

The Adventures of Harry Revel.

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EXTRACTS FROM PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Harry Revel, a founding in the Geneva Hospital at Plymouth and a favorite of Miss Plinlimmon, the matron, climbs a church spire at his sleep and is thereupon apprehended to a chimney sweep. Miss Plinlimmon makes him acquainted with her scapegrace nephew, Archibald, who, with sergeant Letcher, a fellow soldier, is to trouble the hero's path. While performing his duties as a sweep in the house of an old Jew shoemaker, Harry stumbles on the body of the owner, Rodriguez, who has been murdered. He finds Archibald on the roof, helps him to flee, and flees himself. Betrayed by Benjamin Jope, a sailor, who is directing the funeral of a friend, he also meets and is tormented by the Rev. John Whitmore, his fight. Jope takes him aboard the Glad Tidings, his sister, who has just been married, and on conceit that Jope himself marries, she agrees to assist the fugitive. On the way to Laredo, the water-guard halts them, having news of the murder, and looking for Harry. The latter strips and swims ashore. He falls among smugglers, but finds a friend in Justice of the Peace "Jack" Rogers, who winks at the illicit traffic. They drive to Miss Lydia Belcher's, an eccentric neighbor of the justice's, but Harry refuses to enter the house on hearing that Whitmore is there. Watching from the outside, he sees a party of cards. Whitmore comes out and meets Letcher, who extracts money from him. They talk mysteriously of a woman and a dog. Rogers comes out, shows Harry a guinea just won from Whitmore, which had passed from him, marked, to Rodriguez, the Jew, and while they are talking Whitmore reappears. Harry sees and is taken into her house by Isabel Brooks, who, being father the major, uses him as an amanuensis. Harry learns that Isabel is in trouble, and that she loves Archibald. Then he goes with Rogers to confront Whitmore with the marked guinea, and asks him why he pays money to the justice, and what they are plotting against Isabel. He confesses that he is a swindler disguised as a priest; that he has secretly married Isabel to Archibald, that the marriage is not valid, and that Letcher is to profit by the crime. Lydia Belcher appears and asks Whitmore to reward Letcher, who is then used by stratagem into their hands. Archibald and Isabel are sent for and he is made to witness their true and lawful marriage, which makes his plotting futile. The bride's revenge upon her enemy is to forgive him. She then leaves her husband good-bye, and he goes to the war in Spain. Harry Revel follows him, and presently finds himself a drummer in the army before Ciudad Rodrigo.

CHAPTER XXII.
ON THE GREATER TESSON.

I turned for a look behind us and below. At the foot of the slope, where daylight had just begun to touch the dark shadows, stood a line of mules, animals scarcely taller than the loads they carried, which a crowd of Portuguese had already begun to unpack; and already, on a plateau to the left of us, half a dozen markers, with a quartermaster, were mapping out a camp for the 52d. They went to work so deliberately, and took such careful measurements with their long tapes, that even a tyro could no longer mistake this for an ordinary halt.

I looked at Sergeant Henderson. Word had just been given to the ranks to "stand easy," and he returned my look with a humorous wink. "That'll do, eh?" He nodded toward the markers.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "It means that we've done with cold baths, my son, and may leave 'em to the other divisions. What else it means you'll discover before you sleep." He glanced up at the ridge, toward which at a dozen different points our sentries were creeping—some of them escorted by knots of officers—and ducking low as they neared the sky line.

"May I go down and watch?" I asked again, pointing at the plateau; for I was young enough to find all operations of war amusing. "Ay—if you won't get in the way and trip over the pegs, I'll be down there myself by-and-by with a fatigue party."

I left him and strolled down the hill. The morning air was cold and the turf, here on the north side of the hill, frozen under foot. But I felt neither hunger nor weariness. Here was war, and I was in it!

As I drew near the plateau a young officer came walking across it and, halting beside the quartermaster, held him in talk for a minute. He wore the collar of his greatcoat turned up high about his ears, but I recognized him at once. It was Archibald Plinlimmon.

Leaving the quartermaster, he strolled toward the edge of the plateau, hard by where I stood; halted again, and gazed down through his field-glasses upon the muleteers unloading beneath us; but by-and-by closed his glasses with a snap and, facing round, was aware of me.

"Hullo!" said he, as I saluted; but his voice was listless, and I thought him looking wretchedly ill. "You're in Number Four Company, are you not? I heard that you'd joined."

It struck me that at least he might have smiled and seemed glad to say something more, but he hesitated and fumbled as he slipped back the glasses into their case.

"Are they looking after you?" he asked. "I told him of the sergeant. 'But are you well, sir?' I made bold to ask."

He put the question aside. "Henderson's a good man," he said; "I wish we had him in our company. Ah," he broke off, "they won't be long pitching tents now."

He swung slowly on his heel and left me, at a pace almost as listless as his voice. I felt hurt, rebuffed. To be sure, he was an officer now, and I a small bugler; still, without compromising himself, he might (I felt) have spoken more kindly.

The fatigue party descended, the tents were brought up and distributed, and at a silent signal sprang up like lines of mushrooms and expanded. The camp was formed; and the 52d, in high good humor, opened their haversacks and fell to their breakfast.

The meal over, the men lit their pipes and stretched themselves within the tents to make up arrears of sleep. It does not take a boy long to learn how to snatch a nap, even on half-thawed turf packed with moisture, and to manage it without claiming much room. We were eleven in our tent, not counting the sergeant—who had gone off on some errand which he did not explain, but which interested the men enough to keep them awake for a while discussing it in low voices.

I was at once too shy to ask questions and too sleepy to listen attentively. Here was war, I told myself, and I was in it. To be sure, I had not yet seen a shot fired and—save for the infrequent boom of a gun beyond the hill—I had heard none; and yet all my ideas of war were undergoing a change. My uppermost sense—odd as it may seem—was one of infinite protection. It seemed impossible that, with all these cheerful men about me, joking and swearing, I could come to much harm. It surprised me, after my months of yearning and weeks of tramping to reach this army, to discover how little my presence was regarded even in my own regiment. The men took me for granted, asking no questions. I might have strolled in upon them out of nowhere, with my hands in my pockets. And the officers, it appeared, were equally incurious. Captain Lockhart, commanding the company, had scarcely flung me a look. The colonel I had not seen; the adjutant had dismissed me to the devil; and Archibald Plinlimmon had treated me as I have told. All this indifference contained much comfort. I began to understand the restfulness of a great army—a characteristic left clean out of account in a boy's imaginings, who thinks of war as a series of combats and brilliant personal efforts, at once far more glorious and more terrifying than the reality.

'So I dreamed, secure, until awakened by my comrades' voices lifted all together and all excitedly questioning Sergeant Henderson, whose head and shoulders intruded through the flap-

way.

"Light Company and Number 3," he was announcing. "Blasted favoritism!" swore the man next to me. "Ain't there no other battalion company in the regiment, that Number 3's been picked for special twice now in four days?"

"The major's sweet on 'em, that's why," snarled another. "I ain't saying nothing against the bobs. But what's the matter with us, I'd like to know? Why Number 3 again? Ugh, it makes me sick!"

"Our fun'll come later, lads," said the sergeant, cheerfully. "When you reach my years you'll have learned to wait. Now, if you'd asked me, I'd have chosen the grenadiers; they're every bit as good as a light company except their work."

"Ay—grenadiers and Number 4. Why not? It's cruel hard."

I asked, in my ignorance, what was happening. My neighbor turned to me with a grin—"Happening? Why, you've a-lost your chance of death or victory, that's all. Here you are, company bugler for twenty-four hours by the grace of Heaven and the sergeant's contrivance, and because every one's forgot you and because, as it happens, for twenty-four hours there's no bugling wanted. To-morrow you'll be found out and sent back to the band, where there's five supernumeraries waiting for your shoes. And the bandmaster'll cuff your head every day for months before you get such another chance. Whereas, if Number 4 Company had been chosen for to-night, by to-morrow you'd have blown the charge, and half the drummers in the regiment would be blacking your eyes out of envy. See?"

I did not, very clearly. "Is there to be an attack to-night?" I asked. "And sha'n't we even see it?"

"Oh, yes, we'll see it fast enough. I reckon they won't go so far as to grudge us free seats for the show."

Sure enough, at 8 o'clock, we formed up by companies and were marched over the dark crest of the hill and a short way down it in face of the lights of Ciudad Rodrigo. Right below us on our left shone a detached light. We ourselves showed none. The word for silence in the ranks had been given at starting, and the captain spoke in the lowest of voices as they drew their companies together in battalions. The light cavalry having been withdrawn, we found ourselves on the extreme left flank, parted by a few yards only from another dark mass of men—the 43d, as a tallish young bugler whispered close beside me.

"But how the deuce do you come here?" he went on, mistaking me in the darkness, I suppose, for one of the youngsters in the band. "Shut your head, bugler," commanded a corporal close on my right.

The men ground their arms and waited, their breath rising like a fog on the frozen air. Their two tall ranks made a wall before us, shutting out all view of the lights in the valley. The short or supernumerary line of non-commissioned officers on our right stood motionless as a row of statues.

Suddenly a rocket shot up from below, arched its trail of light, and exploded; and on the instant the whole valley answered and exploded below us. Between the detonations a cheer rang up the hillside and was drowned in the noise of musketry—as under a crackle of laughter. Forgetting discipline, I crawled forward three paces and tried to peer between the legs of the rank in front, but was halted back by the ear and soundly cursed. The musketry crackled on without intermission. Away in Ciudad Rodrigo the walls seemed to open and vomit fireworks, shell after shell curving up and dropping into the valley.

"Glory be!" cried some one, "the old man's done it! The Johnnies wouldn't be shelling their own works."

"Ah, be quiet with ye," answered an Irish soldier; "and the fun not ten minutes old!"

"He's done it, I say! Whist now, see yonder—there's Elder going down with his Greasers. Heh? What did I tell you?"

"Silence in the ranks!" commanded an officer, but his own voice shook with excitement, and we read that he believed the news to be true.

"Arrah now, sir," a man in the front rank wheeled softly, "it's against flesh and blood you're ordering us."

"Wait a moment, then. They've done it, I believe—but no cheering, mind!"

What had been done was this—from the summit of the hill where we stood we looked into Ciudad Rodrigo over a lesser hill, and between these two (called the Great and the Lesser Tesson) the French had fortified and palisaded a convent and built a lunette before it, protecting that side of the tower where the ground was least rocky, and could be worked by the sappers. Upon the lunette before this Convent of San Francisco, Colborne (our colonel of the 52d) had now flung himself, with two companies from each of the Light Division regiments, and carried it with a rush, and this feat, made possible by our night march across Agueda and the negligence of the French sentries, in its turn gave the signal for the siege to open. The place was scarcely carried before Elder had his Portuguese at work spading a trench to the right of it, and under what cover its walls afforded from the artillery of the town, which ceased not all night to pound away at the lost redoubt.

The engineers—seven hundred in all—toiled with a will under shot and shell, and when day broke a trench three feet deep and four feet wide had been opened and pushed for no less than six hundred yards toward the town! Next night the Portuguese were replaced by the First Division, which had been marched over the Agueda. While the Light Division cooked and enjoyed itself on Mount Tesson, the others had work and their quarters, and I fear that they took their misfortunes philosophically, feeling that our luck was deserved. To be sure, I had been taken from my company and relegated to the band, but during the twelve days the siege lasted there was always a call for boys to watch the explosions from the town and warn the workmen when a shell was coming, and, on the whole, since Ciudad Rodrigo contained plenty of ammunition and did not spare it, I enjoyed myself amazingly.

On the night of the 9th, while the First Division dug at the trenches, our men helped with the building of three counter batteries a little ahead of the convent, and because the French began to make our hill uncomfortable they shifted camp and laid a shallow trench from it, along which we could steal to work under fair cover. On the 10th the Fourth Division took over the siege trenches, and on the 11th the Third Division relieved; on the 12th came our turn.

The day breaking with a thick fog, Lord Wellington determined to profit by it and hurry on the digging, which the bitter frost was now miserably impeding. To him, or to some one, it occurred that by scooping pits in front of the trenches our riflemen (the 60th) might give ease

DEMONSTRATING HOW A FOX HUNTER LOOKS WHEN HE "COMES A CROPPER."



(From The Graphic.)

POSIN FOR PICTURES AT RISK OF ONE'S NECK.
BEING PHOTOGRAPHED FOR MOVING PICTURES IS A HIGHLY STRENUOUS OCCUPATION.

The time has come in the vaudeville performance for the "moving pictures." The sketch, "The Marriage of a Shrew," has had its inevitable "reconciliation" and kiss and makeup conclusion. The comedy acrobats have tumbled themselves off the stage. Dorothy and Dolly, the "Two Queens of Music," have sung and smiled and kicked and danced away into the wings. The magician with a name from Hindostan and a dress suit from the depths of his central pockets, and then disappeared himself. The house is dark.

And now on the white curtain a small boy springs into life. Although he leads only a photographic existence, he has shows that he is very much akin to the flesh and blood variety. The picture is entitled "Spilled Milk." A glance at the grimaces of the boy would seem to show there could be no other kind of milk when he was around.

The imp runs up to a front door and pounds savagely with an old-fashioned brass knocker. A weazen faced woman opens the door, but the imp is gone. As the housewife withdraws her head a milkman appears. He sets down a huge pail of milk on the steps and pounds innocently with the milk on the door with such suddenness that all blend into a front row shrieks. It is now the husband who springs into view with hair on end, a face contracted with rage and sleeves rolled up for a fight. He lands such a blow on the milkman's neck that the poor wretch doubles up and the door opens with such suddenness that a small girl in the front row shrieks. It is now the husband who springs into view with hair on end, a face contracted with rage and sleeves rolled up for a fight. He lands such a blow on the milkman's neck that the poor wretch doubles up and the door opens with such suddenness that a small girl in the front row shrieks. It is now the husband who springs into view with hair on end, a face contracted with rage and sleeves rolled up for a fight. He lands such a blow on the milkman's neck that the poor wretch doubles up and the door opens with such suddenness that a small girl in the front row shrieks.

Then come other scenes of comedy and tragedy. Long narrow coils of film are unwound from the bobbins of the kinetoscope, and their thousands of little pictures are flashed on the screen so rapidly that all blend into a single pantomime.

But while the spectator laughs at the ludicrous adventures of these actors and actresses of the limelight, he inwardly wonders from what strange source they come. Who are these performers in real life? he asks himself. How can they survive such blows and kicks and burns and scalds? Are they a sort of salamander for whom neither food nor fire has any terrors?

Should one seek to gratify his curiosity, let him go behind the scenes of the moving picture. For the kinetoscopic world is double, the same as is the theatrical. It has its stage machinery, its wings, its properties, its lights, its makeups, its exits and its entrances. To visit this other world one should make the acquaintance of some "picture actor," as one who poses for the kinetoscope is called, and go with him some bright morning to his work. As he leads the way he says:

"And so you wonder why I am not killed in this business. Yes, I do get a lot of hard knocks; but they can't do me up. I've been a tumbler ever since I was twelve years old. It was then the circus came to town and I began practicing in my father's barn. I have kept turning handspins and taking falls ever since. I used to act in vaudeville; but I like this business better."

Turning east from Broadway into Twenty-first-st., the "picture actor" hurries his steps till he comes to a new left building, which is danked on either side with monotonous rows of old brownstone dwelling houses.

"Top floor," he steps to the elevator man, and a moment later he is into what is half a photograph studio and half a theatre. It is the kinetograph gallery of the Edison Manufacturing Company. The walls are covered with such historic properties as hats, boots, slippers, crowns, swords, guns, brooms, uniforms, armor, sunbonnets, mattresses and bathing suits. A bull terrier slumbers in one corner. He is still another property.

There is a group of performers waiting for the photographer to decide when the light is bright enough. Many play at Broadway houses at night, and thus one may recognize here actors and actresses whom perchance he saw upon the stage only the night before. The amateur is persona non grata here. Everything is so magnified by the lens of the kinetoscope that faults in facial expression or bodily movements show more plainly in moving pictures than in the flesh and blood performance on the stage.

The sun goes under a cloud, and the fat scene painter, who also takes the part of Weary Willie, remarks:

"Say, I hope I don't get such a ducking to-day as I did in Prospect Park yesterday in posing for that sketch, 'The Tramp and the Nursing Bottle.'"

"But you didn't ruin a good suit of clothes, did you?"

Careers for the Coming Men.

Practical and Authoritative Discussions of the Professions and Callings Open to Young Americans.

XVI.

Public Service.

By Charles N. Fowler, Member of the House of Representatives and Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency.

Outside of the army and the navy there are to-day in the public service of the United States about 100,000 men and women. Here may be found the widest range of employment, the most important including the President himself, the least consequential including those who do the commonest kind of work; the very best wages and the poorest salaries; the longest hours and the shortest days, the hardest, most exhausting toil and the easiest, most perfunctory occupation.

This great army of workers is naturally divided into those elected for a term or appointed for a specified period and those who are employed under the Civil Service regulations.

The longest term for which any public servant is elected is that of the United States Senator, who represents his State for six years. The longest term of appointment is that of the Justice of the Supreme Court, whose position may be held for life.

Since the passage of the act, in 1883, providing for the civil service, the principle of its regulation by law has gained ground steadily, until now there is nothing outside the rules except confidential positions on the one hand and those of common day laborers on the other.

I shall first speak of the departmental work, in which a vast army is employed, and from which men are constantly being drafted to take the most responsible places in the government service. The Hon. George B. Cortelyou, once a stenographer in the Postoffice Department, and now Secretary of the new Department of Commerce and Labor, and the Hon. M. E. Ailes, recently First Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and now vice-president of the Riggs National Bank at Washington, who rose through all the grades from one of the humblest posts, are conspicuous examples of this class. The list of those who have thus gained prominence is indeed a long one.

My observation leads me to think that the opportunity to rise to the highest places of trust is about the same in the government service as in that of the private citizen. The greatest difficulty has been encountered in elaborating a comprehensive schema that would commend itself to the public, and especially to public men who regard any pensioned place as inconsistent with the nature of our institutions, forgetting that life tenure, the essential, primary condition to a pension list, is itself inconsistent with the original conception of a wise public service. They seem to forget, too, that the civil pension list is the natural and necessary consequent of the Civil Service law, and while we have the one we cannot evade the other. Therefore, I assert that, notwithstanding the present opposition, there must, in the nature of things and in justice to lifelong public servants, be a civil service pension law.

Our diplomatic and consular service is still the foothold of politics, and many a good man and trained servant is compelled to make way for some less competent successor whose assistance in the Presidential campaign was the price paid for his claim to the place.

Consular and diplomatic work is a professional occupation of the highest character; and the best interests of our country, from every point of view, commercial as well as administrative, demand that we should hold this branch of our service, almost more than any other, above party assault.

Here, as much as, if indeed not more than, in any other calling we need trained men who by their knowledge and experience shall hold their posts because they can serve their country and countrymen better than either a ward politician, clamorous for the spoils, or a failed merchant, who may in the days of prosperity have been a liberal contributor and now can hardly do more than check against his party balance by drawing his monthly salary.

A public sentiment is fast gaining ground that the duty of the President both to the commercial interests of our great country, whose foreign commerce now exceeds more than two and one-half billions a year, and to the nation itself, which has now come to be the most powerful political factor on the globe, far, very far, outstrips all personal considerations and party debts, however intimate and pressing they may be.

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It is a most gratifying sign that our educational institutions, fully appreciating the growth of this sentiment and the great importance of consular and diplomatic work to the public welfare, have established special courses of study that in time will give us a body of representatives at foreign ports and capitals of which we may feel justly proud, and which will certainly excite the emulation of all the other nations of the earth. There is surely no more interesting, promising and inviting field in all the realm of American opportunity than this, and to it the youth of our land may look with the pardonable aspiration and well-grounded hope of achieving success and rising to distinction.

The popular side of the public service—I am weary of the national Congress—presents a very different aspect of the question, in the sources of selection, the duties to be performed and the right equipment for the many-sided work of either branch.

Every boy born and brought up on American soil should, so far as in him lies, prepare himself for the duties of citizenship in all its

local relationships, since our government rests upon the individual entities and must rise or fall with the average intelligence of the people.

Our public school system, therefore, is the foundation stone of our governmental structure, and one of its chief features should always be to teach the nature of our political institutions and the duties of citizenship.

If one aspires to enter the halls of Congress he should have some other motive than to merely draw the salary, to hold the place as an heirloom or to use it as a wedge to enter the social world, there to play a part among the official flunkies simply for the pleasure it affords. The people have no real interest in such a servant, and, while he may excite their curiosity, he certainly does not appeal to their pride or fire their imagination.

With Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Sumner, Morton and Sherman as ideals, several statesmen of the present day quickly come to mind. To prepare for such standing in the Senate one should be of unquestioned usefulness in his profession or life work at home. It is not necessary that a man should be a lawyer to be a great Senator, though to have read law would be of much assistance to any Senator, however great he might be apart from such legal knowledge.

To say that the United States Senate is the most powerful legislative body in the world is, I think, well within the truth; for, in addition to its veto power upon such legislation which under the Constitution must originate in the House of Representatives, it also has the power to veto all treaties, which must originate with the Executive.

The best Senatorial equipment, therefore, includes a knowledge of the law; but above that, and, indeed, above any special knowledge, should be placed soundmindedness, a judicial temperament and true patriotism.

Exceptional ability combined with vast knowledge would not necessarily make a truly great Senator, for if narrow partisanship and personal selfishness dominate one so endowed he might prove a curse, instead of a blessing, to his country.

The Senate is the one place in our national administration where the keenest intellect, the largest ability, the profoundest learning, the soundest common sense, the truest patriotism and the most comprehensive statesmanship can be of the utmost possible service to the country—indeed, it calls for the ideal, all-around American.

Since a Senator, though approaching this high standard, must in the very nature of things follow the fortunes of the party to which he belongs, he will in turn often determine the fortunes of that party in his State, and it has often happened that Senators who have proved worthy have been returned when the trend of politics has been toward the opposite party.

Accordingly, it seems clear that the best administration is always assured through a close competition of parties for public place by putting forward the highest types of American manhood as candidates for popular approval. It is largely because there has been a serious disregard of this rule of action on the part of the States in the selection of United States Senators that there has come an insistent demand for their election by a direct vote of the people, and it may be set down now as inevitable that in some way this end will ultimately be secured.

Indeed, several of the States to-day determine the action of the legislature by a direct vote upon the question of choice, the respective legislative bodies merely registering the will of the people as expressed at the polls, precisely as is the case with the Electoral College.

The work of the House is so diversified to-day that, generally speaking, a thoroughly good business man will make an excellent Representative, but the vast extent of our national affairs renders it impossible for any one man to encompass the whole field of legislation within a score of years. In a decade he may become so familiar with current work as to be an intelligent listener, but if in that time he has mastered any one of a half dozen of the most important subjects so that his judgment is respected and his opinion is final, he has done his duty fairly well and can serve his country to some extent beyond the limits of that conventional phrase, "a good Congressman."

But in the House, as in all other lines of work, the member must become a specialist to achieve any degree of real success or render his country significant service, for a lifetime is all too short to conclude the study of international law, trade conditions, both domestic and foreign, or finance and its kindred topics. Principles are fundamental, and one may grasp them, but their application to conditions, intricate and complicated and changing almost hourly, calls for untiring work and a devotion to public duty surpassing the stress of a business life even in these cruelly busy times.

Public service as an occupation calls primarily for the same qualifications that a successful and respected business career requires, whether one enters the ranks through the civil service examinations, or by means of a Presidential appointment, to a consular post, or is elected to office by the people. But, in addition to these qualifications, there must be both aptitude and indefatigable industry if one hopes for even moderate success.

The false notion now too often entertained that under the government there are many fat jobs, any one of which would make a man of the aspirant, can only lead to disappointment, even though his highest ambition is merely to pass the time away. Under the government, as in all other vocations, positions do not make men—men make themselves—and unless a young man has ideals and purposes he will fare no better under the one than in any of the other. The price of success is the same the world over and in all relationships, and that price is one's self. If the achievement is to be conspicuous and the result glorious.

"for bringing me to such a hole. It'll make the picture more realistic, too." I grabbed the boat and sent him over the gunwale like a frog.

"But, look here," exclaimed the smooth cheeked youth, "why didn't you tell me you were going to duck a fellow? I didn't mind the mud so much; but I completely ruined my new silk stockings and imported tweed suit."

A wry, thin faced man who boasts of being the original Hooligan set up a loud laugh. "That was almost as bad as the Prospect Park gardener and the hose stunt," he shouted at the end of the outburst.

"And I got the worst of it then, too," responded the gentleman, as his face relaxed into a smile. The experience was further in his past, so that now he saw only its humorous side.

"You see, I was the gardener," he said, "and Hooligan here came along and doubled up the hose. When the water stopped, I looked down into the nozzle, and Hooligan straightened out the pipe and let the water run back into the hose. The water almost

interrupted a clean shaven youth with a prominent nose, who always takes the part of the duke. Weary Willie held his sides to suppress a laughing fit.

"That was one time I didn't get the worst of it," he said. "You see, we got a nurse girl in the park to stand for her part in the picture. Brooklyn nurse girls always like to have their pictures taken. They have so many babies to take care of, I suppose, it's a sort of diversion for them. The duke got a boat and was paddling in a pond near by. It was his part to save me when the time came. Well, I sneaked up to the baby carriage and swiped the bottle. I was just going to satisfy that insatiable thirst of mine when the nurse grabbed me and threw me into the pond. I had thought it was water. It wasn't. It was Brooklyn mud—soft, slimy mud."

Here the tramp impersonator blew his nose as if to clear his brain of the obnoxious memory. "The duke came up in his boat to save me. He was all dressed up. 'Till took him' said I to myself. But you didn't ruin a good suit of clothes, did you?"