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DEATH FOR THE HERETICS

HERETIC IS PUNISHED UNDER THE HEAVENS AT PHILADELPHIA.

Members and correspondents in various parts of the city are excited by the death of a heretic.

Philadelphia, Oct. 15.—The Rev. Dr. Robert M. Patterson, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, who is well known in Albany, Chicago and Philadelphia, and who has lived in Malvern, an outlier of this city, since his retirement from the ministry several years ago, caused an uproar in a presbytery meeting here today by declaring that the death penalty should be inflicted upon all heretics, idolaters and correspondents in all diverse parts of the world.

He will be seen, those said British managers when Paul Proust gave "Conscience" an hour's talk from next Sunday night, and the audience, stirred by these things, came up on its hind legs and shrieked for the author. For on the word of Maxwell Ryder, "Conscience" is Art, it is Truth, it is the fluttering of angel wings, it is the last departing wail of castigated devils, it is the ultimate in Drama. The loss of Pinner and Henry Arthur Jones is a Tom-lawson ad compared to it. Success? "Why, my boy, a monkey to topple the house down!"

It is a pity, though, that Mr. Ryder, by the compelling law of his being, will lose interest in "Conscience" after it rings the bell, but it has always been so. A great thing once accomplished loses its flavor, and on goes Mr. Ryder to conquer other worlds, fleeing from boredom, the rut, the beaten path and the obvious. There was the time, when he then he plunged fearlessly into Tibet, feigned smallpox and slipped into Lhasa, wrapped in a yak's skin. "Spelt it y-a-k, old chap," said Mr. Ryder, and then he called the reporter. A thirty Lama in the Sacred City carried him up like a Christmas turkey and drank a toast to Ryder in the explorer's own blood, but now it warms him even to think of it.

"I can't fawney, you know, why they will bring up those most uninteresting adventures," said Mr. Ryder, and then he lit a cigarette which Paul Armstrong would call the five-cent kind, the local brand and turned to his notes on the Tibetan adventure. "The moment I was freed through the good offices of a Lama, good old duffer he was, too, I lost all interest in the thing, even as you know, if you are keen on the thing, I might say I made the trip behind the baby Sarah, Chandri, Dandi, and Dandi. I followed in India to get him—because of my interest in ethnology, anthropology and biology, having done quite a bit of work in those lines, and when I got back to London, I had a little touch myself up with goldbeater's skin and grease paint, got my coolies to wrap me up in a yak's skin and I went in the gates of Lhasa as a European visitor. The game was up, though, when a Lama—the old rotter—asked me a lot of questions. They took one of my men, Sonam Dorji, and cleared the path from his feet and toes, broke his ankles and burned out his eyes. Then they ate him, laughing at the while. They would have done the same to me if the Lama hadn't smuggled me out of the country."

There was no use knocking a good story by remarking that Thomas Manning visited the sacred city in London, in Europe, anyway, Mr. Ryder wasn't through.

"When my friend Col. Younghusband started out with the opening up expedition in 1842 he sent for me, and I went with me, my boy, and said, 'Ryder, we need you. You have been there. You know the road.'"

"I answered like a flash 'I shan't do it. Why the hell should I? To me it would be no more exciting than a walk from the dock to the Houses of Parliament. Make your own way, if you can.'"

When the first Egyptian campaign was on the London Pictorial World needed a man of parts to send along. Mr. Maxfield Ryder got the job, and he went to the East. He knew Gordon. Kipling himself never got chummiest with Thomas Atkins than the man who tried to sidestep boredom. If they had listened to the British army would have saved Khartoum.

"Of course, after that," said Mr. Ryder, "there was nothing left for me to do but to accept the editorship of the London Pictorial World. It is now Black and White. I sold it after I had made it a go. It was I, my boy, who selected such men as Phil May, Brienholmen, Raymond Potter, to work for me, and I had a wonderful staff, wonderful!"

Skipping over a few Old World romances Mr. Ryder touched lightly on the Japanese War. It was a time when he was sick of dining out and teazing and receptions and theatres and drawing room.

"Away I went for Port Arthur," said he, "determined to be the first outsider there before the shots were fired. Here's the before the fact. When I arrived the first man I saw was Will London, my war correspondent. He had beaten me three hours. I was disgusted. Port Arthur lost all interest for me. I must be the first or not at all, if you see."