by two of the Rajah's men and escorted toward the throne room. Before reaching the entrance, however, his guard turned aside and led him down a flight of stone stairs that led into a dungeon.

As Loftis gazed about him in the profound darkness, he became aware that he was moving upward. The dungeon was, in fact, a large edition of an elevator. It stopped, and suddenly it was flooded with light.

He looked up, to find himself in the throne room. Before him, seated upon a dais, was the Rajah, wearing a benevolent smile, round the ruler were gathered his chiefs and statesmen, all intently watching the prisoner.

Loftis discovered that he was in a huge transparent cage, built presumably of glass, but thick enough to have the resisting power of steel. The cage was circular, and beyond it the faces of the spectators were perfectly visible.

The glass was as conductive of sound as all glass is. Loftis could hear the applause, he wondered what devilry the Rajah was contriving.

Swiftly he knew, for he heard a snarl behind him, and, turning, perceived the man-eating tiger within the cage. At the same time he heard a click, and an attendant scurried away.

The cage had evidently a door, fitting so closely that it escaped detection. Through this the monster had been driven, and now stood with bared fangs, confronting him.

It wheeled and began to encircle him. Loftis turned too. Beyond the tiger's face he could see the interested face of the Rajah, and those of the audience, evidently enjoying themselves.

His blood ran cold as he looked into the snarling, cavernous jaws, distended, the gleaming fangs, the claws out-

stretched from the velvet paws, ready to rend him.

Unarmed, he had no chance whatever. All he could do was to die as gamely as possible. He tried to nerve himself to set an example to the ruler; he knew that on his behavior might depend the lives of hundreds of women and children, shut up in lonely hill stations within the Rajah's realm.

The tiger suddenly leaped. Loftis dodged, ducked and fled away until he came up against the glass partition. He heard the laughter of the audience; he heard the handclapping. It was rare sport for them.

The tiger leaped again, and again Loftis dodged it. It was curious, but when he regained his poise the monster seemed no nearer than before. It circled round and round, as if it would never weary of stalking him, the saliva dripping from its fangs, its huge tusks projecting like an elephant's.

Suddenly Loftis remembered that he had his pocket knife in his trousers. With that—well, there was practically no chance, but at least he could make a better showing. He drew it out and held it in his hand. It was a large pocket knife, but a tiny weapon indeed. If he could strike forcibly enough to penetrate the monster's hide and cut the blood vessels of the throat! That was his only desperate hope.

He, in turn, began to stalk the monster, which seemed curiously evasive in the dim light at that end of the hall. Either some of the bulbs had been turned out or he was growing dizzy. He tried to steady himself. He was drawing nearer to the creature at every step, though they circled about each other continuously.

He looked into the striped face, the gleaming eyes, he read the murder impulse there, and suddenly his mate leaped up in his heart. His fears left him. With a ringing shout he sprang forward and dashed at the monster's throat.

It was gone. He fell with a thud against the glass of the wall. Stunned, he dropped unconscious, yet even in that instant he noted an extraordinary fact that he had not previously discerned.

The monster had six legs, the extra pair snugly tucked away under its chin.

"Yes—O indeed, yes, we thank you for a most entertaining exhibition," said the Rajah to Loftis.

Loftis opened his eyes. He was back in his apartment, and the Rajah was bending over him with a pleased smile.

"You see," the ruler explained, "my people are very bitter against the English just now. It was necessary to give a spectacle—a show, you understand, before they would consent to my sparing your life and remaining neutral in this war. That is a nice tiger, eh, Mr. Loftis?"

He chuckled and doubled over. "No tiger," he said. "Just orthopedics, you understand. Indian cricket, shaped and striped like a tiger, but only half an inch long. Looks very much like a tiger, eh, with a half inch of magnifying glass in front of him?"

## LOWELL'S TRIBUTE TO RILEY

Older Poet Quick to Recognize the Genius Shown by Youthful Man of Letters.

Shortly after the return of James Russell Lowell from England a series of authors' readings were given in New York at which the returning ambassador and poet presided. James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, had a place on the second program.

On the morning of the day of the reading Mr. Lowell met a friend in one of the passages leading to the hall.

He stopped him and said: "Why have I not heard more of Riley? Tell me all you know about him. I set up until two o'clock this morning reading his verse, and nothing that has been written in this country for years has touched me so deeply as 'Knee Deep in June.'"

Coming back from his long absence to the New England he loved, eager for the wild flowers and for the songs of the birds of his old home, the older poet of the older section understood at once the new poet of the newer section.

Loftis' Appetite for Prunes. It is one of the saddest, if not one of the most comforting, things in life, that when people have caught a glimpse of the best, the second-best can never again content them. If they have once—be it only for a moment—worn the best robe and sat down to the feast, they will never more really enjoy the husks of the far country; even though the citizens of that country prepare the same with their most delicate arts, and serve them up on gold plate. Unwise men do not consider this, and tools do not understand it; so that the former end out too late that their souls must be starved to death for lack of that better thing which they once so carelessly threw away; while the latter enjoy their husky diet in peace, unknowing that there is any better thing at all.—From "Concerning Isabel Carubay," by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler.

"Canned" Oratory. Our candidate is going to use photographs in his campaign. I'll have charge of one machine. "That's a new idea in political machines. Of course somebody will have to start the thing."

"Yes. And I'm expected to stop it whenever the voters feel like cheering a particularly ringing statement, so as to provide suitable intermissions for applause."

Superfluous Question. "In that new servant girl," said Mr. Testy, as he discovered the sugar in the salt shaker, "it seems to me you have found the possessor of stupidity in its unadulterated, double distilled form. May I ask where you obtained her?"

"Why," replied Mrs. Testy, "at the intelligence office, of course."—Judge.

Protection for Submarines. An automatic device prevents submarines from descending to a depth where the pressure of water would be dangerous.

## MANDY ALL OVER

By ISOLA FORRESTER.

"It's the loneliness that gets you after a while. And the neighbors," Taylor added as an afterthought. He stared from the hilltop at the valley. He had been a dweller in Tula for three weeks, and the silence of the mountains almost hurt. So far he had seen just four human beings—old Jed Morse and his daughter, Mandy; the traveler-preacher, Harley Robertson, and young Gabe Williams, who ran the cider mill.

Gabe and he were friends at least. It was Gabe who found out he was interested in geology.

"Thought you was a professor or something of the sort when I saw you snooping 'round like a dog," Mandy said you was an artist 'count of the way you look, and the old man suspicious you was from the government. We don't notice him. He used to get into all kinds of trouble with the government back in the old days, but that's done away with now, since the railroad came through. Mandy went to school three winters."

"Like her, don't you Gabe?" Taylor had asked, by way of conversation. But Gabe's face had darkened. He threw a stick at an unfeeling bound pup that wandered within range.

"Yes, I like her, but I don't stand no sort of show. Ought to be the look in her eyes when the preacher comes around."

The preacher came riding down the mountain the next week and stopped to speak to Taylor, working along a ledge of rock.

"Want to find any gold or silver there, young man," he called up genially. Taylor turned and saw a youthful prophet type, hair that hung short-cropped below his ears, eyes wide and dark, face thin and fine featured, the face of the enthusiast and dreamer.

Later on the preacher would drop in at his cabin if it was late and talk awhile with him over the fire. He was a university man from Tennessee, eager to hear of the North and of life in the great centers. "I'm going there some day," he said, staring into the open fire. "Fishers of men. It is a promise. I am going some day. Here the seed falls on stony soil."

Taylor went to one of his meetings at night down in the valley. Mandy stood on a soapbox and sang in a timid, high mezzo, a slip of girlhood, with the torchlight flickering on her pretty face and blue eyes that sought the face of the young preacher, while Gabe hung around the shadows and glowered.

Then came the last week in Tula. Taylor never forgot it all his life, the place where he had complained of ennui and loneliness. With Gabe's help he struck a lead and followed it up through the ledge. Gabe told of caves farther up in the mountains, caves that glistened inside, and not with stalactites, either. Taylor went with him and found mica, tracts of mica that lay in great, unbroken sheets, and he knew a fortune lay close to Gabe's door. When he told the big mountaineer, he put back his head and laughed.

"Guess that'll get her, won't it? Womenfolks like money and pretty things, don't they? You go ahead and fix up the deal and get yours out of it. I'm going courtin'."

And the next night Harley stopped on the way down toward Jed's, and said he was going away. God had heard his prayers and listened to the cry of his soul. He was going north to preach the word in the great cities. While he talked Mandy came up with Taylor's milk and bread and stood listening with wide eyes that held fear and a woman's secret in their depths. But Harley rambled on enthusiastically, and Taylor wanted to grip him and make him turn and see the gift that lay for him in the girl's tender eyes.

Gabe came back along the road late that night and he pounded on the cabin door.

"Has the preacher gone up by here yet?" he called. Taylor said no, he had not seen him.

"I'm going ter get him," said Gabe grimly, and passed on.

Taylor rose and opened the door. A full moon rode high above the dark mountains. He dressed and went outside, listening. And nearly an hour later he heard Harley coming up the road, singing in his full baritone one of the hymns he loved. He had meant to warn him, but the singer stopped; and, after a while, he judged he had taken another road around the lower bend. But he could not sleep, and went down to meet Mandy at five on her way up with the milk and fresh eggs for his breakfast. She looked radiant and shy. Standing in her little pink cotton dress, barefooted and tanned, she looked like some wildflower of her own mountain land, he thought.

"Pop's awful mad," she said softly. "He's going to turn me away. 'Count of Gabe. Gabe asked him for me and Pop gave me to him, but I promised the preacher, and he's coming for me today. We're going down to Tula and get married. If Gabe or Pop don't shoot him."

She said it simply, fatalistically. It was quite possible, she knew. Taylor told her he would come down and go with them, to be sure of fair play. But the day wore on without any sign of Harley. Pop had found the answer to his special problem in a large jug of cider and had retired from the scene of action. Mandy, with her few belongings and her mother's Bible and sunbonnet beside her, sat out on the water bench in the shade, waiting patiently the coming of the preacher. But the shadows lengthened and it began to grow dark down in the valley. Then came the sound of hoofs on the road, and she laughed.

"I knew he'd come," she said. Taylor was silent. It was Gabe Williams who drew rein at the door and grinned nonchalantly down at them both.

"Waiting for me, Mandy?" he asked mildly. "Cause I'm ready."

"Cut it out, Gabe," advised Taylor, as he stopped up beside the horse and stroked its steaming neck gently. "Preaching in hell, I hope," said Gabe gently. "Did you tell her I was going to be rich? Tell her I'd

take her away from here and she could have anything she liked—diamonds, too. Did you tell her all that for me?"

"Where's Robertson?" repeated Taylor, holding the bride. Gabe avoided his keen, gray eyes. "What did you do with him?"

And all at once the blood of old Jed told. Harley slipped back into the cabin and came out with her father's rifle up to her chin, leveled at Gabe. Her voice rang out clear and sharp in the still air:

"You turn about and lead the way or I'll shoot. I know you, Gabe Williams, and your ways, too. You ride ahead!"

And Gabe turned and rode ahead, sullen and dogged, yet proud, too, of her courage in balking him. Taylor tried to take the gun away from her, but she shook her head, white-lipped, eyes brilliant with excitement.

"You don't know them up here. You have to cover them," she said. "Go ahead, Gabe."

He led them to the mouth of the cave, and Mandy waited while the two men went in. Bound fast at feet and wrists, Harley lay on the brink of a pit, within sound of trickling water. "I was coming to see him every day," Gabe said. "I wasn't going to kill him—just frighten him a bit and get him good and hungry and thirsty, then tell him to get out of these parts and never come back after I'd married Mandy. I wasn't going to kill him nohow."

"Gabe, you're a primitive male, but you don't know women." Taylor lifted the preacher gently. "Help get him out into the fresh air."

"I am not hurt or harmed, praise God," Harley gasped. "The cord around my throat was tight. Loosen it, and I will fight the man in the open air."

But out in the twilight Mandy waited, calm-eyed and dominant over the situation. She took Gabe's horse by the bridle and bade him help set Harley in the saddle. Then she mounted behind him, and handed Taylor the gun.

"You give that to Pop in the morning," she said. "I'll leave the horse in the village, Gabe. You can get it after we're gone. And if you try to shoot them our backs are turned, you'll get me, too. Good-by, Mr. Taylor."

Harley smiled down at them and waved his hand. Her arms held him as a sheltering love, and the glow of the sky seemed to be in her face as they rode away. Gabe watched them out of sight.

"That's Mandy all over," he said gently.

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## PARTY TREED BY CARABAO

Then Governor General Francis Burton Harrison Faced Infuriated Animal and Killed It.

Chased up a tree by a wounded carabao, while engaged in hunting in the jungle near Bongabong, Nueva Ecija, Gov. Gen. Francis Burton Harrison had one of the most exciting experiences of his career in the Philippine islands.

It was after having been wounded by a bullet from Mr. Harrison's .405 Winchester that a female carabao charged the governor general and his party, forcing them all to take to the trees, and it was shortly afterward that the chief executive of the Philippines, displaying rare nerve, climbed down from his retreat, and engaging the animal alone on the ground, killed her as she charged, the carabao dropping dead in her tracks 15 feet from where Mr. Harrison stood, his bullet having struck the animal between the eyes.

The governor general and the other members of the party considered the experience rare sport and a fitting climax to a very successful hunting trip.

Old Naval Superstition. One of the oldest superstitions in the navy is that to change the name of a ship is to court disaster and it is a curious fact that the present war has provided several illustrations of the ill luck which seems to attend a renamed vessel.

The battleship *Triumph* was laid down as the *Libertad* for Chile; the armored cruiser *Good Hope* as the *Africa*, the light cruiser *Pathfinder* as the *Fastnet*, the armored merchantman *Viktor* as the *Viking*, the patrol boat *Char* as the *Stratton*, and torpedo boats 10 and 12 as the *Greenfly* and *Moth*. All these vessels of the English navy have gone to the bottom.

On the other hand, the four British destroyers which sank four German destroyers in October, 1914, the *Loyal*, *Legion*, *Lennox* and *Lance* were, until early in 1914, known as the *Orlando*, *Vidia*, *Portia* and *Daring*.

New York of the Future. In the *Popular Science Monthly* and *World's Advance* appears an attractive description of the New York of the future. This article, based on a report by a prominent engineer, says: "Apartments will be lighted by electricity. Heating and cooking will be done with inexpensive gas. Interborough mail will travel through pneumatic tubes. Garbage and ashes will be conveyed swiftly through pipes in the ground. High-pressure water mains will protect the city against fire, and pure drinking water will be brought from the mountains through the Catskill aqueduct. Central refrigerating plants will pipe cold air to refrigerators, and, not least in importance, from under the streets will come telephone wires, which play so important a part in everyday life. Much of this is already accomplished, and the remainder is by no means an idle prophecy."

Demand Supplied. "Sir, we would like to install a vacuum system in your house."

"Don't need it. My wife is giving a series of tango teas and I have to listen to the talk."

Kindly Precautions. "Our doctor is considerate, to say the least."

"Always examines you for heart trouble before he renders his bill."

## ARMENIA, LAND of MARTYRS



THE SOIL of Armenia, land of many miseries and massacres, is drinking the blood of her Christian martyrs again. To the memory of the most of us it seems as if the Christian nations have always been protesting against Armenian butcheries by the Turks.

It is a singular land, that in which the Turks are putting so many men, women and children to the sword. It is a land so old, reaching so far back into the morning mists of history that the earliest legends of the human race point to it as the birthplace of mankind. There rise the headwaters of the River Euphrates, which flows on through the Garden of Eden. Mount Ararat lifts its sublime head above the plain of those massacres with the same placid oblivion to human cries and pangs that it showed when Noah's Ark rested there.

The very village founded by Noah and his family when they emerged from the Ark is yet there, the oldest inhabited town in the world.

The Armenian is the oldest branch of Aryan stock on this earth. They trace their descent back to Japhet, grandson of Noah. That may or may not be true, but certain it is that from that land in the shadow of Ararat, somewhere in the region now generally designated as Armenia, the human race first began that process of migration and development that has led to the peopling of every corner of the earth.

Sacred Treasure of Armenia. In the southern Caucasus, near the meeting point of Persia, Russia and Turkey, is situated the most treas-



RUINS OF ANI



ured and sacred possession of the Armenian nation, the monastery and cathedral of Echmiadzin, the Holy See of Armenian Christians, the heart of the Armenian nation, and the source of that strength which has held together and guided the Armenians through centuries of persecution, warfare and massacre, says a bulletin of the National Geographic Society. Echmiadzin is the seat of the catholicos, or primate, of the Gregorian Armenian church.

Mount Ararat lies just to the south of the venerable Armenian sea. Here runs the Russo-Turkish frontier, while a few miles to the southeast lies Persia. The monastery lies about 3,000 feet above the sea, 40 miles north of Ararat, and 12 miles west of Erivan, the capital of the Russian government in which it is situated. The Armenian Rome is surrounded by massive, gray mud walls, which inclose the monastery, the cathedral and an academy. The buildings are arranged around a great quadrangle, in the center of which stands the cathedral of St. Gregory the Illuminator, a church of more ancient beginnings than even famed Santa Sophia of Constantinople. It has been the bulwark of Christianity against the barbarians of Asia since 302, and, though its flag has

capital, the "city with the 1,001 churches," whose influence extended throughout the Caucasus, and as far as England in the West. All that remain of its population are an aged Armenian monk, the director of excavations and the pleasant host to stray antiquarians and other tourists to places out of the way, and a few Armenian peasants.

The ancient capital was built upon a promontory, out by the Arpa Chai and a small tributary stream. Across the third side its founders had cut a ditch, making their city floor a raised platform, which gave it great advantages for defense in the days before cannon could hurl their destruction from the neighboring heights. Ani was a strong fortress in its heyday, and its powerful walls, with their many towers, are still standing, strung around the plain. The walls have largely decayed, however, through the centuries in which the city has lain quiet and unpeopled.

Back of the walls lie the remains of churches, palaces and public places without number, some just the heavy groundwork, suggesting the old-time structure, while other buildings survive in high, ragged masonry. The cathedral stands unbroken, a solitary, weather-torn edifice.

In any event, what clearly is required is that somehow the affinities should meet, and it would seem to require organization on a large scale to obtain the greatest national benefit.

The Missing Stopper. A South side man who is overly particular about having his house in order, said to his wife one evening recently: "On a shelf in the kitchen I noticed a bottle with no cork in it." "On a shelf in the kitchen?" "Yes." "That's queer, because I can't think what it can be." "It's a bottle with some red stuff in it." "That's cough syrup." "It shouldn't be uncorked." "I had the stopper in it." "What kind of a stopper?" The wife, who isn't so particular about little things, and who doesn't care who knows it, admitted with no misgivings: "I put a peanut in the top. I guess one of the children must have eaten it."—Youngstown Telegram.

## ADDING TO INCOME

Wife Can Do It by Capitalizing Her Time.

Not by Any Means Necessary That She Should Go Out to Work in Order to Save Money for Her Husband.

Here is a contributor's idea of one of the many ways in which a wife can help increase the family's budget: "She was on old lady and she was piecing a quilt. Came a pretty, frivolous young married woman.

"The idea," commented the frivolous one, "of anyone's having time to sew her life up in a thing like that."

"In my time all women did it," commented the older woman.

"The pretty one flushed.

"But nowadays time is so much more valuable," she defended.

"Is it? I wonder," mused the wise one. "Does your time bring you as any money?" The pretty one shook her head. "Then why not make it save the money your husband's time brings in, as we did in our day?"

"The dress you wear cost—\$6.98?"

And cheap at that, no doubt, you think. Yet you could have bought better material for \$2. In two days' time you could have made it better and more daintily than it is. At that rate your time would have yielded you \$2.49 a day. Would you be glad of that much for a day's work if you were being paid for it directly?"

"Indeed I would!" responded the girl fervently. "I wish I could make some money to help my husband!"

"A penny saved is a penny earned, my dear! If you have contracted the habit of sitting on the veranda and thinking of the things you would buy if you had the money it may be a little hard to devote yourself to a sewing machine and working out a paper pattern. But in return you'll have your \$2.50 a day, the pleasure of wearing a dress you have made yourself, and the admiration of your husband."

"The frivolous one became all attention. I just thought I could buy the dress for less than I could buy the material and have it made," she explained.

"A specious argument, my dear. Of course you could. But you could not buy it for what you could make it yourself. You are young. Help your husband to make and save his money now. Do some real work and credit yourself with it and see how the family budget is helped."—American Magazine.

## FORMED FROM SINGLE LOG

Remarkable Cabin That is on Exhibition in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

There is a cabin in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, which is constructed of a single log of redwood. It is about twelve feet long and rests upon a heavy platform of timbers, which support the weight of the hollow log. A doorway about five feet high and eighteen inches wide admits visitors to the interior, which forms



Cabin Made Out of a Single Log.

a fair-sized room. The appearance of the cabin is striking because the front presents a cross-section of a large redwood tree with the bark intact.—*Popular Science and World's Advance*.

## College vs. Experience.

If a man or group of men start a new business on a large scale the process of learning by experience involves a series of lessons, and each unit of loss is so large that financial trouble is likely to ensue. Wracks of corporations of this type may be found in countless numbers throughout the country. If a man starts in, on the other hand, in a small way, his little failures may be properly classed as laboratory material. One after another he profits by them and gradually gets that store of working knowledge which enables him to handle larger enterprises. This fact is the real basis of the old well-known conflict between the rule-of-thumb successful business man and those who speak of the value of schools, colleges and education. The rule-of-thumb business man says the college is not practical, and in part he is right. In fact, both parties are right; and what we need is a combination of the elements of theory and actual experience in the man who is to attempt industrial management on any large scale.—*Engineering Magazine*.

## Poisonous Metals.

It is well known that such metals as lead, mercury, arsenic, antimony, zinc, etc., as well as substances containing them, have a greater or less poisonous effect upon the human system. Workers in various industries where poisonous metals are used have to take every precaution for removing particles from the skin, as otherwise slow poisoning is inevitable. It is important to observe that washing with ordinary soap does not completely remove such particles, because the soap tends to form with most metals insoluble compounds which still can produce poisonous effects. Ordinary bleaching powder (chloride of lime) is much better than soap for removing poisonous particles. It loosens them by both mechanical and chemical action. It is also a strong but harmless disinfectant, and is practically as cheap as soap.—*C. E. Van Cullins, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.*