

# Immune to Love Germs

By H. M. EGBERT

The three professors looked inquiringly at the younger member of the faculty as he entered the room. If pity had been known in the year 2215, it might have been said that pity was refected upon their faces. As it was not, the look must have been merely curiosity.

The white-robed, sterilized nurse would have been called beautiful three centuries before. But her wealth of blond hair was hidden by the hideous hood that was the fashion, and in her loose garments she looked more like a mandarin.

She, too, gazed curiously at the young fellow who entered and took his station respectfully before the professors.

"No A 69 W P 14," began the eldest professor, addressing him by the name he bore, "you are still decided to become the subject of this experiment?"

"Yes, sir," replied the young man.

"You are making it in the interests of civilization. You have weighed the consequences? You know that it will mean persecution, ostracism, and worst of all, the existence within your system of a diabolical germ, which has become so rare that it is necessary to demonstrate its existence by performing this inoculation?"

"I have considered all the consequences, gentlemen," replied the young man.

The three professors addressed the nurse.

"No B 27 P F 7," began the second professor, "you, too, have volunteered to sacrifice your happiness for the



"Yes, sir," replied the young man, "I am prepared to suffer this martyrdom, as you answered."

"Then you have both been warned, as is required by law," said the eldest professor. "I shall now proceed to inoculate you both with the rare germ known as diplococcus amoris, found only in Patagonia and Fiji."

It was a weighty experiment. During the three centuries that had elapsed love had become rarer and rarer. Marriages were now and had long been regulated by the state. Spasmodic cases of love had been reported to the medical faculty, but except for these epidemics, now becoming rarer as the principles of hygiene were better understood, there had not been a case in years.

It was the desire of the physicians to observe a genuine case of love, in order to revise the text-books of this disease, that had led the professors to cast about for two suitable subjects. As soon as the disease developed they were to be placed for a period of years upon a desert island, to avoid the spread of the malady. They would be supplied with food and a volume and left there until the virulence of the disease was believed to have abated.

"It is a splendid thing to sacrifice ourselves for science," said A 69 W P 14, enthusiastically.

"Yes, it is indeed," answered B 27 P F 7. Nevertheless the same faint, almost inscrutable smile played about her features as she spoke. The young man wondered whether the nurse had fully realized the nature of the experiment, the suffering that it would entail. However, he said nothing, but bared his arm for the inoculation with the rare microbe, a supply of which had come from the Fiji islands only a few days before.

The first professor, having sterilized his needle, drew up a minute quantity of gelatin out of a tube. In this substance were millions of the deadly diplococcus. He inserted the point of the hypodermic into the young man's arm. A 69 W P 14 did not flinch at the pain. Then, having withdrawn the needle, the professor performed the same operation on the young woman.

Everybody noticed that the same faint and inscrutable smile played about her features, but nobody commented upon that fact. Even in 2215 it was the privilege of young women to smile.

The operations completed, the professors solemnly shook hands with the victims.

"In three hours," said the middle professor, "the symptoms should begin to take effect. This is 11:05 o'clock. At 11:30, therefore, you will both become a menace to society. At that

hour the boat will be waiting to convey you to your island home."

The professors withdrew, leaving the young victims together in the laboratory of the science building. Situated on the seashore, in the curve of the wooded heights of Brooklyn, it was an ideal spot for experimentation. The hum of the great distant city only came faintly to their ears.

In three hours' time the vessel would anchor off the dock to carry them away to the South sea, there to remain for a term of years until the deadly virus had been eliminated.

The young man shuddered as he thought of the awful fate in store for them. Now that the act was irrevocable he began to think of the sacrifice. He remembered a hundred friendships, the college days when he had been the heart and soul of his set. All these memories he must leave behind him, to go out to a savage island with this nurse.

Yet, as he glanced at her, he began to feel a novel interest in her that he had never felt before. Life with her would at least be companionable. He was not so sure, now, that he had done a foolish thing.

"Do you regret the sacrifice, B 27 P F 7?" he inquired, curiously.

"Not a bit," answered the young woman.

"May I ask why you are smiling?" she smiled more significantly. "That is my secret," she answered. "Some day I will tell you."

"When?"

"When we are alone together."

"But we shall never be more alone than we are now."

"I know. But you see, A 69 W P 14, the virus has not yet begun to take effect in you."

"I know it hasn't. I wonder how it will feel. They say that the first sign is fever. I wish I had a shorter name for you."

The girl still smiled at him. He was half piqued and half indignant.

"Don't you begin to feel the effects of the virus?" he inquired.

"Not yet," she answered. "I don't believe I ever shall."

"Why not?"

"That is part of the secret, too," she said.

He turned indignantly. He had meant to turn away. Instead of which, to his surprise, he found that he was standing nearer to her than he had ever stood before. And, as his arms went groping blindly for some mysterious purpose he found that they had closed about her and were holding her fast. The harder he tried to escape her, the more tightly he held her.

The girl made no attempt to escape, but continued smiling. "What is it?" he whispered. And suddenly the realization came to him.

"It's the poison—the love virus!" he exclaimed.

The girl nodded. She nodded so hard that her wealth of hair came tumbling down from under the hideous hood. He caught a strand between his fingers and pressed it to his lips.

"What am I doing? Why am I doing this?" he cried. "Is it—is it the symptoms?"

She nodded again. "It begins that way," she answered.

"What a curious disease," said the young man, thoughtfully. "Do you know, I don't believe I shall really mind being exiled with you on our island. Of course, a woman's company is apt to prove tedious. One doesn't expect the same intellectual companionship that a man's company affords. And then, I don't know that I shall have very much to say to you. But you will be useful for cooking my meals, and sometimes I will tell you things, and—"

The girl for the first time uttered a hearty laugh. The young man seemed in a daze. He passed his hand across his forehead.

"As I was saying," he resumed, "it will be delightful helping each other in the little things of the day, and in the evenings we'll sit and chat by the camp fire and compare notes and experiences."

The silvery ripple of her mirth seemed to fill the room. Again the young man was struck silent.

"Why are you laughing at me?" he cried at length. "Don't you want my devotion? Don't you want me to wait on you, to learn from you, to sit at your feet as your slave? Is there somebody else you prefer? I can hardly wait for the boat to arrive. I—I—I believe I—love you. Is this love?"

"Yes, this is love," said the girl.

"How do you know? Do you love me? Do you feel the virus?"

"No," she answered, thoughtfully. "I am sure now that I am immune against it. I didn't tell those old professors, but all women are."

"Why? Why? Why?" shouted the young man.

"Because, you see," she answered, "we have known all about it all the time."

Wireless Telephony.

Wireless telephony means that the billion and a half people living on this planet have been virtually gathered into one room where they can listen to one man's voice. The human race has snuggled together like a family about a freiside on a cold evening and can chat comfortably with one another. When print became popular it was said that the human voice had lost its power. But we see, on the contrary, that its range has been extended indefinitely. The vibrations of the air expelled from the mouth, too faint to be felt and speedily quenched, can be magnified and borne by the waves of the frictionless ether to the ends of the earth, there to be converted into audibility. The sound passes through the silence as the rays of the sun can pass through a lens of ice and set a piece of wood on fire.

One-Man Jury.

A tailor who was defendant in a case tried in court seemed much cast down when brought up for trial. "What's the trouble?" whispered his counsel, observing his client's distress as he surveyed the jury-men. "It looks pretty bad for me," said the defendant, "unless some steps are taken to dismiss that jury and get in a new lot. There ain't a man amongst 'em but what owes me money for clothes."

Excitement in Japan Caused by Opposition to Soldier's Wish That It Should Die.

A great to-do has been made in Japan over the reviving of the late Count Nogi's family by the appointment of a new Count Nogi not related to the grim soldier of Port Arthur and Mukden—particularly as the act is directly in opposition to the last will of Count Nogi himself. Heated discussions were held at large public meetings opposing the creation of West Nogi, Count Nogi, says East and West News. The subject is an extremely delicate one and cuts deep into Japanese patriotic susceptibilities. The imperial view is that so great a name should not disappear from living Japan—an idea that is basic in the imperial family itself, and is the essence of the survival of title among the ancient lords or daimos, to whom hundreds of titles have been preserved by adopting surnames in default of direct issue. The surviving relatives of General Nogi have been made to see the light, have



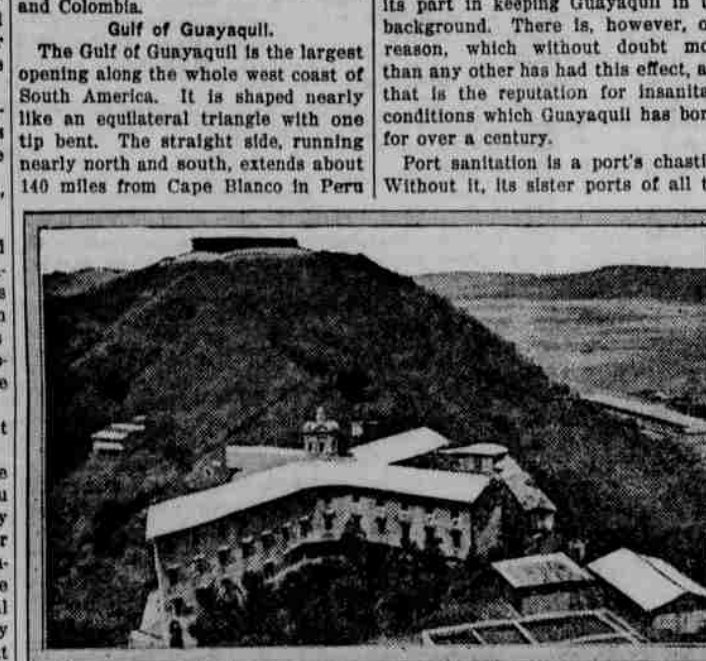
RIVERSIDE FRUIT MARKET, GUAYAQUIL

## Ecuador's Leading port

GUAYAQUIL, like New York, is one of the cities which had to be. Chicago might have been somewhere else and likewise Paris, London, Vienna, or Berlin, but not Guayaquil. No intelligent scheme of world building, no readjustment of countries or of boundaries, no racial conquest could minimize the importance of the spots whereon Guayaquil and New York stand. These spots are international commercial nodes, such because the conformation of the oceans and the continents being what it is, at these points the lines of travel meet and cross. But more than this it is here that the lands and the seas join on terms of the greatest mutual advantage in all that goes to pay tribute to man's commercial activities, says the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union.

Guayaquil has all the natural advantages. It is at the meeting of the sea routes. Only San Francisco and Panama along the whole Pacific coast, of North and South America can rival it in this respect. But the three oceans separate spheres and so are not rivals in any sense. Guayaquil is on the only navigable river from middle California to Cape Horn, and this river, or rather fluvial system, furnishes highways to all parts of a large and compact area of the most fertile and productive agricultural lands in western South America, an area of approximately 14,000 square miles. Down and into this zone lead the best trails from the high lands of Ecuador, Peru, and Colombia.

The Gulf of Guayaquil is the largest opening along the whole west coast of South America. It is shaped nearly like an equilateral triangle with one tip bent. The straight side, running nearly north and south, extends about 140 miles from Cape Blanco in Peru



MILITARY HOSPITAL ON SANTA ANA HILL

to La Punilla in Ecuador. From these two caps the land and water lines of the two remaining sides converge northeast and southeast, respectively, to a point about two-thirds the altitude of the triangle. Here the southern line running northeast bends sharply to nearly due north and the northern line running southeast bends northeast. This change of direction produces the turned-over tips pointing south. At the base of the smaller triangle forming the tip lies the island of Puna. Behind Puna is the inner bay or greater harbor of Guayaquil.

The extreme tip of the small triangle lies itself in the Guayas river. The Guayas river itself, however, is a delta and one of the two such that flow into the turned-up tip of the Gulf of Guayaquil.

The city of Guayaquil and the lesser port is situated about 33 miles up the Guayas river at a point where this river divides into two main branches, both coming down from the north, the Daule and the Bodegas. Above Guayaquil these two rivers each divide and subdivide into innumerable branches running out fanlike. So that the Guayas river system is shaped somewhat like an hourglass but with the one end many times larger than the other. Guayaquil is at the neck of the hourglass, where the main stems of the Daule and the Bodegas join to form the Guayas. But almost immediately as it flows south the Guayas begins to divide and redivide into a delta flowing into the closed-in end of the gulf. What we have called the second delta is per-

haps more properly speaking a small archipelago named the Estero Salado, the Salt Estuary. It is about twice as extensive as the Guayas delta but drains a smaller territory, not counting the rivers above Guayaquil. These are the main waterways, but in addition scores of lesser rivers and creeks flow directly into the Gulf of Guayaquil. Many of these lesser rivers come down from the high mountains lying immediately to the east, for it must be remembered that the Gulf of Guayaquil at the point where the tip begins to turn up reaches inland almost to the high Andes.

What we have called the greater harbor of Guayaquil, lying behind Puna Island, is entered by the Jambell channel to the southeast, which at its narrowest point is about six miles wide, or the Morro channel on the northwest, a little over a mile wide. The former is the customary entrance, as the Morro channel is difficult and dangerous for large vessels, on account of the numerous small islets and banks.

Vessels drawing 22 feet of water can ascend the Guayas river up to the city of Guayaquil; larger vessels anchor at Puna on the island of Puna in the greater harbor.

Held Back by Poor Sanitation.

With all its advantages so clearly marking it out as a great world mart one naturally asks, why has not Guayaquil advanced farther than it has on the manifold road of destiny? The reasons are many, and each has played its part in keeping Guayaquil in the background. There is, however, one reason, which without doubt more than any other has had this effect, and that is the reputation for insanitary conditions which Guayaquil has borne for over a century.

Port sanitation is a port's chastity. Without it, its sister ports of all the

## BUSINESS REASONS

By KEITH KENYON.

"Evidently Jack Elliott is getting serious in his attentions to that old brewer's young widow," said Mrs. Morehouse as she looked out from her comfortable porch rocker across the golf links where Jack and young Mrs. Ward were approaching the clubhouse.

"It does look that way," replied Mrs. Atwater, between sips of tea, "and just as everybody had concluded that he and Dorothy Winters would make a match of it."

"Some say the widow's fortune looks good to Jack; but I wonder what Dorothy thinks of it?" Knowing that Mrs. Atwater was on cordial terms with the rather exclusive Winters family, Mrs. Morehouse hoped to glean some interesting details.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Atwater shortly. "I notice her out with Chester Hill a lot lately."

"So far as fortunes go, Chester's will more than equal Mrs. Ward's, I suppose. Why, bless my soul!"—and Mrs. Morehouse opened her narrow eyes to their limit—"if there isn't Dorothy this minute with Chester in his new car!"

A moment later a slender, auburn-haired girl in a brown corduroy suit and a soft hat came swinging easily up the porch steps, and beside her puffed a fat, florid man of perhaps forty, dressed in faultlessly tailored morning togs. They gave a nod of greeting to the two observant women and passed around to the other side of the porch.

Until a month before that, Jack and Dorothy had been together so often and were so obviously happy when together that an engagement had been expected as a natural outcome, but one evening when he was to escort her to a dinner dance at an exclusive club she received at the last minute a brief note from him telling that an annoying business associate had made it impossible to get away without giving offense that would endanger his hard-earned chances of being taken into the firm. He was sending Larry Morton to take care of Dorothy that evening, and he begged her to accept his abbreviated explanation and his willing substitute until he could arrive and explain in full. But the evening had passed without his arrival.

Percy Anson shook a plump, pink finger at Dorothy as she passed out of the dressing room on her way home, and whispered something about the necessity of her keeping a watch on Jack Elliott, whom he had seen in the Dinsmore hotel at six o'clock with a "ripping sort of blonde woman." Dorothy blushing wondered whether anyone who heard that stage whisper knew of Jack sending a substitute to take his place as her escort that evening, but just then good-natured Larry came and gently pushed her along to the waiting taxicab. She tried to be cordial as they drove home, but bare civility was all she could accomplish, for her mind was busy trying to reconcile Jack's explanatory note, which had not explained, with the chance impertinence of Percy Anson, which had explained. Larry had to hurry away to catch a train for a business trip south, which was agreeable to Dorothy, who longed to be left alone.

After she went to bed she planned one minute to avoid meeting Jack to give him an opportunity to simplify his false explanation, and the next minute she reproached herself for letting a foolish remark from a gossiping clubman make her doubt that some good explanation would be given for what unquestionably did look bad. Then she reflected that Jack's failure to come before the end of the dance, as he had intimated he would, might mean that his full explanation would not be forthcoming. After an almost sleepless night she went down to breakfast with a gloomy determination to be perfectly indifferent to any explanation Jack might make. Which meant that she was going to be unreasonable, no matter what his explanation.

At nine o'clock the telephone rang. Although Dorothy sat almost within reach of it, and although she felt sure that Jack was at the other end of the wire, she sat apparently absorbed in the morning paper while the maid answered the call and informed her that it was for her.

"Good morning, Merry Sunshine!" called Jack, not aware of the clouded atmosphere he was trying to penetrate. "Am I going to be forgiven for my sins of omission?"

"Good morning," answered a coldly calm voice. "Have I had the full explanation of your sins of omission?"

"Really, Dot," pleaded Jack, "there are a lot of people in earshot, which makes it awkward to explain in full. Can't I come out this evening and do that?"

"I'm dining out this evening," she replied coldly, "but I happened to hear enough last night to know that there is a good deal to explain; so much in fact, that it will be quite satisfactory to me if you postpone the explanation indefinitely."

"Well, that won't be satisfactory to me," retorted Jack, "and it's not fair to deny me an opportunity to explain. You certainly know, Dorothy, how much it means to me to you. I had hoped—to have me get into the firm, and—"

"Indeed, I'd have to take a great deal for granted to say that I know all that, but I must remind you that you are taking things for granted, and if there are so many people in earshot, the sooner this conversation ends the better."

The conversation ended abruptly after that, and Jack dug into his desk with such ferocity that two stenographers were kept going at a break-neck speed all day. Dorothy went out in the back yard and personally supervised the resetting of tulip bulbs until noon, and after noon she slept to make up for the sleeplessness of the night before. That evening, as she went into the big dining room of the "Lodge" hotel with the Dinsmores and Chester Hill, she saw Jack among a dinner party of six, which

included a strange blonde woman, who was identified by Mrs. Dunstan as the young widow of Hiram Ward, the brewer.

The interest of Dorothy and Chester Hill in each other had seemed to grow steadily since that evening, and Jack's apparent interest in the young widow had kept pretty good pace with theirs, so that on the day they all appeared on the country clubhouse porch, Dorothy and Jack had drifted well apart, without a full explanation having been given her. She knew that she had intentionally made it impossible for Jack to explain fully, yet she felt hurt at his failure to do so; he knew that so long as his explanation was withheld she was justified in thinking him a detestable cad, yet he was so angered at her arrogant manner toward him and her acceptance of Chester Hill's attentions that he delayed his explanation.

It remained for fatuous Percy Anson, who had unwittingly caused the trouble, to set things right. Just as Chester Hill was called to the telephone, Percy came along the porch arm in arm with grumpy Henry Ardmore, head of the firm of brokers to which Jack had long sought admission as a member of the partnership. At the same time Jack and Mrs. Ward came up the front steps, and, without knowing of Dorothy's presence, went around to that side of the porch.

"Hello, Mrs. Ward," called Percy, and "Hello, Jack! Congratulations, old boy! Ardmore has just been telling me about your adoption into the firm. A well-merited compliment, I have no doubt." And Percy laughed heartily at his little joke.

"By the way, Elliott," said Ardmore bluntly, "my sister writes me that you are all sorts of a brick; says her husband is trying to get well fast lest she begin scheming to get you for her second husband." Then, turning to Mrs. Ward, he added in explanation: "My sister was compelled to be here several hours between trains a month or so ago on her way to some jumping-off place where her husband had been injured in a railroad wreck, and as I was laid up with the grip Elliott was good enough to help me out by taking care of her until her train left."

"And he didn't tell me a thing about it at all," pouted Mrs. Ward smugly.

"He didn't have to tell me, for I can prove by Dorothy that I told her about seeing him at the Dinsmore with a stunning blonde. Eh, Dorothy?" The smiling Percy blandly drew Dorothy into the conversation.

"Now, Percy, don't expect me to remember all the things you ever told me confidentially." Although Dorothy laughed lightly and looked straight at Percy as she replied, she gave to Jack the fleeting end of a glance into which she put an expression of such penitent understanding that he knew about the explanation so long delayed and so naturally supplied by Dorothy's imagination. Somewhat, in going into the clubhouse a moment later to see a newly decorated room which Chester Hill called to them to come and admire, Ardmore led the way, followed by Percy and the widow, leaving Dorothy and Jack together in the rear.

"Dorothy, I know I don't deserve to be forgiven for delaying an explanation you were entitled to a month ago, but—"

"But because I listened to Percy's gossip and wouldn't listen to your attempted explanation, I didn't deserve to know the truth." Dorothy looked away before she blushing added: "Then, of course, when I saw you so often with Mrs. Ward, I thought she was the blonde he had seen you with."

"And I suppose you thought her millions had lured me, just as I was beginning to think Chester Hill's had lured you. Dearest, we don't want to see those old decorations; let's stay out here and see the sunset. But if they saw much of the sunset they must have seen it reflected in each other's eyes, for they seemed to find nothing of interest anywhere else."

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### Eggs Three Cents Per Dozen.

Prices of eggs, chickens and other poultry are so low in the Yangtze Kiang valley that an English company has developed a large business in shipping such products to Great Britain.

Virtually every Chinese family in the remote country districts, as well as in the towns and cities, keeps chickens. The price of eggs in the villages accessible to river transportation is now about three cents gold a dozen.

Many of the eggs purchased along the Yangtze Kiang are dried for the use of bakers in Europe and other parts of the world. The whites and yolks are dried separately.—Hankow (China) Dispatch to Philadelphia North American.

### Some Facts About Limestone.

A ton of absolutely pure limestone would burn to a little over half its weight of lime, or about 1,120 pounds, which, counting 80 pounds to the bushel, would give 14 bushels of lime to a ton. The weight of the burned product, however, generally averages more than this, owing to impurities in the limestone, and also because in ordinary kilns the combustion is not complete enough to drive off all the carbon dioxide.

A cubic foot of limestone averages in weight from 145 to 175 pounds, which would make a ton of limestone contain from eleven to fourteen cubic feet.

South Africa Exporting Meat.

South Africa has started exporting meat. Since May 14,354 quarters have reached England, according to the report of the department of commerce. All of these have come from Natal, and taken as a whole, are said to have been of poor quality, bringing from 13 to 15 cents a pound.

### Too Much for Him.

Gyar—A friend of mine who makes moving pictures bumped up against his first failure last week.

Myer—How was that?

Gyar—He tried to make a moving picture of two old men playing a game of chess in a village store.

## MESSAGES GO FAR

### Range of Wireless Aerial Materially Increased.

Successful Experiments Have Shown Possibilities That Have Given Great Encouragement to Those Undertaking Them.

A series of remarkably successful and interesting experiments were conducted by the United States Signal Corps at the recent maneuvers in Massachusetts in maintaining a wireless aerial by means of box kites and thereby increasing the efficiency of an ordinary field wireless outfit from 6 to 16 miles. The tests were conducted by Samuel F. Perkins, a maker and flyer of man-lifting kites.

Favorable strong and steady winds, says the Scientific American, in reporting the experiment, enabled Mr. Perkins to send up a string of kites to an altitude of 1,600 feet. Messages



The Wireless May Be Sent to Great Altitudes With Kites.

transmitted from the set of field wireless attached to this kite-supported aerial were received 150 miles away with distinctness, although the ordinary range of the set was only 25 miles. One thing that aided materially in obtaining this result was the fact that the kites flew so steadily that the aerial was always maintained at a constant altitude.

Quite as remarkable as the sending power of the wireless was its receiving quality. Messages were received with distinctness from the battleship Georgia while off Newport and from the government station at Arlington, Va., and Bermuda.

These experiments were but the first of a long series that will be conducted, and it is the belief of those who are interested in the matter that they will lead to a system by which the range of the ordinary field wireless will be materially increased. United States government and Marconi officials are following the experiments closely.

### Tremendous Waste of Energy.

With reference to the immense loss in wealth occasioned by the war, Theodore H. Price in World's Work says:

"There is hardly a man who works up to the limit of his capacity. There are millions who try to do as little work as possible. The waste even in the most scientifically conducted industries is enormous, and there is an immense amount of energy generated that is not utilized at all."

"It has been jokingly said that the collective energy of the baby's cry would run the railroads of New York state if it could be conserved, and when we consider that only 15 per cent of the energy of coal is utilized, that the unharvested water power of the United States represents millions of hours power going to waste, and that probably less than 5 per cent of the available human energy in the world is productively employed, we must admit that a very slight increase in industry or efficiency will recover an enormous loss of wealth."

### Answered Call of World.

Emile Verhaeren, the Belgian poet, might have been a priest, but decided that his wild nature could not be clamped within cloister walls. As a youth he attended the Jesuit college of Sainte-Barbe at Ghent. There he met Maeterlinck. The fathers would have saved their young pupils from the world by making them priests, and endeavored to inspire in them a profound respect for the past, with a hatred of all innovation. After the school at Sainte-Barbe, Verhaeren studied law at Louvain. Admitted to the bar at Brussels, he joined a coterie of young artists, and, like Gautier, he won a name for shocking the bourgeois by fantastic freaks of dress and conduct. The name called, and the law was deserted.

### "Discovery" Died With Inventor.

A Los Angeles inventor is reported to have compounded an ointment which was designed to render the human skin hard and bullet-proof, so that wars would be impossible. By successive applications he succeeded in hardening the skin of his hands and face to a remarkable degree. As a test he fired three shots from a revolver into his face and was disappointed on looking into a mirror to find that the bullets had penetrated the skin and drawn blood. He then fired a charge from a shotgun which blew off the lower part of his face, causing his death. The secret of his discovery died with him.

### Editing the Movies.

To a thousand editors the question was recently submitted as to whether the word "movie" is to be considered a legitimate English word to be used without quotation marks. Five hundred voted for the word's admission without adornments, 220 declared that the word is still on probation and 250 failed to express an opinion, but are probably to be counted with the majority.