

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

STATE LEVY SET AT 3.5 MILLS

Oregon Citizens to Be Required to Pay \$3,100,000 in Taxes.

Salem—The people of Oregon will have approximately \$3,100,000 in state taxes to pay in 1912. The state levy will be 3.5 mills. The total assessed valuation appraised by the State tax commission on public service corporations will be \$108,000,000 and by assessors \$784,000,000. The amount, \$3,100,000, which the people of the state will be called upon to pay will be the highest in the history of Oregon for one year.

The levy of 3.5 mills will not be the highest, however. In 1904 the levy was 7.006 mills, the highest in the history of the state, and the lowest was the territorial levy of 1 mill in 1858. In 1904, when the levy was the highest, only \$1,225,000 was raised on a valuation of \$173,978,888, as compared to the \$890,000,000 valuation of this year.

While the figures given above for 1911 are not final, the change will be so small as to be comparatively infinitesimal. The tax commission practically arrived at its final conclusion recently, working for the final extreme results, which probably will be known soon. The total of \$3,100,000 includes the appropriations for the University of Oregon and the Monmouth normal school, which in themselves amount to more than \$500,000.

The valuation, as given by the assessors this year of more than \$784,000,000, show a decided increase, while the valuation of \$108,000,000 placed by the State Tax commission on public service corporations is practically an increase of \$97,263,000.

The final figures represent the apportioned valuations, the year's valuation on public service corporations going well above the \$155,000,000 mark. The tax levy for 1911 is more than 1 mill increase for 1910. Last year it was impossible in making up the levy to ascertain what the appropriations of the legislature would be, and hence the increase.

WORK STARTED AT VALE.

Extension of Oregon Eastern Road Begins in Earnest.

Vale—Actual construction work on the Oregon & Eastern railroad has been started at mile post 15, near the mouth of the canyon. Over 100 men are located at this camp and more are being sent out daily.

Thirteen heavily-loaded wagons, belonging to the Utah Construction company, left the past week for the canyon, where tents are already erected and everything ready for work.

On Wednesday, fensos, scrapers, teams and wagons left for mile post 15. On Thursday, camp No. 2 of the Utah Construction company left for mile post 40. Work on the big tunnel here is now under way.

The Wasatch Construction company, sub-contractors, have located a large camp in the canyon, and upon the return from Salt Lake of Thomas O. Creer, in charge of the company's work, will start work immediately on a big cut in the canyon about 30 miles from Vale.

The local yards present a busy appearance. All kinds of construction material is piled up there to be sent into the canyon. Part of the material will remain here, as the Utah Construction company will start grading work from Vale as soon as W. L. Wattis returns. He is in charge of all the Utah Construction company's work.

Permanent headquarters in the Vale yards have already been built for this company. A large number of tents have been stretched, sheds erected, a warehouse is being built, water mains from the city water system have been tapped for the camp's supply, and electric lights are being installed. A large building is also to be erected by the Oregon Eastern people in the local yards for use as headquarters of Construction Engineer Osborn and his assistants.

The new \$11,000 depot is now open and passenger trains are all stopping there.

Dairy Interests Thrive.

Deschutes—The new year is opening auspiciously for Central Oregon. Sherwood Bros. have just unloaded a carload of 24 registered Jersey dairy cattle for their farm two and one-half miles north of Deschutes. They expect to ship in two carloads more soon. The shipment of cream to Portland creameries by some of the farmers in this vicinity has begun, about one ton a week now being shipped. Farmers are receiving 32 to 34 cents a pound for their cream, and 40 to 45 cents for butter.

Winter Reported Mild.

Pendleton—This is one of the most open winters Eastern Oregon has enjoyed in many years. Very few stockmen have fed so much as a fork full of hay. Cattle and horses are both in the best of condition and hay, which during the past few years, has been in demand at from \$12 to \$20 a ton, is now going begging at \$4.50. The hay is so far from market it can only be handled to advantage by feeding, and cattle are so high the ranchers cannot afford to purchase animals to eat their hay for them.

Baker Ships Heavy Cattle.

William A. Gover, of Pine Valley, holds championship honors for the shipment of the heaviest weight steers that have gone out of Baker for a long time. He shipped recently to the Union Stockyards, Portland, four carloads of cattle, six steers in the lot averaging over 2,000 pounds each, while one weighed 2,500 pounds.

Money in Alfalfa Seed.

Alfalfa seed has become one of the profitable crops of the Ontario region of Eastern Oregon. More than \$300,000 has been realized from the sale of seed this season.

ENGINEER RECOMMENDS COMPLETION OF WORK BEFORE 1915 FAIR.

Washington, D. C.—"It is doubtful if any view existing in the world today is as impressive and at the same time as beautiful as the view of Crater Lake from the rim," said Major Jay J. Morrow, of the Army engineering corps, in transmitting a report to the War department, recommending the expenditure of \$642,000 for the construction of roads and trails in the Crater Lake National Park.

Coupled with his appreciation of the scenic beauty of Crater Lake park, Major Morrow urgently recommends that the main roads, for which he has made surveys and estimates, be rushed to completion in order that thousands who visit the San Francisco exposition in 1915 may, en route to or from Portland, stop off a day and see the park. If these roads can be completed in time, Major Morrow thinks the Crater Lake tour will prove to be one of the favorite side-trips of travelers.

About 62 miles of good roads and 100 miles of trails, in the opinion of Major Morrow, will enable the tourist to reach the most important spots in the park with facility, and, while the estimated cost is high, he believes the expenditure is fully justified, particularly as it is proposed to build the roads for automobile travel. Compared to the cost of building roads in the Yellowstone and Rainier National parks, where the topography is similar to that in the Crater Lake park, Major Morrow says the figures cited in his estimates are not excessive, but on a par with the actual cost of building roads over like territory in the two older parks.

It probably will be somewhat difficult to secure an appropriation of \$100,000 this session for beginning work on the Crater Lake roads, for the house is inclined to hold down appropriations, and national park improvements are never regarded as of vital importance. However, it is probable that some members of the California delegation will join hands with the Oregon delegation in urging a liberal allowance, and, jointly, these two delegations may be able to get what the army engineers are asking.

Crater Lake park is about as accessible to San Francisco as it is to Portland, or will be when the Natron cutoff is completed, and California will benefit as much as Oregon from tourist travel.

CULVER SEES FIRST SNOW.

Crop Prospects Look Good and Farmers in Central Oregon Happy.

Culver—The first snow of any consequence to fall this season is here and crop prospects for the coming season are exceedingly good. Many acres of potatoes will be planted this spring, and a potato growers' association will be formed for marketing the product. The crop will be sorted and packed as carefully as are the fruits in the fruit section of Oregon.

Crop Prospects Look Good and Farmers in Central Oregon Happy.

This year many potatoes were grown in this section weighing from two to four pounds each. J. L. Windon raised three and four-pound spuds this year, and one hill weighed 15 pounds. This farmer lives to the southeast of Culver in the Haystack section and others there did equally as well.

On the west side of the Deschutes river is a territory of some-thing like four townships that is being connected with the railroad here by a new wagon road and bridge now under construction and this section also will be a large potato producer.

This section of the country west of the Deschutes lies from six to 12 miles from Culver and has been isolated from the railroad by reason of the fact that they were compelled to drive 40 to 50 miles to reach transportation. The main means of transportation was the city public schools.

People coming to the college for the short course would be running no more risk of exposure than they would if they stayed at home.

Smallpox Scare is Over.

Corvallis—The rumor that Corvallis might be quarantined on account of smallpox is nothing but ridiculous gossip," said Dr. H. S. Pernot, city health officer. "We have not had thirty cases all together, and they were carefully quarantined and every precaution taken against the spread of the disease. The main means of contagion was the city public schools."

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Training Teachers of Agriculture.

Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis—The fact that the Oregon law now requires the teaching of agriculture and domestic science in the public schools makes the work of the Oregon Agricultural college in preparing young men and women for such teaching positions of particular importance just now. The coming graduating class will furnish a number to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Fred L. Griffin, formerly a student here, who is now instructor in agriculture in the Boise, Idaho, high school.

Asylum Farm is Plan Now.

Salem—That the 640 acres of land at Union, bought several years ago for an Eastern Oregon branch asylum site, be used for an asylum farm in connection with the new Eastern Oregon institution at Pendleton, is a suggestion made by Governor West to the state board, and it is probable that the board will ask the legislature to give the board power to utilize the land as it sees fit.

Centennial Money Maker.

Astoria—The Astoria Centennial committee has issued a financial statement showing that its receipts from all sources amounted to \$115,891.47, while its expenditures in carrying on the recent celebration were \$109,613.36, leaving a balance on hand of \$6,278.11. What will be done with the money remaining in the hands of the treasurer has not been decided.

IMPERIAL TROOPS MUTINY.

Premier Yuan Shi Kai May Yet Prevent Formation of Republic.

Pekin—Seven hundred soldiers guarding the Lanchow arsenal have mutinied. They are a part of the imperial government troops, among whom there has been a movement for some time past in favor of a republic. The commanding officer fled to Kaiping, whence he sent a message to the railway authorities at Tientsin warning them that the mutineers intended to stop all railway traffic.

The feeling in Peking, nevertheless, is that the throne has taken on a new lease of life.

There are some competent observers who believe that Premier Yuan Shi Kai will yet prevent the consummation of a republic.

The imperial cabinet has accepted the resignation of Tang Shao Yi, who was sent to the Shanghai peace conference as the representative of Yuan Shi Kai and the imperialists. The government has also telegraphed to Dr. Wu Ting Fang, leader of the revolutionists at the peace conference, saying that in future it will negotiate by telegraph.

The government declares that Tang went beyond his instructions when he signed the agreement calling a national convention to decide on the future form of government.

Premier Yuan adheres to the points of his original suggestion regarding the national convention, namely, the proper election of delegates and the selection of Peking as the gathering place.

Premier Yuan has again offered his resignation, but it was not accepted. The court also received a round robin from the generals commanding the imperial troops in the vicinity of Peking, in which they demanded that the princes of the imperial clan withdraw their wealth from the foreign banks, where much of it has been placed recently, and deliver it into the hands of the war office.

Prince Ching, the former premier and foreign minister, received a letter from representatives of the Manchurian troops in the vicinity of Peking, threatening to destroy his palace unless the hoarded money is delivered over to them.

When negotiating for a foreign loan, Yuan explained that about \$10,000,000 would carry the government on for six months. By that time, he declared, discord would have occurred among the rebels in the south and the provinces would return gradually to their allegiance. Yuan Shi Kai now has obtained from the Empress Dowager more than \$2,000,000, which will permit the carrying on of the government beyond the period which the rebels have fixed for the assembly of the national convention.

AMERICANS IN SAFE PLACES.

Few Remain in Inaccessible Regions, Says Official Report.

Washington, D. C.—Virtually all the American residents in China, it was reported to the State department, are safely at the treaty ports. Figures from American diplomatic representatives in China show that 190 foreigners, including 85 Americans, were reported on November 8 to have departed down the Yangtze river from Chungking, Sze-Chuen province, under the convoy of a gunboat.

The total number of Americans in the province of Shensi is reported to be 12 adults and nine children; in Kansu province 11 American adults and seven children. These people are in the inaccessible regions.

A. Several Americans are said still to be in the provinces of Hunan and Hupeh.

All American women and children have left Chang Chow and other interior points in the southern part of Fukien, while those in the immediate vicinity of Hoochow have withdrawn to that port.

Kansas Towns Hungry.

Topeka, Kan.—The towns of Jetmore and Dighton, Kan., on branch lines of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, have notified the public utilities committee that they have had no train service since December 26, and ask immediate relief from a threatened famine. At Jetmore food provisions are running low. The commission is urged to get a train through to relieve the situation. The nowfall in the vicinity of these towns has been very heavy, and railroad tracks have been entirely blocked.

Darrow Not to Aid Defense.

Santa Monica, Cal.—Clarence S. Darrow, of Chicago, the attorney who defended the McNamara brothers and who is here for a brief vacation, gave out a statement that he would not be connected with the defense of Olaf Twiss, Anton Johannsen, J. E. Munsey and E. A. Clancy, the labor leaders who were arraigned in Los Angeles on a charge of having conspired to transport dynamite in violation of the Federal statutes. "I am not in those cases," he said, "and shall not be."

Foreign Pests Barred.

Sacramento, Cal.—The state of California now has power to declare a quarantine against any foreign country for the exclusion of pests which prey upon fruit or vegetables. This was made possible by Governor Johnson signing the bill passed by the legislature at the extra session a week ago. The bill provides a way for the state to combat the dreaded tropical fruit fly which has gained a foothold in the Hawaiian islands.

Snow Covers Death Trap.

Seattle, Wash.—A rotary snow plow that was fighting drifts on the Copper River railroad at Mile 75, Alaska, ran into a gulch that had until a short time before been spanned by a bridge, and Engineer J. E. Reed, of Cordova, was crushed to death beneath the rotary. The bridge had been destroyed by fire but owing to the snow the engineer did not detect the gap.



CHAPTER I.

"'Tm N. G.—that's a cinch! The sooner I chuck it the better!" He caught in the swirl of the busy city's midday rush, engulfed in Broadway's swift moving flood of bustling humanity, jostled unceremoniously by the careless, indifferent crowds, discouraged from stemming further the tide of pushing, elbowing men and women who hurried up and down the great thoroughfare, Howard Jeffries, tired and hungry and thoroughly disgusted with himself, stood still at the corner of Fulton street, cursing the luck which had brought him to his present plight.

It was the noon hour, the important time of day when nature loudly claims her due, when business affairs, no matter how pressing, must be temporarily interrupted so that the human machine may lay in a fresh store of nervous energy. From under the portals of precipitous office buildings, maimed hives of human industries, which to right and left soared dizzyly from street to sky, swarmed thousands of employees of both sexes—clerks, stenographers, shop girls, messenger boys—all moved by a common impulse to satisfy without further delay the animal cravings of their physical natures. They strode along with quick, nervous step, each chatting and laughing with his fellow, interested for the moment in the day's work, making plans for well-deserved recreation when five o'clock should come and the uptown stampede for Harlem and home begin.

The young man sullenly watched the scene, envious of the energy and activity of all about him. Each one in these hurrying throngs, he thought bitterly to himself, was a valuable unit in the prosperity and welfare of the big town. No matter how humble his or her position, each played a part in the business life of the great city, each was an unseen, unknown, yet indispensable cog in the whirling, complicated mechanism of the vast world metropolis. Intuitively he felt that he was not one of them, that he had no right even to consider himself their equal. He was utterly useless to anybody. He was without position or money. He was destitute of even a shred of self-respect. Hadn't he promised Annie not to touch liquor again before he found a job? Yet he had already imbibed all the whisky which the little money left in his pocket would buy.

Involuntarily, instinctively, he shrank back into the shadow of a doorway to let the crowds pass. The pavements were now filled to overflowing with each moment new-comers from the side streets came to swell the human stream. He tried to avoid observation, fearing that some one might recognize him, thinking all could read on his face that he was a sot, a self-confessed failure, one of life's incompetents. In his painful self-consciousness he believed himself the cynosure of every eye and he winced as he thought he detected on certain faces side glances of curiosity, commiseration and contempt.

Nor was he altogether mistaken. More than one passer-by turned to look in his direction, attracted by his peculiar appearance. His was a type not seen every day in the commercial district—the post-graduate college man out at elbows. He was smooth-faced and apparently about 25 years of age. His complexion was fair and his face refined. It would have been handsome but for a drooping, imprecise moustache which denoted more than average weakness of character. The face was thin, chalk-like in its lack of color and deeply seamed with the tell-tale lines of dissipation. Dark circles under his eyes and a peculiar watery look suggested late hours and overfondness for alcoholic refreshment. His clothes had the cut of expensive tailors, but they were shabby and needed pressing. His linen was soiled and his necktie disarranged. His whole appearance was careless and suggested that recklessness of mind which comes of general demoralization.

Howard Jeffries knew that he was a failure, yet like most young men mentally weak, he insisted that he could not be held altogether to blame. Secretly, too, he despised these sober, industrious people who seemed contented with the crumbs of comfort thrown to them. What, he wondered, how were they able to lead such well regulated lives when he, starting out with far greater advantages, had failed? Oh, he knew well where the trouble lay—in his damnable weakness of character, his love for drink. That was responsible for everything. But was it his fault if he were born weak? These people who behaved themselves and got on, he sneered, were calm, commonplace temperaments who found no difficulty in controlling their baser instincts. They did right simply because they found it easier than to do wrong. Their vir-

The THIRD DEGREE

A NARRATIVE OF METROPOLITAN LIFE
By CHARLES KLEIN
AND
ARTHUR HORNBLow
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS



He Was a Type Not Seen Every Day in the Commercial District.

He was nothing to brag about. It was easy to be good when not exposed to the temptations of the city. It was all a matter of heredity and influence. One's vices as well as one's virtues are handed down to us ready made. He had no doubt that in the Jeffries family somewhere in the unsavory past there had been a weak, vicious ancestor from whom he had inherited all the traits which barred his way to success.

The crowds of hungry workers grew bigger every minute. Every one was elbowing his way into neighboring restaurants, crowding the tables and buffets, all eating voraciously as they talked and laughed. Howard was rudely reminded by inward pangs that he, too, was famished. Not a thing had passed his lips since he had left home in Harlem at eight o'clock that morning and he had told Annie that he would be home for lunch. There was no use staying downtown any longer. For three weary hours he had trudged from office to office seeking employment, answering advertisements, asking for work of any kind, ready to do no matter what, but all to no purpose. Nobody wanted him at any price. What was the good of a man being willing to work if there was no one to employ him? A nice look-out certainly. Hardly a dollar left and no prospect of getting any more. He hardly had the courage to return home and face Annie. With a muttered exclamation of impatience he spat from his mouth the half-consumed cigarette which was hanging from his lip, and crossing Broadway, walked listlessly in the direction of Park place.

He had certainly made a mess of things, yet at one time, not so long ago, what a brilliant future life money when he won.

Then came the supreme scandal which turned his father's heart to steel. Jeffries, Sr., could forgive much in a young man. He had been young himself once. None knew better than he how difficult it is when the blood is rich and red to keep oneself in control. But there was one offence which a man proud of his descent could not condone. He would never forgive the staining of the family name by a degrading marriage. The news came to the unhappy father like a thunder-clap. Howard, probably in a drunken spree, had married secretly a waitress employed in one of the "sporty" restaurants in New Haven, and to make the mesalliance worse, the girl was not even of respectable parents. Her father, Billy Delmore, the poolroom king, was a notorious gambler and had died in convict stripes. Fine sensation that for the yellow press. "Banker's Son Weds Convict's Daughter." So ran the "scare heads" in the newspapers. That was the last straw for Mr. Jeffries, Sr. He sternly told his son that he never wanted to look upon his face again. Howard bowed his head to the decree and he had never seen his father since.

All this the young man was reviewing in his mind when suddenly his reflections were disturbed by a friendly hail.

"Hello, Jeffries, old sport! Don't you know a fellow frat when you see him?"

He looked up. A young man of athletic build, with a pleasant, frank

open arms. With a youth of his proclivities and inherent weakness the outcome was inevitable. At no time overfond of study, he regarded residence in college as a most desirable emancipation from the restraint of home life. The love of books he considered a pose and he scoffed at the men who took their reading seriously. The university attracted him mostly by its most undesirable features, its sports, its secret societies, its petty cliques, and its rowdiness. The broad spirit and the dignity of the alma mater he ignored completely. Directly he went to Yale he started in to enjoy himself with the sophisticated Underwood as guide, went to the devil faster than any man before him in the entire history of the university.

Reading, attendance at lectures, became only a convenient cloak to conceal his turpitudes. Poker playing, automobile joy rides, hard drinking became the staple of his curriculum. In town rows and orgies of every description he was soon a recognized leader. Scandal followed scandal until he was threatened with expulsion. Then his father heard of it and there was a terrible scene. Jeffries, Sr., went immediately to New Haven and there followed a stormy interview in which Howard promised to reform, but once the parent's back was turned things went on pretty much as before. There were fresh scandals, the smoke of which reached as far as New York. This time Mr. Jeffries tried the plan of cutting down the money supply and Howard found himself financially embarrassed. But this had not quite the effect desired by the father, for, rendered desperate by his inability to secure funds with which to carry on his spree, the young man started in to gamble heavily, giving notes for his losses and pocketing the ready money when he won.

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face, was standing at the news stand under the Park place elevated station. Quickly Howard extended his hand.

"Hello, Cox," he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing in New York? Whoever would have expected to meet you in this howling wilderness? How's everything at Yale?"

"The athlete grinned.

"Yale be hanged! I don't care a d— You know I graduated last June. I'm in business now—in a broker's office in Wall street. Say, it's great! We had a semi-panic last week. Prices went to the devil. Stocks broke 20 points. You should have seen the excitement on the exchange floor. Our football rushes were nothing to it. I tell you, it's great. It's got college beaten to a frazzle!" Quickly he added: "What are you doing?"

Howard averted his eyes and hung his head.

"Nothing," he answered gloomily.

Coxe had quickly taken note of his former classmate's shabby appearance. He had also heard of his escapades.

"Didn't you hear?" muttered Howard. "Row with governor, marriage and all that sort of thing? Of course," he went on, "father's damnably unjust, actuated by absurd prejudice. Annie's a good girl and a good wife, no matter what her father was. D—n it, this is a free country! A man can marry whom he likes. All these ideas about family pride and family honor are old world notions, foreign to this soil. I'm not going to give up Annie to please any one. I'm as fond of her now as ever. I haven't regretted a moment that I married her. Of course, it has been hard. Father at once shut down money supplies, making my further stay at Yale impossible, and I was forced to come to New York to seek employment. We've managed to fix up a small flat in Harlem and now, like Michael, I'm waiting for something to turn up."

Coxe nodded sympathetically.

"Come and have a drink," he said cheerily.

Howard hesitated. Once more he remembered his promise to Annie, but as long as he had broken it once he would get no credit for refusing now. He was horribly thirsty and depressed. Another drink would cheer him up. It seemed even wicked to decline when it wouldn't cost him anything.

They entered a bar conveniently close at hand, and with a tremulous hand Howard carried greedily to his lips the insidious liquor which had undermined his health and stolen away his manhood.

"Have another?" said Coxe with a smile as he saw the glass emptied at a gulp.



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"I don't care if I do," replied Howard. Secretly ashamed of his weakness, he shuffled uneasily on his feet.

"Well, what are you going to do, old man?" demanded Coxe as he pushed the whisky bottle over.

"I'm looking for a job," stammered Howard awkwardly. Hastily he went on: "It isn't so easy. If it was only myself I wouldn't mind. I'd get along somehow. But there's the little girl. She wants to go to work, and I won't hear of it. I couldn't stand for that, you know."

Coxe feared a "touch." Awkwardly he said:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Illusions. It is true we labor under many illusions. But if these were to be done away with we should hardly deem it worth our while to labor at all.

Almost none of the things which man so ardently pursues in the belief that they will make him happier is really capable of doing so, and yet it is needful that he keep up the pursuit for the sake of what he incidentally achieves in behalf of destiny.

The illusions we labor under partake, in fine, of the nature of sanitary conditions, though they chiefly affect the health of the spirit, and by that have no municipal functionary appointed to look vigilantly after them. Nor, in fact, do they need any such, since providence has been so kind as to see to it that illusions we shall always have.—Puck.

Being Natural. Can you, if you be the gentler sex, walk down the street behind an elegantly gowned woman and restrain the impulse to imitate her pose of head, her carriage and the fascinating ways she possesses? Have you ever been in a crowded room where one woman was the center of attraction and seen someone trying to imitate her? A woman is most charming when she is natural. A woman who is natural, even in her erratic moods, whom not give offense. One cannot imitate