FOURTH OF JULY, NEW STYLE

HOW SHALL NEW YORK CELEBRATE INDEPENDENCE DAY?

Nothing Done Here to Give the Children Something in Place of Firecrackers. Mrs. Rice Points Out—Proposed Celebrations in Various Other Cities.

From her home in the Ansonia Mrs. Isaac L. Rice, president of the Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, is waging her third annual campaign against a noisy and dangerous Fourth of July.

Mrs. Rice is pleased at the partial support given to the movement by Mayor Gaynor in his letter to Fire Commissioner Waldo approving the order that no fireworks shall be sold in the city from June 10 to July 10, but she thinks much remains to be done.

"New York is far behind in this movement," says Mrs. Rice, "to give the children something in place of instruments of death and mutilation—destroyers of eyes, fingers, toes, limbs and life. Trenton, Cleveland, Chicago, Pittsburg, big and little towns all over the country are making preparations for sane celebration, but here in the empire city absolutely nothing of the kind has been done.

"In Chicago there is to be no lack of celebration. Five thousand troops will go through manœuvres on the Fourth of July and the five days following; airships, pontoon bridges, a large arena with free seats for 25,000 children will be some of the features. In Pittsburg $150,000 has been subscribed for two celebrations in which Percy Mackaye and John W. Alexander will direct the pageants and parades. In Trenton, much smaller and less wealthy, $500 and about twenty floats promise to do much. I do not know what became of our Hudson-Fulton floats here in New York, but at any rate we are making no preparations toward giving the children a harmless substitute for their explosives.

"When we first began our work," and Mrs. Rice's use of the "we" is strictly editorial, for she began all alone—"the later big idea was not yet present. We merely strove against celebrating the Fourth of July with unnecessary noise, hoping to be useful to the sick, of whom tens of thousands were suffering acutely from the prolonged period of noise making which lasted from the middle of June to the middle of July.

"That first year, 1908, the hospitals were protected by the police, through the assistance of Commissioner Bingham, and they all called up the night of the Fourth to tell how much better conditions were than generally.

"This was the beginning, but that was before we realized the full extent of the price paid for the barbarous mode of celebrating our national birthday. In New York alone during the last three celebrations of the Fourth 1,380 persons have been killed or injured, a number far in excess of the casualties recorded in seven famous Revolutionary battles, Lexington, Bunker Hill, Fort Monroe, White Plains, Fort Washington, Monmouth and Cowpens, and most of the victims were little children. So although the noisy Fourth was well worth fighting against, the horribly insane and dangerous Fourth was and is still more so.

"That second July I wrote 'Our Barbarous Fourth,' giving some actual facts and details regarding the manner in which a great nation commemorates the most solemn event in its history, burning up a yearly sum of $20,000,000 in fireworks, paying an additional price of thousands of deaths and injuries.

"The society had already been formed and this article seems to have appeared at the psychological moment. Criticisms and comment appeared all over the country. So little about unnecessary noise and the Fourth's celebration had been written, one medical journal and a little association in Springfield having done all that had been done until our society took up the work.

"Our work forged steadily ahead, midwinter as well as summer, and an interest hitherto unknown was aroused. The public had not got at the facts circulated only in very limited degree in one medical journal, so we endeavored to get these together and send them out all over the country, especially making them known to those who could help—the Governors of States, the Mayors of cities, fire chiefs, health boards, police commissioners and other public officials and college presidents.

"See how they have responded," and the president waves her hand toward an imposing looking pile of huge red bound scrap books well on the way to being filled. There repose letters of indorsement and cooperation from twenty-three present Governors of States; the other half are yet waiting approach.

A second scrap book is devoted to the same kind of letters from Mayors, of which the Mayor of Leavenworth, Kan., contributed the last received. There are dozens of letters in a third collection from college presidents who are getting their faculties to join branch societies throughout the country.

"The latest and certainly the most interesting phase of our work for a better observance of Independence Day," says Mrs. Rice, "is the formation of a national committee for the promotion of a safe and sane Fourth of July composed of the Governors of the various States of the Union. Twenty-three Governors already are members and you may judge of their splendid opportunities to bring about a cessation of what is fitly called our national disgrace by a glance at the following letter, which was sent by Gov. Weeks to the Mayor of each municipality in the State of Connecticut:

"The Society for the Suppression of Unnecessary Noise, with headquarters in New York city, is making every effort to interest the people of the States through their Executives in the wisdom and importance of observing a 'safer and saner Fourth of July.' Statistics show that during the celebration of five national holidays 1,153 persons were killed and 21,520 were more or less injured.

"No computation can possibly be made of the harm, say nothing of the discomfort, our sick and nervous are obliged to undergo by the noise. All this, together with the immense loss through fires, leads the society to believe that all thinking people are more than ready to cooperate with the authorities toward securing a less noisy day.

"Therefore as I am in hearty sympathy with this movement, and believing as I do that the size and quality of some of the explosives used, together with the unreasonable time allowed in which to celebrate, has passed all bounds, I feel warranted in calling attention to the heads of municipalities and to our people generally of the advisability of taking steps toward making the glorious anniversary a day of pleasure and profit instead of a day of unrest and horror."

"In addition to the indorsement of our work that has come to us from State Executives we are also receiving enthusiastic encouragement from Mayors of various cities, various public officials and presidents of colleges. No more stirring appeal to enlightened patriotism could be imagined than this collection of letters, all of which deprecate our unsafe, insane, unbeautiful and unpatriotic observance of our most glorious holiday.

"It is not a bad monument of but three years work, is it?" says the president modestly.

"I spend an hour and a half a day on the clippings," she goes on. "I have filled these three big books with clippings from all over the country between last April and this April. The first Fourth we received two pages of comment. The comment was what we desired, because ours has been an educational campaign, and the people learn from the newspapers.

"In Boston lectures have been given to the parents making startling figures known for the first time. In Philadelphia the school teachers have been especially instructed so as to be able to give lectures to the children. Here in New York the Board of Education has taken up the matter and I am to lecture twice this month to parents, using lantern slides, giving tables of figures and having samples of fireworks there to show and illustrate," and Mrs. Rice produces a handy firecracker of the fourteen inch variety, which avowed instrument of pleasure, she avers, is capable of killing many men.

Mrs. Rice has at her tongue's end figures which she has compiled for the society in the last three years and which have been her aids in conducting her campaign. In New York in 1907—and a complete list has not yet been gained—422 persons were injured; in 1908, 316; in 1909, 559; totalling 1,297 persons, mostly children, who had been made blind or whose arms, legs or hands were blown off, while in these three years respectively 22, 11 and 7 were killed.

"Chicago is also a black city," says Mrs. Rice, "holding a record of 471 injured and 28 killed in these three years we have been actively at work. In Philadelphia 1,182 have been injured and 22 killed.

"In the States as a monument of the last seven holidays 115 persons are totally blind, 318 have had the loss of one eye, 406 have lost legs, arms or hands, while 1,427 have lost fingers—a total of 34,603 dead or injured. The causes for this wholesale destruction include blank cartridges in 6,374 cases, tetanus in 796, firecrackers in 10,781, cannon in 2,889, firearms in 2,902, powder and fireworks, 10,550. Even this list is not complete, as at first I did not write to the hospitals myself.

"You can see why, once I became interested in the subject, I could not give it up and am now devoting all my time to making the facts known; the rest follows naturally. Too much cannot be said in praise of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and the Springfield Independent Association, which for seven years were pioneers in printing sets of tables, but unfortunately they did not reach a wide public.

"So much rests in the hands of Mayors. Some cities limit the age of those to whom fireworks may be sold, but this precaution does not affect the disorder and damage brought about by hoodlums, who are perhaps most of all responsible for the casualty lists of our celebration days.

"It is surprising, considering the enormous sums annually spent for fireworks, that so little literature dealing with the subject can be found.

"There are many cities laying claim to protective ordinances in which restriction and not prohibition is aimed at. Lynn, for instance, forbids large crackers, but permits them to be used up to two inches in length and half an inch in diameter; Springfield's new ordinance allows them to be used up to three and one-half inches in length; Syracuse permits a five inch cracker, and Boston, I believe, countenances a firecracker six inches long and one inch wide.

"When you recognize the fact that fourteen inch cannon crackers are commonly sold, even in towns where their use is forbidden, and that it is impossible for a police officer to differentiate after the explosion between a five and a fourteen inch cracker, ordinances of a merely restrictive character appear to have little practical value. Dr. Evans, Health Commissioner of Chicago, has declared that even a two inch firecracker could not be considered safe, because the wound made by it could become infected just as easily as that made by a ten inch cracker, and this statement has been corroborated by those in charge of many Chicago hospitals. 'Tetanus,' said Dr. Simmons, 'frequently comes from wounds not more than a quarter of an inch long.'

"We are pleased with the efforts to promote a better celebration of the Fourth now being made in many cities in various different ways, by prohibition, by restriction, by prohibition and substitution and by restriction and substitution. Of all these experiments the most interesting is that which has been made for several years in Springfield, Mass.

"Last year the scope of the celebration was wide enough to interest and please all, embracing music and band concerts, a parade, athletic sports and exercises, aquatic sports, displays of fireworks and historical pageants with floats representing scenes from events enacted there, such as 'Pynchon's purchase of the land from the Indians,' 'The Corn Fleet,' 'Defeat of Shay's Insurgents' and 'The Underground Railway.'

"Pittsburg is at present agitating the question of preparing a gorgeous pageant in honor of the Fourth. 'Let us make our national holiday a holy day,' said the Mayor a few days ago, 'recalling and revering the heroic past and symbolizing the present reality with the ideal of the brotherhood to be.'

"In Philadelphia, now working for a holiday programme which will engage the public attention to the exclusion of gunpowder, a conspicuous feature of the celebration will be a military parade and there will be patriotic music, speeches, pyrotechnic displays, both public and private, set off under expert supervision and children's games in every breathing space in the city from a park to a vacant lot.

"In Indianapolis the Mayor and the president of the Council recently met the members of the committee on city interests in order to plan a suitable celebration of our national birthday; later there will be a joint meeting of all civic organizations and all city officials. And thus even in midwinter city after city is ranging itself on the side of those who are endeavoring to do away with a 'devastating nuisance,' as it has been called, and to replace it with a celebration that is safe, instructive, attractive, artistic and patriotic."

Although New York has not yet taken steps toward celebrating the Fourth after the new fashion Mrs. Rice is still hopeful for her city. People in every field are in sympathy with her.

PHONOGRAPHS FOR CONGRESS.

Official Reporters Read Their Notes Into Them.

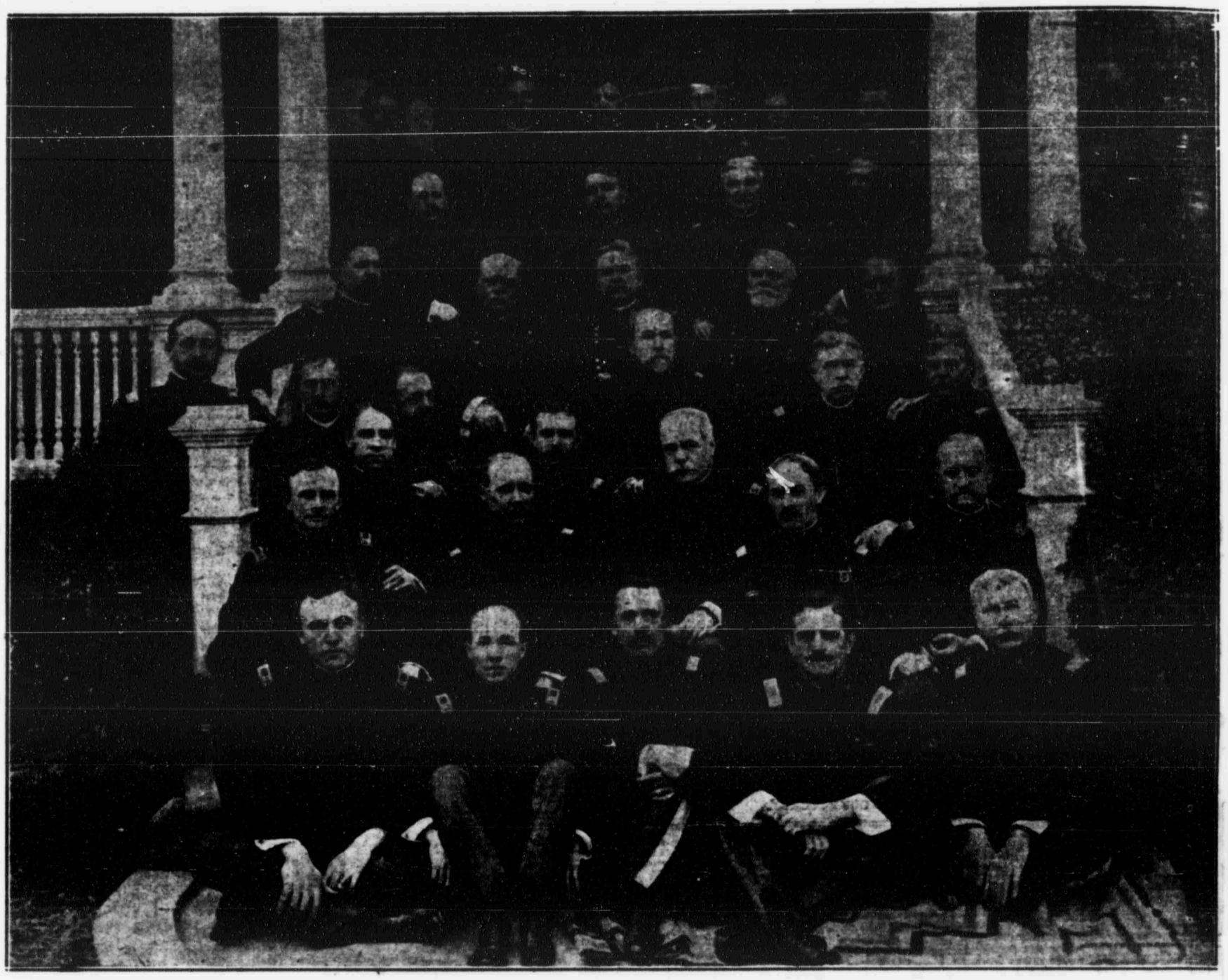
The United States Senate and House of Representatives are said to be the most difficult bodies in the world to report verbatim. The stenographic record of every word spoken on the floor of each chamber is made by the two corps of expert shorthand writers, six in each body.

Because of their exceptional ability every one of them receives a salary of $6,000 for an average of six months work a year. They work in shifts, relieving each other frequently. During debate they sit or stand near the man speaking, sometimes having to make rapid changes of position, but taking notes en route from one side of the chamber to the other.

In translating and transcribing these notes the phonograph plays an important part. When each man leaves the floor he immediately reads his notes or rather the translation of them into a phonograph. In this way he can return to the chamber to take his turn again with very slight loss of time.

The detailed report is then prepared at their convenience by typewriters who take the phonographic cylinders of these various dictations. If the quick preparation of a typewritten report is necessary these cylinders are distributed among several operators who then work simultaneously on a long speech or discussion. According to *Popular Electricity* both the Senate and the House have shaving machines for resurfacing the old phonograph records. Both phonographs and shaving machines are run by electricity.

THE COLLECTIVE BRAIN THAT DIRECTS THE UNITED STATES ARMY—THE MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL STAFF.



FIRST ROW, READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—CAPT. M. D. CRONIN, CAPT. P. D. LOCHRIDGE, CAPT. W. S. GRAVES, CAPT. R. H. VAN DEMAN, CAPT. D. T. SIMMONS AND CAPT. J. D. LEITCH. SECOND ROW, READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—MAJOR H. D. TODD, LIEUT.-COL. M. F. WALTZ, CAPT. E. WITTENMYER, CAPT. J. P. TRACY. THIRD ROW, READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—MAJOR J. F. KESSLER, BRIG.-GEN. T. H. BLISS, MAJOR-GEN. J. F. BELL, BRIG.-GEN. ARTHUR MURRAY, MAJOR D. H. BOUGHTON. FOURTH ROW, READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—CAPT. J. W. FURLONG, MAJOR F. A. BOOT, CAPT. JOHNSON HAGOOD, COL. W. D. BEACH, CAPT. F. S. COCHEU, COL. J. W. DUNCAN, COL. M. M. MACOMB, MAJOR E. SWIFT. FIFTH ROW, READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—CAPT. S. A. CHENEY, CAPT. H. G. LEARNARD, CAPT. F. W. SLADEN, MAJOR GUY CARLETON. SIXTH ROW, READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—CAPT. FOX CONNER, CAPT. T. E. MERRILL, MAJOR W. H. GORDON, CAPT. C. D. RHODES, CAPT. M. J. LENIHAN.

SKYSCRAPER TALES

Tolvache.

I

It was 5 o'clock one Saturday afternoon when Timothy Thacomb, customs broker, came into the janitor's room of the Aerial Building, where Joel Faxon was deliberately busy over the duplicate keys, the pails, brushes and livery and the abandoned furniture in his charge.

"Here's the devil of a note," cried Thacomb, a slight, bright eyed man, with a disagreeable twist to his mouth, not at first self-explanatory. "I sent my stenographer, Miss Scoville, over to the Custom House three hours ago with $15,000 in lawful money for duties and by Jove she isn't back yet. What's worse I telephoned over just before 4 and she hadn't been there at all.

"Now it is too late. Old Lode, my client, will be furious when he doesn't get those paintings the first thing in the morning. But hang it all, what difference does anything else make? Where's the girl? Where's my money? That's what I want to know quick."

"Julie's a good girl," reflected Faxon slowly. "I haven't watched her for years not to know that. She may have been hurted or killed, poor thing."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Thacomb with a twist of his lips which showed his sharp, irregular pointed teeth, the source of his sinister expression.

"What would I mean, sor, excipt that mebbe she was knocked down by one of thim dom' trucks? Sure, the clang of the ambulance is never out of the nearby air."

"That may be so," agreed Thacomb more calmly. "It would be reported at Headquarters, wouldn't it. Well, I shall wait no longer. I'll call up the chief of detectives at once. If he doesn't know where she is then it is his place to find out.

"That reminds me, Faxon, why I came down here. I have an important, an imperative engagement uptown at 6. You'll be here all the evening, won't you? Well, then, take any messages that may come for me, and if they want to see me say that I'll be back at my office by 9."

"Your kennel, rather, with thim dogtest' of yours," muttered the janitor, looking after Thacomb with decided disfavor. "Now what divvle's brew are you stirring up? I've never had no use for you, no, not a bit of it, since you cleaned out old Scoville wuss than a salted mine and sint him broken hearted to his grave. It's a great credit you tuk to yourself and got for giving his only darter, Julie, a job, but I'm thinking that there was something blacker than remorse at the back of it. Why ilse did you snarl so suddint when I said that the poor girl might be killed?"

Restless was Faxon under the goad of his apprehensions; striding up and down the room in vain attempt at a definite solution, until he finally paused, his great hand on one of the abandoned desks.

"It's no use," he mused. "I wish, thot I do, old Peter Scoville, that you were back again. A true gentleman, though down on your luck and never knowing how deep you were sinking until your head popped under. Not until the very last moment when you warned me of all the skin games Thacomb had worked on you did you dream that the future wouldn't be as bright for your Julie as the brightest dawn that iver breaks over Fift' avenue be the park. A sad world: as empty of hope for thim that needs it as this old desk of yours."

As Faxon unconsciously shook the desk something rattled inside. He opened it; he examined drawer and panel with a craftsman's care. At length by sounding and prying he found between the linings a long flat key, evidently caught up and carried back by the roll top.

"The key to Thacomb's dark room," he cried awedly, "thot hasn't been cleaned, thot no one has been allowed to enter since the fust days of his tinantry. And, be the blessed saints, it wasn't but last Chewsda' thot it was he was telling me casual how he must have the bags of old papers and documents sint away. What ilse might go in thim, what ilse? I'll see. If I never see agin, I'll see now."

Accordingly when the 6 o'clock crowd had hurried away and the cleaners had finished with the eleventh floor Faxon let himself into 1113-1115. He turned up the light in the bare waiting-room; he hurried through the private office, which with its screens, its heavy shades, its padlocked tin boxes, had something of the sinister aspect of Thacomb's lips, to the locked door of the dark room.

He turned the flat key, he turned the knob, he entered what was really a large closet between the converging blank walls of the building. On a pile of great sacks lay a young woman in business dress, too deeply unconscious to be merely asleep. It was Julie Scoville.

II

When Thacomb entered the Aerial Building promptly at 9 o'clock he found Faxon and a plain clothes man from Headquarters in close conversation in the entrance.

"Here is Mr. Thacomb now," said Faxon, hanging his head as if deeply moved. "Tell him, please, sergeant. I haven't the heart."

Whereupon the sergeant, as if condensing a report, said that Faxon had dozed off a while before while sitting in the chair by the door, but had wakened just in time to see the missing stenographer glide past him and disappear around the corner. Waiting only to bar the main doors he had followed as swiftly as possible; but the night was black dark, the lights dim and infrequent on the waterfront streets, well nigh deserted at that hour. Not a sign had he seen of her.

"It's my opinion," concluded the sergeant, "that she threw herself into the river. If she did her body may never be recovered. The ebb tide's running a race. The warehouse watchman tells me he heard a scream about then."

"Where, where did she come from?" stammered Thacomb, his face as ghastly white as his half revealed teeth.

"Heaven only knows," groaned the janitor. "It seemed as if she was poising on the threshold, hardly vinturing to come in; and thin as I moved off she flew again like an angel. Dom' if I iver want to nod again short of me bed."

"An angel? Did—did you think it was a spirit, a ghost?"

"Sorry a bit. She was alive—too alive, I'm thinking, for her health. Her pretty white cheeks were flaming red and her saft brown eyes two balls of flame."

"Very likely the girl was delirious from fever," remarked the detective. "She may have had walking typhoid for a week. According to my view they work until they drop, when they do work."

"Ah," sighed Thacomb softly.

Just as involuntarily the normal leathery hue crept over his face the shifty light returned to his eyes. He straightened himself like one about to enter upon the second stage of a contest.

"This is a serious matter for me, officer," he said. "I don't wish to think or say anything harsh of an employee who served me faithfully up to this. Perhaps the poor girl was innocent of theft. Perhaps she was robbed on the street and the loss drove her mad. Perhaps the money is still on her person, which you say may never be recovered.

"In any case I seem to be in for a blow I can hardly stand. I think I had best go back with you to Headquarters and describe the money as well as I can. It was all in United States notes, crisp new bills of high denominations I drew out of the bank this morning.

"No," he added hastily, and with an ashen flicker across the face as the janitor wagged his thumb toward the elevator in service, "I don't need to go up to the office. I have a memorandum in my pocket."

"Will you be back the night, sor?" asked Faxon.

"No; though I may drop in to-morrow to see how I can straighten out my poor affairs. You are open, of course, on Sunday?"

"Like the churches, sor, at stated hours to the illect. Well, good night and better news to you bot' I'm off to me skyparlor mesilf."

"It's weary lying," reflected Faxon, as he swung to and secured the heavy doors. "I wonder if Doc Hamill has come down yit? It will be a sweeter taste in the mouth to pass the word with him."

Up to the third story went Faxon, to the extensive offices of the Semper Eternal Insurance Company. He passed through an open door marked "Medical Division" to a bedroom at the further end. It was fitted up simply, yet with the preciseness of a medical man. On the table was a medicine case and a test tube half filled.

A colored photograph on the dresser of a young woman with soft brown eyes and fair, délicate face caught the janitor's attention.

"Ah, Doc," he murmured, "it's glad I am that I called you; for you'll be working for yourself when you're working over her. Now see how perfessional skill has med out, aided and abetted by oddint love."

Up in the car swung Faxon to the twentieth story, then climbing the steep stairs he emerged through the hatchway onto the roof. A fight was burning dimly in his little house. Presently the house door opened and a young man stepped out, his finger to his lips.

"She is sleeping naturally at last," he said. "She will be all right in the morning, only weak. Don't bother to watch, but go to your bunk in the loft, content to know that she could not be in a safer, quieter spot than up here among the stars.

"Think of it, Faxon, she would never have roused but for you. That wretch had managed to administer to her a Mexican poison little known, brewed from the tolvache; a larger dose would have driven her hopelessly mad. It sets me wild to think of it."

"I am feeling a little wild mesilf," rejoined Faxon; "and for that reason, Mr. Doc Hamill, I shall have to keep watch and ward a while longer be your leddy love. Oh, I know what I know whin I knows it. I have a financial interprise on hand."

III.

Faxon was preparing his simple breakfast that serene Sunday morning in the front living room of his house on the roof. Every once in a while he would tiptoe to the door in the rear and noiselessly open it, pop his head through into the little sleeping room. Then back it would pop, as radiant as the sun above a fog, as he noiselessly closed the door and tiptoed again about his culinary pursuits.

"She's sleeping like a babby," he murmured when at length he spread out his elbows before the bacon, tea and boiled potatoes, "as beautyus as a pome. Dom', but she's white, though; as white as white. Sure, twicet what he'll suffer whin he finds out won't be half suffering enough for that murderous wretch of a Thacomb. It was a good job, so it was, Faxon, me boy, that you worked out on the iliventh flure betune midnight and darn."

There were light steps along the gravelled roof, and young Dr. Hamill, with true professional abstraction, passed quickly through into the back room. Presently he too tiptoed back, with thoughtful face aglow.

"It is all right, Faxon," he declared, as in answer to a vigorous gesture he sat at the table and began to dally with the slopped over cup of tea hurled at him. "I thought so last night; I am positive now. This natural sleep is a godsend. But what a horrible thing it is to think of her narrow escape, to think of the existence of a fiend who could in cold blood step by step carry out such a plot.

"Why, tolvache, Faxon, is one of the deadliest substances known. It is said that the poor Empress Carlotta was driven hopelessly insane by a secret dose of it. Not one city physician in a thousand would detect a trace of it; you know I had charge of the medical inspection department in Mexico. Just as you say, Thacomb may have learned of it through his intercourse with Mexican sailors.

"But why—you still feel sure he meant to kill her—why would he do so evil a thing to one so innocent, so lovely?"

"That's why," cried Faxon as he thrust his hand into his breast and slapped down on the table a stack of crisp, new bills; "that's the Judas's price of blood."

"The money, the United States notes that he claimed he gave Julie for duty? Where, oh where, did you get it?"

"I found it in his office the night. Didn't I tell you I had a financial interprise on hand? And that's not all I found eeder. 'Twill make a snug dowry for our sweet Julie, mark thot, Doc Hamill. Whist now; tis Beelzebub coming also, I'm thinking."

Scarcely had the janitor secured the money in his pocket before there were broken steps on the gravelled roof, a tremulous rap on the door. Entered Timothy Thacomb, the shaken shadow of himself.

"Jake, the elevator man, told me you might be up here, doctor," he said, his hand on his quivering jaw. "I was going to ask you for something to straighten me out. This loss, this terrible loss, has been too much for me."

"Sit down," replied the doctor. "I'll go down with you presently and fix you out. A cup of this hot tea won't do any harm meanwhile." The unhappy wretch gulped greedily at the cup Faxon slid over to him.

"You kinder feel it more be the marn's cold light than you did last night, sir," remarked the janitor. "I suppose you've been looking the sitoatshun face to face in your office?"

"Gone, gone! I can't believe it," moaned Thacomb half unconsciously.

"Thin there's no sign of the poor girl's body yet, sir? Ah, the white, dead face of her, with staring eyes, tassed by the rolling sea, it makes me chill to think of it. But maybe the worst isn't yet to come, as you seem to think. Mebbe she hid the money some'ares; who can tell the notion of wan in a delirum from any cause? The doc here and I were just having an agreeable convuss about the curus effects of poisons on different persons.

"The same dose of the same stuff may drive wan mad, put anodder into the sleep that knows no wakening and set a third watchful and wakeful, up to all sarts of cunning games."

"God, God; it must have been so!"

"Don't, Faxon," said the doctor with professional compassion. "Can't you see that the man is overwrought?"

"Sure; I'm only trying to help him over his throubles. I think the poor girrl at best had a crank about money, the Lard forgive me for speaking light of the dead. But I do know that more than wanst she told me that her father had had considerable property, fifteen or twinty t'ousand at wan time, and that if she iver learned positive who the rascal was that had skinned him she'd pursue him t'roo life, she'd ha'nt him arter deat'. By the living powers, Misther Thacomb, don't scream like that. Look, Doc, look; no wonder he scooted as if all hell was arter him!"

Julie Scoville was standing in the open doorway of the little back room, her face ghostly white, her eyes staring, her hair hanging dank as if from the waves.

"Let him go where he will!" cried the doctor, catching her in his arms. "I must attend to my darling first."

IV.

Again there were steps on the gravelled roof, steps firm and resolute. Again there was a rap on the door; the rap of a man assured of his position and of himself. Entered an elderly gentleman, neat and nice.

"I am Benjamin Scoville," he said. "I am looking for my brother, Peter. We quarrelled years ago, for reasons not necessary to explain. I lost sight of him. Then I heard that he was here, in reduced circumstances. I telegraphed him. I wrote him at length, but no answer. So I came myself. Where is he?"

"That clears it," soliloquized Faxon, all one great amaze. "Thot dom Thacomb got the loving messages. He figured that this benevolint brother would make up the loss caused by the girrl. He may have been afeard, too, of what she might say. He had nawthing to lose, and he might double his money. So he done it."

"Will you kindly answer me," persisted Mr. Scoville testily, "instead of making queer faces like a fish out of water?"

Whereupon Faxon with admirable directness told just what had happened. "She is in there, now," he concluded, "with the foine young doctor who has saved her life and who is her lovyer thrue."

Mr. Scoville, deeply moved, stepped into the little back room. Presently he came back, dignified and strong, his emotions well in hand.

"What was that you said, my man," he demanded, "about your having the money in question?"

Again Faxon, with the pride of achievement, slammed the roll from his breast on the table.

"It is Julie's dowry," he declared. "I scooped it for thot idintical purpose." He described at length the manner of its landing.

"It must be returned at once to its ostensible owner," said Mr. Scoville. "Never fear but that the wretch shall be brought to account for his misdeeds. But we must not seek to do righteousness through unlawful means."

"But, my good sir," entreated Faxon, "t'ink a moment, wait a moment. He skinned your brother out of full as much. I wint t'roo his office the night with a fine comb. Look here and here and here. There's proof enough to give you full title in anny coort."

"Then the courts shall decide on those papers in due course; but now, restitution first and then retribution. Not a word, my man; but you needn't be so downcast. Trust me, my pretty niece shall have a more substantial dowry than that pittance, and there's plenty more to hoot for those who have cared for her in her distress. Now show me to this fellow Thacomb's office."

"Dom'," muttered Faxon, as he held open the hatchway for the old gentleman, "but Thacomb will feel the need of that nerve tonic he was seeking."

To the eleventh floor they descended, to suite 1113-1115. The outer door was locked, but Faxon opened it with his pass key. They hurried through the bare waiting room. They entered the private office, to pause in wonderment.

The screens, the curtains were down; the rugs displaced and rolled up. The padlocked boxes smashed open, their contents scattered helter-skelter. The desk upset, its drawers dumped out. On every side, in every part, search, unavailing, frantic, frenzied search, was manifest.

"Dom'," reflected Faxon, "I wasn't a bit too early when I kem so late last night. But where is Thacomb now? There's his hat and coat. Can it be? I'll chance it."

He stepped to the locked door of the dark room. He turned the flat key he had found in Peter Scoville's desk; he turned the knob.

The light shone through to the converging blank walls. A creature, gibbering and picking, was crouched on the pile of great sacks. It was Timothy Thacomb.

"Tolvache!" gasped the awed janitor, drawing Mr. Scoville back. "I'll run up for the doctor, but it will do no good. Restitution is useless now and retribution—it has already came."