

A CATHEDRAL FOR THE NATION

BUILDING BISHOP SATTERLEE PLANNED IN WASHINGTON.

Work on the Bethlehem Chapel to be started this week—links with the history of older churches—Romance of the project—General interest in it.

WASHINGTON, May 23.—No greater tribute could be paid to the work accomplished by the late Bishop Satterlee than the interest the entire country has shown in the choice of his successor. Ten years ago he was made the first Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Washington. At that time few would have supposed that people of all creeds and living in all parts of the country would



WEST FACADE



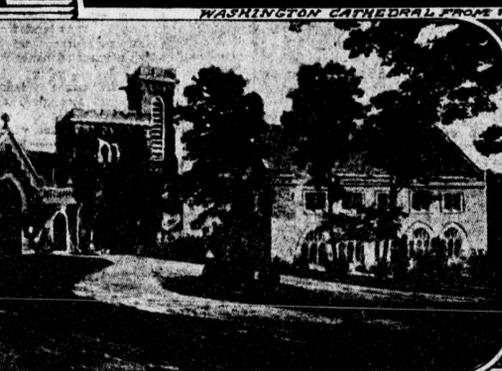
GLASTONBURY CATHEDRAL



WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL FROM THE SOUTHWEST



LITTLE SANCTUARY



GLIMPSE OF THE CLOISTER



THE STEEPLE AND THE PEACE CROSS

find the election of the second Bishop a matter of great moment to them.

That they have so found it is due to the genius and enthusiasm with which Bishop Satterlee worked out his plan for a great national cathedral. The building of this cathedral was his dream. His great achievement was that he made thousands of visitors to Washington share in his aim.

When Bishop Brent was elected the other day the first question asked by these thousands was "How does he feel about the cathedral? Will he carry it on as Bishop Satterlee did?" Probably the best answer to this question is the statement made at the time of the election that Bishop Brent was Bishop Satterlee's own choice for the place.

Churchmen are interested in the new Bishop's attitude on sundry ecclesiastical questions. The great public cares only that he is going to do at Mount St. Alban. The people already love the hill from which the great cathedral will some day look down on the nation's capital city.

There is only one stone of that cathedral laid to-day. Bishop Satterlee himself laid it on September 29 last. If he had not died it is possible that several years might have elapsed before another stone would have been laid. As it is his death promises to add another link to the chain of romance with which he bound together the various steps in the making of the cathedral.

The first portion of the building to be attempted will be the foundations of the Bethlehem Chapel of the Nativity, which is to be a memorial to Bishop Satterlee. After his death members of the diocese of Washington were asked to contribute \$50,000 toward the building of this chapel. It is to be in the crypt, but owing to the slope of the land it will be almost entirely above ground and will be lighted by outside windows. It will hold 300 persons.

The \$50,000 asked for was subscribed almost to the full amount within a few weeks, and work on the foundations of the chapel will be started this month. On Ascension Day, May 26, the first stone will be turned. The strange part of it is that in the latest letter which Bishop Satterlee wrote concerning the cathedral he described the proposed chapel and said:

"It is for God to decide how this chapel is to be provided for and built."

His own death so soon after he wrote those words proved to be the event which at once secured the funds for the building. He also wrote:

"If God inspires any donor or donors with the desire to complete the foundation of the whole cathedral, then the Bethlehem Chapel might well be made a memorial chapel, with the name of the person it commemorates graven on a memorial brass, like those of ancient times, and placed in the floor before the altar."

The memorial tablet will be there as he suggested. His own name will be upon

it and the body of the real founder of the cathedral will lie there above the foundation stone which he himself laid.

The way in which Bishop Satterlee gained the interest of the people at large was as remarkable as the extent of that interest. It is only ten years since the forty acres which form the cathedral tract were purchased, yet the place is already rich in associations.

To begin with it is a beautiful hill with a superb view of the city. When the land was bought some persons ridiculed its selection and said the cathedral might as well be built in New Jersey or Georgia, so far as its availability for Washington went.

Now the wisdom of the choice is apparent. Massachusetts avenue, the finest in Washington, has been opened directly to the cathedral close and the city is edging steadily along in that direction. The spot is visited even now by more persons, both for service and at other times, than perhaps any church in Washington.

It is already the one church property in which the whole city feels a sort of affectionate interest. Every step in its planning and its progress was made with that very end in view; that and the still greater end of making people all over the country feel the same love and interest.

The first of the list—already growing long—of ceremonies at the cathedral site was the raising of the peace cross on Sunday, October 23, 1897. It is an Ionic cross of stone, twenty feet high, and was called the peace cross because it commemorated the ending of the war with Spain. It also celebrated the first meeting in Washington of the general convention of the Church.

The cross has a large stone base, extending the west so as to form a platform, or pulpit, on which the preacher stands at the open air vesper services. This preaching place is inlaid with stones from the Holy Land and has in the center the word "Salem," meaning peace. Every Sunday afternoon there is an open air evening service and the peace cross is attended by hundreds of worshippers seated on camp stools, with the grass underfoot, the trees overhead and the domes of the city shining before them in the afternoon sun.

Across the grassy space where the cross stands is the Little Sanctuary, as it is affectionately known. It is a tiny church with a square tower pierced by a great archway called All Hallows Gate. Looking through this gate there is an exquisite view, in the exact center of which is the dome of the Capitol, eternal across the long stretch of the city.

the chair were taken from the part of the abbey which was built in the twelfth century. The stones were "given by the churchmen of Glastonbury to the churchmen of America," as the inscription says. People who are not churchmen may be more interested in the cathedra because of the association of Glastonbury with King Arthur and his Round Table.

The most beautiful of the treasures in the Little Sanctuary is the great ambon, or pulpit, which was received only last autumn. The Canterbury ambon it is called because it is made of stones from Canterbury Cathedral. The stones were given by the Archbishop of Canterbury in memory of Stephen Langton, who led the barons when they forced King John to sign the Magna Charta.

The stones of the pulpit are white and are carved with great beauty and richness. It is 10 feet high, 9 feet wide and 14 feet long including the steps and beautiful balustrade. The work was done under the direction of the architect in charge of Canterbury Cathedral, but the expense was borne by friends in this country.

While not so beautiful as the ambon, the cathedra, or Bishop's chair, is of even greater historical interest. It is made of stones from Glastonbury Abbey, many of them original fragments just as they were carved hundreds of years ago. The tradition is that the church at Glastonbury was founded by Joseph of Arimathea; but in any case its origin goes back to the first Christian missionaries to Britain, probably as early as the third century.

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Damascus gate. The altar, which has no carving, is 12 feet long, 4 feet high and 3 feet broad. It was given by the various American dioceses and missionary congregations, including those in Japan, China, the Philippines, Rome and Mexico.

The stone cross, which is used in all processions, is set with stones brought from the Holy Land by the late Dr. Bolton, in whose memory the cross was given.

Standing in the shadow of All Hallows Gate and looking toward the city, one sees a beautiful little tree, enclosed with a railing. According to the legend, Joseph of Arimathea, on reaching the place which afterward became Glastonbury, struck his staff into the ground to indicate that he had chosen to stay there. The staff then put forth leaves and branches, and the tree into which it grew always blossomed at Christmas time.

The sturdy little tree at Washington was raised from an offshoot of the old Glastonbury tree, which is said to have been cut down by a Puritan fanatic. It lives up to the traditions of its arboreal ancestor by blossoming twice a year.

Not far from the thorn tree is what is called the Landmark, raised in 1906 to commemorate the freedom of the Cathedral land from all debt. It is an open air altar with carved sides and surmounted by an elaborate bronze sun dial, which also indicates the different seasons of the ecclesiastical year.

The Peace Cross and the Landmark stand near each other in an open grassy space, around the edge of which are old stone and marble benches brought from places of historic interest abroad. Crossing the drive which encloses this space one comes to the baptistry, a temporary building containing the beautiful font which will some day have a permanent baptistry, adjoining the cathedral.

The font is of pure white Carrara marble and is so large that it can be used for immersion. It is octagonal in shape and fifteen feet in diameter.

The marble panels are sculptured with scenes from the life of Christ and at each angle is a marble statue of one of the Apostles. In the center, standing upon a rock through which gushes the water used for baptism, stands a figure of Christ holding a child in his arms.

The interior of the font is lined with stones which were brought for that purpose from the bed of the River Jordan. They were gathered under the supervision of the United States Vice-Consul at Jerusalem at the old ford on the road to Damascus, the very place which tradition describes as that where Christ was baptized.

THE RURAL AUTO SPEED TRAP

MONEY MAKING DEVICE USED IN THE COUNTRY.

One City Hall to Be Built From the Proceeds—How a Village Paid for Motorcycles for its Police—Automobilists Want to Have the Laws Changed.

The man who drives an automobile has a multitude of things to bother him besides the expense of owning and using it. For one thing he can never be entirely sure when he gets outside the limits of the city that he isn't running into a speed trap.

That is a device used by the country constable for the purpose of timing and gathering in the automobilist, whereby the township's treasury is enriched. Mostly the speed trap exists along some particularly nice stretch of road where there are few cars and few pedestrians and the danger to casual pedestrians through fast driving hardly exists.

The speed trap is designed for the money that is in it. Take, for instance, one town to the north of New York on a main travelled highway.

The police there had bicycles, but they didn't do any good when it came to catching a man with a fast car. When the bicycle man ranged alongside the automobile to tell the occupant that they were under arrest the chauffeur kicked the accelerator and plied the bicycle man was left behind.

So the police wanted motorcycles. Good machines cost \$400 each, or something like that, and the Common Council wouldn't appropriate so much money.

The police then asked the Common Council to authorize the purchase and they wouldn't ask for money?

"How will you pay for them?" the police were asked.

"Oh, never mind, we'll get that out of the people we pinch."

And they did. They held up pretty nearly every one for two months. They made out a case against every prisoner, but he had to pay a fine of two months' salaries had been paid out of the money collected. Then they let up a bit.

In another town near that one the speed trap was worked with four men. This town was anxious to build a new city hall and the automobilists were relied upon to furnish the working capital.

Every man the trappers could get was brought before a Justice and released on \$25 bail. Then when the case came up the Justice was fined \$25—a curious coincidence. That city hall is very near being an accomplished fact, and the automobilists will be able to point to it with pride, if it has no other emotions.

The complaint the automobilists make is that the speed trap is generally established at some point where running a car is not only slow but means danger. Furthermore, it is only the slower running cars that can be caught.

When a man drives the power in his engine, he has to try to reach the speed trap through the speed trap he is safe. About all the policemen there can do is to wave their hands and try to get the cars to stop as to arrest the man some later day when he is caught unaware.

One man was out the other day, running through a speed trap, when he was stopped by a policeman who noticed a man lying on the grass alongside the road, seemingly asleep. This man, the moment the car passed, jumped up and ran to another man who appeared down the road.

"The second man had a watch in his hand and he fixed his eye on a mark across the road. When the car passed he kept on. 'Hey! You're going too fast! Slow up! You're under arrest!'"

The driver was indignant enough to apply his fingers to his nose and kept on. He yanked further down the road was a motorcycleist, who put after the car, apparently to make that arrest.

"Well, when the case comes up, said the automobilist owner, 'for he's going to get all he wants of it now.'"

The motorcycleist did not have the power to keep it up, but he did slip the car into a item which shows the safety of the road. For three miles he pursued and the auto kept pulling away. If the road had been thickly wooded, it might have been traffic enough to make fast going dangerous the auto would never have got away. As it was it escaped easily.

The automobilist owner wants to have a law passed that will do away with speed limits. They want a chance to run a car sensibly, so that they may slow down when fact remains that a school bus and may go faster than fifteen miles an hour when the road is clear and there is a long stretch of nice road with no obstructing wagons and no traffic.

"Why, they have the same regulations for drivers who have handled cars for years as for those who have never had a car for the first time," says the automobilist owner, "and now that it is absurd."

"A man who knows his car and has driving it for seven years can do as well as a new driver with it, but experience doesn't count."

"The rules of so-and-so many miles an hour in certain places are all wrong."

"A man can drive by a school bus when it is in a hurry, but at the legal rate of eight miles an hour and still be driving with original carelessness. That stands to reason."

THE STRAW HAT SEASON. Its Traditions Now Less Rigidly Observed—Straws Less Early.

In this city the straw hat season is supposed to open formally on May 30, Decoration Day, but within recent years has been winnowed here a disposition on the part of wearers to trot out their straw hats earlier if the weather warranted, paying less regard than formerly to the straw hat season's traditional limit and as a result it is now to be seen here from year to year a somewhat increased sprinkling of straw hats worn in advance of the regular opening day.

Thus on May 13 of the present year, which was a hot day, with the thermometer up to 81, three independent observers reported seeing in the streets four straw hats.

One of these hats was worn by a man who was walking down Broadway at Pearl street, one by a man who was walking up upper Broadway at 145th street, one by a man seen walking across Brooklyn Bridge, and the last was seen downtown, below Canal street, but with the locality not remembered by the observer.

Of these four straw hats the one seen at Broadway and Pearl street was not new, though whether it was a last year's hat or one of the present year that had been tubbed by previous wear in Florida or Cuba could not accurately be determined.

The straw hat seen going up Broadway at 145th street was brand new, but the one seen going across the Bridge was not, nor was the fourth hat, seen in the unremembered downtown locality.

THE EXPERT SHOEMAKER. Usually He Can Tell by a Customer's Shoes Where the Customer Lives.

The expert shoemaker is in his way a sort of Sherlock Holmes; he can tell by looking at a customer's shoes something about where the customer lives, and this not by mud on the shoes or the absence of it, or any such commonplace evidence as that, but by the manner in which the shoes show wear. But he is not infallible.

Here, for instance, is a woman who wears the soles of her shoes very thin up at their forward end, at their very tips, there, at the toe; and to her:

"You live in the country," says the shoe expert.

"No," says the woman, "I live in the city. Why do you think I lived in the country?"

"Because your shoes are worn so at the toes," I thought you walked on macadam roads."

So here the expert slipped, misled in this case by not making due allowance for a certain amount of street wear; but usually he can tell.

A GOSSIP BUG IN HER AURA

LITTLE WOMAN WITH WORRIES LEARNS WHAT AILS HER.

New Kind of Miasma Described by a Calm and Perfectly Poised Young Woman in a White Linen Gown—A Fee of \$5 Paid for Advice Not to Mind Gossip.

The little woman who had been made ill through gossip was whirled up in an elevator to the office of the fashionable New Thought healer, crystal reader and general adviser and arranger of human events.

Fortune telling is no longer the crude affair it used to be. Its followers do not huddle in cheap rooms in poor neighborhoods, but set up their belongings in studio buildings and have regular office hours and fees ranging from \$5 up.

If you are hungry for advice on such subjects as your husband's whereabouts evenings, the future course of stocks, the health of your mother-in-law and the reduction of your weight, you can find out all about it for \$10 or \$15—about an hour's sitting.

After this you should be considerably keyed up, cheered and encouraged, not to say strengthened, for if you are the sort of person who is unable to wrestle with life's tough problems alone you will also be the sort to take comfort from a calm and perfectly poised young woman in a white linen gown, who gives you the logical reasoning you should give yourself.

The little woman blurted out her affair without a word of warning when the calm, cool young woman came in and seated herself near her visitor, gazing her all over with a close attention which took in details, wrinkles, style of dress and grooming, boots, gloves, everything.

"I am not after lost jewelry or a vanished

lover," said the little woman, "nor do I wish to peer into the future. But I heard that you were able to answer my questions and give good advice."

"I have been made very wretched all my life, at intervals of course, by gossip. Most of the time it has been silly and unimportant. At other times it takes on a sinister character and it is impossible for me to laugh at it."

"I find myself wondering if it influences persons outside of my own circle of friends and acquaintances, who know that such things are not true."

"Of what nature is it?" asked the cool young woman.

"Of all sorts," said the little woman. "As I look back now I can see that it began when I was at school and has continued ever since. When I left school I concerned my beaux. It was silly and foolish. I paid no attention to it."

"After I was married it took a more unpleasant strain and was coupled with extravagant expenses. I can recollect one story that I had white satin furniture with gold legs in my drawing room."

"Everything that I have ever done or thought of doing has been exaggerated. If I go on a visit out of town I hear rumors that I have separated from my husband. If a servant girl takes a spoon it becomes a burglary. If I cut my finger I have had an arm amputated."

"All New Year's day we were kept busy answering friends who wanted to know over the phone the details of my death and when the funeral would be. A couple of stuffed doves and funeral wreaths came in the afternoon."

"It's getting on my nerves. There must be some reason for it. I am a simple living sort of person, fond of cooking and living a quiet life. Beyond this one hoodoo that follows me up I have very few troubles in life, none out of the ordinary."

"My husband laughs at my notion that

there is a gossip star and that I was born under it. Men are very apt to laugh at a woman's fancies. He is on top of the gossip bug. Now what of the dead, do they talk a gossip bug and does it follow certain people around?"

"The cool, calm young woman looked very serious, then she smiled brightly and without a moment's hesitation answered:

"Yes, there is a gossip star, even a gossip bug or microbe that gets into the auras of some persons and will not be shaken off. But it is not serious and it can be met by a condition of mind that will cause it to lose all its evil influence on your mind, for it has none elsewhere."

"Persons born under the planet Uranus in certain conditions are very apt to suffer mental unrest from rumors and talk. It is not always detrimental, but it continues. They cannot escape it somehow, and it causes them annoyance if they are not made of the stern stuff that throws away all such things as a trifle."

"If you are not afraid of gossip it will not hurt you, no matter how malicious it may be. You must remember that people very rarely speak ill of you. If they talk about you it is because you are stirring up certain thought circles and are interesting people."

"An actor or a public man who has the gossip microbe, a mental microbe, you understand, does not have to employ a press agent. He is advertised by his own words. Nothing delights him more than those rumors, which he keeps continually repeating in print."

"If you present the public for forgetting his existence, and he doesn't care a whoop what they say about him so long as they continue to mention him now and then. Of course with a woman it is different. I must admit, but if you reflect you will see that from Joan of Arc, whom modern alienists describe as a paranoiac, to Carrie Nation, whom some consider a maniac, there are women destined to a certain atmosphere of notoriety, not always pleasant, but better, believe me, than the placid pool in which some women are doomed to live, merely sleeping, eating and dressing without any thought currents coming to them or going from them."

"A certain American actress not long ago came in for a frightful lot of adverse criticism when she married a man who was not a member of the aristocracy. Her younger woman. Most of the gossip originated in theatrical wigwags and cheap restaurants."

"When this young woman was told of it and of those who were repeating the stories she smiled with the most admirable disdain."

"You can take it from me that gossip never in itself hurt any one, although it is annoying, and if you allow yourself to be sensitive about it might injure your health. But that is your fault, not the fault of the silly talk."

"Take the case of one famous operatic beauty, for of course stage women come in for that sort of gossip. Her years there were more volumes of stories repeated about her than about any one else, I believe, before or since. And they were not pleasant stories, all of them either."

"But she went serenely on her way and paid no attention to anything she heard beyond a smile of pity or amusement. She was always ready to answer a question of more or less importance called him up at his home about to'clock."

"It was informed that the Senator had returned to his home. Friends of the Senator's in the salubrious atmosphere of California was put down as the cause of his ruddy appearance and sturdy well being until a few nights ago, when a newspaper man who wanted to ask the senator a question of more or less importance called him up at his home about to'clock."

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matter how the libel is worded or under what guise it is spread, the right minded hearer will take it for what it is worth and will set down the gossipier where she belongs."

"Women would only combat the gossip microbes it would die out. But they encourage it somehow, and listen through weakness rather than any evil intent. It gets to be a habit to talk about certain women, especially if they are not commonplace."

"Take my advice and smile of pity or amusement. They keep as far away as possible from the women who make a practice of that sort of small talk."

"Discourage gossip about others, for you may be sure that with the born gossipier the absent one is always the victim and you will probably get it next. But do not exaggerate the importance of idle rumors or allow them to disturb you."

"Only four or five real troubles in the world, and trace any one I have ever spoken of to the picture of despair that I have in my mind. 'Why, I'm out of a job myself, old fellow, and don't know where my next dollar's coming from. I never was in such hard luck.'"

"So," remarked the other musingly. "Well, so I was two or three weeks ago, and now I am working a first class rickshaw and if you will take my tip you will try it yourself. I just go into any nice office and trace any one I have ever spoken of to the picture of despair that I have in my mind. 'Why, I'm out of a job myself, old fellow, and don't know where my next dollar's coming from. I never was in such hard luck.'"

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WELL DRESSED PANHANDLERS.

The Man Without a Job Finds a Way of Making a Living.

A well dressed young man was walking dejectedly down Cedar street the other day after his fourth failure to secure a job. It was three weeks since his firm had reduced their office force, and as no one seemed to be taking on any extra men he was wondering how much longer he was going to be idle and how he was going to liquidate his board bill.

Just as he reached the corner an old acquaintance, young and well dressed like himself, almost ran into him and immediately began a pitiful tale of being out of a job for weeks and absolutely unable to get anything to do and in an awful funk about his board bill. Although he did not say it in so many words, it was clear that he wanted a loan. His face was the picture of despair.

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