

THE PANAMA CANAL.

X-TRANSPORTATION.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Special Correspondence The Washington Herald.

Colon, Republic of Panama, July 19.—The Panama Railroad can give pointers to any system in the United States on the matter of handling a maximum of business on a minimum length of line. During the fiscal year of 1907 it handled 4,556 trains over its fifty miles of line, and when the work for the present year is summed up it will probably show that nearly 100,000 trains have been handled. The Isthmian Canal Commission is now hauling not far from 7,000 train loads of dirt a month, and the Panama Railroad is probably running 50 per cent more trains than it did a year ago. This would make over 8,000 trains a month on a railroad only fifty miles long.

The acquisition of the Panama Railroad by the United States represents its first incursion into the field of government ownership of railroads. When Uncle Sam bought the holdings of the French for \$40,000,000, he got, among other things, the Panama Railroad. Under existing laws the road could not have been operated on a commercial basis except as a private corporation, the United States merely owning the stock, while the operating company, made up of government officials, would have conducted its affairs. If it had been acquired in the usual way, every dollar collected for freight and passenger traffic would have had to be turned into the Treasury, and every dollar paid out would have had to be appropriated by Congress. Furthermore, when the Panama Railroad Company wanted an engine, a car, a steel rail, or a dozen eggs for its commissary it would have had to advertise for bids. It is this present plan, which puts the railroad safely beyond the bundle of red tape that so often hinders economical methods. The railroad is, therefore, operated just like any other road, and its directors have conducted the same way, except that the president and the board of directors do not own a single share of stock, and the Isthmian Canal Commission is allowed to ride its trains on the Panama Railroad line.

One familiar with the Pennsylvania Railroad in the States is forcibly reminded of it when on the Isthmian. Here is the familiar "P. R. R." in every car, and only the keystone is missing from the lettering on the freight cars, else the uninitiated might jump at the conclusion that the Pennsylvania had extended its lines to Panama. The coaches are painted the same color, and are of the same modern design as those of the Pennsylvania system. The engines are of a heavy type, but with small tenders.

No railroad in America ever underwent such wonderful changes in so short a time as the Panama Railroad has undergone. When Col. Goethals first went across the Isthmus four years ago, he found the jungle touching boughs across the railroad, forming a tree-arched way almost from New York to Panama. The road bed was then a narrow strip, the Chagres River, and that is the supervening degree of crookedness. The builders had followed the line of least resistance from one side of the Isthmus to the other, and that classic railroad joke about standing on the rear platform and lighting a cigar from the headlight of the locomotive might well have been perpetrated by a passenger on the Panama Railroad train. The rolling stock was antiquated, and the whole outfit was at least twenty-five years behind the time.

Particularly if one is going for a long day's ride is this preparation necessary. Sitting along the wayside on shaded woods after a hard run has often resulted in pneumonia. Besides, one's habit is more likely to look respectable if the risk of perspiring through it has been discounted.

When the United States took hold, there had to be a good railroad. Wallace and Stevens each contributed his share to making it good. Wallace bought the heavy coaches, but it was Stevens at the time. Stevens double-tracked the road, established an up-to-date block system, and, in short, turned over to his successors a railroad which will compare favorably with the average road in this country.

The improved condition of the road is shown in the business it enjoys. The total earnings for 1907 were almost double those of the previous year, and the indications are that the annual report of the present fiscal year will make even a better showing. The increase in freight carried was about 40 per cent, and the passengers carried in 1907 were about double the number carried in 1906. Here again the indications are that 1908 will set a new mark. Negroes do not lose their propensity to travel just because they are on the Isthmus. Those who have the money to spare generally travel first class, but the majority go second. Of the 882,000 passengers carried in 1907, 457,000 were second class passengers, and these included no whites and few Chinamen.

The Panama Railroad, owned by the United States government, has in turn a steamship line from New York to Colon. This line operates six ships, with sailings from New York and Colon every five days. The extension of the Royal Mail and the Hamburg-American lines to Colon has done the business, but, by one of those strange paradoxes of trade, the Panama Railroad steamship line has now more business and a better balance sheet than it had before the other lines came into the port of Colon. The operation of the steamship line is profitable, even if nearly all the passengers carried by it are employes either of the railroad or the Canal Commission, and are charged but \$30 each. The outside rates are \$30 and \$50 a year, as compared with \$70 on the other lines.

The Panama Railroad is about the only railroad in the world that has been moved almost entirely to make way for another enterprise. When the re-location of the road is completed it will have only 18 per cent of its present location. Where it now crosses the line of the canal track, it will then be entirely on the east side of the canal. If it were to continue in its present location from Gatun to San Pablo it would find itself under about eight to five feet of water. To obviate this a great embankment, eighty-two feet high, will skirt the eastern edge of the dam. This embankment, which will have only 18 per cent of its present location, will be some 2,000,000 cubic yards of earth being required to build it. It will be the largest single railroad embankment in the world.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE.

By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL.

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CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

A couple of hours later he tapped at the door of a ramshackle cottage prettily situated half-way up the hill, with the piazzas and cespugio of the cottages just above draining—in obedience to the laws of gravitation—the small hollows where it stood. Hugo had admitted this cottage from the outside, reflecting, as he went to and from the golf course, what an admirable subject it presented for an artist; a typical example of one of these rural scenes so dear to the heart of the right-thinking Briton, and so often recalled by him with grateful emotion and pride, when contemplating other cottages in other lands less favored than his own. A heavy thatched roof, exquisitely toned by lichens and mosses, surmounted brick walls plastered white. The bricks beneath the plaster were rotten, but the plaster, shining through masses of honeysuckle and ivy, indicated pleasantly the olden days. The cottage was the work of a peasant, as the artist's phrase it, "put a good face on things." Door and casings were painted a bright apple green. Behind lay the Forest of Wych, a small garden, gay in summer time with such flowers as hollyhocks, larkspur, stocks, and what the children call "red-hot-pokers." The Misses Mottifont, a family of the name of the shaw garden. They presented packages of assorted seeds to deserving tenants, and prizes to be competed for at the annual flower show always held in the Park. Sir Giles Mottifont, a gentleman of the flower show, and made a point of filling his house with guests, to whom he would murmur, "I think my people appreciate what I do for them. I should like to show you my garden." He was a stout, middle-aged man in English, though I say it. We'll stroll through Hershaw Parva on a Sunday afternoon.

It was his upright, portly, clean-shaven English gentleman taking the air with his guests upon a Sabbath afternoon, to hear him expatiate, in language as carefully chosen as his neckcloth, upon the privileges and duties of conscientious, state-of-the-handicrafts, to mark him as he waved his gold-mounted mauls, indicating with complacent sweep the boundaries of his domain, was to appreciate the feelings of the artist. The admiration the secret of England's greatness.

Hugo was received by Joy in the small parlor, where nothing offended eyes or ears, although acute nostrils might have detected the cloying odor of the juniper penetrating the robust fumes of carbolic acid. In this parlor were five children and their sires. The children, not yet adult, exhibited a somewhat pathetic excitement. Their eyes shone brightly. Hugo recognized one of the boys as a caddy, and spoke a word to him. Purkess, half asleep after a heavy supper, dozed up, a lumbering, powerful fellow, significant of that amazing vigor which had kept his family in one place for nearly a thousand years.

CHAPTER XIV.

A few minutes later he heard Purkess' heavy steps upon the brick-laid path, and then, bringing with her a faint fragrance of the forest, the nurse entered. She was small, but erect and alert, with a pair of round eyes that reminded Hugo at once of a robin's, being singularly bright and quick in their movements. She flashed a glance at him, nodded, and bent over the convulsed child. At her touch she seemed to become better, but the hard rattle in the throat continued.

"She's having a getting worse," said Hugo.

Purkess stood in a corner of the room, looking on, wide awake and frightened out of his life. From the closet came the heavy, stertorous breathing of his wife. Upon his forehead the veins stood out, and when he wiped the sweat from his face his thick, hairy hands trembled. The helplessness of the man was pathetic.

"Can't you do anything?" whispered Hugo.

The nurse shook her head.

"Tislike will be here in a minute or two."

"He'll arrive too late," she replied, with authority.

She revolved at her self-possession, her air even of contentment, and the indefinable expression of well-being, recognizable at once, but so hard to define, she was nearly thirty, but her clear, smooth skin and neat, simple dress, suddenly Purkess began to sob violently.

Hugo looked with appeal at the nurse, who nodded her head. The poor fellow's face was something like a piece of wax; it was something, too, not quite sane, like the fury of a horse that kicks out at his master's brains in a moment of terror. He was thinking of the incident over, Hugo decided that the tremendous exhibition of emotion indicated the revolt of ignorance against cruel circumstances, and the belittling sense of impotence, so strange, of a strong man.

The nurse went up to him and touched him.

"You mustn't do that here," she said, firmly. "You will disturb the others. Go into the inner room. I can attend to it at once. Ah, here's Sir Giles."

Sir Giles rode up on his pumpered cob. He had heard the news—who had not? The Misses Mottifont at breakfast learned from pretty Estelle that Mr. Charters had saved the life of her youngest sister by lunch time they knew what was happening at Jordan Cottage. Dr. Snelgrove, who happened to call about particular the crucifix on the wall, praised him. He was doubtful about antitoxin treatment; preferred old-fashioned, well-tried remedies. As for this stranger, a layman who had dared to perform such a bold operation as tracheotomy—well, all he could say was that experiments of that sort were quite unjustifiable!

Fortified by this opinion, and by a glass of cherry brandy, which the Misses Mottifont had insisted upon, the doctor brother drinking, Sir Giles rode down to Hershaw Parva.

"Glorious! George!"

"Only so-so," Sir Giles replied, crossly. "This confounded animal bit me this morning when I was mounting him."

"Upon the principle that all flesh is grass," said Hugo, "I suppose you'll be pleased to see the horse's head, I presume, in the powder line no longer appeal to him. I presume that careful people are reasonably safe from consequences of another time. You see, I am justified in my doubts on the matter."

"I have seen more cripples in the last year than I remember to have seen in all the previous years of my life together. Accidents are responsible for the majority, and surgery plays no unimportant part. There are skilled hands to wield sharp instruments at any and all opportunities, and nobody doubts that zeal has brought about some unnecessary cutting. I might have been among the number had fate not interfered on one occasion, and my own horror of mutilation saved me at another time. You see, I am justified in my doubts on the matter."

"In my childhood I received a bad injury to my right arm. The only available physician was a so-called quack with a small practice, and to his patience and devotion I owe deep thanks. A dozen doctors declared that amputation was the only reasonable course, but he held out so strongly as to inspire my parents with confidence. A doctor who ordered me to a hospital for a bone operation, exactly like the one that deprived two men whom I have seen of a leg each, and by piecemeal at that, is still wondering why I am not a cripple dragging a paralyzed leg after me. I know why. I was cured by other means."

BETTY BRADEN.

"When you have lost or found anything, telephone an advertisement to The Washington Herald and bill will be sent you at 1 cent a word."

lighter than yours. And now, my dear fellow, if you won't help, don't hinder!"

The person hurried into the cottage, leaving his portly brother-in-law gape with astonishment and apple-pie in appearance.

"He's a Rad, is George?" he muttered. "A Rad, I always knew it! If this sort of thing is encouraged, the Forest won't be a fit place to live in."

His remarks aroused the tavern some children curled. A couple of men touched their hats, assuming the adulatory smirk so familiar in village streets and so soothing to a certain order of mind. Sir Giles' brow cleared. His own people understood him. George Venable, all said and done, was an outsider. Sir Giles gave the children a three-penny bit, and saluted the two men with affability. They stood before him, but they never forgot to touch their hats to authority, and on that account authority, even on the bench, tempered justice with mercy. Sir Giles rode on till he came to the Mowland cottage. He remembered little Jessie, and intended to speak a word to Mrs. Mowland. She came out of the cottage as he approached. Two children stood beside her. The three dipped reverently as Sir Giles pulled rein. Who he cleared his throat with a preliminary "Ahem!" they dipped again.

(To be continued next Thursday.)

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

Going through life without love is like going through a good dinner without an appetite; everything seems so flat and tasteless.

A clever woman can sometimes make a fool of a man, but it takes a fluffly little thing with a baby face and no brains or morals to speak of to make him make a fool of himself.

It is most provoking to a woman who is arguing in support of her own man suddenly turn round and take the argument against it a quarrel with— with a kiss.

There is something about a rolling ocean liner that shakes up a man's emotions, and something about salt water and a ship deck that will make almost any woman with a red nose and a steamer cap on her head look just like a girl affixity.

Whether a girl looks indignant or happy after you have kissed her depends a great deal on how she has been waiting for you to get up the courage to do it.

Turned-down lovers tell no tales.

FOR THE GIRL WHO RIDES.

No one thinks nowadays of torturing herself with a heavy cloth skirt and top hat when riding in summer, especially along country roads. The white or natural colored linen skirt and tailored shirt waist is all that is necessary, and is cool and comfortable.

There is but one danger—that of taking cold or of perspiring through. This can be overcome by wearing light wool or wool and silk next to the skin.

"Too hot!" says the woman who races. Try it and see. It is a well-known fact that perspiration that is absorbed is not only less injurious, but is much less felt.

If wool seems out of the question, at least get the combination suits of women cotton. Get the kind with long sleeves, but coming just to the knees.

This absorbs the perspiration almost as well as wool, and is now generally worn by women who have ridden enough to know the discomfort of chilling when they dismount.

Particularly if one is going for a long day's ride is this preparation necessary. Sitting along the wayside on shaded woods after a hard run has often resulted in pneumonia. Besides, one's habit is more likely to look respectable if the risk of perspiring through it has been discounted.

THE RAMPANT MONOGRAM.

Monogrammania is its technical name. Everybody has it, and initials are broadcasted as bulletins.

Sometimes they are small and sometimes bold as bulletin boards.

The background may be silk, satin, wash, or leather, or metal.

But purses and belts are deficient unless they display some sort of an initial.

THE FOULARD DRESS.

For an inexpensive little silk frock, foulard is more used than for some time. One reason for its popularity is the variety of beautiful border effects to be obtained.

Many of the foulards are made into inexpensive gumples frocks now selling so cheaply at the shops.

A popular design in foulards is the herringbone stripe and white introduced this spring.

CLEANING SILVER.

"It may not be manners to discuss your hostess," said one of the guests after an elaborate luncheon, "but did you ever see such silver? Mine was actually greasy! Such carelessness is disgraceful!"

"Silver is hard to keep bright," murmured the woman who hated unkind criticism.

"Nonsense, it isn't, and if it were, that is no excuse. Think how Carolyn's silver shone at her dinner, and she only keeps it one maid. I asked her how she did it, and she said it was by mixing her silver polish with alcohol instead of water. You rub it up in the usual way, but the mixture gives a much more brilliant look."

"When she takes it out of the bags, even after weeks stowed away, all she need do is to give most of the pieces a rub or two with a piece of roughed charcoal."

"She rinses the parts of the flat silver that go in the mouth with boiling water after using the charcoal, as sometimes it gives a queer taste."

"It is not a bad idea to give your silver a special holiday shine. If her butler was too lazy to see that the silver was polished, at least he should have given it a hot water wash and made it look clean."

WISDOM'S WHISPERS.

The man with a will is not always allowed to exercise it in home circles. Women rarely place the true value on the money received which they do not earn.

Men and women find a vast amount of sport in the game of mutual deception.

A young girl can't imagine how she possibly can become old and wrinkled.

The young man college graduate carries his blushing honors with becoming pride and a feeling that he is destined to do great things.

Girls college graduates hold in as high esteem the marriage license as they do the coveted diploma.

Men turn to sport because it takes less mind labor than does the daily business grind.

THE ECONOMY OF REPAIRS.

A good tailor is the best of friends to woman as well as man. A well-groomed man has always regarded his tailor in the same light as his landlady, a regular part of the weekly schedule, and has sent away his clothing for cleaning, pressing, and small repairs with the regularity of clockwork.

As a result, such men can wear their clothing till actual shabbiness sets in. Immaculate linen, polished shoes, and neat clothing characterizes the sex, and their keen imitative powers have not taken notice long ago.

COMBINATION GARMENT.

The "elder girl" said Joy, pointing to the quietest of the patient of the three, "is slightly better, but appalling. You must watch her. If she tried to sit up for instance, her heart would probably stop."

"Then obey the doctor's orders, and go straight to bed. I have my instructions." He pulled out his notebook.

"The eldest girl," said Joy, pointing to the middle patient of the three, "is slightly better, but appalling. You must watch her. If she tried to sit up for instance, her heart would probably stop."

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SPANNERS

6th St. & Pa. Ave.
"THE BUSY" CORNER

Clearance price on every summer

Suit—Skirt—Dress

And a very low price, too. So low, in fact, it is useless to think of getting bigger bargains and neglectful of economy not to at least look into the possibilities of the clearing sale. Lots and lots of the things offered are suitable for early fall. And look at the prices:

Lingerie dresses, worth up to \$25, at.....	\$9.75
Lingerie dresses, worth up to \$10, at.....	\$4.95
Tailored cloth suits, worth up to \$40, at.....	\$12.75
Linen coat suits, worth up to \$12.50, at.....	\$4.98
English rep coat suits, worth up to \$15, at.....	\$5.98
Silk jumper dresses, worth up to \$20, at.....	\$7.50
Silk jumper dresses, worth up to \$35, at.....	\$9.95
Lawn and madras dresses, worth \$5, at.....	\$2.98
Finest linen coat suits, worth up to \$40, at.....	\$14.75
Voile skirts, with silk drops, worth up to \$25, at.....	\$9.75
Voile and panama skirts, worth up to \$15, at.....	\$4.95
Fancy worsted skirts, worth up to \$15, at.....	\$4.95
Wash skirts, worth up to \$2, at.....	98c

her shoulders; and as she did so the child's face curled up piteously, and the spasm began.

"Oh!" said the nurse.

"Into that one exclamation she condensed everything; her protest against the irony of fate, against her own helplessness, against the torture she was about to witness, unable to alleviate it. She had passed the last few days of her life in the hospitals, and might have been deemed case-hardened, but Hugo saw two tears trickling down her cheek as she tried vainly to calm the twitching legs and writhing arms of the motor."

"I'll make the incision," said Hugo.

"Show me the exact place!"

She obeyed in silence, after one glance up at her face, but that look was so unavailing; he had counted the cost. Upon the table near the bed was a vessel of disinfecting fluid. She saw Hugo dip his penknife into it.

"A hairpin, please," he said, in the same even tones.

Again she obeyed, too bewildered to understand. He dipped the hairpin into the fluid, watching the child, but with ear to the distant foot of the motor.

"It's now or never," said the nurse, desperately. Afterward she admitted she was entirely dominated by Hugo. She had forgotten that he was a layman; that his cool manner she might have supposed that at some time or other he had practiced as a surgeon. Nevertheless, she had waited till the last possible second; the child's face was livid.

"Make the incision open with the hairpin," said Hugo.

Five minutes afterward, the motor rattled up the hill!

Next day Hugo saw Joy for a few minutes. "Everybody was frantically busy turning Jordan Cottage into a temporary hospital, but Joy led him aside and grasped his hands.

"Tislike says that hairpin was inspiration."

"Yes," said Hugo, stiffly, seeing the friendliness, the interest, the admiration in her frank eyes.

"And he tells me that you have guaranteed the money for this," she indicated the changes in Jordan Cottage. "Of course, the ratpayers will have to settle with you, but I am sure you are so grateful. Father will be down directly."

He moved slightly away from her, muttering:

"If the child had died, what then?"

"Because you failed to see, I, we," her eyes sparkled, "shall never forget what you have done."

"I suppose if it had been an only child it would have died," said Hugo, with a grim smile.

His first meeting with George Venable followed. The person said little, a few courteous, carefully chosen words, but plainly he was impressed. His clear blue eyes, which had been so kind to his daughter's, rested inquiringly upon Hugo, asking questions the tongue was too polite to put. In conclusion, he said, nervously:

"I have set us an example, Mr. Charters. You have given me a lead over an awkward fence. I shall turn the victory into a hospital for Hershaw Parva. Ah, here's Sir Giles."

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FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

"I do not want to live to see the day of a needless Fourth of July," said a man after watching a crowd of boys gathered about an inverted barrel dancing to the tune of popping crackers set off by the bunch and placed beneath it. "My own recollections of the day are too enjoyable for me to wish to see any boy deprived of the happiness of making a noise under dangerous circumstances."

The man has no children, so he cannot understand the anxiety of mothers on a day when the law permits the public safety to be imperilled. He maintained that the proportion of accidents was small, but that the number of deaths was large, even the comparatively small number of unnecessary. My sympathy is not so much for the victim of carelessness as for the unfortunate accidents to innocent persons, the women, men, and children maimed for life by stray bullets, for instance.

It would not matter the least bit in the world to me that the injury which brings me suffering was intentional or accidental; and I fancy that humanity in general feels the same way. We live in perpetual danger, that I know, but so what of it is unavoidable. I insist that firearms in the possession of irresponsible persons are dangers that might be eliminated by law. Not even a Fourth of July celebration should be an excuse for sending bullets broadcast, and if there were the same obstacles in the way of purchasing these missiles as are found in buying poison we would be a little bit better shielded than we are at present.

I was in a position this year to observe the effect of the celebration upon children. Almost without exception I found small girls and boys cross and peevish the day after it. One boy in my neighborhood was downright ill, and nothing more complicated than tired nerves allied him. The strain of the incessant noise for more than twenty-four hours was too much for him, and I am wondering if it is not paying a heavy penalty for sentiment.

A man of my acquaintance says yes in most emphatic terms. He believed in a noisy Fourth till three years ago, when a cannon rebelled at an overcharge of powder and filled the skin of his face with powder. His eyes were saved by heroic measures, but he will always bear marks to refresh his memory, and celebrations in the powder line no longer appeal to him. I presume that careful people are reasonably safe from consequences of another time. You see, I am justified in my doubts on the matter.

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