OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

STEAM PILOT SCHOONER.

Board of Pilot Examiners Wants State to Purchase Schooner.

Salem.—In its annual report to the governor the state board of pilot examiners recommends the purchase and maintenance by the state of a pilot schooner. It is the only method by which the state can hope to exercise any control over the pilots, and set down any rules governing pilotage at the mouth of the Columbia River, according to the commission.

It is set forth that the life of a pilot is hazardous, it involves risks and hardships that are not generally known to the public, and the board feels that the Columbia river pilots have been at times unjustly criticised. Assumption of responsibilities are greater also on the Columbia bar, according to the board, than is generally realized. It is believed the service is as efficient as possible under present regulations.

It is recommended that the legislature amend the present pilot laws giving the commission authority to examine and license pilots, to revoke licenses for cause, to make rules and regulations for maintenance of efficient pilot service and require all licensed pilots to report to and furnish such information to the board as shall be required, so that the commission may be fully informed of all matters relative to the service.

Have Bumper Apple Crop.

La Grande.—On the eve of the apple harvest in this valley, indications are that the largest crop in the history of the fruit industry in the Grand Ronde valley will be gathered. The foreign shipments will total 300 cars according to fruitmen, and aside from this will be 50 cars for the home consumption. Local shippers are preparing to dispose of the fruit as rapidly as it ripens and is picked. Markets are unsteady at present, but it has been stated by buyers that with the beginning of the new year the markets will open strong. While apples are being picked at this time, it is principally the summer varieties.

Eliot is Rhodes Man.

Portland.—Samuel C. Eliot, who was elected by the board of regents of the University of Oregon instructor of psychology and public speaking, is the second son of Dr. and Mrs. T. L. Eliot, of this city. He is a graduate of Portland academy, and later of Washington university, in St. Louis, the alma mater of his brothers, and the college in which Dr. Eliot is on the board of regents. He was sent from there to Oxford as a Cecil Rhodes scholar, and completed his course and received his A. B. degree in June.

Rush Work on Springfield Line.

Eugene.—J. O. Storey, president of the Portland, Eugene & Eastern railway, is in Eugene. He announced that work on the big bridge for the line which is to extend across the Willamette river at Springfield will begin right away, and as much of the structure completed this fall as possible. In the spring, when all danger of high water is over, the bridge will be completed and the line will be extended from Springfield on up the McKenzie valley.

Resume Railroad Work.

Tillamook.—Work on the Pacific Railway & Navigation company's railroad is being resumed as fast as men arrive. The first work to be taken in hand was grading south of Bay City, and since then the pile driving and bridge crews have been getting in shape to resume work. It is expected that the steam shovel will be put to work this week, and in that event most of the work will be well started all along the line by the end of the week.

Portland Livestock Show.

Portland.—General and favorable response is being received from the local, county, and district fairs and stock shows of the entire Northwest to the invitations sent out by the Country Club and Livestock association requesting that these organizations be officially represented at the Pacific national show and harness races here next week. The International of Chicago, the greatest stock exposition in America, will be represented, as will the National of Denver.

Tillamook Street Fair.

Tillamook.—Tillamook City will have a street fair and carnival September 23-25. The fair will be held under the auspices of the band boys who have secured the concessions of the American Amusement company for the occasion. The business men have subscribed liberally towards the enterprise and elaborate preparations are being made.

$4,000 Worth of Hay Burns.

Drewsey.—Sim Hamilton a hay raiser of Drewsey valley, about two miles from here, lost four stacks of hay by fire. The total value of the stacks is placed at $4000. The wind drove the sparks from a fire which had been started in some foxtail into the stacks before Mr. Hamilton was aware of it.

Eugene Will Spread Herself.

Eugene has decided to be 15,000 big in 1909, and with that end in view the Eugene Commercial club has started out to secure $15,000 for advertising purposes. The latest city directory of Eugene gives the population at 10,000. In 1900 it was 3236.

Rain Help to Apple Crop.

Medford. — A heavy rain fell throughout the county last week. Coming at this time, its effect on the apple crop will be good, as well as laying the dust, which had become very deep, as no rain had fallen since July.

LOOK FOR INFLUX.

Bumper Crop in Southern Oregon Is Sure to Attract People.

Myrtle Creek.—The farmers in this and other localities through this county are in the midst of the harvest of the large crop of prunes. The continued dry weather has brought the crop earlier than usual, and the fruit driers are taxed to the limit.

The price paid to the farmers this season adds evidence to the ever-increasing possibilities of Oregon, some of the growers receiving as high as 5½ cents per pound for their crop of prunes, this being the basis price paid for the 30 to 35 size, and ½c less per pound for each five prunes to the pound smaller.

A representative of one of the large nurseries of the state has sold several thousand fruit trees for the fall planting. Apples are to be extensively planted, as also prunes, plums, cherries, peaches and a great variety of the small fruits and berries to which Oregon is so well adapted.

During the past three months no less than 20 new families (people who have been attracted to Oregon from the east by the many resources) have bought farms and settled in this one small community. A great many of the people coming to Oregon have come through the influence of friends already here, but more have been attracted by the flood of literature which is scattered daily by the commercial clubs, citizens' leagues and similar organizations throughout the state.

With the bumper crops raised in southern Oregon this year, it is to be expected that the population increase during the coming year will break all records.

Wallowa County Fair.

Wallowa.—The Wallowa county fair, to be held in this city October 8, 9 and 10, will be one of the most successful fairs ever held in this county. Special rates will be granted on the railroad, and a big attendance is assured. Already over a dozen athletic events are provided. The exhibits will exceed anything ever known in this valley. Races will be a feature and dramatic performances will be given at least two evenings. The play will be a home talent production.

New Faculty for College of Music.

Albany.—The Albany Conservatory of Music will open this week with the largest faculty and best equipment in its history. The new faculty as completed this week is announced as follows: H. M. Crooks, president; Emelie C. Hansen, director, teacher of piano and organ; Lena Viola Tawney, preparatory and kindergarten; Carroll H. Palmer, voice; Margaret Fallarius, of Portland, violin; May Louise Blackwell, elocution and physical culture.

O. R. & N. Answers Complaints.

Salem.—The O. R. & N. has filed answers to the two complaints brought by the railroad commission alleging unfair and excessive rates on grain from eastern Oregon points to Portland. The railroad company denies all the allegations of the complaint, but acknowledges that the tariffs exist as they were stated in the complaint. The company denies that the rates are excessive.

O'Brien Going to Interior.

Albany.—J. P. O'Brien and his party of railroad men now inspecting Southern Pacific lines in Oregon are planning a trip across the Cascade mountains on the old survey of the Corvallis & Eastern, according to advices received in this city. They will proceed by train to Detroit, eastern terminus of the Corvallis & Eastern, where pack animals will be in waiting to convey the party over the survey.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Club, 88c per bushel; forty fold, 90c; turkey red, 90c; fife, 88c; bluestem, 92c; valley, 88c.

Barley—Feed, $25 per ton; rolled, $27.50@28; brewing, $26.50.

Oats—No. 1 white, $28.50@29 per ton; gray, $27.50@28.

Hay—Timothy, Willamette Valley, $14 per ton; Willamette valley, ordinary, $11; Eastern Oregon, $16.50; mixed, $13; clover, 9; alfalfa, $11; alfalfa meal, $20.

Fruit—Apples, new 50c@$1.25 per box; peaches, 25@60c per box; pears, 20@60c per box; plums, 50c@$1 per box; grapes, 75c@$1.50 per crate; figs, $1 per box.

Potatoes — 80c@$1 per hundred; sweet potatoes, 2c per pound.

Melons—Cantaloupes, 75c@$1 per crate; watermelons, ½@1c per pound; casabas, $2 per dozen.

Vegetables—Turnips, $1.50 per sack; carrots, $1.75; parsnips, $1.75; beets, $1.50; artichokes, 65c per doz.; beans, 5c per pound; cabbage, 2c per pound; cauliflower, $1.25 dozen; celery, 75c@$1 per dozen; corn, 12½c per dozen; cucumbers, 30@40c per box; egg plant, $1.25 per crate; lettuce, head, 15c per dozen; parsley, 15c per dozen; peas, 6c per pound; peppers, 8@10c per pound; pumpkins, 1@1½c per pound; radishes, 12½c per dozen; spinach, 2c per pound; sprouts, 10c per pound; squash, 40c per dozen; tomatoes, 35@50c.

Butter—Extras, 31½c per lb.; fancy, 27½c; choice, 25c; store, 18c.

Eggs — Oregon extras, 28@29c; firsts, 25@26c; seconds, 22@23c; thirds, 15@20c; Eastern, 25@27c per dozen.

Poultry—Mixed chickens, 11@11½c per lb.; fancy hens, 12@12½c; roosters, 10c; spring, 14c; ducks, old, 12@12½c; spring, 14@15c; geese, old, 8c; young, 10c; turkeys, old, 17@18c; young, 20c.

Veal—Extra, 8@8½c per pound; ordinary, 7@7½c; heavy, 5c.

Pork—Fancy, 8½c per lb.; ordinary, 6c; large, 5c.

CHOLERA IN ST. PETERSBURG.

Government May Have to Proclaim Martial Law.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 21.—St. Petersburg is in the deadly grasp of Asiatic cholera, which already has exceeded in severity and number of deaths the visitation of 1893. The disease is increasing daily at an alarming rate, and unless the authorities show in the future a much greater degree of ability to cope with the situation than they have in the past, there is every reason to fear that it will get out of hand. The government's threat to apply the provisions of martial law has driven the municipal officials to bend all their energies to clearing the city of the scourge.

The aldermanic council Saturday voted $250,000 to enlarge the hospital space, to purchase and distribute disinfectants, the supply of which in St. Petersburg is well nigh exhausted, and to expedite the interment of bodies, which has been notoriously slow. The deadhouses are overcrowded and many corpses lie unburied.

Under his authority, the prefect of St. Petersburg, General Dracheffcky, on Saturday prohibited the sale of liquor throughout the city, including the government vodka shops, until September 22, and he has further ordered that hereafter the sale of the liquor shall be suspended at 2 P. M. on Saturday until 1 A. M. Monday. This action has been taken in order to diminish alcoholic excesses, which very materially increase the liability to cholera infection and the general spread of the disease.

USE PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

Mrs. Rockefeller Says Public Institutions Are for Poor.

Milwaukee, Wis., Sept. 22.—Mrs. William Rockefeller, who, with her husband, is in this city, said yesterday that she believed the children of the rich should be sent to private rather than to public schools.

"All I have ever tried to be is just an ordinary mother," said Mrs. William Rockefeller, at the Pfister Hotel. "I have two sons and two daughters, and they are just four ordinary boys and girls. I have brought them up the best I knew how, and used all the common sense I had to think of the best ways and means to make them good average men and women.

"Did my boys go to public schools? No; that would have been most selfish in a city like New York, where our schools are crowded. It is only fair that parents who can afford it should send their children to private schools, and thus allow room in the public schools for children who must depend upon the public schools for their entire education.

"My boys were sent, like thousands of other New York children, to private schools, where they were in daily contact with other children. They studied like ordinary boys and had the same ambitions in their school work. When they had finished school they were sent away to college."

MAKE LAST STAND.

Nevada Only State in Union That Allows Gambling.

Reno, Nev., Sept. 22.—The gamblers of the United States will make their final stand for freedom in Nevada next month. At that time a special election is to be held in Reno to give the people an opportunity to vote on the question whether or not the gambling houses of this city should be closed.

For six months the fight has been in the making, each side making every preparation for the contest. Nevada is now the only state in the union where gambling is licensed. Montana legislated it out of existence some time ago. Arizona followed suit, and the toleration which kept gambling going in Denver and Salt Lake has been withdrawn.

Nevada only remains, and nearly every prominent gambler in the country is now located in this state.

Firefighters Lose Ground.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 22.—Although New York has one of the best equipped forest fire fighting organizations in the country, fresh fires are being reported daily from the Adirondacks and Catskill regions. Unless there is a heavy rain soon the damage may approximate that of the destructive fires of 1903, when over 450,000 acres were burned over, entailing a loss of $800,000 in standing timber, logs and pulp wood. Every effort is being made to hold the present fires in control. In 132 towns in the Adirondacks and Catskill regions 743 fire wardens are at work.

Paris Has Big Fire.

Paris, Sept. 22.—Fire broke out last night in the Central Telephone building and spread with such rapidity that the telephone employes were forced, after brief and ineffectual efforts, to extinguish the flames, to flee hastily to the streets. The entire building was soon in flames, and this, together with the postoffice, which is located close to the Place des Victories, was totally destroyed. The loss is estimated at $5,000,000.

Two Towns Wiped Out.

Chicago, Sept. 22.—Long-distance telephone messages to the Tribune from Rhinelander, Wis., state that the towns of Daggan and Woodborow have been destroyed by forest fires. The 4000 residents of the two towns are fleeting through the burning woods to Rhinelander, panic-stricken. Many people of Woodborow are missing.

The Chauffeur and the Jewels

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By Edith Morgan Willett

CHAPTER XIII.

"You shall hear from me early in the morning," the mock Prince del Pino had told Mrs. Waring when he left her at her house; and then, turning his motor in the direction of his hotel, he gave himself up to the business of the moment, making the most of the brief time left to him.

It was half-past ten when he stood outside of a house in S street and consulted his watch.

Half-past ten. Very late for a visit, and yet—they were awake in the house! Through the bowed shutters and open windows came the sound of one of Chopin's waltzes, played by a girl's slightly amateur fingers on a piano that was not of the best. But on that night of witchery, in the silent lighted streets, the air floated out with a certain graceful stateliness.

Curbing his impatience, Sarto waited until the last note of the phrase was played, regardless of the flight of time, and then, mounting the steps, rang the bell.

There was a little hesitation before a light tread came along the hall and the door opened.

"I had almost given up Your Highness," said Annette Bancroft.

Her visitor stood, hat in hand, looking up at her.

"I am all apologies for the lateness of the hour," he began in a low voice. "But I have been dining at Chevy Chase and was detained longer than I thought. I shall only stay a moment."

The girl led the way, without speaking, into the drawing room, where two candles were burning, revealing the open piano heaped with music. Behind it the window stood open, letting in the light from the street.

"Roses!" ejaculated the mock prince. He daintily sniffed at a bowlful standing on the center table. "Papa Gontier," he murmured, lifting the heavy heads. "He has good taste in flowers—the Englishman."

Annette made a faint acquiescence. She had seated herself on the piano stool, a ghost-like little figure in the half light.

Turning away from the table, Sarto moved towards the piano.

"Ah, I had forgotten that!" he said, speaking sotto-voce. "M. Buist remains after I am gone. He has the best of it!"

"After you have gone!" echoed Annette.

She stood motionless, staring with parted lips and widened eyes into the face of the man who bent over the piano, his dark, mobile features so near hers.

"Yes," he said, speaking in very quiet tones, to which his curiously expressive voice lent a certain pathos. "It is to say good-by I am come to-night. Before morning I will have left Washington. I shall never see you again."

The last words rang with an irrepressible melancholy that sent a shiver through his listener. Turning, forgetful of the all-revealing lights in the street below, she looked up into his face, her own white with the shock of his words—her eyes wide with the secret of her heart.

"Annette!" cried Ludovic Sarto.

Love is a great mystery! * * * It moves through the winding passages of our cold, dark hearts so silently that we never suspect its presence until suddenly one day we see it for the first time mirrored in the light of another's eyes.

At some time—when the chauffeur could not tell—some Midas touch had turned the gratitude, the friendship he felt for this girl into the gold of his heart.

And in this instant of miracles the man's whole being, his double nature, even the dark side which had achieved its sinister triumph one short hour ago, seemed touched by that same Divine alchemy—the base metal in him transformed and purified.

There are certain moments in this dull life of ours when the froth is on the wine—moments of dazzling, diamond-like brilliance—moments as sweet as the first taste of a nectarine and as evanescent.

Even as Ludovic Sarto and Annette Bancroft gazed into each other's eyes, the moment passed by, never to return.

The next a terrible realization came into the man's heart. "Wait a moment!" he said hoarsely. "I—I have something to tell you!"

Turning sharply away, he took a few turns up and down the room, grappling with the ordeal that was suddenly upon him.

For the girl must be told the truth now! It was inevitable! Alas! the discovery of her secret demanded the revealing of his.

It was a strange psychic fact that to Sarto now, in spite of his slippery, diverse nature, no other course occurred. The man who loved Annette Bancroft—and was loved in return—could no longer mask behind the Prince del Pino.

Ludovic must come forth and bear his responsibilities. The law of self-preservation, which he had only acknowledged so far, had given way to another, diviner. For the first time in his life the mercurial chauffeur bent his head to the law of self-sacrifice.

Turning suddenly, he looked at the girl at the piano.

Annette was leaning forward, facing him, a faint nervous smile on her lips, her eyes full of a dawning, shy expectancy.

Watching her, his wonderfully keen—almost feminine—perceptions dissecting the girl's soul, Sarto saw, with shuddering, sickening horror and self-disgust, all that the girl in her innocent romantic soul was imagining. A fairy tale no less—foolish enough!—with a prince for its hero and for its heroine——

The man who loved her knew, with an inward recoil, that it fell to him to shatter this pretty little castle in the air—with its occupants.

Standing before her, he spoke formally. "Miss Bancroft, tell me, how long have we known each other—you and I?"

Annette raised her eyes to his, and a vivid color tinged her pale cheeks.

"Two weeks," she said, without the faintest hint of coquetry or hesitation. "It was just two weeks ago to-night that we met on board the Majestic."

"No!" Sarto shook his head. "You have known me longer than that. Look at me!"

He drew nearer, with sudden determination. "Where have you seen me before? Think! Remember!"

But the girl only gazed at him with astonished, half-frightened eyes.

"Before?" she faltered; "I—don't understand."

Sarto moved impatiently. The suspense was becoming unbearable.

"Think!" he urged relentlessly. "Of whom did you say I reminded you? Have you forgotten Sarto, the chauffeur?"

"You Sarto?" Annette half whispered the word. "Sarto—and the Prince del Pino!"

Her irrepressible imagination was at work again.

With a half groan Sarto turned away. "No more fairy tales, child!" he said roughly. "The book is closed now! The man you have known is not the Prince del Pino." His voice vibrated. "Only an impostor—a miserable impostor. Listen!" He hesitated, standing with his back to the window, a silhouette of a man, looking at the girl between her two candles as a lost soul might look at an angel in heaven.

Then he told his story, from the moment that he looked into Mrs. Waring's trunk to the present.

Perhaps never in the course of his checkered career had the chauffeur, past-master as he was in the science of the tongue, acquitted himself so ill. By a skillful suppression of a fact here, the strengthening of an episode there—in fact, a little judicious light and shade—the tale might have made a very creditable autobiography, in which Ludovic Sarto, the hero, would have shone forth in an adventurous, seductive—possibly an heroic—light.

To a lover all things are possible, permissible. But for the time being Sarto was not a lover.

He stood as it were in his confessional, speaking to a hidden ear, dissecting his conduct with the scrupulous exactness of the penitent. And the pale girl sitting between the two candles was to him a distant vision in a dim church, silent, inspiring, uplifting! Only at the last, the man looked out through the sinner's eyes, with a faint satisfaction in his own sin, an irresistible pride in his own performance.

"I must say I played the part well!" Sarto boasted. "My acting was successful as far as it went. I dare say there are a score here who would say a good word for me——"

A wail crept into his voice. "Ah, the irony of fate! While they are applauding the Prince del Pino out there in the audience, the poor mountebank must crawl off to hide himself and his broken heart. But I forgot"—with a jarring laugh—"chauffeurs—people of a certain class—are not permitted to have hearts!"

He stood, poor Sarto, very human and very much in love, his face working, his heart rebelling at the bitterness of his cup, the injustice that deprived him of the fruits of his own triumphs—the enjoyment of his own happiness.

And there was silence in the little room, while from the street outside came the smooth roll of wheels and a man's tenor in the distance singing the air from Pagliacci, bird-like atoms of sound threading the roar of the city.

At last Annette spoke. "What have you done with the diamonds?" she asked very quietly.

The man before her caught his breath. "Ah, the diamonds! I had forgotten about them."

For an instant he stared at the girl blankly. All this time Ludovic Sarto had been thinking of himself as the chauffeur. Surely that was low enough! But now, with a heavy, irretrievable sense of doom, he saw in her eyes whence he had fallen and how far! From the pedestal on which she had placed the Prince del Pino, down to the thief—the robber of Mrs. Waring's diamonds. What a descent! And in the fall—love, that brittle, delicate thing, lay shattered, broken into fragments.

Sarto was suddenly face to face with a judge, young, austere, implacable, in whose clear tones there sounded an echo of some distant Puritan ancestor; in whose glance he saw himself condemned.

"The diamonds," he repeated with an effort, "go to Mrs. Waring to-morrow, with a note of—of explanation. I shall see to it—the first thing in the morning."

He spoke with the submissive impersonal air of a servant, his eyes on the ground, and for a moment Annette listened silently.

"What are you doing here then?" she asked suddenly. "Don't you know that if Count Souravieff is after you, he may be here at any moment?" Her voice rose sharply. "You will be caught, imprisoned!"

But the chauffeur only smiled, with a sparkle in his keen eyes which had not been there before. Slight as it was, that note of anxiety had not escaped him. Though in fragments, still there was love for him in the girl's heart.

"Oh, I am safe enough indeed!" he answered confidently. "My motor, in which I led them a chase, is standing in front of a pharmacie in F street at this moment. For myself, I left my hotel an hour ago and took my valise with its contents to"—he hesitated—"well, never mind where. When one leads a double life, Miss Bancroft, one finds it convenient sometimes to live in two places. And then I came on here. Yes, it is quite safe; but it is well that you remind me that I must go."

"What will become of you?" asked the girl, almost in a whisper.

She still sat, her face turned away, staring fixedly at the opposite wall.

Sarto moved toward the door.

"What will become of me?" he echoed, with his old fatalistic shrug of the shoulders. "Who knows?" His voice dropped. "I have sinned, and I must do penance, make expiation. There is much ahead of me."

He opened the door abruptly and stood hesitating. "Will you not look at me before I go, and pity, forgive, forget?"

For the first time Annette met his glance. She had been listening to the leather-coated chauffeur, shrinking from the thief; now, raising her head, she saw, standing in the doorway, a curiously attractive figure, looking at her with wistful eyes. The man, after all, whom she loved.

Half unconsciously, she leaned toward him with a desolate little cry.

"Pity, forgive, yes!" she repeated. "Yes. But forget? Oh, I cannot! I will not give you up!"

Rising to her feet, she stood, her hands clasped tightly, her lips parted, gazing at him with the soul itself shining in her eyes. But Sarto did not move. He stood looking at her standing between her candles, the sculpted image of a saint carved in stone, and a very wistful look came into his face.

"There is a lighted shrine in my heart," he said, speaking as if to himself, "and the flame can never go out. The candle will be burning there always through the long, lonely pilgrimage—and at the end ——"

"I will be waiting," said Annette very softly.

For a long instant their eyes met. Hers were full of tears, but into the man's there came a far-off, ineffable look as of one who sees visions and dreams dreams.

"Some day the pilgrim will come back to you," he said.

And, with love burning triumphantly at the candles of his shrine, Sarto went out into the night.

At 10 o'clock the next morning, while Mrs. Waring was sitting up in bed and sipping her chocolate, her maid brought her a flat, square, bewrapped parcel, just arrived by a messenger boy.

Giving a glance at the address, written in a delicate, foreign-looking hand, Gussie tore open the wrappings with excited fingers, pulled out the orthodox cotton-wool so suggestive of a jeweler, and revealed a chamois glove-case!

Pinned to it was a card on which was engraved, "Il Principe Roderigo del Pino," and underneath, in pencil, "Better known as Ludovic Sarto, Mrs. Waring's ex-chauffeur, begs to send her the enclosed jewels, as a slight return for the many kind favors which have rendered his memorable Washington sojourn so agreeably diverting."

About a week after Mrs. Waring's very sudden departure for England, Town Tit-Bits had the following paragraph:

"Prince Roderigo del Pino—so the papers have it—only arrived in New York yesterday on the Scotia, and is to give Newport's summer colony a glimpse of his titles and millions to-morrow.

"Can it be possible that there are two Roderigo del Pinos?" If not, may we ask the identity of the mysterious Italian nobleman, who disported himself in Washington two weeks ago in the train of that noted society leader, Mrs. R——d W——ng, whose rumored engagement to the Earl of L——y, we understand, is an undoubted fact?"

(The End.)

WOMAN LAWYER'S CHANCE.

If there is any hint of a moral attached to the New York Sun story below it is that to establish clearly their legal and judicial equality women lawyers must learn to regard untidiness as philosophically as do men lawyers. This is the story, as one of the hundred women lawyers in New York City tells it:

In the early days of my legal studentship I was in a Wisconsin town spending my vacation, and Judge X, the great man of the place, an old friend of my father's, gave me the privilege of his library.

Like many other private law libraries in small places I have visited, this was unsurpassed in number of volumes and value by any I have ever known about in New York, where space is so precious that a lawyer must perforce depend on outside help for his references.

In a smaller town you must own the books yourself or go without. The Judge owned his, and I browsed with wonder and delight about among the shelves, which filled three good-sized rooms, and I realized for the first time what the law really meant, and how tremendous an undertaking it was for a young woman like myself to seek to make any headway in it.

These, however, were only reflections, by the way. My insistent thought was one of horror at the dirt and disorder that reigned supreme.

I set to work, and finally, after finishing up the outer rooms, I invaded the sanctum, where the old judge had gone on day after day without taking the slightest notice of me and my dusting. When he did become aware that something so unprecedented was taking place, he nearly had a stroke.

To think that I, an insignificant fly on the dictionary of wisdom, had dared to disturb the accumulation of sacred dust! Even his old-time courtesy was for a while sadly shaken.

Finally he gasped out a question as to whether I did not respect the superstitions of the profession I was studying to enter, one of which was the hide-bound rule that no volume should have its place changed or its face altered, though the dust might be inches deep.

I shook my head, and in answer proudly displayed the completed catalogue, where code volumes and common law had their respective positions. Finally the humor of the situation came to his relief, and he said:

"Well, I have often wanted to know what women were going to do when they entered the legal field, and now I know. They will dust the books."