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WHICH IS CRUSOE'S ISLAND?

Opinion Seems to Favor Tobago Above the Claims Made by Adherents of Juan Fernandez.

For many years Juan Fernandez, a Chilean island off the eastern coast of South America, was known as Crusoe's island, because another adventurer had spent five years there in solitude and it was thought for some time that Defoe had recorded his hermit's experience. But following Crusoe's directions that he landed on an island in a latitude of 11 degrees nearer the mouth of the Orinoco river, and in sight of the island of Trinidad, one comes upon the island of Tobago, the only one answering the description.

An interesting discovery which gave prominence to Tobago as the real Crusoe's island occurred some years ago, when the skeleton of a goat was unearthed in a cave on the island. This coincided remarkably with Crusoe's statement that he found a dying goat in a hillside cave and later buried it there. "Crusoe's goat" became for a time an object of great popular interest and figured as a prominent exhibit at the Chicago World's fair.

Tobago's failure to obtain greater recognition of its importance as the "only authentic Robinson Crusoe island" is doubtless due to the fact that it is a retiring little island, concerned chiefly with its plantations and trade. Leaving Crusoe out altogether, Tobago has had an eventful history, from the time it was discovered by Columbus, on his third voyage, until England took it from France in 1803, and started to turn it into a profitable colony.

REPEATED HIS GREAT WORK

When Thomas Carlyle Proved Irreversible to the "Slings and Arrows of Outrageous Fortune."

In 1835 there occurred an incident which would have deranged an ordinary man. Thomas Carlyle was living at 5 Cheyne row, Chelsea, near London. He had not earned a penny, says he to himself, "by the craft of literature for 23 months." But with the push of a tiger he was plowing his way through his "History of the French Revolution." The first volume was finished. It had taken him five months to write it. He loaned the MS. to John Stuart Mill. On a certain morning Mill called upon Carlyle, his face as white as ashes. After two hours of awkward fumbling Mill managed to tell him he had left the priceless MS. on a desk and the housemaid had taken it to light the morning fire in the grate! Carlyle was like a stricken man. But one day, as he sat dumbly at his window, he saw cheery bricklayers building a house, brick by brick. He burst into tears and, sobbing like a child, he cried: "I, too, can bring back thought!" He did. He recalled all of the MS. and rewrote it. What torture!

Snow Houses in the Arctic.

A snow house is the most adaptable of dwellings. If it gets too warm either for the comfort of the inhabitants or because the roof begins to thaw, you can lower the temperature by enlarging the ventilating hole with your knife. If it gets too cold, you make the hole smaller by stuffing a mitten into it. If the roof begins to melt because it is made of blocks that are too thick, you send a man out with a long knife or machete, and he thins them down until the frost without neutralizes the heat from within, and the thawing stops. But if you have made your roof too thin, and hear-frost begins to form from your breath and from the steam that rises from the cooking, then a man goes out with a shovel, instead of a knife, and throws a little soft snow on the roof, to blanket it from the excessive cold.—Harper's Magazine.

The Proof.

I may not rise to wealth and fame and live on the millions prize my name. Not many do. But just the same, I'll do the best I can. If someone else excels my work, let in my breast no malice lurk. That is no reason I should shrink or curse creation's plan. In life's great race where all must run, we cannot all be number one; but someone when the race is done must be an "also ran." And if the man who lost can smile and say "I'm beaten by a mile, but still I'm glad I made the trial," he's proved himself a man.—Kansas City Star.

Important Italian Industry.

Announcement has been made of the foundation at Rome under the auspices of a leading bank, of a large company for the manufacture of safes, vaults and other equipment for insuring the safety of money, securities and valuables. This new industry will fill a long-felt want in Italy, which has always been dependent upon foreign sources of supply for safes and similar equipment.

The Real Trouble.

"The pulling down of the temple was the case of Samson's remarkable feat."

Plenty of Them.

"Did Jones get any damages in that assault case?"

"You ought to have seen him when they took him to the hospital."

OREGON NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST

Principal Events of the Week Briefly Sketched for Information of Our Readers.

A building boom has struck Rainier. Grain and alfalfa crops near Prineville are looking fine and making a great growth.

Three gold nuggets were found in the claw of a duck by Mrs. J. Q. Rodgers of Albany.

Work on the Salem Commercial club's free camping grounds is progressing rapidly.

The shortage of gasoline on Coos bay is becoming serious for several classes of industry.

Owing to the increase of business the Baker postoffice will be made an office of the first class July 1.

Douglas county pruned trees appear to be in good condition and an average crop is predicted this season.

Frank O. Worley died at his home in Roseburg at the age of 89 years. He settled on South Myrtle creek in 1849.

Newton Vandam, for the past six months state director of vocational training in the public schools, has resigned.

Prospects for excellent summer range in the Ochoco district were never better, according to the statement of forest rangers.

The University of Oregon co-ed baseball team defeated the Oregon Agricultural College girls at Corvallis by a score of 25 to 6.

The 15th annual conference of the Woman's Home Missionary society of the Salem district, Methodist Episcopal church, was held at Gresham.

Major William G. White, of the general staff of the national guard, is convalescing at his home in Eugene from injuries received in an automobile collision.

Herbert Hoover plans to visit Salem and other points in Oregon at an early date, according to a letter received by his aunt, Mrs. Agnes Heskelson, of Salem.

Hal Hibbard camp, Spanish War Veterans, of Salem, has gone on record opposing the proposed pardon of Henry Albers of Portland, convicted of sedition.

Increases in freight rates amounting to 23.91 per cent are sought by all the railroads operating in Oregon, in a petition filed with the Oregon public service commission.

A check for \$22,053.85, covering the sales of gasoline and distillate in Oregon by the Standard Oil company during the month of April, was received at the offices of the secretary of state.

A. C. Marsters of Roseburg proposes to irrigate more than 5000 acres of land lying north of Upper Klamath lake. He proposes to construct a ditch 45 miles long, the entire project to cost \$40,000.

Prospects for strawberry harvest help seems good this year, according to the Hood River Apple Growers' association. With berry picking still a week off, families are already arriving in numbers.

The last of 1885 cars of the 1919 apple crop handled by the Hood River Apple Growers' association has been shipped to New York city. The clean-up of apples has been unusually late this season.

The McMinnville Commercial club tendered the newcomers of the vicinity a reception and banquet last Friday. More than 150 newcomers and their wives were guests of the club members and their wives.

Total price increases in living necessities averaged less in Portland during the period between December, 1914, and December, 1919, than they did in Seattle, Los Angeles or San Francisco, according to the U. S. department of labor.

The Northwest Construction company, of Portland, which has the contract for the grading and hard surfacing of the "west side" Pacific highway between Yamhill and McMinnville, started its paving plant the first of the week.

Anti-Japanese feeling is running high among farmers in the north end of Deschutes county and may result in violent methods to eject oriental laborers imported to work on the large holdings recently acquired by George L. Burr, wealthy potato broker.

Total deposits of the 26 trust companies operating in Portland at the close of business May 4, 1920, was \$149,720,181.32, according to a report prepared by Will H. Bennett, state superintendent of banks. This shows an increase since May 12, 1919, of \$9,416,325.13.

Enlargements of the Umpqua and Butte creek fish hatcheries are being planned by State Game Warden Burdett and Master Fish Warden Clanton, who have just returned from that section. Work is also to begin soon on the Ament dam fish ladders. A peculiarity in the salmon run this year, they point out, is the heavy one in the Umpqua and the extremely light one in the Rogue. The former stream has a longer closed season.

Rainier entertained the farmers of the vicinity last Saturday, there being more than 400 in attendance at a dinner given by the Rainier commercial club in conjunction with the Allen Hendrickson Packing company.

Lieutenant R. M. Kelly and Governor Olcott of Oregon, forced by heavy head winds to land at Camp Lewis, abandoned their effort Sunday to fly to Stockton, Cal. After a three-hour delay they flew to Eugene, from which point they completed their trip Monday.

A tough block of the residence section of Pendleton, in the east end of the city, were flooded when the Byers millrace, which skirts that section of the town, broke through its banks. The Oregon-Washington railroad tracks were undermined for several feet and traffic delayed for five hours.

August Bjorklund, senior member of the firm of Bjorklund & Co., of Portland, is dead as the result of a bullet in the right temple, believed to have been fired by his wife, Mrs. Frankie Bjorklund, and she is in a serious condition at St. Vincent's hospital with a self-inflicted wound in the left lung.

There were three fatalities due to accidents in Oregon for the week ending May 20, according to a report prepared by the industrial accident commission. The victims were James E. Lee, sawyer, Yamhill; George E. Chase, truck driver, Worden, and Murlin Gold, logger, Shoshone, Idaho. A total of 535 accidents were reported.

Adoption of the 4 per cent state indebtedness limitation for permanent roads at Friday's election makes available for the highway commission \$10,000,000 which the special session of the legislature provided, and will also permit another \$10,000,000 road bond issue by the commission some time in the future when the people or the legislature grant authority.

Several thousand acres of hill land in the Flagstaff-Virtue mining district of Baker county have been homesteaded during the past few months, and one tract of about 3000 acres is being fenced. All this is said to be in the interest of cattle men who want the lands exclusively for themselves as pasture lands. The great ranges in eastern Oregon already are disappearing.

Thomas B. Kay and Frank Davey, at a conference held in Salem, have decided to prepare a bill for submission to the legislature at its next session prohibiting the overloading of trucks operating on the state and county highways.

It was charged by Mr. Kay and Mr. Davey that several paved roads in Marion county have been badly damaged by these trucks and that the highways are wearing out faster than they can be repaired.

A telegram was received at the offices of the Oregon Public Service commission to the effect that the interstate commerce commission had ordered certain railroads to transport to St. Paul, St. Louis, Chicago and other connecting points for distribution throughout the northwest several hundred empty serviceable box cars belonging to the western lines.

Movement of these cars is to begin May 25 and continue for 30 days.

With a small amount of financial cooperation on the part of the state of Oregon, an aerial forest patrol will be established in western Oregon by June 15, according to announcement made after a conference at Eugene between Governor Olcott, George H. Cecil, district forester of the federal service; F. A. Elliott, state forester; E. C. Simmonds, chairman of the aviation committee of the Eugene chamber of commerce; C. S. Chapman, secretary of the Western Forestry & Conservation association; and Colonel H. H. Arnold, and Lieutenant R. M. Kelly, of the army air service.

Colonel Arnold stated that the shortage of air service personnel makes necessary the furnishing of observers and watchmen by the state. These being guaranteed, bases will be established in Oregon, with at least three radio stations for receiving reports of forest fires.

Every state measure on the ballot on constitutional amendments and referendum measures carried by safe majorities at Friday's primary election. The three relief measures for the Portland street car system were hopelessly defeated. The race for secretary of state was easily decided, Sam Koger piling up a big lead over his opponents. There was no contest for representative in congress from the first district, where W. C. Hawley was nominated for reelection. The nomination for representative in the second congressional district goes to N. J. Sinnott. Fred G. Buchtel and H. H. Corey have been nominated for public service commissioners. For delegate at large to the national republican convention, of whom there are four to elect, Wallace McCamant, Charles H. Carey, Conrad P. Olson and Sanford MacDonald were in the lead. Nominated for presidential electors on the republican ticket are George Richardson, Lockwood, Hotchkiss and Hume. All except Hume are from Multnomah county. Chamberlain has been nominated by the democrats for United States senator over Starkweather by a two-to-one vote. On the democratic ticket, the four leading candidates for national delegate (four to elect) were T. H. Crawford, Mrs. M. L. T. Hilden, Will E. Purdy and Frederick V. Holman.

Half-Net Construction.

Human hair goes through many processes before reaching the user in the shape of a hair net, and the best are claimed to be made from hair prepared in England. The hair is bleached, chemically treated to reduce its thickness, and then dyed and combed into lengths ready for netting. After being thus treated it is sent to China to be distributed through properly appointed agencies and made into nets by hand by natives.

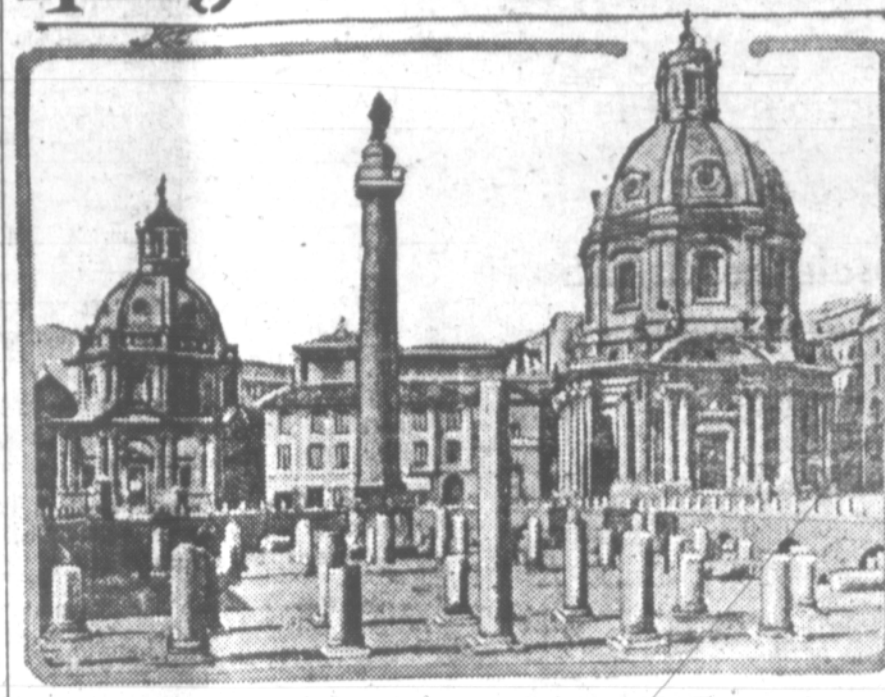
Do Kindly Act Gracefully.

Manners are the ornament of action; and there is a way of speaking a kind word, or of doing a kind thing, which greatly enhances their value. What seems to be done with a grudge, or as an act of condescension, is scarcely accepted as a favor. Yet there are men who pride themselves upon their gruffness; and though they may possess virtue and capacity, their manner is often such as to render them almost insupportable.—Samuel Smiles.

History Wrought in Stone.

Chapter by chapter the entire history of the Dacian campaigns is revealed, with a continuity of thought and a precision of historical facts and verity of detail that are marvelous. The building of bridges, the natural difficulties of the country in which the wars were fought, the methods of siege and storm, advance and attack by land and river, in open field

Trajan's Column



Trajan's Forum and Column.

THERE is a movement in Kansas City for the erection of a memorial to the American soldiers who took part in the world war, in the form of some monumental work of sculptural art. Its advocates, says the Kansas City Star, will find a historic precedent worthy of study and pregnant with suggestion in the famous Trajan's column at Rome, which remains today after eighteen centuries one of the world's memorial wonders. In its original setting it was but a part of a magnificent system of public buildings—two libraries, the Basilica Ulpia and the temple of Trajan—which composed the forum erected by the Roman emperor Trajan to commemorate his reign and to glorify his victories for posterity. The designer of the great forum of Trajan was Apollodorus, the Greek architect.

The name of the artist under whose inspired hand the column grew from base to capital and who recorded in its stones the martial deeds of his imperial master has been forgotten. That he was a Roman, however, is attested by the fact that the column itself is distinctly Roman in its design and in its inspiration. Today, of all the splendid buildings and monuments that composed the forum of Trajan which remains intact, the great column which tells the story of Trajan's achievements.

It was after his return from the Dacian wars that Trajan, in 113 A. D., caused to be erected in the midst of the forum he had built this column, which was designed not only to perpetuate the memory of his Dacian victories, but also to afford a repository for his ashes, which were placed in a golden urn in a chamber under the column. Surviving eighteen centuries of wars and the corroding touch of time and of "bombs that root out the work of masonry," the column of Trajan is today one of the most beautiful of Roman works of art and a document in stone of priceless value to the historian.

Is of Grecian Marble.

The ancient name of this famous column was the Columna Colchis, so called from its winding stairs like the spiral of a shell, by which ascent was made from pedestal to top. It is built of huge blocks of Greek marble. The shaft, base and capital, not counting the pedestal, which measured eighteen feet in height, are exactly 100 Roman feet high (ninety-seven in modern English). In diameter the shaft measures twelve feet at the bottom, tapering gently to about ten feet at the capital. On the top of the capital, in its original form, stood a colossal gilt bronze statue of the emperor, nearly twenty feet high, holding an orb in one hand and a spear in the other. This statue was stolen and carried away during one of the invasions of the Byzantine emperors in the fifth century, and was replaced in the sixteenth century by the statue of St. Peter, which now surmounts the column.

The tall pedestal on which the column is built is richly decorated with reliefs of armor and trophies taken from the Dacians. On one side is a tablet carried by two figures of Victory and upon it is the dedicatory inscription. At each angle above the cornice of the pedestal is an eagle supporting a garland of flowers. Immediately beneath the tablet is the doorway to the spiral staircase, lighted by forty-two small openings. The winding stairs consist of 184 steps around a central newel, all of solid marble.

As beautiful a work of sculptured beauty as the pedestal itself, the part of the column which most moves the modern beholder to wonder and astonishment is the shaft, which, standing on the tomb of the emperor, rises with its mass of relief wrought figures a hundred feet in the air. It is formed of twenty-three drums of marble, arranged in spiral bands of reliefs, which climb the column to the feet of the statue of the emperor who formerly stood upon its capital.

Wrought into these stones are more than 2,500 figures, besides a great number of background accessories, worked out with great minuteness of detail, the figures varying in height from three feet at the bottom to nearly four feet at the top. The sculptures represent the complete history of Trajan's two Dacian campaigns, upon which his military renown rests, and the story is told in stone as a historian might tell it by the written word—more graphically, perhaps, as it has the effect of a moving picture of those ancient days enshrined in stone as if by some sudden enchantment.

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and against walled cities, the details of ancient military engineering, costume, arms and all implements of war, all these things are wrought there with such a wonderful fertility of design and dramatic vigor of expression as to form a veritable encyclopedia of Roman warfare of that period.

The whole of the column was originally covered with gold and color. Brilliant crimson, blue and yellow were largely used for the reliefs forming the main shaft and must have presented an appearance of barbaric splendor in the days of their pristine chromatic glory. Nor was this drama in stone enacted with its Hamlet left out. The figure of Trajan is everywhere with a predominant appeal. The idealized emperor is presented under all sorts of conditions that were calculated to redound to his glory, as the warrior leading his hosts, as the master engineer directing the mechanical constructions, as a leader of scouting forces, as a soldier sharing the hard lot of his fellow soldiers, as the "little father of his country," leading, directing, encouraging by example, at all times in the spotlight, the soul of the army and the soul of Rome.

SOUGHT TO REACH HEARTS

Doctor Holmes' Literary Efforts Well Described by the Writer of "Authors and Friends."

Doctor Holmes' social nature, as expressed in conversation and in his books, drew him into communication with a very large number of persons. It cannot be said, however, in this age marked by altruisms, that he was a true altruist; on the contrary, he loved himself and made himself his prime study—but as a member of the human race. He had his own purposes to fulfill, his own self-appointed tasks, and he preferred to take them only on his own terms. He was filled with righteous indignation, in reading Carlyle, to find a passage where, hearing the doorbell ring one morning when he was very busy, he exclaimed that he was afraid it was "the man Emerson."

Yet Doctor Holmes was himself one of the most carefully guarded men, through his years of actual production, who ever lived and wrote. His wife absorbed her life in his, and mounted guard to make sure that no interruption was possible. Nevertheless he was eminently a lover of men, or he could not have drawn them perpetually to his side. His writings were never aimed too high; his sole wish was to hit the heart, if possible; but if a shot hit the head also he showed a childlike pride in the achievement.—From "Authors and Friends," by Annie Fields.

Those Stories.

If a mother can select only one feature of the kindergarten to use in her home, surely the story-telling period would be the best choice. There are so many opportunities for stories at home. They will serve as oil to the machinery of bathing, dressing, eating, and can accompany ironing, the washing of dishes, hand sewing and the like. The mother whose mind is well stored with good tales will not lack for an appreciative audience. Neither mother nor child will know boredom, and empty, tired, fretful hours will be transformed into happy, healthful, tender times.

Faith.

"You wish to marry me for myself alone?"

"Yes, my love."

"Suppose my father were to lose his fortune, what would you do?"

"I would be patient. There is a look of determination in your father's eye—how can I express it? He would recover his losses."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

The Young Spurn Advice.

One peculiar thing of life is that when we grow old we cannot make the younger generation take our advice on matters of life. They say: "That may have been all right when you were young, but that was many years ago. Times have changed since then." It would be fine if we could have the younger generation start where we left off instead of counting the same foolish mistakes that we ourselves have made, and yet it seems that this cannot be.—Dean Stabler Mathews.

Tag Your Books.

Many book lovers with large and precious libraries keep a small book with the name of each book kept, the date and the borrower. After a reasonable time, when the book has been lent, it is no discourtesy to write and remind the borrower that you miss your book friend and are waiting to welcome it home. Get a bookplate. That is the very best way to tag your books. And don't forget that the golden rule applies in books as in other phases of life, and return the ones you borrow yourself.

THE GHOST AT THE PHONE

By GERTSON SCHAEFFER

The end of the busy day had come at last, and H. Miller Virry found the household still with him.

All during the rush hours of the day, as he had watched his assignments and ideas develop into stories under the dett work of the reporters, he had waited for this hour.

Away back there, somewhere, never quite hidden by the thousands of ideas that whirled through the streets of his mind, there had been the one thought that when the day was over he would write a letter.

But about the headache—lately it had never left him. The malady seemed to be seated in the very dome of his head.

Now it was time to write. It was Saturday evening, and he was alone.

A futile look came into Virry's eyes. He even crossed the room and looked behind a locker door that was standing open. Somehow it did not seem strange to him that he should do this. He wanted to be alone.

He walked over to the police reporter's desk. The typewriter there was the best in the office. MacDonald always kept his machine clean.

The steady hum that rose from the sidewalk told him that it was six o'clock.

The thought of the letter he would write came forward and waved away that other consciousness—that he had not eaten since breakfast—and he seated himself at the typewriter again.

He drummed with his long fingers contemplatively, looked about the room with a nervous glance, and then began writing, using his index fingers only, as they write who are self-sought operators:

"The Town Where You Are Not."
"The Day When I Miss You Most."
"The Girl Whom I Love;"

"I Don't Know Where."
"Sweetheart;"

That cracking sound made him jump again. He began writing:

"This letter, sweetheart, will surely test your love, for I have so much trouble to put into it that you will hardly be able to read it. I'm hardly able to write it."

He jumped from his chair and hurried to the telephone.

"Hello," he said. "Hello—hello." He was annoyed, but courteous. He listened a moment.

"Why, I don't want any number. I thought you rang. All right, Central."

He returned to his letter:

"Sometimes I think perhaps you know all about it. Then it seems senseless for me to want to write to you."

"At other times it seems as if you had forgotten all about me. Then I yearn to tell you."

"If you do know, perhaps you can almost look over my shoulder now and see me writing. That wouldn't be senseless, though—would it, milady?"

"It would be just like talking over old times that we both knew all about, but love to hear each other mention. If you don't know—"

He went over to the telephone again. "Hello," he said in his businesslike manner.

There was always a note of expectancy in Virry's telephone "Hello," the ring of a telephone in a newspaper office may mean a great sensation.

His left hand was on the top of his head, where the ache was heaviest.

"I didn't ring," he heard Central say. A puzzled expression came over his face, and he went back to the typewriter.

"You would be interested to read this, I thought."

"I've been thinking about you every day. And here it is Saturday night. Saturday nights I am loneliest."

"When I first met you, we used to have our six o'clock Saturday dinners at the cafes, didn't we? And then I would take you home."

"After a while, I used to come to your home every Saturday night. You said you liked that better."

"So many Saturday nights have passed since I last saw you."

He smiled. As he drew away from the desk the noise of his chair on the floor and the sound of his footsteps resounded through the room. Long ago the presses had stopped their vibration, and the building was deserted and dark.

His letter had been written slowly, for it required much thinking—a letter of that sort.

"Hello," he said as he took down the receiver. "Why—why—why?" There was an astonishment in his voice, and his eyes widened almost irrationally.

"This can't be you!—Central, keep off, please."

"Tell me, dear—sweetheart—what's the matter? I don't want a number! Now she's off the line! Quick, Central! Get her for me. I'll give you matinee passes, if you do. What's that? No one on the line!—That's strange!—Can't get her? No one to get? You didn't ring?"

Virry hung up the receiver and hurried back to the typewriter, with a smile on his face.

"You have just called me up, but something was the matter with the line. You'll call again, and so I'll go on with the letter and hand it to you as soon as I see you."

"I was writing about the lonely Saturday nights. Somehow I don't seem so lonely since I began to write to night."

"I have decided to write, anyhow. Now, as I write, I feel happier—excuse me, I telephone again. Hope it's you."

"Central!" he fairly roared this time.

"That girl is on the line again."

"You can't tell me she isn't. I know her voice—Yes, dear, this is I. Sweet heart, where are you? Tell me quickly. I'll come right there. Tell me quickly!—Hurry, before she shuts us off!"

He spoke so rapidly that his words formed one long, incoherent yell that echoed wildly through the big room.

"Central, I want that number! I want that girl who was talking! God! I must talk to her! Get her! Some one did ring. Didn't I hear it? And I heard her voice. Now, there she is—Yes, now I can hear you, darling."

"Now, Central, steady a moment until I find out where this girl is. Where, dear? Where? Where? Louder! She's gone, Central! She's gone! She's gone!"

But suddenly he was talking over a dead wire. At the other end, a badly frightened little telephone girl was reporting to the chief operator the strange calls from the Telegram office.

Virry walked back to the typewriter and wrote:

"It was you again, but I couldn't hear you."

"If I only knew where you were, I'd come to you right away. If I only knew in what direction to go, I'd start out. But perhaps you'll call again, and so I'll go on with my letter."

"There are other nights than Saturday nights that are lonely."

"Sunday nights you used to go to the theaters with me. We always had the same pair of seats, you remember."

"How many songs I can remember that you and I have heard together! 'I Shall Never Forget My First Meeting With You'—remember it?"

"Then there was 'A Woman's Just a Woman, My Boy, but a Good Cigar Is a Smoke.' I remember you didn't like the song, until it came to the last verse where it runs, 'A woman's still a woman when a cigar's gone up in smoke'—I don't know about that, though; I can always get another cigar."

"Then there was that song, 'Dearie.' How that word echoed and pulsed and beat through that magnificent chorus, just as it echoes and pulses through my mind!"

"Oh, there were so many songs, so many plays, so many hours, so many events, so many thoughts, so many experiences, so many pleasures! How do you suppose I can write them all down?"

"They are crowding by the thousands up into the front of my brain, demanding a place on this paper—but here you are again. If I don't get you this time I'll—"

The telephone really rang this time. In two bounds he reached it.

"Hello," he said. "Now, Central, be more careful this time. If you only knew how much I want to talk to her!—Why, it's I! Why, Virry, the city editor! Keep off the line, sir!"

"Yes, dear, I hear you. I'll talk to you when this man gets off the line. Hurry up! Tell me where you are before he bothers us again. I'll come right to you.—The chief? Yes. But keep off the line, chief. I'll talk to you later."