"S' MATTER, POP?"

ERIE ROAD READY TO ACCEPT ARBITRATION

Railroads Demand to Have Their Desires Taken Up With Those of Men.

NEW YORK, July 23.—The only problem the Federal mediators in the Eastern railroad strike situation had to deal with today was the request of the conference of railroad managers that their eight demands on the employes be arbitrated along with the demand of the men for a 20 per cent increase in wages.

The statement from President Underwood, of the Erie Railroad, received by the mediators, that his road would accept any award made under the Newlands act removed what probably would have been the most serious obstacle to an early settlement of the differences between the union men and their employers.

Withdrawal of the Erie from its position—that it would not grant an increase of wages under any consideration—was the assertion that the men would be asked to defer the date on which any advance might become effective to January, 1915.

The union leaders declared today that this was a question for the Erie to settle with its own men, and would have no effect on the general arbitration plans. The Erie must now accept the ruling of the board of arbitration, however, and the conference committee of managers will be authorized to represent the Erie in the conferences.

The mediators today again took up the question of the railroads withdrawing their eight demands which have been made on the employes. It is generally believed that the railroads will consent to the withdrawal of these demands, but if not, the mediators will force them to recede from their position.

Dr. James Brown Scott To Go on Peace Mission

Closer relations between the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and the Institute of International Law of Europe are expected to be established as a result of the visit of Dr. James Brown Scott, secretary of the endowment, to Oxford, England, where the institute will hold its annual meeting next month.

The institute is the most exclusive and influential body of lawyers in the world, and while it is in no sense of the word a peace organization, it has consented to act in a legal advisory capacity for the Carnegie Endowment. In this way it will be of immense benefit to the latter organization, as its membership consists of men who usually pass on propositions submitted to The Hague, before such proposal are put before that body.

Dr. Scott is one of the members of the institute, so he will attend it in a double capacity. There are fewer than a half-dozen members who live in the United States, Senator Root being one of them. He will sail from New York in company with Dr. Scott this week. In the absence of Dr. Scott, the endowment headquarters in Washington will be in charge of George A. Finch, assistant secretary.

Woman Is Badly Cut, Accused Man Captured

Captured last evening on the outskirts of Anacostia, where he had fled to escape from officers of Prince George county, Md., George Washington, colored, twenty-eight years old, is today in jail at Upper Marlboro, Prince George county, Md., charged with assault with intent to kill.

Mary Henson, colored, of Fort Washington, Md., whom, it is charged, Washington tried to kill with a razor, is in a serious condition in her home. The razor used slashed the woman's head from the top of her forehead to the back of her neck. Leaping in terror from the upper story of the house in which he had cornered her, Mrs. Henson carried a window and its sash with her to the ground, twelve feet below. As a result she lies paralyzed in her bed.

Old Veteran Fights Insulter of Flag

MALDEN, Mass., July 23.—"I fought for that flag in the civil war and I couldn't stand quiet while this man was insulting the Stars and Stripes," declared John F. Shea, a seventy-two-year-old civil war veteran in court after he received two black eyes from David P. Woods, forty, a neighbor. With tears streaming down his cheeks the aged warrior told Judge Bruce how the other man came upon his property, pulled down the weather-beaten flag and trampled it into the ground.

"When I tried to stop him he gave me an awful beating," testified the veteran. "He punched me in the face and in addition to the two black eyes bruised me badly."

Woods was fined $20.

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

THE GOLDEN GATE

By WM. BROWN MELONEY.

(Copyright, 1913, Frank A. Munsey Company.)

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

On a steamship sailing from Hongkong for the United States fate has brought two passengers whose lives are linked together by tragedy. One of these is Miss Emily Granville, a young woman of San Francisco, possessor of wealth and beauty. Some years ago her parents had been lost on the Alaskan liner Yakutat. The other passenger is Laverlle—once second officer of the Yakutat. Through a conspiracy of man and circumstance the blame for the loss of the liner had been cast upon Laverlle. Not only that, but a tradition had grown up of his terrible brutality on that occasion. Laverlle's reputation had been ruined and his life embittered. It was after a tempestuous career in the Far East that he started for the United States at the call of his mother, who was ill. Miss Granville learns the identity of Laverlle, and naturally regards him with horror Laverlle, however—of magnificent courage and physique—is not long in showing his true worth. The steamship is run down by another ship and all are lost except Miss Granville, Laverlle, a villainous Russian named Rovgowskii and a handful of Chinamen, one of whom is Chang, Laverlle's devoted servant. Several days after the disaster they make land. Laverlle recognizes with dismay that they have encountered a floating island. Violent death takes all the others—leaves Laverlle and Emily alone to their tragic faith and love. Just as their own end seems imminent a deserted ship is wafted close to the island. They start to swim out to it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Secret Shrine.

TOGETHER the castaways went forward to the galley, passing out of the cabin through the starboard alleyway so that Emily might not see again what was in the mate's room. As Paul stepped out on deck he marked the time by the sun's ascension. It was not later than 8:30 o'clock.

Signs of hurried departure met the eye on every hand in the galley. Chief among them was a batch of bread which had been put to rising beside the range. But Paul did not pause to make any examination until he had rattled up a fire. He had picked up a box of matches in McGavock's room. There was a box of kindling and plenty of coal in the scuttles, and it took only a few minutes to get a meal together.

It was the warmest and best breakfast they had enjoyed since they had been cast away, albeit the mainstay was a porridge of canned corn, which Paul had hit upon as the most promising thing in a quick search of the stores aft. For the rest there was hardtack and marmalade, and coffee. This coffee, a strong brew, was really the crown of the breakfest. Its very odor was life-giving, strength restoring.

Over the breakfast Paul related with all of the gentleness at his command the facts which had been revealed by his search through the cabins. There was little to add to what Emily had seen herself.

"We are alone, Emily," he said, "except for those who will never wake again."

Fearful that similar heart-harrowing sights might be held by the forward part of the vessel as those which the sore-beset girl had discovered aft, he induced her to remain in the warmth of the galley while he pressed his search in the forecastle.

"Don't—please don't stay long," she pleaded. "I feel—that—that I will never be able to bear it—to have you go out of my sight again." A shudder shook her. "When I saw you—a little while ago— Oh! the ship fell on you! The bows came down and—buried you in the water—"

"There, there, dear. Let us never think of it again. I have only a glimmer of an idea—of what happened. I don't know what happened, in fact. I don't want to know. All I do know and all I care about is that somehow I had the sand—the brute strength to save you. Just you of all the world!"

He seized her passionately as he spoke and kissed her. The pressure of her firm, lithe body against his sent his blood clamoring. The natural perfume of her hair made his brain hammer drunkenly. Still above the tumult which beset his senses rang a mocking laugh—a devil's laugh. As he caught it a chill went over him. He put Emily away from him as fiercely as he had taken her, and, crying, without a word, she sank on the bench in front of the fire. She hid her face in her hands as he turned away, for it was clouded with anger and bitterness.

A second Lavelle stood motionless, his trembling breath an unuttered curse of himself. Then he turned to the door at his side and banged it open. It was the entrance to the cook's cubby-hole of a room. A piece of matting and a wooden pillow in the bunk told that its late occupant had been either a Chinese or Japanese. There was an odor, too, that bespoke the recent presence of an opium smoker. He had departed in a hurry.

There was another door leading aft from the galley. This was the entrance to the carpenter shop and donkey-engine room. A cubby-hole with a bunk in it to port had been the carpenter's abode. Lavelle noted with satisfaction the equipment of glistening, well-kept tools on the engine-room bulkheads.

Hurrying forward, Paul entered the forecastle. It was an exceptionally large one for a vessel of the Daphne's size. Echo answered his hail. Mattresses—the straw pallets which sailors call donkeys' breakfasts"—clothes-bags, dirty-bags, oilskins, seaboots, sou-westers, an assortment of greasy pots, pannikins and spoons and two filthy kids littered the black deck.

Half a dozen chests gaped open, their contents falling over their sides. The hands that had gone through them had sought only the bottoms where money, trinkets, and supposed vlauables had been hidden by their owners.

So had he found the chests in the rooms of the second and third mates, the carpenter and the cook. In their extremity they had all acted alike—thought only of useless baubles, and left useful, necessary things behind.

A sailor before the mast, used and inured to hardship, living by the hour hand in hand with death, trained in the expectancy of sudden danger, ever aware of the constant attendance of peril, might be expected to act with more intelligence in an emergency which may cost him his life than the humdrum-going citizen ashore.

Left to himself, he will go out of a ship in midocean with whatever little money he has stored in the bottom of his bag or chest, a model upon which he has been spending most of his watches below, a derby hat, or flash necktie for which he paid four times too much at his last port. Rarely has he a thought of necessary things—the countless useful articles of clothing such as Paul Lavelle saw on every hand—overcoats, jackets, underclothing which a day or an hour in an open boat could make worth a king's ransom.

This forecastle had been emptied in a hurry, but it told no other tale than that. There is no lair of mankind, no habitation of man's devisement more cheerless than a ship's forecastle. There is no sight more depressing; more dismal than one deserted.

Paul crossed from the starboard side through which he had entered to port with a shudder. The breath of fresh air which he caught as he threw back the door and stepped out on deck was like a draft of wine. His spirits lifted as it dissipated the sea-sour stench which his nostrils were carrying. He turned forward immediately to at last come upon an explanation of the exodus from the Daphne.

The fore hatch was open. The covers were strewn about the deck. Up out of the glistening cargo of coals came an odor of fire. There was no smoke, but fire had been or was down there.

He recognized the dangerous quality of coals at once. It was fear of it that had emptied the crew overside in panic. His mind, in the stress which had been upon it while he was aft, had not grasped the probable character of the cargo when he read in the log book with what the Daphne was laden.

Dropping down through the hatchway, his bare feet felt no heat. None of the signs of "trouble" which he knew so well were present. He had fought cargoes like this one. All was cool; not the faintest indication of gas. But still there was an odor of fire.

He crawled out into the wings, and as he did so his eyes became accustomed to the semi-darkness. Then, by sight, he located the source of the baffling fire smell. It was under the deck just forward of the hatch—a heap of ashes burned from all sorts of old junk. Mattresses had made part of the fire. It undoubtedly had made a lot of smoke while it lasted.

Not two feet away from where the fire had burned most briskly lay a five-gallon tin of kerosene on its side. The arsonist who had carried it there either had lost his nerve at the end and been afraid to open its cock or else he had depended upon it to explode.

Still, this fire which had been set with the intention of destroying the Daphne had made much smoke and burned out impotently. The deck above it was only slightly charred.

Paul raked through the ashes feverishly. The coal underneath was as cool to the touch as it was elsewhere.

Not more than a handful of it was blistered.

When he drew himself up on deck again he hauled a couple of buckets of water from over the side and threw them on the spot where the fire had burned, as a matter of extraordinary precaution. Nor did he forget to bring the kerosene out of the hold.

Emily met him with a smile of gladness which immediately turned into a laugh of humor as Paul stepped into the galley again.

"Where have you been—what have you been doing?" she asked.

"Why—what is the matter?"

"You should see yourself in a glass. You're as black as a Moor."

He paused a second to survey himself. He indeed was a sorry sight. The thin, tattered shirt and the trousers, which he had slashed off at the knees when he had struck out from the island, still clung to him damply. His limbs were black with coal-dust.

"I can imagine the color of my face," said he, and he rubbed the stubble of beard on his cheeks. "But never mind my appearance—only pour me a cup of that strong coffee.

While he drank the black brew he summed up for Emily their exact situation:

"We're all alone, partner—just us. A fire-panic emptied the vessels fire which the murderers of the skipper and chief mate believed would destroy the ship and the evidence of their crimes. The ship's laden with Australian coal—a treacherous cargo. Knowing its dangerous character, it is easy for me to understand what the first flash of smoke meant to the minds of the sort of gang for'ard. They believed the cargo was afire. With those in authority plying them with fear and not a voice to steady them, they must have gone over the side like rats.

"The more haste that marked their going the better were the plans of the ringleaders suited. I cannot help believing that what happened aft was known to only a few—the second mate and perhaps the third. Yet how was it explained to those outside of the secret of the assassinations—the absence of the skipper and chief mate?

"The ringleaders could have reported them as dead without explaining what had killed them. They could have reported them to have killed each other. They could have reported them as having fallen overboard. They could have told the others even that the men had been murdered without giving any proof against themselves. But I must have done with this conjecturing. It is idle."

Paul put down his empty cup with impatience.

"But where could they have gone?" Emily asked.

"Chi disponde presto, sa poco. That is as the Italians have it: Who answers suddenly knows little. The fact that they took provisions and the three boats which the empty chocks show to have been in the bark seems convincing that they did not flee to another ship. Perhaps they believed they were near some land."

"Maybe another island—a trap like ours? I looked for our island—out there. It is gone."

Paul nodded.

"But these things—these sandals. There was a woman——"

"I am thinking of a woman's presence in the mystery. The French say there is always a woman."

He spoke with an attempt at lightness which he was far from feeling. A wince of unpleasantness indicated his true thoughts.

"Do you agree with the French adage?" Emily asked, and an enigmatical smile played across her face as she put the question.

"There is always one woman—one woman out of all the world," he answered. His tone thrilled her. He studied her for a second mysteriously. "You are very wonderful to me," he added, but his voice was so low that it seemed that the thought back of it forced itself to unconscious utterance. She met his gaze frankly; the unconceaded light of love was in her eyes.

Paul turned away from her abruptly, and a chill came into her heart. She saw the old expression of pain in his face—the expression she had beheld there the day she had seen him first in the steamship agency in Yokohama. It always came so unexpectedly.

Looking out of the galley door to windward Paul saw a clear sky. The breeze from the southwest still held steady at about six or seven knots. All overhead signs promised fine weather, but the swell was ominous. Still, all the indications were that it was the handicap of a storm which had passed far to the westward.

"You're the chief mate of the Daphne now," he said, facing her again, "and it's your watch below. You slept but little last night, you know."

"Last night," she said, repeating the words with a shiver. "Nor did you sleep."

"I will sleep when you have had yours."

"But I want to be with you—to help—all I can."

She felt that even sleep must not be permitted to take him from her sight.

"You will help best by obeying orders, little woman. The first rule of the sea is obedience. Come."

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found In Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Bees Make Honey For Aid of Church

LANCASTER, Pa., July 23.—Early last spring a swarm of bees left the home of James Shriner, near White Oak in Penn township, and it was long before they were discovered.

They were found in a corner of Gibbles meeting house. The church members decided not to disturb the unusual worshippers, who have been busy ever since their arrival making honey. Some time in the fall the honey will be gathered and sold and the proceeds used for church purposes.

CAPITAL MAN WINS VIRGINIA BRIDE

Ernest G. Shockey and Miss Maude B. Pearson Are Married in Rockville.

ROCKVILLE, Md., July 23.—The Rev. Frank M. Richardson, pastor of the Rockville M. E. Church, South, officiated at the marriage here yesterday afternoon of Ernest Gordon Shockey, aged twenty-one, of Washington, and Miss Maude B. Pearson, aged eighteen, of Vienna, Va. They were accompanied by two friends, and left for Washington immediately after the ceremony.

The supervisors of elections have made the following additional appointments of election officials: George E. White, Democrat, officer of registration for the First precinct of Olney district; Samuel P. Thomas, Democrat, judge of election for First precinct of Olney district; Lawrence E. Harding, Democrat, clerk of election for Colesville district; William J. Callaghan, Democrat, judge of election for Second precinct of Bethesda district; William L. Offutt, Democrat, clerk of election for Second precinct of Bethesda district; Garrison Bell, Republican, clerk of election for Laytonville district.

The county commissioners have approved the annual report of County Treasurer Berry E. Clark. The report shows the total receipts for the year ending June 30 to have been $374,705.41, and the expenditures $360,273.68, leaving on hand $14,431.73.

At the annual midsummer meeting of the Montbomery Medical Association, held at Darnestown and presided over by the president, Dr. Frederick N. Henderson, of Rockville, addresses were delivered by Drs. Philip S. Roy, of Washington; Charles H. Nourse, of Darnestown; Ernest L. Bullard, and Frederick N. Henderson, of Rockville; Dr. Geisher, of Baltimore, and others.

Canadian Nuns Sail To Help Chinese Lepers

VICTORIA, B. C., July 23.—Among the passengers sailing for the Orient today were three nuns who have volunteered to spend the remainder of their lives working in the leper settlement on Sheekiung Island, near Canton, China. All three come from Montreal or its vicinity. A number of friends and acquaintances were on hand to bid the three young women Godspeed on the journey whence they will never return.

INSURGENTS HAVE OWN CURRENCY BILL

Chairman Glass Declines to Fix Date for Report While Trouble Is Brewing.

While Chairman Glass hoped but feared to predict that the measure would emerge from conference this week, the Democratic members of the House Banking and Currency Committee continued their dissection of the Administration currency bill today. The "conservatives" on the committee so far have the upper hand over the "insurgents," but the latter have practically completed a substitute measure and their demands are before the President.

Unless the President calls off the insurgent band, the substitute probably will be offered in committee Friday. Hearing reports to this effect, Chairman Glass will not predict that the bill will come from the committee this week, although there are but a few scattering sections to be gone over.

Congressman Henry, chairman of the Rules Committee, who has trained with the so-called insurgents of the Glass committee, has carried the proposed substitute measure to the White House. It gives the President an idea of what changes the Ragsdale-Eagle faction in the Currency Committee desire made.

The substitute bill will include several of the recommendations of the Pujo money trust committee to break the power of the Money trust, and will also provide for a currency based on gold reserve and the credit of the United States, and not liquid assets.

Several comparatively minor amendments were written into the bill yesterday afternoon, and changes proposed by Congressmen Ragsdale and Korbly were defeated. The Ragsdale amendment provided for the rediscounting by the Federal reserve banks of cotton warehouse receipts.

Three Swiss Guards Expelled From Vatican

ROME, July 23.—By order of Pope Pius, Cardinal Mery Del Val today discharged the three members of the Swiss Guards, held to be leaders in the mutiny and expelled them from the Vatican.

The other seventy-seven members of the guard corps were given their choice of leaving the Vatican or remaining under the old conditions. Cardinal Mery del Val refused to grant any of the demands presented by the guards yesterday.

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