KEITH OF THE BORDER

A TALE OF THE PLAINS

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "My Lady of the South," "When Wilderness Was King," Etc., Etc.

Illustrations by Dearborn Melville

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SYNOPSIS.

Jack Keith, a Virginian, now a border plainsman, is riding along the Santa Fe trail on the lookout for roaming war parties of savages. He notices a camp fire at a distance and then sees a team attached to a wagon and at full gallop pursued by men on ponies. When Keith reaches the wagon the raiders have massacred two men and departed. He searches the victims finding papers and a locket with a woman's portrait. He resolves to hunt down the murderers. Keith is arrested at Carson City, charged with the murder, his accuser being a ruffian named Black Bart. He goes to jail fully realizing the peril of swift border justice. A companion in his cell is a negro, who tells him he is Neb and that he knew the Keith family back in Virginia. Neb says one of the murdered men was John Bibley, the other Gen. Willis Waite, formerly an officer in the Confederate army. The plainsman and Neb escape from the jail.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

It was the quiet, confident voice of assured command, of one satisfied with his plans, and the obedient negro, breathing hard, never dreamed of opposition; all instinct of slavery held him to the dominion of this white master. Keith leaned forward, staring at the string of deserted ponies tied to the rail. Success depended on his choice, and he could judge very little in that darkness. Men were straggling in along the street to their right, on foot and horseback, and the saloon on the corner was being well patronized. A glow of light streamed forth from its windows, and there was the sound of many voices. But this narrow alley was deserted, and black. The fugitive stepped boldly forward, afraid that otherwise he might startle the ponies and thus create an alarm. Guided by a horseman's instinct he swiftly ran his hands over the animals and made quick selection.

"Here, Neb, take this fellow; lead him quietly down the bank," and he thrust the loosened rein into the black's hand.

An instant later he had chosen his own mount, and was silently moving in the same direction, although the night there was so black that the obedient negro had already entirely vanished. The slope of the land not only helped cover their movements, but also rendered it easy for them to find one another. Fully a hundred yards westward they met, where a gully led directly down toward the river. There was no longer need for remaining on foot, as they were a sufficient distance away from the little town to feel no fear of being discovered, unless by some drunken straggler. At Keith's command the negro climbed into his saddle. Both ponies were restive, but not vicious, and after a plunge or two, to test their new masters, came easily under control. Keith led the way, moving straight down the gully, which gradually deepened, burying them in its black heart, until it finally debouched onto the river sands. The riotous noises of the drunken town died slowly away behind, the night silent and dark. The two riders could scarcely distinguish one another as they drew rein at the edge of the water. To the southward there gleamed a cluster of lights, marking the position of the camp of regulars. Keith drove his horse deeper into the stream and headed northward, the negro following like a shadow.

There was a ford directly opposite the cantonment, and another, more dangerous, and known to only a few, three miles farther up stream. Keeping well within the water's edge, so as to thus completely obscure their trail, yet not daring to venture deep for fear of striking quicksand, the plainsman set his pony struggling forward, until the dim outline of the bank at his right rendered him confident that they had attained the proper point for crossing. He had been that way only once before, and realized the danger of attempting passage in such darkness, but urgent need drove him forward.

"Follow me just as close as you can, boy," he said sternly, "and keep both your feet out of the stirrups. If your horse goes down hang to his tail, and let him swim out."

There was little enough to guide by, merely a single faint star peering out from a rift of the clouds, but Keith's remembrance was that the ford led straight out to the center of the stream, and then veered slightly toward the right. He knew the sand ridge was only used by horsemen, not being wide enough for the safe passage of wagons, but the depth of the water on either side was entirely problematical. He was taking a big chance, yet dare not wait for daylight. Summoning all his nerve and alertness, he urged his horse slowly forward, the intelligent animal seemingly comprehending the situation, and feeling carefully for footing. The actions of the animal gave the rider greater confidence, and he loosened his grip on the rein, leaving the pony's instinct to control. The latter fairly crept forward, testing the sand before resting any weight upon the hoof, the negro's mount following closely. The water was unusually high, and as they advanced it bore down against them in considerable volume; then, as they veered to the right, they were compelled to push directly against its weight in struggling toward shore. The men could see nothing but this solid sheet of water rushing down toward them from out the black void, and then vanishing below. Once Keith's horse half fell, plunging nose under, yet gaining foothold again before the rider had deserted his saddle. A dim darkness ahead already revealed the nearness of the southern bank, when Neb's pony went down suddenly, swept fairly off its legs by some fierce eddy in the stream. Keith heard the negro's guttural cry, and caught a glimpse of him as the two were sent whirling down. The coiled rope of the lariat, grasped in his right hand, was hurled forth like a shot, but came back empty. Not another sound reached him; his own horse went steadily on, feeling his way, until he was nose against the bank, with water merely rippling about his ankles. Keith driving feet again into the stirrups headed him down stream, wading close in toward the shore, leaning forward over the pommel striving to see through the gloom.

He had no doubt about Neb's pony making land, unless struck by some driftwood, or borne to the center of the stream by the shifting force of the current. But if Neb had failed to retain his grip he might have been sucked under by the surge of waters. A hundred yards below he found them, dripping and weak from the struggle, yet otherwise unhurt. There were no words spoken, but the black and white hands clasped silently, and then Neb crept back into the saddle, shivering in his wet clothes as the cool night wind swept against him. Keeping close in toward shore, yet far enough out so that the water would hide their trail, the fugitives toiled steadily up stream, guided only by the black outline of the low bank upon their left.

CHAPTER VII.

In the Sand Desert.

Suddenly Keith halted, bringing his pony's head sharply about, so that the two faced one another. The wind was rising, hurling clouds of sand into their eyes, and the plainsman held one hand before his face.

"There's no need of keeping up a water trail any longer," he said quietly. "By all the signs we're in for a sand storm by daylight, and that will cover our tracks so the devil himself couldn't follow them. Got a water bag on your saddle.

"I reck'n dis am one, sah."

Keith felt of the object Neb held forth.

"Yes, and a big one, too; fill it and strap it on tight; we've got a long, dry ride ahead."

"Whar' yo' propose goin', Massa Jack?"

"To the 'Bar X' on the Canadian. I've worked with that outfit. They'll give us whatever we need, and ask no questions; I don't know of anything in between. It's going to be a hard ride, boy, and mighty little to eat except what I saved from supper."

"How far am it to dis yere 'Bar X?'"

"A hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies, and sand all the way, except for the valley of Salt Fork. Come on now, and keep close, for it's easy to get lost in these sand hills."

Keith had ridden that hundred and fifty miles of sandy desolation before, but had never been called upon to make such a journey as this proved to be. He knew there was little to fear from human enemies, for they were riding far enough east of the Santa Fe trail to be out of the path of raiding parties, while this desert country was shunned by Indian hunters. It consisted of sand hill after sand hill, a drear waterless waste, where nothing grew, and mid the dread sameness of which a traveler could only find passage by the guidance of stars at night, or the blazing sun by day.

They had covered ten miles of it by daybreak, their ponies traveling heavily, fetlock deep, but could advance no further. With the first tint of rose in the east the brooding storm burst upon them in wild desert fury, the fierce wind buffeting them back, lashing their faces with sharp grit until they were unable to bear the pain. The flying sand smote them in clouds, driven with the speed of bullets. In vain they lay flat, urging their ponies forward; the beasts, maddened and blinded by the merciless lashing of the sand, refused to face the storm. Keith, all sense of direction long since lost, rolled wearily from the saddle, burrowed under the partial shelter of a sand dune, and called upon Neb to follow him. With their hands and feet they made a slight wind-break, dragging the struggling ponies into its protection, and burrowed themselves there, the clouds of sand skurrying over them so thick as to obscure the sky, and rapidly burying them altogether as though in a grave. Within an hour they were compelled to dig themselves out, yet it proved partial escape from the pitiless lashing. The wind howled like unloosed demons, and the air grew cold, adding to the sting of the grit, when some sudden eddy hurled it into their hiding place. To endeavor further travel would mean certain death, for no one could have guided a course for a hundred feet through the tempest.

It was three o'clock before it died sufficiently down for them to venture out. Even then the air remained full of sand, while constantly shifting ridges made travel difficult. Only grim necessity—the suffering of the ponies for water, and their own need for soon reaching the habitation of man and acquiring food—drove them to the early venture. They must attain the valley of the Salt Fork that night, or else perish in the desert—there remained no other choice. Tying neckerchiefs over their horses' eyes, and lying flat themselves, they succeeded in pressing slowly forward, winding in and out among the shifting dunes, with only the wind to guide them. It was an awful trail, the hoofs sinking deep in drifting sand, the struggling ponies becoming so exhausted that their riders finally dismounted, and staggered forward on foot, leading them stumbling blindly after. Once the negro's horse dropped, and had to be lashed to its feet again; once Keith's pony stumbled and fell on him, hurling him face down into the sand, and he would have died there, lacking sufficient strength to lift the dead weight, but for Neb's assistance. As it was he went staggering blindly forward, bruised, and faint from hunger and fatigue.

About them night finally closed in, black and starless, yet fortunately with a gradual dying away of the storm. For an hour past they had been struggling on, doubting their direction, wondering dully if they were not lost and merely drifting about in a circle. They had debated this fiercely once, the ponies standing dejectedly, tails to the storm, Neb arguing that the wind still blew from the south, and Keith contending it had shifted into the westward. The white man won his way, and they staggered on uncertain, the negro grasping the first pony's tail to keep from being separated from his companion. Some instinct of the plains must have guided them, for at last they dragged themselves out from the desert, the crunching sand under foot changing into rock, and then to short brittle grass, at which the ponies nibbled eagerly. The slope led gradually downward, the animals scenting water, and struggling to break away. Swaying in their saddles, the riders let them go, and they never stopped until belly deep in the stream, their noses buried. The men shivered in their saddles, until, at last satisfied, the ponies consented to be forced back up the bank, where they nibbled at the short tufts of herbage, but in a manner expressive of weariness. Keith flung himself on the ground, every muscle of his body aching, his exposed flesh still smarting from the hail of sand.

He had not the slightest conception as to where they were, except he knew this must be the Salt Fork. Utterly confused by the maze of shifting dunes, through whose intricacies they had somehow found passage, the blackness of the night yielded no clue as to their point of emergence. The volume of water in the stream alone suggested that in their wanderings they must have drifted to the eastward, and come out much lower down than had been originally intended. If so, then they might be almost directly south of Carson City, and in a section with which he was totally unacquainted. One thing was, however, certain—they would be compelled to wait for daylight to ascertain the truth, and decide upon their future movements.

Keith arose reluctantly, and removed the saddles from the animals, hobbling them so they could graze at will. Neb was propped up beneath an out-cropping of the bank, which partly protected him from the wind, a mere hulk of a shadow. Keith could not tell whether he slept or not, but made no effort to disturb him. A moment he stared vacantly about into the black silence, and then lay down, pillowing his head upon a saddle. He found it impossible to sleep, the chill of the wind causing him to turn and twist, in vain search after comfort, while unappeased hunger gnawed incessantly. His eyes ranged about over the dull gloom of the skies until they fell again to the earth level, and then he suddenly sat up, half believing himself in a dream—down the stream, how far away he could not judge, there gleamed a steady, yellowish light. It was no flicker of a camp fire, yet remained stationary. Surely no star could be so low and large; nor did he recall any with that peculiarity of color. If such a miracle was possible in the heart of that sandy desert he would have sworn it was a lamp shining through a window. But he had never heard of any settler on the Salt Fork, and almost laughed at the thought, believing for the instant his brain played him some elfish trick. Yet that light was no illusion; he rubbed his eyes, only to see it more clearly, convinced now of its reality. He strode hastily across, and shook Neb into semi-consciousness, dragging him bodily up the bank and pointing down the stream.

"Do you see that?" he inquired anxiously. "There, straight ahead of you?"

The negro stared, shaking with cold, and scarcely able to stand alone.

"Maybe it am de moon, Massa Jack," he muttered, thickly, "or a goblin's lantern. Lawd, I don't jest like de looks ob dat ting."

"Well, I do," and Keith laughed uneasily at the negro's fears. "All I wanted to know was if you saw what I saw. That's a lamp shining through a window, Neb. What in heaven's name it can be doing here I am unable to guess, but I'm going to find out. It means shelter and food, boy, even if we have to fight for it. Come on, the horses are safe, and we'll discover what is behind that light yonder."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Do You See That Straight Ahead of You?"

THE "PROTECTED" FARMER

TRUSTS AND LABOR

WHEREIN ARE THE "BLESSINGS" OF PROTECTION?

Schwab's Evidence Before Congressional Committee Shows That Policy Only Serves to Swell the Profits of the Corporations.

Recently Mr. Charles M. Schwab, former president of the steel trust, appeared before the committee of congress to testify as to the blessings of a protective tariff. There was a fine stroke of humor in his opening declaration that the trust of which he claims the original conception was organized to develop the steel industry of America, not at all to maintain prices and restrict competition. While not caring to argue the tariff, he "could not for the life of him see the disadvantage to America from liberal protection."

Andrew Carnegie, the patron of Mr. Schwab, has testified that there is no longer need of a protective tariff for the steel industries of this country. At the same time Judge E. H. Gary testified that, while the steel corporation needs no protection, he feared that the independent companies could not do without a tariff. Not so Mr. Schwab. The tariff evidently cannot be too high for him. Selfishness and greed ooze out of every pore. He does not think that under the benign influence of the tariff $28 a ton is enough for steel rails, having never sold them for less than $30 a ton since he became president of the Bethlehem company. Yet he has sworn that rails could be produced in this country more cheaply than anywhere in the world, and the trust sells them in foreign lands at much less than $28 a ton. It is only in this country that, under cover of the tariff, such a price can be extorted from the railroads and levied in turn by the railroads upon the public.

Reverting to his tariff ideas, Mr. Schwab cited the examples of Germany, France and other countries "except England" in preventing foreign competition. The exception is worth all the rest. England, thanks to free trade, is foremost of the nations of Europe in commerce and industries.

There was no need for Mr. Schwab to tell why the steel trust was organized. Its object was to make multimillionaires out of millionaires, and to that everything else was subordinated. When asked as to the conditions of labor Mr. Schwab had the daring to assert that the 18,000 or 20,000 employes of the Bethlehem works receive an average of $1,000 a year. The strike in the works last year was to obtain a far lower rate of wages than that. The truth is that the conditions of labor in the steel trust are a disgrace to the monopoly and a reproach to the country that tolerates it. Investigation has shown that the great majority of the employes earn scarcely $10.50 a week, working seven days and twelve hours a day. Hardly two per cent. of all of them secure more than $20 a week. It is only by constant recruits by immigration from eastern and southern Europe that the labor force in the mills is maintained. Such is the protection that the tariff gives to labor in the most highly protected combination of capital in this or any other land. Yet the Payne-Aldrich tariff, which puts a prohibitory duty of 45 per cent. on building materials of steel, is not quite "liberal" enough for Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem company. There was a time, not very remote, when his testimony in behalf of the tariff would have been complacently received by a committee of congress, but that time has gone.

The Wire Trust Decision.

Judge Archabald in his wire trust decision said: "The object of criminal prosecution is to inflict such punishment as will deter others as well as the defendants from repeating their offenses." Then he proceeds to inflict fines of $1,000 each upon men who have probably made hundreds of thousands of dollars by unlawful methods!

President Taft praises Democratic senators. Well he may. His pet bill would have been defeated but for their patriotic aid.

A million wool growers are petitioning the president against any wool tariff revision at present—or any other time, for that matter. But it might be wise to recall that standpatting brought us to the present pass.

Mr. Schwab now claims that he first proposed the steel trust and Mr. Morgan appropriated it. Mr. Morgan is a great appropriator, and he knows a good thing when he sees it, from pictures in trust certificates.

Beyond Description.

Congressman Jackson of Kansas will try to have the world adopt a uniform alphabet and asks the views of all "linguists, phoneticians, philologists, lexicographers, orthoepists, transliterators, teachers of languages, oculists, neurologists, missionaries, printers, typists, linotypists, phonographers" and others. But he doesn't say a word about the views of Mr. Taft's wonderful tariff board that isn't a tariff board.

GRIP OF THE LEATHER TRUST

Apt Illustration of Manner in Which Trust Organizations Have "Worked" Congress.

Representative William E. Cox recalls that two years ago the benevolent leather trust became so solicitous about the shoe purchaser's lean purse that in his behalf it magnanimously pleaded with and lobbied in congress for free hides. Shoes, boots and even slippers were to be cheaper. The government listened and, sacrficing $2,000,000 of revenues, put hides on the free list. It develops that in doing so it only diverted into the leather trust's treasury the $2,000,000. The trust organization was not only strong enough to supplant the government as tax collector, but it has actually increased the price of its output.

This is only another illustration of that highly developed trust art of always playing the game "heads I win, tails you lose." Mr. Cox has wearied of it all. He wants shoes, boots and other finished leather goods placed on the free list. It is doubtful if he will be able to get all this at one time, but we should at least have free leather as well as free hides, and thus we shall deal with the leather trust and possibly segregate it from its closely affiliated shoe and shoe machinery trusts and also get ready to deal with them by letting down the bars to foreign manufactured finished leather goods.

The Britons have begun to develop shoe and boot making machinery that is different from that on which the shoe machinery trust has world patents, and they are beginning to get some degree of freedom. This country has always prided itself on its superior shoes, but the Britons and Germans are now closely copying our styles and, though it would be galling, it seems the time has come when we shall be justified in importing shoes. As it is, we are in an intolerable position which justifies almost anything.

Roosevelt and the Steel Deal.

Mr. Roosevelt says that when he was asked whether he would assent to the absorption of the Tennessee Coal and Iron company by the steel trust the occasion was one that demanded instant action; that timidity seeks excuses for evading responsibility and deferring action, but that whatever was to be done in this case had to be done instantly, and he did not.

No one will question the readiness of Mr. Roosevelt to assume any responsibility at any moment and to act on the instant. If he does not love responsibility he is certainly not afraid of any amount of it, and he is undeniably fond of power. He loves to act, and the bigger the occasion the more he enjoys it.

In this case all that Mr. Roosevelt knew of the financial situation in New ork was what he was told by two representatives of the steel trust, which would head off a rival and get more than $200,000,000 worth of property for about $30,000,000, and the sort of property it most needed for establishing its power over the steel industry of the country—coal and ore deposits. The evidence so far taken leaves it very doubtful whether the substitution of steel bonds for Tennessee shares stayed the panic, and not certain that it was necessary in order to save Moore & Schley. Furthermore, it is important to remember that the question Mr. Roosevelt decided was a judicial question. It was whether the proposed absorption would violate the Sherman law.

Is Protection a Failure?

A visit to New England and a visit to the closed mills and the thousands of hungry children and despairing parents might alter the opinions of those who regard upholders of the tariff as "robber barons." Manufacturers have hard work to keep body and soul together, and so are they pressed for money that they appeal to their customers for two-thirds cash advance on every parcel of goods sent to New York. These are facts which cannot be denied.

The progressive and Democratic combination in congress may, as the stand-pat editors declare, be "an unholy alliance"—to the extent that it was formed for the purpose of putting a crimp in the unholy Payne-Aldrich tariff.

A wicked clerk is reported to have stolen $50,000 from the National sugar refinery. Quite a disturbance has followed the discovery of the theft. No sugar company approves of stealing—from it.

Republican Party in Straits.

It is not the thick and thin adherents of a party that determine its strength and stability. But when intelligent members of a party dispute its creed, deny its authority and repudiate its policy, as was the case when 30 Republicans of the house voted for the Democratic cotton bill, its position becomes extremely precarious. The first strong popular current is apt to cause it to topple to its fall.

HE HADN'T BEEN SWIMMING

Technically, Little Waldo Told His Mother the Truth, for He Couldn't Swim.

These lovely days usher in the season when such conversations as the following are to be heard in every other household:

"Waldo, have you been in swimming?"

"No, ma'am."

"Waldo, I told you that the water wasn't warm enough, and you promised me that you wouldn't go. But your face is cleaner than I ever saw it. Waldo, even your ears are clean. Have you been in swimming?"

"No, ma'am."

"Waldo, your stockings are on wrong-side-out and you seem to have lost your undershirt. Your shirt clings to your body. Dear, you have never told mamma a falsehood, and it would break her heart if you were to begin now. I ask you again—have you been swimming?"

"No, ma'am!"

And the little hero always tells the truth. He may have jumped off the dock into shallow water a few times, and he may have paddled around in the breakers all the afternoon, but he hasn't been swimming. For it is common knowledge among the fellows that Waldo can't swim a stroke.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Retort Literary.

Manager—Say, you ought to know your lines in this musical comedy by this time. Why are you continually referring to the libretto?

Actor—You ought not to criticize my delivery of my part. I am speaking by the book.

Stopped Play for That Day

Horse Liked the Flavor of the Baseball and Proceeded to Make a Light Lunch.

Four urchins were playing ball on upper Park avenue, while not far off stood an ice wagon with two sleepy-looking horses attached to it. By chance the ball rolled down the gutter toward the ice wagon. It slowed up almost under the feet of one of the horses and the animal seeing an unusual object on the pavement before him, lowered his head, snuffed at it and before the youngsters could snatch it away had it between his teeth and was munching it with lazy relish, for it was stuffed with something that the ordinary baseball is not.

"Here, you, gi' me dat ball!" shouted one of the boys, tugging away at the big horse's bridle.

"Yes, drop dat ball, you!" chorused the other three. But the horse, unheeding, munched on dreamily.

"Say, mister," pleaded one of the boys, as the man in charge of the wagon appeared, "make him give us our ball, won't yer. He's eatin' it."

"Ah, gwan and git out of the way," was the response, as the man stepped into the wagon.

"He's got our ball, I tell yer!" cried the boys.

But the iceman only gathered up the reins and drove away, the horse still munching, while the four boys lined up on the curb looked after the departing wagon in silent consternation.—New York Press.

Virgin Soil Awaits Settlers.

It is claimed that there are in the northern part of British Columbia a million acres of virgin soil awaiting the advent of up-to-date fruit growers.

The German village of Remborn has a linden tree which is said to be more than 1,200 years old.

PROMINENT PEOPLE

LEISHMAN TO SUCCEED HILL

John G. A. Leishman was proposed to the German government by Washington as American ambassador, to succeed Dr. David Jayne Hill, who resigned last spring.

The United States asked whether the appointment of Mr. Leishman, who at present is American ambassador at Rome, would be acceptable to the kaiser's government, through Count Von Bernstorff, the German ambassador at Washington. Mr. Leishman's name was submitted by telegraph to Emperor William, who was touring in the grand duchy of Mecklenberg. Emperor William, immediately on receiving the proposal of Washington, telegraphed his reply to the foreign office. The action taken is almost unprecedented in promptness.

Mr. Leishman's long service as a diplomat qualifies him particularly in the eyes of the emperor, who several times has spoken of the need of an experienced ambassador for the Berlin post and to his desire that no novice be sent there. It has been stated that Major von Kiderlen Waechter, the German secretary of foreign affairs, who has a personal acquaintance with Mr. Leishman, is much pleased with his appointment. The selection also is very acceptable to German society, in which Mr. Leishman and his family have many friends. Mr. Leishman's transfer was necessarily followed by other changes in the diplomatic service.

GORDON-BENNETT CUP WINNER

Charles T. Weymann, winner of the prize cup at the Gordon-Bennett aviation race, was the sole American representative in this the principal international speed contest of the year.

Weymann was born in Haiti twenty-two years ago, and has lived practically all his life in France. He is much more at home speaking French than English. Called upon to respond to a number of flattering compliments that were showered upon him at an informal dinner after the race, the victorious American, after much hesitation, replied with the one word "Merci."

He is not a Don Quixote of the air, but has held records for speed, passenger-carrying and cross-country flights. On his wonderful overland flight from Paris, for 280 miles to Clermont-Ferrand, only dense fog prevented him from fulfilling the conditions of the Michelin prize of $20,000 for flying with a passenger from the French capitol to Puy de Dome, a mountain 4,800 feet in height, within six hours. He was the only airman to start with the ill-fated Chavez for the flight across the Alps last autumn.

Weymann is the Good Samaritan of aviation. In several of the big country flights in France he stopped by the wayside to give first aid to fledglings with crippled wings and lacerated heads. On one occasion he halted in his breathless race across the country to carry a luckless competitor in his aeroplane ambulance to the nearest town. After losing his chances in the contest, Weymann philosophically resumed his flight. Because of his surplus of good nature, Weymann is a favorite with the flyers of all nations.

The Gordon-Bennett cup was won at Rheims, in 1909, by Glenn H. Curtiss, who averaged a speed of 47 miles an hour. In 1910 the cup ws taken to England by Claude Grahame-White, who won it with a speed of 60½ miles an hour. This year, over a course of 94 miles, at Eastchurch, Isle of Sheppey, England, the cup was won back for America by Weymann, with a speed of 78 miles an hour.

COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS

Edward Bruce Moore, commissioner of patents in Washington, came prominently into the public eye the other day when the one millionth United States patent was issued.

Mr. Moore has worked his way up from the ranks. He entered the patent office as assistant examiner in 1883, and from that time served in various capacities until he was made commissioner, in June, 1907. He has spent twenty-eight years in the government service.

Edward Bruce Moore has had a wide and varied experience while serving Uncle Sam. Before he was appointed commissioner of patents he was assigned as special commissioner to the Paris exposition, in 1900. In the summer of 1908 he was appointed United States delegate to the International Conference for the Protection of Industrial Property, which was held in Stockholm, Sweden.

Later, in the fall of 1909, he acted as special commissioner of the state department to nine principal capitals of Europe on international reciprocal patent protection. Then he served as delegate to the Fourth International Conference of American States at Buenos Ayres, Argentine, in the summer of 1910, in charge of matters relating to patents, trade marks and copyrights.

GOMEZ A CUBAN MALCONTENT

Juan Gualberto Gomez is a Cuban malcontent who has been conspiring with others to have President Gomez impeached and to make a co-conspirator, Vice-President Zayas, governor of Cuba under American suzerainty. It is unlikely that he will succeed.

A little over ter years ago the United States undertook a costly war to free Cuba and when after some years of self-government the Cubans failed in the primary purposes of all governments—to secure the safety of life and property—this country was forced to intervene. When the last of our soldiers after the period of occupation left the island the statement was made on the floor of our national congress that if the United States were again called upon to intervene the American flag might never again be lowered in Cuba.

But in spite of this warning political plotting is going on in the island and, according to reports, with the object of bringing about United States intervention. Our government, however, gave assurances that it had no immediate intention of interfering in the affairs of Cuba, but the criminality of Juan Gomez is no less pronounced on that account.

The poison of political discontent and revolutionary plotting seems to pervade Latin America. Central America today is in a turmoil. Venezuela, in South America, after a respite from the years of bloody despotism under the iron rule of Castro, is facing another revolution. Mexico is in a transition stage from bloody conflict to uncertain peace.

Cuba should find a quick way of ending the pernicious activities of such malcontents as Gomez and thus save itself from internal disorders, which are prejudicial to its own interests and offensive to this country.

The Open Air.

Get out of the house whenever you are able, and if you only have a little leisure time to spend out in the open make the surroundings indoors as nearly as possible like the outdoors by keeping the air fresh and the windows open.

A Spartan.

The negro hackman had driven them over a long and dusty road. When they reached the village hotel one of the party asked the negro if they couldn't send him out a drink. "No, sah. Ah don't drink. It's agin mah principalities."

Comparison.

The woman who can make a tender chicken pie out of a tough old comeback from the dining table is much more of an artist than the one who can paint a dreary landscape or decorate a piece of china.—Exchange.

Those Truly Great.

The world never forgets those who forget themselves. The world's truly great are men enamored and in love with an idea, and not men enamored and in love with themselves.

Naturally.

Boatman—Peter an' me'll not be able to take ye out fishin' tonight, Ma'am; but Peter's nephew will be afther takin' ye av ye like. Lady—Well, I hope Peter's nephew is cleaner than Peter is? Boatman—He is, Ma'am, he's younger.—Punch.

Pretty Likely.

When a woman enters a prize contest she is likely to feel pretty sure that the winner had a pull with the judges.