LAND IN SIGHT AS LINER SINKS

954 Lost When Empress of Ireland Is Rammed By Collier at Mouth of St. Lawrence River.

BIG STEAMER GOES DOWN IN 14 MINUTES

Storstad Tears Great Hole in Side of Canadian Vessel---Explosion Adds to Horror In Foggy Stream---Rescuers on Scene In 20 Minutes, But Too Late.

Rimouski, Quebec — Sinking in 90 feet of water within 15 minutes after being rammed amidships in the upper reaches of the St. Lawrence river early Friday, the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Ireland carried down with her more than 900 of her passengers and crew. Of the 1387 persons on board only 433 are known to have been saved, making the probable death list 954.

Looming up through the river mists as the Empress of Ireland was lying to, waiting for the fog to lift or day to break, the Danish collier Storstad crashed bow on into the side of the big Canadian liner, striking her about midway of her length and ripping her side open clear to the stern.

The crash occurred not far from the shore off Father Point, 150 miles from Quebec, which the Empress of Ireland left the night before, bound for Liverpool, and 10 miles from this point on the St. Lawrence. In reality, therefore, although the liner was heading for the sea and the collier coming in from it, the disaster was not one of the ocean, but of the river. Unlike the Titanic's victims, the Empress of Ireland's lost their lives within sight of shore in land-locked waters.

Immediately the ship's crew recovered from the shock of the collision and it was seen the liner had received a vital blow, a wireless "S. O. S." call was sounded.

The hurried prayer of the sea was picked up by the government mail tender Lady Evelyn here and the government pilot boat Eureka at Father Point. Both sped to the rescue, arriving 20 minutes after the collision. So deep was the wound of the Empress, however, and so fast the inrush of water, that long before either of the rescue boats could reach the scene the liner had gone down.

Only floating wreckage and a few lifeboats and rafts from the steamer, buoying up less than a third of those who had set sail on her, were to be found. The rest had sunk with the liner, had been crushed to death in the Storstad's impact with her, or had been forced from exhaustion and exposure in the ice-chilled Northern waters to loose their hold on bits of wreckage that had supported them and had drowned.

Only a few persons were picked up by the Storstad, which was badly crippled herself by the collision, and these were brought here by the collier, together with those saved by the Eureka and the Lady Evelyn.

Twenty-two of the rescued died from injury or exposure. The others, most of whom had jumped into the boats or plunged into the water scantily clad, were supplied freely with such clothing as the town had, and later those who were able to travel were placed on board a train and started for Quebec.

Quebec and Levis Give Aid to 396 Survivors

Quebec—A full equipment of ambulances supplied by the city of Quebec, by the town of Levis, on the opposite side of the river, and the army medical service corps, was awaiting at Levis when the special survivors' train arrived here. The passengers were immediately transferred to the ferry steamer, which had been waiting to facilitate the transfer to Quebec.

It was a pitiful sight when the ferry steamer Polaris docked on the Quebec side and the 396 men and women saved from the Empress of Ireland trooped falteringly down the gangway. Few of them possessed a complete outfit of clothes, the majority wearing only shirts, trousers and boots.

Heads were bared as the injured were brought ashore. The second and third-class passengers and the crew were made comfortable on the Allan liner Alsatian, which was lying at the wharf. The first-class and injured passengers were transferred in automobiles and other vehicles to the Chateau Frontenac. A staff of doctors and nurses took charge of the injured.

Action of Collier Costs Lives of Many Passengers

Quebec—The story of a tremendous explosion on board the Empress of Ireland after she was hit by the Storstad was told by Philip Lawler, a steerage passenger from Brantford, Ont. Lawler was on his way to England with his wife and son.

"People were simply shot out of the ship into the sea by the explosion," Mr. Lawlor said. "I was pushed overboard with my wife and boy. The boy could swim, so I tried to take care of my wife, but she slipped from my grasp and sank."

Dr. Johnston, chief medical officer on the Empress, said that had not the Storstad backed out so soon from the Empress, a large number of the passengers would have been saved. He said that when the collier pulled herself free the sea surged into the hole she had torn in the side of the Empress and the liner quickly sank

"Virtually every leading officer of the Salvation Army in Canada is gone," said K. A. McIntyre, of Toronto, who was saved. "Out of our Salvation party of 150 on board, probably less than 20 were rescued.

"I was on the upper deck and therefore had a better chance to get to safety than those in the lower berths. The water came in through the portholes of the lower decks before the passengers there realized their danger.

"I was aroused from sleep by the impact and awakened the others in my cabin.

"I grabbed a life preserver and went out to the deck. On deck there were no life belts and quite a number of people were standing about apparently unable to determine what to do. I gave my belt to a woman of our party. I tied the belt on her myself."

Andree's Balloon Once More Reported Found

Stockholm, Sweden — What is believed to be the remains of the balloon in which Professor Salamon A. Andree ascended from Dane's Island, near Spitzbergen, July 11, 1897, in an attempt to reach the North Pole, have been found in a forest in Eastern Siberia, according to a telegram received at the Swedish foreign office from Yakutz. Investigation of the reported discovery has been ordered by the government.

The Arctic explorer was accompanied by two scientists, and after they left Dane's Island no report was received from the party.

Although traces of Andree's balloon have been reported at various places, and while even the body of the famous Swedish Arctic explorer was said to have been discovered on the coast of Labrador, nothing has ever been established definitely as to what actually happened to the expedition or what became of the balloon.

Only Two Children Saved.

Quebec — Only two children are known to have been saved from the wreck of the Empress of Ireland. A thrilling rescue was one of these—little 8-year-old Gracie Hanagan, daughter of the leader of the Salvation Army band. Her father and mother were drowned. Gracie was not told of her loss. Asked how she was saved Gracie replied: "Oh, I saved myself." She was entirely unconcerned, apparently not realizing what she had been through. She had clung to a piece of drift until picked up.

Notables Among Missing.

New York—Laurence S. B. Irving, who was a victim of the Empress of Ireland, was an actor, author and manager. His plays are widely known. In 1908 and 1909 he presented sketches of his authorship in England and America. On May 3, 1910, Mr. Irving addressed the Equal Suffrage league at New York. Sir Henry Seton-Karr is a son of the late George Berkeley Seton-Karr. In 1906 he was defeated for member of Parliament in the general election. In 1910 he attended a dinner to Colonel Roosevelt in London.

Huerta Would Relinquish Power.

Vera Cruz—Reports reached here Thursday through private sources that President Huerta has committed himself to turn over the government to a commission composed of members of the various factions in the republic. He is also said to have agreed to relinquish power to any successor which such a commission might select.

The report further says that Huerta's determination has already been communicated to the Mexican delegates and probably direct to the Washington government.

Oregon Box Wins Point.

Washington, D. C.—Representatives Hawley and Sinnott, of Oregon, and Raker, of California, appeared Thursday before the house committee on coinage, weights and measures and urged a favorable report on the Raker bill adopting the Oregon apple box as the standard container for apples throughout the United States.

After hearing their argument the committee agreed to take the bill up for action immediately and the Western members were led to believe the bill will be favorably reported.

Full Inquiry Demanded.

London — The London morning papers, in commenting editorially on the disaster, call for a thorough investigation as to whether the bulk-heads were closed, and if so, how it was that the most modern system of water-tight compartments failed to keep the ship from sinking.

The claim for the Empress of Ireland will be the heaviest sustained by the Lloyds underwriters since the sinking of the Titanic.

Power Company Builds Big Generating Plant

Springfield—In anticipation of the early operation of the Booth-Kelly Lumber company's mill, requiring the furnishing of a large amount of electrical energy, the Oregon Power company is making extensive improvements to its Springfield plant.

A fuel bin, 50 by 70 feet and more than 40 feet high, has just been completed east of the power house, and the conveyor systems are in place. One long trough leads from the Booth-Kelly mill, across the millrace, to the top of the main bin. Through the length of this bin, in a tunnel especially constructed, another system of chains hauls the sawdust and planer shavings to an elevator for lifting to the auxiliary bin from which the furnaces are automatically fed.

All of this machinery has been received and the chains are in place. Each unit will be driven by its own electric motor.

Within the power house, the dutch ovens of the furnaces are being overhauled and given new linings of fire brick. New spouts are being installed to lead from the main supply of fuel, down to the furnaces themselves. The old spouts tapered, and were found unsatisfactory, in that the fuel frequently choked.

An auxiliary pump has been installed for a boiler feed, as a guard against delay if the regular pump fails.

"We are taking every precaution to prevent a delay in our service," said W. L. McCulloch, chief engineer in charge of the steam plants of the Oregon Power company. "We are placing duplicate machinery in many instances, just to provide for emergencies.

"Another plan we have adopted in the interests of efficiency of operation is that of shifting men from one plant to another, so that they may become thoroughly familiar with each of the plants—that at Springfield, at Albany, and at Dallas. We want all the employes of the company to be able to shift from one plant to another without difficulty, should occasion arise."

In pursuance of this policy, C. L. Brower, chief engineer of the Dallas plant, was in Springfield the first of the week.

Managing of Towns Is Recognized Profession

Managing towns is a new profession just beginning to open for young men, according to "Choosing a Calling," a booklet just issued by the University of Oregon at Eugene for high school students. In Oregon, La Grande and one or two other cities of good size have placed the administration of town business in the hands of a business manager, and their example seems likely to be followed widely in the state. An ardent advocate of this new mode of running towns is Professor Don C. Sowers, the municipal expert secured by the state university from the New York bureau of municipal research, whose business it is to give free counsel to Oregon communities in administrative matters. "Choosing a Calling" says:

"Within the last few years hundreds of American cities have altered their charters and placed their corporate interests in the hands of city managers, thus copying a system that has proved efficient in Germany. In Germany, a city manager who has shown special ability at the head of the government of a small city may reasonably expect a call to the executive chiar of a larger municipality, and if he has the qualities he will be promoted from city to city with increasing remuneration, both in money and in honor.

Not only is the city manager himself a trained man, but he wishes to employ trained men in municipal positions. He cannot succeed if he expects political heelers to do high-class work.

A glance into the future reveals a calling here which the young man of the present day has still a chance to enter on the ground floor and which will lead to positions of dignity and honor."

Courses of training suggested for city managerships are economics, political science, sociology, history, commerce, English and journalism.

Concrete Vault To Be Opened in 2914—Maybe

Eugene—If a little building of solid concrete lasts through ten centuries, future generations will have permission 1000 years hence to open a vault in the new Hope Abbey mausoleum, which stands virtually completed in the Masonic cemetery in Eugene, and obtain documents of the present-day hermetically sealed within.

"To be opened in 2914," is to be deeply engraved upon the marble face of one of the columbarium niches which honeycomb the strcuture, completed at a cost of $40,000. The urn containing the records will be sealed Thursday.

Queen and Maids of Honor Tour.

Portland—Queen Thelma, queen of Rosaria, by virtue of her victory in the recent voting contest, and her 11 maids, who ranked with her as the 12 most popular maidens in the race, have been showered with entertainment almost every day and night since their elevation to royal eminence. They have started on their triumphant journey, during which they will make calls at the leading cities of the Coast and where they will be entertained in lavish elegance At each stop they will sing the praises of Oregon and the rose festival. At each city Queen Thelma will plant a choice Portland rose as a souvenir of the trip and a gift to the hostess city.

Polk to Exhibit at Fair.

Buena Vista — Preparations are under way by the farmers and livestock breeders of Southern Polk county to make a big exhibit of products at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915. The breeders of goats, sheep, horses, cattle and hogs expect to have their stock well represented. Growers of hops, prunes and grain say they will collect samples and send them to San Francisco in a gigantic lot from Polk county. The committee for the county, recently appointed at a Salem meeting, is active in the Fair preparation work.

Jackson County Plans Exhibit.

Ashland — Instead of entering a Rogue River Valley general display at the Panama Exposition, Jackson county will have a specific exhibit embracing agriculture and horticulture, lumbering and mining. Work has begun in a horticultural way, especially in the line of processed fruits. This specialty is under the supervision of H. O. Frohbach, of this city, the County court having appropriated a sum for the purpose. Strawberries and cherries are being handled in this manner, and other fruits will be handled in season.

Railroad Situation Told.

Cottage Grove — "The railroads of the nation can do nothing until it is again possible for them to borrow money at a reasonable rate of interest," said F. L. Burkhalter, division superintendent of the Southern Pacific, in his talk before the Commercial club recently. "While government control is perfectly proper, it has, during its experimental stages, gone to such an extreme that money is hard to get to put into railroad construction work. The Southern Pacific is anxious to make many necessary improvements."

State Reserves Right.

Salem — That persons desiring to mine river beds in the state must apply to the state land board is the opinion rendered by Attorney General Crawford, at the instance of W. C. Hodges, of Los Angeles. While the mining laws provide that any citizen may take up as a claim any unappropriated part of the public domain, they do not apply to river beds, which are owned by the state and are not a part of the public domain.

Boys' Short Course in Agriculture June 15 to 30

In connection with the regular summer session of the Oregon Agricultural College, a two weeks' short course in Agriculture will be given for boys of the Seventh, Eighth, and High School grades. A special illustrated circular of 16 pages has been issued and mailed to all county school superintendents and to city and village superintendents and principals. Copies may be secured of them or of the director of the summer school, Prof. E. D. Ressler, Corvallis, Oregon.

The circular containing a description of the instruction to be given, full information in regard to R. R. rates, cost of board and room, supplies and clothing to be brought by boys, method of application for enrollment, etc. There are also pictures of the boys of last year's course in class, laboratory, field, swimming pool, on hikes and at games. Thirty-five boys, representing over a dozen counties, attended the first session. Accommodations for one hundred boys are provided this year.

Four to five hours each day, including Saturday, are devoted to study and the remainder of the time to play, with Wednesday and Saturday afternoons free. A general leader, assisted by three to five senior or graduate college boys, will keep careful oversight of the boys day and night, both to keep them from getting into mischief and to see that each boy gets his share of all the work and fun. The boys will be organized into groups, according to age and development, for both the instruction and play. Each group will have one of these leaders who will be a sort of big brother.

Any boy in Oregon is eligible, but not more than one will be accepted from one district or ward school in the towns so long as there are applicants from schools not represented. All applicants must be approved by the county or town superintendent, both as to character and ability to profit by the course. No tobacco users will be accepted.

Boys, teachers, parents or others who may be interested should secure a copy of this circular.

Gillnetters Will Appeal.

Astoria—A mass meeting of gillnetters was held at the Fishermen's Union hall to discuss the recent order issued by Colonel McKinstry, of the United States Engineers, prohibiting gillnetters from drifting in the channel close to the mouth of the river. Secretary Lorentsen reported that he interviewed Colonel McKinstry and was told he could not change the order, which came from Washington. The gillnetters will not resist the order, but will appeal to the secretary of war, with affidavits from steamer masters and pilots.

Defendants Win Case.

Roseburg — After a deliberation of less than 20 minutes a jury in the Circuit court recently found a verdict for the defendants in the case of R. S. Howard, receiver of the Title, Guarantee & Trust company, of Portland, against L. R. and Melvina Ferbrache, of Glendale. Suit was brought by the plaintiffs to recover the sum of $30,000, alleged to be due as principal and interest on a promissory note.

The defendants made a claim that the note had been paid. The case will be appealed to the Supreme court.

La Grande Hens Prolific.

La Grande—One hundred eggs from four hens in one month, with one contributing two eggs the last day, is the performance of four Silver Campines owned by C. A. Nichols, of this city. The eggs are so fertile that an average of 95 per cent of chicks have been hatched. These are the first Campines in this section of the Grand Ronde valley.

23

SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized phonograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the phonograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insist, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, glee club singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to discredit Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gunman, declares the trainer will go back east packed in ice, if Speed fails. A telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic forces Speed to begin training in earnest. The cowboys force Speed to eat in the training quarters and prepare him a diet of very rare meat. Miss Blake bakes a cake for Speed and is offended when Larry refuses to allow him to eat it. Covington arrives on crutches. He says he broke his toe in Omaha. Mrs. Keap, engaged to Covington and in love with Jack Chapin, exposes Speed to Helen, because Speed had failed to prevent Covington from joining the party. Speed decides to cripple himself, but Skinner, the Centipede runner, appears with a proposition to throw the race. Glass attempts to escape at night, but is captured. Fresno gives Gallagher, the Centipede foreman, $500 to bet against Speed for him. Helen Blake hears of it and bets $500 on Speed. Glass recognizes Skinner as a professional runner.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Instantly a full-lunged roar went up that rolled away to the foot-hills, and the runners sped out of the pandemonium, their legs twinkling against the dust-colored prairie. Down to the turn they raced. Speed was leading. Fright had acted upon him as an electric charge; his terror lent him wings; he was obsessed by a propelling force outside of himself. Naturally strong, lithe, and active, he likewise possessed within him the white-hot flame of youth, and now, with a nameless fear to spur him on, he ran as any healthy, frightened young animal would run. At the second turn Skinner had not passed him, but the thud of his feet was close behind.

This unparalleled phenomenon surprised Lawrence Glass perhaps most of all. Was this a miracle? He turned to Covington, to find him dancing madly, his crutches waving over his head, in his eyes the stare of a maniac. His mouth was distended, and Glass reasoned that he must be shouting violently, but could not be sure. Suddenly Covington dashed to the turn whence the runners would be revealed as they covered the last half lap, for nothing was distinguishable through the fence, burdened by human forms, and Larry lumbered after him, ploughing his way through the crowd and colliding with the box upon which stood the Echo Phonograph, of New York and Paris. He hurled Mariedetta out of his path with brutal disregard, but even before he could

Skinner Had Fallen!

reach his point of vantage the sprinters burst into the homestretch. Larry Glass saw it all at a glance—Speed was weakening, while Skinner was running easily. Nature had done her utmost; she could not work the impossible. As they tore past, Skinner was ahead.

The air above the corral became blackened with hats as if a flock of vultures had wheeled suddenly; the shriek of triumph that rose from the Centipede ranks warned the trainer that he had tarried too long. Heavily he set off across the prairie for New York.

The memory of that race awakened Speed from his slumbers many times in later years. When he found the brown shoulder of his rival drawing past he realized that for him the end of all things was at hand. And yet, be it said to his credit, he held doggedly to his task, and began to fight his waning strength with renewed determination. Down through the noisy crowd he pounded at the heels of his antagonist, then out upon the second lap. But now his fatigue increased rapidly, and as it increased, so did Skinner's lead. At the second turn Wally was hopelessly outdistanced, and began to sob with fury, in anticipation of the last, long, terrible stretch. Back toward the final turn they came, the college man desperately laboring, the cook striding on like a machine. Wally saw the rows of forms standing upon the fence, but of the shouting he heard nothing. Skinner was twenty yards ahead now, and flung a look back over his shoulder. As he turned into the last straightaway he looked back again and grinned triumphantly.

Then—J. Wallingford Speed gasped, and calling upon his uttermost atom of strength, quickened the strides of his leaden legs. Skinner had fallen!

A shriek of exultation came from the Flying Heart followers; it died as the unfortunate man struggled to his feet, and was off again before his opponent had overtaken him. Down the alley of human forms the two came; then as their man drew ahead for an instant or two, such a bedlam broke forth from Gallagher's crew that Lawrence Glass, well started on his overland trip, judged that the end had come.

But Skinner wavered. His ankle turned for a second time; he seemed about to fall once more. Then he righted himself, but he came on hobbling.

The last thirty yards contained the tortures of a lifetime to Wally Speed. His lungs were bursting, his head was rolling, every step required a separate and concentrated effort of will. He knew he was wobbling, and felt his knees ready to buckle beneath him, but he saw the blue tight-stretched ribbon just ahead, and continued to lessen the gap between himself and Skinner until he felt he must reach out wildly and grasp at the other man's clothing. Helen's face stood out from the blur, and her lips cried to him. He plunged forward, his outflung arm tore the ribbon from its fastening, and he fell. But Skinner was behind him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE only thing in the world that the victorious Speed wanted was to lie down and stretch out and allow those glowing coals in his chest to cool off. But rough hands seized him, and he found himself astride of Stover's shoulders and gyrating about the Echo Phonograph in the midst of a war-dance. He kicked violently with his spiked shoes, whereat the foreman bucked like a wild horse under the spur and dropped him, and he staggered out of the crowd, where a girl flew to him.

"Oh, Wally," she cried, "I knew you could!" He sank to the ground, and she knelt beside him.

Skinner was propped against the corral fence opposite, his face distorted with suffering, and Gallagher was rubbing his ankle.

"'Taint broke, I reckon," said Gallagher, rising. "I wish to hell it was!" He stared disgustedly at his fallen champion, and added: "We don't want y'all for a cook no more, Skinner. You never was no good nohow. He turned to Helen and handed her a double handful of bank-notes, as Berkeley Fresno buried his hands in his pockets and walked away. "Here's your coin, miss. If ever you get another hunch, let me know. An' here's yours, Mr. Speed; it's a weddin'-present from the Centipede." He fetched a deep sigh. "Thank the Lord we'll git somethin' fit to eat from now on!"

Speed staggered to Skinner, who was still nursing his injury, and held out his hand, whereat the cook winked his left eye gravely.

"The best man won," said Skinner, "and say—there's a parson at Albuquerque." Then he groaned loudly, and fell to massaging his foot.

There came a fluttering by his side, and Miss Blake's voice said to him, with sweetness and with pity:

"I'm so sorry you lost your position, Mr. Skinner. You're a splendid runner!"

"Never mind the job, miss, I've got something to remember it by." He pointed to a sash which lay beside him. "The loser gets the ribbon, miss," he explained gallantly.

Off to the right there came a new outcry, and far across the level prairie a strange sight was revealed to the beholders. A fat man in white flannels was doubling and dodging ahead of two horsemen, and even from a considerable distance it could plainly be seen that he was behaving with remarkable agility for one so heavy. Repeatedly his pursuers headed him off, but he rushed past them, seemingly possessed by the blind sense of direction that guides the homing pigeon or the salmon in its springtime run. He was headed toward the east.

"Why, it's Larry!" ejaculated Speed. "And Cloudy and Carara."

"Wally, your man has lost his reason!" Chapin called.

At that instant the watchers saw the Mexican thunder down upon Glass, his lariat swinging about his head. Lazily the rope uncoiled and settled over the fleeing figure, then, amid a cloud of dust, Carara's horse set itself upon its haunches and the white-clad figure came to the end of its flight. There was a violent struggle, as if the cowbody had hooked a leaping tuna, cactus plants and sagebrush were uprooted, then the pony began to back away, always keeping the lariat taut. But Glass was no easy captive, as his threshing arms and legs betrayed, and even when he was dragged back to the scene of the race, panting, grimy, dishevelled, the rope still about his waist, he seemed obsessed by that wild insanity for flight. He was drenched with perspiration, his collar was dangling, one end of a suspender trailed behind him.

At sight of Speed he uttered a cry, then plunged through the crowd like a bull, but the lariat loop slipped to the neck and tightened like a hangman's noose.

"Larry," cried his employer, sharply, "have you lost your head?"

"Ain't they g-g-got you yet?" queried the trainer in a strangling voice.

"You idiot, I won!"

"What!"

"I won—easy."

"You won!" Larry's eyes were starting from his head.

"He sure did," said Stover. Didn't you think he could?"

Glass apprehended that look of sus-

"I'm So Sorry You Lost Your Position, Mr. Skinner."

picion. "Certainly!" said he. "Didn't I say so, all along? Now take that clothes line off of me; I've got to run some more."

• • • • • • • • • • •

That evening J. Wallingford Speed and Helen Blake sat together in the hammock, and much of the time her hand was in his. From the bunkhouse across the court-yard floated the voice of the beloved Echo Phonograph, now sad, now gay; now shrilling the peaceful air with Mme. Melba's "Holy City," now waking the echoes with the rasping reflections of "Silas on Fifth Avenue." To the spellbound audience gathered close beside it, it was divine; but deep as was their satisfaction, it could not compare with that of the tired young son of Eli. Ineffable peace and contentment were his; the whole wide world was full of melody.

"And now that I've told you what a miserable fraud I am, you won't stop loving me?" he questioned.

Helen nestled closer and shook her head. There was no need for words.

Jack Chapin came out upon the porch with the chaperon. "Well, Fresno caught his train," he told them.

"And we have had such a glorious drive coming back! The night is splendid!"

"Yes, so nice and moonlight!" Wally agreed pleasantly, whereat Jack Chapin laughed.

"It's as black at pitch."

"Why, so it is!" Then as a fresh song burst forth from the very heart of the machine, he murmured affectionately: "By Jove! there goes 'The Baggage Coach Ahead' once more! That makes ten times."

"It's a beautiful thing, isn't it?" Miss Blake sighed dreamily.

"I—I believe I'm learning to like it myself," her lover agreed. "Poor Frez!"

• • • • • • • • • • •

The bridesmaids wore white organdie and carried violets.

THE END.

Down the Scale.

A certain bride is very much in love with her husband and very willing to admit it. She likes to sound his praises to her mother and to her girl friends. She has a number of original expressions. When her husband is good she says he is "chocolate cake, three layers deep." When he is very good he is "chocolate cake, four layers deep," and so on up the scale. Occasionally, however, things take a turn.

The bride's mother dropped in the other day. The bride was a trifle peevish, but her mother pretended not to notice this.

"And how was John today?" was her inquiry. "Chocolate, four layers deep?"

"No."

"Three layers deep?"

"No."

"Two layers deep?"

"No." This with a pout.

"Then what is he?"

"Dog biscuit!"—National Monthly.

NOT AN OCCASION FOR MIRTH

Thoughtless People Laughed at Humorous Sight, but There Was Deep Pathos in Incident.

Why will we be so much amused at the other fellow's woe? The other fellow in this story was driving, and the horse was going at a clip, so the driver had his hands full to steer safely through the crowded streets. The only other occupant of the conveyance was a large nanny goat, standing on the seat. She was somewhat uneasy at the unusual means of locomotion, and being of a loving disposition, she would snuggle up to the driver and lick across the face, and nose his hair whenever the swaying vehicle gave her a chance. To a bus full of people with nothing to do but look on it was very funny, and calls and jeers to the busy driver did not add to his peace of mind. But had the hooters only known that the goat was being hurried through the city streets to save a little life!

Not far from Washington square there is a little house where a young mother lay dead and a sick infant was crying for comfort, and the man with the queer passenger had that picture before him while nanny and the onlookers made free with his dignity.—New York Press.

Defining a Dentist.

One who pulls out the teeth of others to obtain employment for his own.—London Evening Standard.

"Do you keep coffee in the bean?"