The Island of Regeneration

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Illustrations by Ray Walters

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He stepped toward the woman.

She drew herself up to her full height and looked him unflinchingly in the face.

"No," she said, "we are not going on as we thought. We will not marry and live together. We will not bury this wretched happening in the past in any oblivion. I will marry no man, although he may have my whole heart, who is not proud and glad to take me, who does not realize that I am as pure and as innocent of wrong and shame as he would fain think his mother, as he would absolutely know his wife must be. I told you that your manhood must be put to the test. I told you that your love must be tried by fire. What I loved in you was the assurance that you would survive the test, that you would triumph in the trial. It is not I that have been before the great judge this morning, but you, and you have failed."

"Kate," said Langford, "he casts you off; take me. I swear to you that were I in his place, I would not have hesitated a moment."

"I respect you more than ever," said the woman; "but I don't love you and I cannot, I will not take you!"

"Charnock," said Whittaker, "if that's your name, permit me to say here, saving the lady's presence, that you are behaving like a damned fool."

The man looked at him dumbly, uncomprehendingly, and made no reply. It was the woman who spoke, coldly, impartially. She had seemingly dismissed the whole affair, though at what a cost to herself no one could know.

"Sir," she said, "is there anyone on your ship empowered to administer an oath?"

"I have that power," answered the lieutenant-commander. "Why do you ask?"

"I wish you would bring some of your officers here with paper and ink. I wish to make a deposition as to the facts that I have learned concerning this man which may be of service to him in establishing his identity and discovering his history when he returns to the United States."

"But are you not going back with us, Miss Brenton?" asked the officer in amazement. "We are sailing for Honolulu and thence for San Francisco as directly as we can go."

"No," said the girl, "I will not leave the island. You can take my friend here."

"The Southern Cross," said Langford, "is at your disposal, Kate."

"I have had one voyage upon her," said the woman bitterly. "I want never to see her again."

"Woman," said the man of the island suddenly, "if you stay here, I stay here. Without you I will not go."

"Not so," said the woman scornfully. "I would not be upon the same island alone with you again. You have failed me."

Her voice broke, but she caught it again instantly and resumed her iron self-control.

"Then if one of us must stay, it shall be I."

"No," said the woman. "I have been in the world and you have not. You may go and learn what it holds for you. I have tried to prepare you, to give you lessons. Now, you may put them in practice."

"The island is mine," said the man. "I was here when you came. I shall be here when you return."

"We shall see," returned the woman looking boldly at him. The clash of wills almost struck fire within the eyes of the two who thus crossed swords. "Meanwhile," she turned to Langford, "if you will leave the island and go back to your ship, I shall be very glad. There is nothing you can do here. You have nothing to gain by remaining."

"Kate," he cried, "one last appeal."

"It is as unavailing as the first."

She looked at him steadily. He saw that within her face and bearing which convinced him that what she said was true.

"At least," he said, with the dignity of sorrow and disappointment, "if I have played the part of the fool, I have done my best to play the man."

He turned slowly away. In a step the woman was by his side.

"You have," she said. "Whoever else has failed me in this hour, it has not been you. I am sorry that I do not love you, that I never did love you and that I cannot love you." She reached her hand out. "Good-by."

"Good-by," he said, "if you think of me, remember that I did my best to make amends and if you ever change—"

"I shall not change," said the woman. "Good-by."

He moved off down the strand, called his sailors to him, got into his boat, shoved off and was rowed over the blue lagoon and through the opening in the barrier toward the yacht tossing slowly upon the long swells of the Pacific.

"As for you, sir," said the woman, after she had watched Langford a little while in silence, "will you go back and bring some officers ashore to hear my story?"

"At your wish, Miss Brenton," said the lieutenant-commander gravely.

The woman turned to her companion.

"Will you go with them?"

"And leave you here alone?" cried the man.

"I shall be here when you come back, I give you my word upon it. I do not break my word. You know whatever else you may have against me, I have always told you the truth. If you will remember, I said but yesterday that I was not worthy of you."

She smiled bitterly.

"And in that, madam," said Whittaker, "give me leave to say that you broke your record for veracity."

"'Tis good of you to say so," she returned. "Believe me I have taken more comfort from your words and actions in this dreadful hour than I had dreamed it possible for men to give. Now, if you will all go away and leave me and not come back until evening I shall be so glad and thankful."

"Come, sir," said the lieutenant-commander, not unkindly, touching the man upon the shoulder. "As a gentleman you cannot do less than accede to the lady's request."

Suffering himself thus to be persuaded, the man followed the officer into the boat, in which the whole party embarked and was rowed away from the island. His first touch with the world had separated him from the woman he loved and who loved him. Nay, his own frightful folly, his own blindness, his own criminal and heartless decision had done that. And the world upon which humanity loves to load the blame of its transgressions, and with which it would fain share the consequences of its own follies, had nothing whatever to do with it. In fact, it was because he was so ignorant of the world, so utterly unable to see things in their relative values—and in relation we ascertain truth—that he had taken the tone that he had used and entered upon the course which he had followed.

He could only see one thing, that this woman who he supposed belonged so completely and entirely and absolutely to him, who was as fresh and unspotted from the world as he was, who had been his own as he had belonged entirely and utterly and absolutely to her, was—different! That the difference was more in his own imagination than anywhere else brought him no comfort. He still loved her, he still wanted to marry her, but he loved her in spite of her shame. A greater, a wiser man would have loved her because of it. And some day this fact which he himself was inherently large enough to realize, or would be after a time, would cause him a grief so great that the anguish that he suffered now would be nothing.

Whittaker was a man of great tact and shrewdness and one with a wide knowledge of the world. He realized something of what was in the man's mind. He saw in some measure how the proposition presented itself to him and he felt a deep kindness and pity toward his unhappy fellow passenger.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Divided.

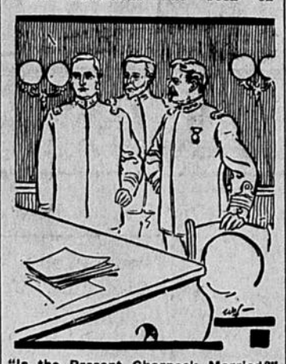
The best thing on earth for a man in the islander's position would have been isolation and a chance to think it over. The worst thing on earth for a woman in Katharine's position was isolation and a chance to think it over. If the man had been enabled by lack of outside interests to give free rein to his thoughts and let them draw him whither they would, he might have arrived at a different viewpoint, whence he could have enjoyed a sight of the affair in all its bearings and could have adjusted himself to them, but the opportunity he needed he did not get. He was immediately plunged into an atmosphere of such strangeness to him, filled with such compelling necessity for attention, that, although he loathed the necessity thus imposed upon him, he was constrained to take part in the life that flowed around him. His instinct—and he was almost a woman in his instinctive capacity—was to be alone, but it was impossible, and in spite of himself what he saw distracted him. The people he met did more.

Whittaker hustled him below, of course, as soon as possible and took him into his own cabin. Fortunately they were men of much the same height and build, although the islander was the more graceful, symmetric and strong, and he succeeded in getting him into a civilian suit of clothing for which he had no present use. There were both loss and gain in his appearance. There was no gain in the islander's feelings, at least, he thought not, in view of the irksome restraint of clothing, and yet there was a certain satisfaction to his soul in being no longer singled out from among his fellows by the strangeness of his apparel. As clothes the garments became him, and it all depended upon your point of view as to whether you preferred the handsome barbarian with a hint of civilization in his carriage, or the civilized gentleman with a suggestion of the barbaric in his bearing. Whittaker reasoned rightly that the sooner he became accustomed to these things the better, and that the time to begin was immediately.

He had had a hasty word or two with the captain before he took him below, and when he was dressed—and it required assistance from the lieutenant-commander ere the unfamiliar habiliments were properly adjusted—the two passed from the ward room to the cabin of the captain in the after part of the ship.

The few sentences in which Whittaker had made his brief report to his superior had in a measure prepared the captain for the more lengthy discourse that followed, and, feeling that the situation was one which required more than the simple authority of the master of a ship, he had summoned to conference the surgeon and the chaplain. It was to these three men, therefore, that Whittaker and the islander presented themselves.

The chaplain, like Whittaker, was a Virginian. He had not noted the islander's face when he came aboard in his semi-savage garb, but as his eye dwelt upon him standing clothed and in his right mind before him he gave a start of surprise, and so soon as the formal salutations had been exchanged, with a word to the captain for permission, he asked Whittaker a question.



"Is the Present Charnock Married?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Whittaker, but what is this gentleman's name?"

The word gentleman was used naturally and unconsciously, with an absolute sense of its fitness, as every one in the cabin could perceive.

"It is not rightly known," said Whittaker, "but he is believed to be a Virginian of the—"

"I knew it," said the chaplain, impulsively; "he is one of the Charnocks of Nansemond county."

"Your recognition, chaplain," said the lieutenant-commander, eagerly, "will be of great value in determining this stranger's name and station. The evidence of it is circumstantial. I do not know how it will be regarded in a court of law."

"I have always understood that the Charnock estate was a vast one," said Capt. Ashby, "and since coal has been mined on the Virginia lands it has become very valuable."

"It is true," answered the chaplain.

"Who holds it now?" asked the surgeon.

"It is held by an old man, my friend of many years' standing, the brother of John Revell Charnock."

"I believe that to be my name," said the islander.

"I have little doubt of it," replied the chaplain, continuing. "The first John Revell Charnock was lost at sea. He and his wife and young child some 30 years ago set forth on a voyage around the world for her health. The ship, in which I believe he had some ownership, was called the Nansemond. Its course was traced as far as Valparaiso, thence it sailed for the Philippines and was never heard of again. I know the story," said the chaplain, turning toward the captain, "because John Revell Charnock was one of my best friends, as is his brother, Philip Norton Charnock, who now holds the estate."

"Is the present Charnock married?"

"No," returned the chaplain, "he is an old bachelor."

"That will make it easier for our friend here," said Mr. Whittaker, "provided the evidence is thought convincing."

"The best evidence that he could present," returned the chaplain, "is in his face. He is the living image of his father as I knew him, and he has family characteristics which I think would enable almost anyone to identify him without question."

"Sir," said the islander, addressing the chaplain, "did you know my mother?"

"That I did," returned the old man. "Her name was Mary Page Thornton, and she was one of the sweetest girls in Virginia."

"And will you tell me about her, and about my father and my people?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the chaplain, kindly. "Meanwhile Capt. Ashby and these gentlemen will wish to hear your story."

"Take him to your cabin," said the captain promptly, "and tell him the things he wants to know. We can wait."

"No," returned the islander; "I can wait. I have waited all these years and a few hours more or less will make little difference. You have a right to know my story, and here it is."

Rapidly, concisely, with a fine dramatic touch, he told the story as he knew it of his life on the island. He was so entirely unconventional that he interwove the bare details of the strange relation which he gave them with personal touches. He made no secret of his love and worship for the girl, of the belief in her which he had cherished, of the reverence in which he had held her. He exhibited that strange commixture of feeling with which he regarded her as a human woman and as a demi-goddess. He showed that he was at once her master and her creature, yet through it all there ran such a thread of bitterness, of grief, of resentment, of shame, that his auditors, at first unpossessed of the key to his feelings, listened to him with amazement and could scarcely realize or comprehend. He told the story of the two lives up to the sighting of the ship upon the island, and then, his heart failing him, he turned to Whittaker and bade him take up the relation.

It was a delicate matter of which to speak, but the simplicity with which the first part of the tale had been presented gave the officer his cue. He was a man of retentive memory, of quick apprehensive power, and with a nice sense of discrimination, a rare man, indeed. And he told the rest of the tale with a subtle sympathy for the situation and the actors that enabled him so to present it to the interested little group of officers that he almost made them see it as it transpired.

"And what," asked the captain, when the final word had been said, "do you propose to do now, Mr. Charnock?"

It was the first time that he had been so addressed and the man started. He had heard Mr. Whittaker's words as one in a dream. He had been going over that dreadful scene on the sands. His heart was lacerated and torn again. He was blind to everything but the past. He saw her face dimly in the present. He could see nothing of happiness in the future.

"I don't know," he answered.

"But surely this has not made any difference in your feelings?"

"I can't tell. The difference is in her, not in me."

"She made a frightful mistake," said the captain, impressively, "but she has nobly atoned, and—"

"She's not what I thought she was," said the man, "and if I love her, I love her now not because, but in spite, of what she is, and there is a difference."

"Miss Brenton," interposed Whittaker at this juncture, "has settled the matter herself. She says that she will have no man's pity, no man's contempt, that no man shall marry her on suffrance, and that—"

"Right," said the surgeon, who was a man of very few words and generally good ones.

"My young friend," broke in the chaplain, "if I might advise—"

"But this," returned the islander, with fierceness, "is not a matter for advice. I don't know the world or its customs. I must appear strange to you men. But I take it that a man's choice of a wife, a man's settlement of his future is not a thing that he brooks counsel over. At any rate, I want none of it."

"Come with me," said the chaplain; "we will talk it over. I have lived in the world," he went on, gently. "Perhaps I can help you. Have we your permission to withdraw, Capt. Ashby?"

"Certainly," said the captain.

(To be continued.)

The number of inventions and improvements that have appeared since the civil war is very large, some of the more important being elevators, barb wire fence, artificial ice, wire nails, grain elevators, hot air, hot water and steam for heating houses, asphalt and wood block pavements, large size plate glass, automatic machine guns, dynamite, sulky plows, compressed air vaults, wireless telegraph and wireless telephone.

Farm and Garden

A clipped horse will catch cold less easily than one not clipped.

Keep the hen manure in a dry place through the winter. It is a valuable soil tonic.

Change the pens of the ducks and sow the unused ground with rye or barley.

Sow some Essex rape this spring for hog forage. It will make the youngsters hump along late in summer.

Those hens with the best appetites and the full crops are usually the best layers, but they should not be permitted to get too fat.

Young pigs should be taught to eat early. Then one can gradually increase the grain ration and keep their development at a high standard.

The curl of a pig's tail is an indication of good health. When the curl begins to straighten out look for disease and give medicine or a change of food.

The sticky substance in milk known as albumen can be rinsed off the milk pans with cold water, which should always be used first. Boiling water will cook it on.

During the inclement weather profitable hours may be spent in the workshop "fixin'" things up. Of course you have a toolhouse well lighted, with room enough to work.

In preparing a foundation for a concrete floor too much care cannot be exercised. The ground should be well drained and firmed to a depth of from six to eight inches below the concrete.

It has been said that a dry hen can not be frozen to death. Her coat of warm feathers protects her. For this reason it is of more importance to have a dry poultry house than a warm one. Keep out the rain and dampness and the hens will fare well.

Destroying Vermin.

Fumigate the henhouse often enough to destroy all germs and vermin. It also pays to use a good disinfectant frequently and freely around the houses and yards. Disinfecting and fumigation are two important matters and should receive more attention than they do.—Epitomist.

Worms in Colts.

Colts sometimes die from worms without the owner knowing what ails them. After weaning they are very susceptible to this ailment, as are all horses, more or less. A good remedy is powdered tobacco in the feed twice a day. For a colt a good tablespoonful is a dose; for older horses in proportion. Give two doses, and after a few days repeat the dose. Natural leaf is best.

Importance of Carefulness.

Some farmers still care for their poultry in the haphazard way of their fathers, and are forever telling about hens "eating their heads off." However, the farmer is man above all others who has the ideal location and conditions for making the most of his poultry. He has plenty of yard room, fields for the fowls to roam in and gather the raw material for profitable eggs. But many farmers do not grasp the opportunity to pick up dollars from their poultry.

Drill and Hill Planting.

It is in the opinion of some corn growers that corn planted in drills will make larger growth and yield than that which is planted in hills, but more work will be required in cultivating and hoeing the same. Best results are obtained where the drill attachment is used in a two-horse planter.

Use a bushel of seed for six acres, which will make a plant every eight to twelve inches in the rows. A weeder will aid very much in controlling the weeds where corn is drilled. Some growers of drilled corn plant two kernels every eighteen to twenty-four inches and hoe the crop.

A Few Horse Don'ts.

Don't ask me to "back" with blinds on; I'm afraid to.

Don't let some blockhead drive me that has less sense than I have.

Don't run me down a steep hill, for if anything should give way I might break your neck.

Don't whip me when I get frightened or I will expect it next time and may make you trouble.

Don't trot me up hill, for I have you, the buggy and myself to carry. Try running up hill with a load yourself.

Don't drive me with an "overcheck" on; the sun hurts my eyes and I can't see where to step. It's inhuman and cruel.

Teach me to stop when you say "whoa," and this you can do without jerking my head off or tearing my mouth. It may check me if the lines should drop or break and save a runaway and smashup.—California Voice.

Get Rid of the Mites.

A sure remedy for mites on chickens and henhouses is to sieve the ashes from the cook and heating stoves. Just after the chickens have gone to roost throw the ashes up against the ceiling or roof of the house, any way to get them scattered to make dust—the more dust the better. A pail of ashes thrown around the house two or three times a month will keep all mites and lice out of the house. I also put a pile somewhere in the house for the chickens to scratch and dust in. The dust from the ashes will not hurt the chickens. I have thrown it all over my chickens in the daytime and it gets through their feathers better, as it scares them and they will fly or jump around. This is a sure remedy, and will clean the mites out of a house in two or three weeks.—O. D. Simpson in Kansas Farmer.

Similarity Aids Adulteration.

As a rule, successful seed adulteration is made possible by the similarity existing between the inferior seed and that of the crop seed with which it is used. It often happens, therefore, that the adulterant used is the seed of some plant very closely related to the adulterated crop seed. The dealer who adulterates seed bases his faith in the success of the deception upon the very careless examination of the seed by the average purchaser, including the majority of retail dealers. If, before buying, a careful examination of the seed offered for sale was made by all buyers, guided by a knowledge of the various adulterants used, seed adulteration would soon cease.

The combination of seeds of standard farm crops commanding uniformly different prices in the seed market constitutes adulteration when the mixture is sold at the price of the more expensive seed. This is illustrated by the combination of redtop and timothy offered as redtop.

Growing Potatoes.

In Ireland, in the best potato-growing localities, a yield of 400 bushels to the acre is nothing unusual. It is obtained by the use of about thirty loads of barnyard manure to the acre, supplemented by 600 pounds of commercial fertilizers, proportioned as follows: One hundred pounds of muriate of potash and 400 pounds of superphosphate. In England the best results are obtained by the use of twenty-five loads of barnyard manure to the acre, supplemented with 100 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 250 pounds of super-phosphate and fifty pounds of sulphate of potash. The popular fertilizer for growing potatoes in Maine, when planted where a two-year-crop of clover or grass has been grown, is made up on the farm of 135 pounds of nitrate of soda, 600 pounds of tankage, 200 pounds of acid phosphate and 400 pounds of sulphate of potash, making in all 1,335 pounds. One-half this amount is used in the planter or mixed in the furrow and the other half at the first harrowing, when the plants begin to appear.

Formula for Tree Wash.

A feature of the Pennsylvania Farmers' Week program was a lecture on concentrated lime sulphur by John P. Stewart, assistant professor in experimental horticulture in a state college. He told how, through spraying with that wash, a successful fight could be made against the San Jose scale and other tree parasites, which are yearly causing thousands of dollars' loss to orchardmen.

Mr. Stewart gave the following formula for preparing the wash: Put ten gallons of water in a kettle and start fire. Add fifty pounds best stone lime, not more than 50 per cent impurities, and after slacking is well started add 100 pounds dry flowers of sulphur and mix thoroughly, diluting with five gallons of water to maintain a thin paste. When the slacking and mixing is completed pour into the kettle water to the height of fifty gallons. Bring to a boil and sulphury scum disappears. Then add warm water to the sixty-five-gallon height and boil again to sixty gallons. The material should be kept well stirred. The total boiling should not vary ten minutes from an hour. Store the finished product in containers and cover with an eighth of an inch of oil to prevent scum formation. A good spraying dilution is obtained by adding nine gallons of water to one gallon of the concentrate.

Winter Heating.

The heating of the farm home in winter is an important consideration. The farm dwelling can, and should be, just as warm and comfortable in winter as the city home. Many farmers have their own wood lots, and hence the cost of fuel is only nominal. Farmers who use coal have a smaller fuel bill than anybody else, since they do their own hauling on return trips from town, and hence secure their fuel for less money.

Whether fuel is cheap or dear it pays to keep the dwelling warm in cold weather. Cold rooms are damp and uncomfortable. They are the source of many winter diseases and the doctor bill for one case of sickness will pay the fuel bill for heating an entire house all winter.

Where the farmer can afford it, a hot water system in the dwelling is the cheapest to operate and gives the most even and agreeable heat for day and night. The water in the pipes and radiators never loses all its heat, even when the fire goes out at night, hence the rooms are mild and comfortable in the morning. Steam is not so expensive to install as hot water and most women find difficulty in managing the furnace.

Where stoves are used for heating the dwelling and the fuel expenses is an item, much heat can be saved by using a long stovepipe and running it through the wall into an adjoining room. Sleeping rooms in the upper story of the house can be comfortably heated by running the pipe up through the ceiling and through the sleeping room. By means of a register in the floor the room above a large stove can be heated.

Alcohol as Fuel.

"Denatured alcohol as a means of producing energy for locomotive or stationary engines, notwithstanding many and varied experiments by experts, still is in its infancy," says Dr. Harris E. Sawyer of the Agricultural Department. Dr. Sawyer has made an exhaustive study of the subject, but he admitted that he could not prophesy as to the future of denatured alcohol, a much-heralded fuel for motor power.

"In Cuba," Dr. Sawyer continued, "they have been using it for several years as a means of generating power, but recently the price of molasses, from which they distill the alcohol, has advanced in cost to such an extent as to make the new fuel prohibitive. At the present cost it will be cheaper for the Cubans to use gasoline or coal."

At present the product retails from 30 cents to 45 cents, according to the avarice of the manufacturer. We sold a quantity last week for 30 cents a gallon, which makes it about two and a half times as expensive as gasoline.

While the first engine using denatured alcohol was made nearly twenty years ago in Europe, there has resulted a continual development of the alcohol moter, interest in which was kept up by exhibitions in which prizes were offered by the scientific societies. According to Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, chief of the Bureau of Chemistry, experiments all along the line indicate, so far as fuel costs are concerned, that with a motor especially constructed for alcohol the fuel prices per gallon might be twice as much for alcohol as for petroleum distillate, and still give more power for less money, assuming that attendance, repairs and other incidentals cost no more in case of the alcohol engines.

Politics of the Day

How Tariff Increases Prices.

Increase in food prices all over the United States has served to impress a little lesson in tariff on the people of Detroit, says a New York Herald correspondent. While commodities of all sorts, most of which are heavily protected, have become more and more expensive on this side of the river, in Windsor, just across the river, in Canada, the cost of living has not yet departed from the normal. It is 25 per cent cheaper to live in Canada than in the United States, and the tariff, the pressure of which has been more keenly felt since the Payne-Aldrich "revision," is declared largely responsible.

Here is a table of specimen prices in Windsor and Detroit:

	Windsor.	Detroit.
Butter, best, lb	$ .28	$ .36
Eggs, dozen	.34	.42
Beef, cheapest cut, lb	.06½	.10
Pork, mess, lb	.13	.20
Lard, prime, lb	.11	.13
Bacon, breakfast, lb	.19	.24
Wheat, No. 2 red, bu	1.00	1.11
Corn, No. 2 mixed, bu	.60	.78
Potatoes, bu	.70	.65
Cabbage, head	.05@.07	.08@.15
Turnips, bu	.40	.60
Carrots, bu	.50	.60
Beets, bu	.25	.60
Rutabagas, bu	.35	.40
Parsnips, bu	.50	.60
Turkeys, dressed, lb	.20	.25
Chickens, dressed, lb	.11	.15
Milk, quart	.07	.08@.09
Cheese, lb	.11½	.16½
Plug tobacco, lb	1.00	2.00@3.00

A practical demonstration of what the tariff on all-wool clothing means was given to Mrs. Joseph Lamarre, of 362 La Salle street, Detroit, who was obliged to go to Windsor to make some purchases. Mrs. Lamarre's son had been suffering for some time with inflammatory rheumatism and flannel underwear was prescribed for him by the attending physician. After making a tour of the Detroit stores Mrs. Lamarre was unable to find what she wanted and went to Windsor Tuesday afternoon, where she purchased the underwear and two pairs of socks, at a total cost of just $3. She showed her purchases to H. Stringer, United States customs officer, and found that she was obliged to pay a tariff of 60 per cent of the value of the articles, or $1.80, in addition to 44 cents a pound, or $1.32, making a total of $3.12 duty, in addition to the cost of the articles.

Is Mr. Taft Orientalized?

Berlin Vorwaerts insists that President Taft, like celebrated British administrators who have spent years in the far East, has imbibed the ideas of the orient, and believes in benevolent despotism as the ideal form of government.

Lord Curzon and Lord Cromer, for example, says the Vorwaerts, have lost all idea of popular suffrage, and regard the masses of the people as material to be experimented upon. This losing touch with democratic ideas of popular sovereignty is peculiar to those who have held positions of authority in the far East.

Therefore, argues the writer, the years which Mr. Taft spent as the despotic administrator of the Philippines, where he demonstrated his ability and achieved great results, have undoubtedly unfitted him to conduct public office as it would be conducted by a statesman elected to represent the wishes of a constituency.

It is true that the Taft corporation tax plan, the Taft central bank plan, the Taft postal savings plan are all directed toward concentration of authority at Washington. And the $500,000,000 Panama canal job is to be put entirely into Mr. Taft's hands.

Are all these things signs that the President is orientalized?

At least the suggestion is interesting purely in its scientific aspect, if for no other reason.

The evident desire of the national administration to exercise many functions that trespass on State rights and the tendency to substitute executive for legislative power are unfortunate. The Journal believes they should be curbed.

But, if these things are the result of the orientalization of Judge Taft, what sort of an oriental potentate must Theodore Roosevelt have been in some former incarnation?—Chicago Journal.

The Fact About Ship Subsidies.

The statement that "the foreign commerce of the United States is stifled for lack of ships" is sheer nonsense, and nobody knows its nonsensicality better than the newspapers and public speakers that make it.

Less than 5 per cent of American manufactures is exported. The American tariff baron does not desire export trade. He makes no effort to get it. Our vast consular service, with its costly and intricate system of trade reports from all over the world, is of little service to anyone outside of the steel trust, the harvester trust and a limited few other monopolies that export heavily.

All the rest of our manufacturers prefer to sell ten dollars' worth of goods for home consumption rather than twenty dollars' worth for export. The ridiculous tariff enables them to obtain higher prices at home than abroad. And as long as the tariff offers its big bonus for trading at home, export business will not develop.

What is the use of subsidizing ships which will have nothing to carry, when idle freighters are lying in every seaport, and ocean freights are so scarce that such steamers as Senator Lodge sold to the Panama Canal Commission for $750,000 are to be picked up for less than one-tenth that sum?

Income Tax Publicity.

President Taft has taken pains to officially advise the Secretary of the Treasury that the new law of the United States levying a tax on the incomes of corporations contemplates publicity in respect to all the returns made under the law, both original and corrected, and he is entirely right.

No one familiar with the text of the Federal statute nor informed in regard to the discussion which preceded its enactment can doubt the correctness of the President's opinion. The law means publicity and the Republic made editorial comment upon that fact at the time the income tax law was pending in Congress. The intent is that full data as to the gross income, the total expenses and the net income of every corporation in the United States shall be open to public inspection.

The fact that Congress so worded the appropriation for the enforcement of the statute as not to provide for the expenses involved in a classification of this interesting information will not contribute to complete secrecy even if a deficiency appropriation is denied. All that will result will be that the returns of any particular corporation will be obtainable for the information of favorite individuals who have the right sort of pull at the Treasury Department, while the inquirer who hasn't any pull will discover that it is impossible to get at what he wants.

Under the conditions Congress would do well either to modify the law so as to repeal the provision providing for publicity or grant an additional appropriation which will make it possible for every inquirer to have an equal chance in obtaining desired information.—St. Louis Republic.

Where Whitewash Fails.

The United States Senate has undertaken to prove that the sudden and abnormal increase in the cost of living has other causes than the Aldrich-Taft tariff law.

It does not matter whether Senator Elkins, the near-insurgent, or any one of the standpat Senators guides the investigating committee. The end of the investigation is fore-ordained from its beginning. The Senate will find plenty of scapegoats.

There is gold, for instance. It will be easy to claim, from the quoted authority of old-school political economists, that the rapid increase in the world's production of gold is responsible for high prices. Becoming more plentiful, the purchasing power of a gold dollar becomes less, and so on.

American consumers would like to know why the purchasing power of wages and earnings took another sudden drop as soon as the Aldrich-Taft tariff law went into force. You cannot convince the average middle-class consumer that the world's supply of gold had anything to do with it. Especially so, when the dividends of robber trusts, like those of eastern cotton manufacturers, are higher under the new law than ever before.

The dignified Senators are mixing their coat of whitewash to no purpose.

Stopping the "Fire Wagon."

When the first railroad was laid over the Western plains and the cars began running to San Francisco the Indians viewed the locomotive from the hilltops at a distance, not daring to come nearer the "fire wagon." A train of cars was to them "heap wagon, no hoss." An Apache chief gathered a party of warriors in Arizona and went several hundred miles to see the terrible fire wagon that whistled louder then the eagle's scream and poured out dense black smoke. W. M. Thayer says in his "Marvels of the New West" that the redskins grew bolder and once attacked a fire wagon, expecting to capture it. When they failed and many were injured, they said, "Fire wagon bad medicine!"

The Indians stretched a lariat across the track, breast high, each end being held by thirty braves.

"When the engineer first saw it he didn't know what on earth was the matter," said a narrator, "but in a minute more he burst out laughing. He caught hold of that throttle, and he opened her out.

"He struck that lariat going about forty miles an hour, and he just piled those braves up everlasting promiscuous."

TRICKS OF PARIS BURGLARS.

Dramatic Rescue from Seine with Participants Sharing Profits.

Parisian beggars have been known to go far beyond a sham fight with a dog in the gutter for a crust, the London Chronicle says. Maxime du Camp has recorded how, on an August Sunday in 1887, at an hour when the quais were crowded, a shabby man uttered a cry of despair, and threw himself into the Seine near the Pont de l'Alma. He had sunk twice when a man in workmen's clothes plunged in, swam after him and effected an apparently difficult rescue. As the crowd surrounded the two on the bank the rescued one slowly came to, reproached the rescuer for saving a hopeless, workless man, who had not eaten for three days, and tried to rush off again, crying, "Let me die!" The rescuer pulled out half a franc, saying, "Take this; I shall only have to go without dinner to-day," and, of course, the crowd liberally followed suit. But the skeptical police shadowed the two, saw them count up the spoils in a tavern and presently arrested the two ex-convicts, dead drunk.

Coyote and Jack Rabbit.

The speed of the jack rabbit has always been proverbial among western men, like the speed of the coyote. In a straightaway race it is claimed that the jack rabbit can distance the coyote, but he usually falls a victim to the coyote's superior intelligence. The favorite coyote method for catching jack rabbits is for one of the animals to start a jack rabbit on the run, while the other coyote sits down, patiently awaiting the arrival of his dinner. The jack rabbit when he has a free range will run in circles, and the coyotes cleverly count on this habit. Before long the rabbit will arrive at the place from which he started and there coyote No. 2, fresh and ready for a short sprint, will swoop down upon him and then divide the meal with the coyote that has done the actual chasing.—New York Press.

Berlin "Newsboys."

"The up-to-date newsboy of New York can learn something in Berlin," writes a New Yorker from that city. "One of the popular sellers of newspapers in this town is a gray-bearded, tall, soldierly looking man, who has the papers attached—one copy of each publication—to a long fishing rod, on the top of which there is a little pocket for coins. People on omnibuses and at upper windows may be served by means of the rod. They help themselves to the paper they desire, deposit their money in the little bag and the sold paper is replaced by another from the stock which the old man carries in a bag slung over his shoulder. The children in the district where he does business call him the "nickel fisher."

Precise.

"Will it hurt?" asked the precise person as he sat down in the big chair.

"Don't you know that I advertise myself as the painless dentist?"

"Yes. But what I want to know is whether you can guarantee me as a painless patient."—Houston Post.

Her Train.

"I shall miss my train," she said, petulantly.

"Oh, no, you won't," the dressmaker assured her. "You will soon get used to these gowns which haven't any."—New York Journal.

The Sergeant's Opportunity.

"If ye please, sergeant," Punch makes the raw recruit say, "I've got a splinter in me 'and."

"Wot yer been doin'?" demanded the sergeant. "Strokin' yer 'ead?"

Brazil is endeavoring to encourage its iron industry.

Washington Gossip

There is national interest in the Jefferson day dinner, to be given in Washington in April, at which Gov. Harmon of Ohio, Gov. Marshall of Indiana, Mayor Gaynor of New York and other Democrats whose names have been more or less conspicuously mentioned in connection with the Presidential nomination, will be present. Before the dinner was announced the National Democratic Committee was consulted. The speeches will sound a keynote for 1912, it is expected. Gov. Harmon appears to be in most favor as a Presidential possibility, southern Democrats in Congress, as a rule, favoring his candidacy. There was much Harmon talk at the Governors' conference in Washington in December. Much will depend on the State campaign in Ohio. If Gov. Harmon is reelected this fall, it is claimed here that his chances for the nomination will be advanced almost to a certainty.

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Showing farmers how they may increase their incomes from crops all the way from two to five times, a bulletin issued by the department of agriculture declares that some farmers realize the difference in income that may be produced by the systematic introduction and rotation of clover or other leguminous crops over the entire area of their tillable land. Discussion is collected in the bulletin of a run-down farm in Illinois and plans are given of six different types of farming that may be substituted for the usual one of raising only corn and oats now practiced.

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In all probability the corporations will avoid all fear of publicity through a loophole in the tax provision whereby no mention is made of an appropriation to carry out the expense of this feature. Though President Taft has cited the need of an appropriation for $50,000 it is not likely that Congress will be in any hurry to grant it. The returns to the commissioner of internal revenue were due March 1. It will be seen, therefore, that unless some provision is made for the publicity feature the corporations may escape the limelight altogether.

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A delegation of Crow Indians presented to Commissioner of Indian Affairs Valentine their objections to a bill for the opening to settlement of the remainder of the unallotted tribal lands on their reservation in Montana. This involves about 1,836,000 acres of land which it is estimated will net the redmen $160,000 during the current year as the result of a new system of leasing their lands for grazing purposes, as against $40,000 last year.

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The Borah bill, providing for an issue of $30,000,000 worth of reclamation bonds will be recommended to the Senate for adoption by the upper house committee on irrigation. The bonds are to bear interest at the rate of 3 per cent. The money is to be borrowed as needed to prosecute work on the government reclamation projects now under way.

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A bill has been passed which opens to settlement the unallotted lands in the Pine Ridge Indian reservation in South Dakota. In discussing the bill, Senator Bacon declared that the State of South Dakota was about to receive from the national treasury for school purposes a sum approximating $700,000 for the purchase of Indian lands.

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That the brewers of the country are recovering from the slump in the consumption of that beverage, which characterized the fiscal year ended June 30, 1909, when the internal revenue receipts fell off nearly two and a half million dollars, is shown by the November treasury statement giving such returns from all sources.

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A letter to President Taft, urging that he retain Secretary Wilson in his cabinet indefinitely, was authorized at a meeting of the Iowa State Aberdeen-Angus Breeders' Association. The letter stated Secretary Wilson was the friend of the farmers throughout the country and declared his removal would be a blow to the country.

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America has decided to seek the south pole laurels similar to those won for her by Commander Peary at the north pole. The National Geographic Society has resolved to send an expedition in search of the south pole, provided the necessary funds can be raised.

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The Senate recently gave a great deal of attention to the question of the constitutionality of the extradition of criminals from one state to another in cases in which the prosecution is according to the process of "information." No action was taken on the bill.

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The White House social session ended brilliantly when President and Mrs. Taft received in honor of the army and navy. The attendance probably was the largest of any of the four big receptions of the year.

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Two big waterway projects, $1,385,529 for improvement of the harbor at Ashtabula, Ohio, and $1,338,681 for enlarging the harbor facilities at Conneaut, Ohio, were recommended to the house by the war department.

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The department of agriculture calls attention to a new method employed in Great Britain of washing butter with separator skim milk twice pasteurized. By this method the bacteria are said to be reduced to one-fifth their original number, and this is a practical way of avoiding the use of impure water, if one happens to have it.

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Senator Bristow has introduced a resolution providing for the election of United States Senators by direct vote of the people.

An excellent way to clean steel knives and forks is to cut a fair sized potato in half and use with bathbrick.

To prevent or remove tan, put enough benzoin in the bathing water to give it a slightly milky appearance.

Cabbages and cauliflower should always be soaked for a time in salty water and then rinsed before cooking.

Iron pavements were first laid in London in 1817.