

Prisoners and Captives

By H. S. MERQIMAN

CHAPTER XX.

One morning, about a fortnight later, Matthew Mark Easton received a letter which caused him to leave his breakfast untasted and drive off in the first hansom cab he could find to Tyars' club.

The waiter whose duty it was to look after the few resident members informed the American, whom he knew well by sight, that Mr. Tyars was not downstairs yet.

"Well," replied Easton, "I guess I'll wait for him; in fact, I am going to have breakfast with him—a boiled egg and two pieces of this toast."

He was shown into the room occupied by Tyars, and proceeded to make himself exceedingly comfortable in a large armchair, with the morning newspaper.

Tyars was not long in making his appearance—trim, upright, strong as usual, and conveying that unassuming air of readiness for all emergencies which was at times almost aggressive. He carried his hand in the smallest and most unobtrusive sling allowed by the faculty. At his heels walked Muggins—the grave, the pink-eyed, Muggins was far too gentlemanly a dog to betray by sign or sound that he considered this visitor's behavior a trifle too familiar.

"Good morning, captain," said Easton, cheerily. "Well, Muggins, I trust I see you in the enjoyment of health."

The violent chuck under the chin with which this phrase was emphasized received but scant acknowledgment from a very stumpy tail.

"I have news," said Easton, at once, laying aside the newspaper. "News from old Smith—Pavloski Smith."

"Where from?" inquired Tyars, without enthusiasm.

"From Tomsk. It is most extraordinary how these fellows manage to elude the police. Here, old Pavloski—an escaped Siberian exile—a man they would give their boots to lay their hands on—goes back to Russia, smuggles himself across the German frontier, shows that solemn face of his unblinking in Petersburg, and finally posts off to Tomsk with a lot of contraband luggage as a merchant."

"I thought I had a fair allowance of cheek, but these political fellows are far ahead of me. Their cheek and their calm assurance are simply unbounded."

"The worst of it," said Tyars, turning over his letters with small interest, "is that the end is always the same. They all overdo it sooner or later."

"Yes," admitted the American, whose sensitive face betrayed a passing discomfort, "but it is no good thinking of that now."

"Not a bit," acquiesced Tyars, cheerily. "Only I shall be rather surprised if I meet those three men up there. It would be better luck than one could reasonably expect."

"If one of them gets through with his party, all concerned should be very well pleased with the result," said Easton.

"Now listen to what Pavloski says." He unfolded a letter, which was apparently a commercial communication written on the ordinary mail paper of a merchant, and bearing the printed address of an office in Constantinople.

On the first page was a terse advice, written in a delicate, clerical hand, of the receipt by Hull steamer of a certain number of cases containing American apples.

"This," said Easton, "is from our stout friend. He has received the block stouts and the Winchester cartridges."

He then opened the letter further, and on the two inside pages displayed a closely written communication in a peculiar pink-tinted ink, which had evidently been brought to light by some process, for the paper was wrinkled and blistered.

"I have," read the American, slowly, as if deciphering with difficulty, "reached Tomsk without mishap. I have bought a strong sled, wholly covered in, and instead of sleeping in the stations, usually lie down on the top of my cases under the cover. I give as reason for this the information that I have many valuable watches, rings, trinkets—and, being a young merchant, cannot run the risk of theft to save my own personal comfort. I have traveled day and night, according to the supply of horses, but have always succeeded hitherto in communicating with those who are to follow me. One man on my list was in the prison indicated; he is probably dead. I find great improvement. Our organs are in a more mechanical, and not so hysterical, state. I am up to the diminished number of female workers. All the articles with which your foresight provided me have been useful, but the great merit in Siberia is money. With the funds I have at my command I feel as powerful as the Czar. I may whom I like and what I like. My only regret is that the name of C. T. Tyars should be suppressed—that the hundreds of individuals who will benefit by his grand generosity will never know the name of the Englishman who has held out his laden hands to those groaning under the yoke of a barbarous oppression. When we are all dead, when Russia is free, his name will be remembered by some one. The watches will be very useful; I have sold two at a high price; but once beyond Irkutsk, and I will send or give one to the master of each important station, or to the starost of each village. By this means those who follow me will know that they are on the right track. I have enough watches to lay a train from Irkutsk to the spot where I assemble my party. I met my two companions by appointment at the base of the Ivan Veliki tower in the Kremlin, and we spent half an hour in the cathedral together within musket shot of the Czar, and under the very nose of the cream of his police. Since then we have not met, but are each working forward by the prescribed route alone. I see great changes here. Russia is awakening—she is rubbing her eyes. God keep you all three!"

Matthew Mark Easton indicated by a little jerk of the head that the letter was finished. Then, after looking at it curiously for a moment, he folded it and put it away in his pocket.

"Old Smith," he said, "waxes quite poetic at times."

"Yes," answered Tyars, pouring out his coffee, "but there is a keen business man behind the poetry."

"One," observed Easton, in his terse way, "of the sharpest needles in Russia, and quite the sharpest in Siberia at the present moment."

"He will need to be; though I think that the worst of his journey is over. The cream is, as he says, at Moscow. Once beyond Nijni he will find milk, then milk and water, and finally beyond Irkutsk the thinnest water. The official intellect in Siberia is not of a brilliant description. Pavloski can outwit every gendarme or Cossack commandant he meets, and once out of Irkutsk they need not fear the law. They will only have Nature to compete with, and Nature always gives fair play. When they have assembled they will retreat north like an organized army before a rabble, for there are not enough Cossacks and gendarmes

in Northern Siberia to form anything like an efficient corps of pursuit. They may follow, but I shall have the fugitives on board and away long before they reach the seaboard."

"How many are there in Yakutsk?"

"Two thousand altogether, soldiers and Cossacks. They have no means of transport and no commissariat corps. By the time that the news travels south to Yakutsk, that there is a body of supposed exiles to the north, our men will have gained such an advantage that pursuit would be absurd."

"It seems," replied Easton, "no very simple task that I wonder no one has tried it before."

"Simply because no one has had the money. I know several whaling capitalists who would be ready enough to try, provided they were paid. The worst danger was the chance of the three men being captured as soon as they entered Russia. They are now at their posts in Siberia. In May they meet surreptitiously on the southern slope of the Verkhovskaya, cross the mountains, and they are safe. The three leaders will then be together, and they will retreat north as arranged, wearing the Yamschicks into obedience, and taking all the post deer and dogs with them, so that an immediate pursuit will be impossible. I think, added the organizer of this extraordinary plot, "that we shall succeed."

As the middle of February approached, Claud Tyars was tranquilly engaged in his preparations. Several ladies were pleased to express their disapproval of this affectation of hard work and failed to see why his evenings should be devoted to a task for which he had plenty of time during the day.

It would be hard to determine how far Tyars realized his position. He was a disciplinarian of the finest mold, and it is probable that he had never, up to this time, allowed for a moment the fact that he loved Helen Grace. This determination to cultivate the blindness of those who will not see was not dictated by cowardice; because Claud Tyars was, like most physically powerful men, inclined to exaggerate the practice of facing disagreeable facts with both eyes open. He had refused to realize this most inconvenient truth, because he was oppressed by a vague fear that realization meant defeat.

He now suspected that Miss Winter had known all along that Helen Grace was not the same to him as other women. Added to this was a suspicion that she calmly and deliberately undertook the task of forcing him to say as much to Helen herself. He could think this now without vanity.

Matthew Mark Easton stood and watched, as you may have watched these slow, strong rivers, and knew that his friend was passing on to some new country with a purpose which he could not turn back on. Probably he felt a little doubtful of Claud Tyars—felt that he could not rely upon him to act like other men. At any moment the unexpected might supervene.

Deeply, however, as he felt his responsibility, anxious as he was, he never lost sight of the fact that these men, whose courage rises to the occasion, and whose recognized fully that without Claud Tyars failure was inevitable, he would not blind himself into the belief that the leader was absolutely safe.

CHAPTER XXI.

At the risk of being accused of betraying the secrets of the sex, this opportunity is taken of recording an observation made respecting men. It is simply this: That we all turn sooner or later to some woman in our difficulties. And when a man has gone irrevocably to the dogs, his descent is explicable by the simple argument that he happened to turn to the wrong woman. Matthew Mark Easton had hitherto got along fairly well without feminine interference, but this in no manner detracted from his respect for feminine astuteness. This respect now urged him to brush his hat very carefully one afternoon, purchase a new flower for his button hole, and drive to Miss Winter's. He found that lady at home and alone.

"I thought," he said, as he entered the room and placed his hat carefully on the piano, "that I should find you at home this afternoon. It is so English outside."

"The weather does not usually affect my movements," replied Miss Winter. "I am glad you came this afternoon, because I am often to be found at home at this time. Tell me, how is Mr. Tyars?"

"He is well," was the answer, "thank you. His arm is knitting nicely."

There was a little pause, then he added, with a marked drawl—an Americanism to which he rarely gave way: "How is Miss Grace?"

Agnes Winter looked up sharply. Matthew Mark Easton met the gaze of those clever northern eyes with a half smile. She gave a little short laugh, half pleased, half embarrassed, like the laugh of some fair masker when she finds herself forced to lay aside her mask.

"I wonder," she said, "how much you know?"

The strange, wrinkled face fell at once into an expression of gravity which rendered it somewhat wistful and almost ludicrous.

"Nothing—I guess."

"How much do you surmise?" she amended, unconsciously using a word toward which he had a decided conversational penchant.

"Everything. My mind is in a fevered state of surmise."

"Is there anything to be done?" she asked, after a lengthened pause.

"I counted," he answered, "that I would put that question to you."

"Don't you see that I can do nothing, that I am powerless?"

"And," he continued, "imperturbably, 'what am I to do?'"

"Well, I should go to Mr. Tyars and say, 'Claud Tyars, you cannot go on this expedition—you have no right to sacrifice the happiness of—of another to the gratification of your own personal ambition.'"

"I cannot do that," he said, "because Claud Tyars has bound himself to go, and I will not let him off his contract. It is my expedition."

He hardly expected her to believe it, knowing Tyars and himself as he did. But he was quite aware that he laid himself open to a blow on the sorest spot in his heart.

"Then why do you not go yourself, Mr. Easton?"

He winced under it, all the same, though he made no attempt to justify himself. She had touched his pride, and there is no prouder man on earth than a high-bred North American. He merely sat and endeavored to keep his lips still, as Tyars would have managed to do. In a second Miss Winter saw the result of the taunt, and her generous heart softened.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I

know there must be some good reason." She waited, in order to give him an opportunity of setting forth his good reason, but he refused to take it, and she never had the satisfaction of hearing it from his own lips.

FEAT IN RAILROAD LIGHTING.

English Line Tests New System Which Greatly Reduces Cost.

A new and interesting engineering feat and one of considerable value to railway companies and of great commercial possibilities has been made on the Great Eastern Railway of Great Britain, says the New York Tribune.

It was to demonstrate the value of a new system of lighting railway trains, which is known as the Leitner-Lucas system.

The dynamo was entirely sealed up; that is, the oil wells, brush and reversing gear. The automatic cutouts were similarly placed under seal, as well as the storage battery, the sealing being done by the railway company in such a way that no replacement or repairs could be made, no oil added to the well or any part of the machinery and no water or acids added to the batteries. Mr. Leitner's claim was that under these conditions he would light the carriages designated during the time they would cover a distance exceeding the circumference of the earth at the equator and during the most exacting period of the year, from October to the end of December.

On Jan. 1 the distance agreed on had been exceeded, the two coaches used for the test on arriving at Paddington from Cornwall having covered 25,200 miles. The light had not failed on any occasion, the illumination being as bright on the last journey as on the first. The lights were kept supplied with an electric current at a practically constant voltage, running or standing. The seals were taken off, and it was found that though the dynamo had not had a drop of oil, nor the accumulators a drop of water or acid, they were in first rate condition, and could have gone on for another month or more, still under seal, and supplied a good and sufficient light.

The result of this test in a commercial point of view is that during twelve weeks and for a distance of 25,200 miles, coaches were effectively and even luxuriantly lighted, practically without any human attendance at all, and without renewals, replacements or repairs—in other words, without any cost, except for more coal, theoretically consumed on the locomotive, which is such an infinitesimal amount as to be traceable.

Made the Bear Work.

Bill Winters, of whom the Boston Herald tells, is one of the heroes who uses his wit to save his strength. During a campaign trip in the Maine woods Bill was easily the laziest man in the party.

Finally his exasperated comrades told him that if he did not kill something besides time they would pack him off home.

The next morning Bill borrowed a rifle and went off up the mountain. Two hours later the men in camp saw Bill running down again as fast as he could come, and close behind him was a bear. The men watched the chase with loaded rifles ready. On reaching camp Bill turned and shot the bear.

When the men could stop laughing, one of them said, "Bill, what on earth possessed you to run that distance, with the bear so close, when you might have killed him on the hill and saved your breath?"

Bill smiled slowly. "What's the use of killing a bear in the mountains and lugging him in when you can run him in?" he asked.

If the Heart Stops Beating.

When the heart stops the circulation ceases, the capillaries of the lungs become gorged with stagnant blood, while the blood in the brain no longer carries away the waste products and brings the oxygenated fluid to restore the tissues. As the blood takes about half a minute to circulate through the whole system, it may be taken that at the end of this period after the stoppage of the heart the arteries would be filled by the last effort of the left ventricle, while the veins would be pouring their contents into the right auricle. In a few seconds more the nervous centers would cease to act, and probably by the end of the minute the subject would be practically dead from suffocation, although reflex muscular action would probably keep up the appearance of life for some seconds longer.

Resources of Genius.

The editor looked over the manuscript submitted by the village poet and frowned.

"Here is one line," he said, "in which you speak of the 'music of the elder press.' How would you undertake to imitate the 'music' of an elder press?"

"I should think it might be done with a juke harp," answered the poet.

A Discouragement.

"Why don't you write your prescriptions in plain English?"

"What the hell?" rejoined the physician. "I write my bills in plain English and a lot of people don't seem to make any sense of them."—Washington Star.

Woman's Rights.

He—You say a woman has no rights. She—That's what I say.

Why a man has to go to the Legislature to change his name, while a woman only has to go to the preacher."—Yonkers Statesman.

Indebtedness.

"Don't you feel that you owe something to the public?"

"No," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "The principal object of my financial career has been to keep the public in debt to me."—Washington Star.

Achille J. Olshel, a New York lawyer, who was born in Italy and was formerly the Marquis de Sauria, says that he would "rather be an American citizen than any sort of marquis."

Three are four millions in Britain to one in France.

EDITORIALS

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects.

THE PANAMA CANAL.

IN the four years since the act was passed to provide for the construction of a canal connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans so many problems have arisen in relation to the Panama Canal and so many persons have expressed opinions about them that some one has recently said:

"We are getting on well with the Panama Canal—our writers are steadily at work on it."

Where to build the canal, what kind of canal to build, how long it ought to take, how much it ought to cost, whether the United States government is competent to build it, whether this or that official is doing his work properly—all these things have been abundantly discussed.

To the ordinary citizen one thing is evident: the problems of business, of politics and of engineering in the construction of the canal are so great that only those who have full information and are expert in these and kindred problems can form an opinion worth considering. The enterprise is tremendous, and the corporation that has undertaken to perform it, the American government, has never before attempted anything like it. The canal cannot be built without perplexities, delays and blunders—seen to be blunders a good while after they are committed.

The same America, while he exercises his right to receive and deliver opinions with democratic freedom, will remember at the same time that those who are in the work know more about it than most of those who are not. The administrators, legislators, engineers and others in authority are probably doing their part with skill and integrity, and the part of almost every one else is to trust them cheerfully and wish them well in a stupendous task.—Youth's Companion.

A DEFINITION OF SUCCESS.

URING commencement season, when so much advice is tendered the graduate and so many definitions are given the word "Success," it is worth while to quote the definition made by Richard Le Gallienne: "Success consists in getting out of yourself all the good there is in you, or out of life all of worth there is in it for you."

That is comprehensive. Let us note where the emphasis is placed: Success consists in getting out of yourself, not all that is in you, but all the good that is in you. It consists in getting out of life, not all there is in it for you, but all of worth there is in it for you. First, get out of yourself all the good there is in you. That is done by education. For the real meaning of education is in the meaning of the word from which it comes—educate—which means to draw out. You are to draw out of yourself all the best that is in you. You may be educated, in a sense, and draw out of yourself all that is had within you. You can sharpen all the faculties of shrewdness into reality if you so desire. Trickery, hypocrisy, deceit may be helped by education. Or you may draw out of yourself the inherent goodness that abides in honesty, decency, sympathy.

The education that is merely mental may be a curse rather than a blessing. And so of the success that comes of getting out of life what there is in it—you can get that which is unworthy if you desire. You can get those exterior things which your real self will one day declare to be false and vain. Those things are unthinking worship—money, power, place—may become the most miserable baubles with which the soul has stilled its ache.

Success. What a glittering, fascinating word! What

A PERILOUS EXCURSION.

"I know of it to spot more beautiful than that which we must pass this morning. But our path is no ordinary one. The journey can be done only on foot," said Padre Gulo, who was the companion of Reginald Wyon in his journey to the source of the Clerna, over the border from Montenegro. In "The Balkans from Within" Mr. Wyon describes this perilous excursion.

"Go carefully," exclaims Padre Gulo, as I come slipping and sliding after him. "Look! he has no look before him. We are on the brink of a precipice the sight of which makes my blood run cold, so suddenly and abruptly does it sink from the curtain of bushes before us."

Very carefully we proceed, sliding on the slippery grass and clutching at the bushes. No need to adjure me to caution after that terrible glance into the ravine.

The forest breaks off suddenly, and brings us face to face with the source of the Clerna. Out of the living rock a rush of creamy water plunges into the steaming depths. A little higher a creek of silver comes down the precipitous rock rise in ridges, until the final break of native cliff cuts into the blue sky in a wild, jagged outline.

It is romantic and savage enough to characterize its mission as boundary between two nations who have lived in blood feud with one another for more than five centuries.

For some hundred feet we descend steeply, and the gorge surrounds us like the walls of a prison. A thread, scarcely more than a foot wide, skirts the bare rock, and disappears round the bend of a cliff, the summit of which overhangs the base. At least we can walk upright. This is no place to contemplate the roaring cascade. The corner is passed, the cliff has receded somewhat from our path, which is, however, still upon a steeply slanting angle.

"It was here that a woman fell last year," explains the padre, and scarcely have the words left his lips when we round a bend, and find an old woman and two young girls staggering under huge loads of wood. They are standing helplessly, and as we come up to them the woman and a girl lie down on the upper side of the path to let us pass, and we see the second girl in a terrible predicament.

Her foot has slipped over the lower side, and she is balancing between life and death. The load upon her back is too heavy to permit her to rise, and the loose earth on the shelving bank allows no foothold.

A grasp of a hand, and she is up safely once more on the path, smiling easily, as it were a most common accident.

It is sometimes easier to figure the other man's profits than your own.

BERLIN IS MACHINE MADE.

English Writer Calls It Still, Right, Rectilinear and Only a Village.

Was Berlin made last year—or the year before? It is impossible to say from looking at it. Some of the trees in the streets look at least ten years old, but they must have been planted long before the city was thought of—the houses and the streets and the lamp posts and the statues are all much too recent and new to have endured the rains or more than one winter. It is all, in fact, quite too new to be comfortable. One feels afraid to sleep in any of the houses lest rheumatism should be lying in wait in rooms where the plaster has not had time to harden.

I drove from the station in a "droschki" with a monstrously old horse. Time had bent his forelegs into a very good imitation of a switchback railway—and as we plodded solemnly along the brand-new houses on either side and an occasional brand-new electric car, with a brand-new driver in a brand-new uniform, I found myself wondering what that old horse must think of it all. One day he may have been grazing in an open field—and when he passed that way a week or so later he found a new broad boulevard, with hotels and shops and churches and great blocks of flats, all sprung up like mushrooms.

Berlin, then, is a great deal too perfect to be satisfactory. It is the machine-made, not the hand-made article.

It was very decidedly made, not born. There is no spontaneity in it, no life; compared to, say, London; it is like a beautiful marble statue to a living woman.

Berlin is, in fact, an awful object-lesson to emperors and others who try to make a capital city out of a respectable village. It is easy to put up imposing buildings—if you have the money—and to cut out broad tree-lined roads and have everything neat and nice and fine—but you only make your village bigger and finer without making it any the more a capital city. There is no getting away from the feeling that Berlin is a village—a big village—a beautiful, rectilinear, new-out-of-the-box village, but a village all the same.—London Chronicle.

Live by the Sun.

Little spiders of certain species are carried on the backs of their female parents, in some cases for six or seven months, without taking the slightest visible nourishment. This fact has led the imaginative but learned and eminent French naturalist, M. J. H. Labre, to conclude that the young spiders live by the absorption of solar light and heat.

As he words it, "the motor heat in these young animals, instead of being released from food, might be utilized directly as the sun, source of all life, radiates it."

Appropriate to Character.

"Why in the world did you name your car 'The Scandal Monger'?"

"It's always running people down."—Houston Post.

a cruel farce it sometimes plays in the hearts of men. If success be fairly won it may be known by the peace it brings; if unfairly won it becomes like dead ashes to the lips. When one gets a large measure of good out of himself and of worth measure of bad out of himself and of unworthiness out of life he is cheated in the end.

Galliene puts the standard high—necessarily—but not too high. None of us gets all the good out of himself, or out of life, but the nearer we come up to the standard the more nearly do we come to success.—Indianapolis Sun.

THE PRESS IS THE MODERN SEARCHLIGHT.

THE English army, which for centuries has been fighting inferior races, has a new weapon against the savages. In fighting the Zulus it has been found that the searchlight comes in handy. When the light is turned onto their camps in the night the frightened natives fancy the eye of God is upon them and they fly in dismay.

Modern civilization has also its searchlight: The press. The limelight of publicity is the great discoverer and the great deterrent of evil. The old scriptures are true today as thousands of years ago—"Men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil." And when the searchlight of the newspaper is thrown upon their deeds what a scatterment and a terror!

Especially within the past two years has the searchlight been efficient. It has been turned on evil in high places and has sent guilty wretches to suicide and exile. It has condemned the mighty to wither in the sight of men or die in shame. The searchlight is turned upon the predatory raid of the millionaire and he quails before it. It flashes into the light of public scorn the looters of great insurance companies and blasts and ruins whole families. It throws its beams upon the people's representatives and each man stands revealed. And now it is turned upon the corporations that are monopolies and now upon the graft and corruption of the railroads.

All hail the searchlight! No danger of excesses so long as the press confines itself to facts. Let the truth appear though the heavens fall. And let the potential wrongdoer who contemplates new robberies stand in terror of the light. More power to the rays of the searchlight.—St. Louis Chronicle.

RUNNING INTO DEBT.

IT has been said that next to death or serious illness the most distressing thing in the household is debt. The general thrift of the members of one of our most highly respected religious societies is doubtless due to the fact that they are enjoined to live within their means. With this sect prudence in the expenditure of money is rightly accounted one of the master virtues. The secret of the rise of many in worldly estate is to be found in the undeviating practice of spending less than is earned. This may involve Spartan sacrifices in some instances, but it comprises the art of getting on in the world. The maxim, "Spend less than you earn," is easily understood, yet the majority of persons, heads of families, are so constituted that, no matter what the earnings may be, the standard of living rises with the financial resources of the family, and at the end of the year the debit and credit sides of the domestic account balance, or, perhaps, the household is grievously in debt. The piling up of debt for domestic expenses is inexcusable, save in cases where no amount of prudence will keep the wolf from the door.—Philadelphia Ledger.

WHAT MEXICO OWES DIAZ.

Almost Incredible Improvement Effected by the Dictator His Long Rule.

For 300 years Spain ruled Mexico in the same manner that she ruled her other colonial possessions, for the benefit of Spain and Spaniards. Spain's colonies were regarded only as tributaries to the mother country and the conquered people became little less than slaves to the conquerors. Yet with all there was among the people an upward development which culminated in revolt and the overthrow of Spanish authority. The flag of revolt was raised on Sept. 16, 1810, but independence was not proclaimed until Feb. 24, 1821. On Sept. 27 of that year Iturbide made his triumphant entry into the capital.

The next sixty years marked a period of almost incessant domestic warfare, during which the land was drenched in blood and comparatively little progress was made. Then came Mexico's strong man, Porfirio Diaz.

Under the rule of this large-minded statesman Mexico has become a new land. He introduced sweeping and practical reforms measures, increased revenues without seriously increasing the burden of taxation and set on foot plans for the development of national resources. He maintained peace at home and established friendly relations with foreign powers. The results of the new policy were soon apparent.

Diaz saw that political peace and industrial prosperity were alike dependent upon railway communication. In 1875, two years before the first election of General Diaz, Mexico had only about 300 miles of railway. Twenty years later she had nearly 7,000 miles and she has today approximately 10,000 miles. Much of this work has been done by a costly system of subsidies, but there can be no question of the wisdom of the investment. Aside from the effects of the railways on the industrial growth of Mexico, without them it would have been practically impossible for President Diaz to put into effect those political reforms which have converted the country from a land of almost uninterrupted domestic war into a land of peace and law and order.

A quarter of a century of good government has effected an almost incredible change in Mexico. There are 700,000 scholars enrolled in the public schools and 125,000 more enrolled in private schools. Education is compulsory, although the law cannot be rigidly enforced. There were in 1903 thirty-seven museums, 125 libraries and 477 newspapers. Telegraph lines run to all parts of the country. Waterworks and sewer systems are in operation and in process of installation. "A quarter of a century ago," says Frederic R. Guernsey in the Atlantic Monthly, "Mexico was a congeries of jealous and isolated provinces. The work of Porfirio Diaz has been the creation of a strong, solvent and efficient nation. Truly a great man in a country of great possibilities."—New York Sun.

PULSE of the PRESS

Both the Krupp girls are engaged. Millions are no bar to matrimony.—New York American.

There is such a thing as making it too warm even for the Ice Trust.—Philadelphia North American.

At any rate, Mr. Thaw will not have any worries about the place in which to spend the summer.—Philadelphia Ledger.

John D. says Americans spend too much. He could help them out by reducing the price of oil.—New York American.

Market report says that turkeys will be "plentiful and of fine quality," which is surely matter for thanksgiving.—New York Herald.

An Indiana locksmith shot the girl that lifted him, so there is one at least that love shouldn't have laughed at.—New York Herald.

The assessor who fixed the value of Bryan's bees at \$5, referred only to those on his farm.—Philadelphia North American.

Nephritis is the latest penalty for the automobile scorcher. Nature, it appears, has certain speed laws also.—New York Tribune.

For a time the lawyers will attend