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THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 5.

ENOUGH CONGRESSMEN.

If the present basis of representation in the national house of representatives is retained under the new census it will be necessary to increase the house membership from the present number, 435, to about 500. If the membership is not to be increased it will be necessary to reduce the representation of ten states by one or more congressmen each, as the new census shows that the population of several states has increased so as to entitle them to a proportionately larger representation than they now enjoy.

The states which will lose representation if the total number is not increased will doubtless be in favor of the increase, as the people of no state like to have the number of their congressmen reduced. But to keep on increasing the size of the house in order to save this annoyance will be a costly concession to local pride.

The present house is large enough for the quarters which it occupies. The chamber is crowded, and if more members are added the quarters must be enlarged. Possibly this may be necessary anyway. But what is more to the purpose is that the house is now probably large enough for effective work. The large body is always unwieldy, and the same considerations which are responsible for the device of government by representatives instead of by the direct action of the whole people requires the maintenance of the number in a representative body at a reasonable figure. As the size of such a body increases, after working proportions have been reached, the quality of its personnel is apt to deteriorate.

Probably it will not make much difference in our legislation if some sixty more members are added to the house at this time. But the habit of increasing the number of members with every census has gone about as far as it can go usefully. If we are going to end the practice we must make a start some time, and the present seems to be as good a time as any.

THERE'S A STRING TO IT.

Representatives of the department of justice who have been investigating the affairs of Ponzi, the Boston man who has been receiving deposits on the promise to return to the depositor his principal with 40 or 50 per cent profit in ninety days, have found no evidence of criminality in their investigation so far as it has been conducted. It appears that Ponzi has actually paid to some of his depositors what he agreed to pay them, and to those who, alarmed by the rumors of fraud, have demanded their money back payment has been made without hesitation. In fact, Ponzi has said that he is making money out of the run, for those who demand their money prematurely are entitled only to the principal, and Ponzi kept the profits which he claims to have made, and to which the investor would have been entitled had he permitted his funds to remain until the completion of the 90-day period. Ponzi is said to have paid out something over $3,000,000, and he declares that when all claims are met he will have several millions left.

Ponzi's appeal for funds for investment was based on his assertion that he had discovered a method of making immense profits through the manipulation of foreign exchange. Naturally, he has not passed this knowledge on to the public. He has offered to share the profits with the public if individuals would advance funds with which to conduct the speculation, and people fairly tumbled over themselves in order to hand him their money.

The fact that evidence of criminality has not been found is no indication that the business is not a fraud. Discoveries of methods to get rich quickly and without effort are always to be regarded with suspicion, the question being why, if there is such a method, some wise person has not already discovered something like it. Then suspicion always attaches to anyone who offers to give the public something for nothing. Philanthropy does not usually express itself in such a manner and on such a scale. If Mr. Ponzi knew of a way to make millions out of exchange speculations without risk the natural course would have been for him to make them for himself. The plea that he needs capital with which to operate will not serve. He could have invested what he had, reinvested his profits, and so on, and at the scale on which he claims to have been making profits he would quickly have been revelling in wealth. Then he could have kept the money or given it away as he pleased.

The man who offers the certainty of very large profits from small investments is usually either a fool or a knave, with the chances in favor of the latter.

THE INTERNATIONALE.

[illegible] much acrimonious debate, and will continue to occupy attention for some time.

But, if the most extreme assertions of the most pronounced opponents of the League of Nations are fully warranted by the facts, the League would still be much less a menace to free government and orderly development than another institution which aims frankly and openly to achieve the position of a super-government of the world. This institution is known as the Internationale, a communist organization whose representatives are now in session in Moscow.

Moscow is a long way from most of us, but the proceedings of the Third Internationale are of vital interest here as elsewhere throughout the civilized world. The aim of the organization, stated without disguise, is the destruction of every existing government—with the exception of that of Russia—by whatever revolutionary means are most likely to serve the purpose, and the substitution therefor of a socialistic or communistic form in which, it is declared, the "workers and peasants" are to be the supreme rulers of the world.

A brief news dispatch tells of a proposal submitted to the Internationale and approved by a man so influential in its councils as Lenine, the present dictator of Russia. This is for the Internationale to enter into the parliamentary campaigns of every country, and to require of all candidates for legislative positions pledges to surrender their seats at the first request of the party. Of course there is nothing new about the method. The device was employed quite generally by the Socialists in this country when A. C. Townley was one of the shining lights of the Socialist party, and, as Mr. Townley's political plans leads directly to the Internationale, with which many of his active workers are hand in glove, it is to be presumed that the extension of the principle until it becomes universal will also meet with his approval.

But how does the plain American citizen like the prospects of having his laws made by men who hold their positions only on sufferance of an international organization with headquarters in Moscow, or Constantinople, or Calcutta, an organization bossed by shrewd and ambitious men like Lenine, and in whose affairs the illiterate Russian peasant has an equal voice with the thinking and reading American citizen?

We may say that there is no possibility of such a thing coming to pass. There ought to be no possibility of it. But the Internationale numbers its adherents by millions, and many of its most active, energetic and persistent adherents are to be found in this country. These persistent workers find useful aids in those who, through indolence or timorousness, let things drift, and in others who, lacking trained intelligence, are always ready to take up the latest fad in art, literature, religion, business or politics.

DEBTS, TAXES AND EXCHANGE.

A recent statistical bulletin gives the per capita public debt of Great Britain as $848, that of France as $1,150, and that of Italy at $500. The per capita tax in the three countries is respectively $106, $99 and $37.

In the three countries the increase in wholesale prices over 1913 is placed at 224, 517 and 557 per cent respectively. The fall in exchange on New York has been, for Great Britain 22 per cent, for France 60 per cent, and for Italy 72 per cent.

As in other cases it is apparent that the credit of a nation and the state of its exchange are dependent on a multitude of facts, only a part of which find their way into statistical tables. In the cases cited we find that of the three countries considered Italy, though having the smallest debt and the smallest tax rate, has suffered most from appreciation of prices and also from the shrinkage in the purchasing power of its money abroad. France, with the largest debt and the second largest tax, has suffered price advances nearly as great as those of Italy, and exchange shrinkage three times that og Great Britain. British prices and British exchange have been least disturbed of any, although Britain has the largest tax rate.

Relatively small debt and low taxes do not necessarily indicate prosperity. On the contrary, Italy's debt and taxes are the result of straitened financial conditions. Neither in the aggregate nor in its distribution does the wealth of Italy compare with that of France or Great Britain. Italy's debt is relatively small because Italy was too poor to borrow more, and her taxation is comparatively low because the people are too poor to pay.

Indebtedness and expenditure, with nations as with individuals, must be considered in connection with resources.

JUST FOLKS
By Edgar D. Guest.

STICK FAST TO YOUR YOUTH.

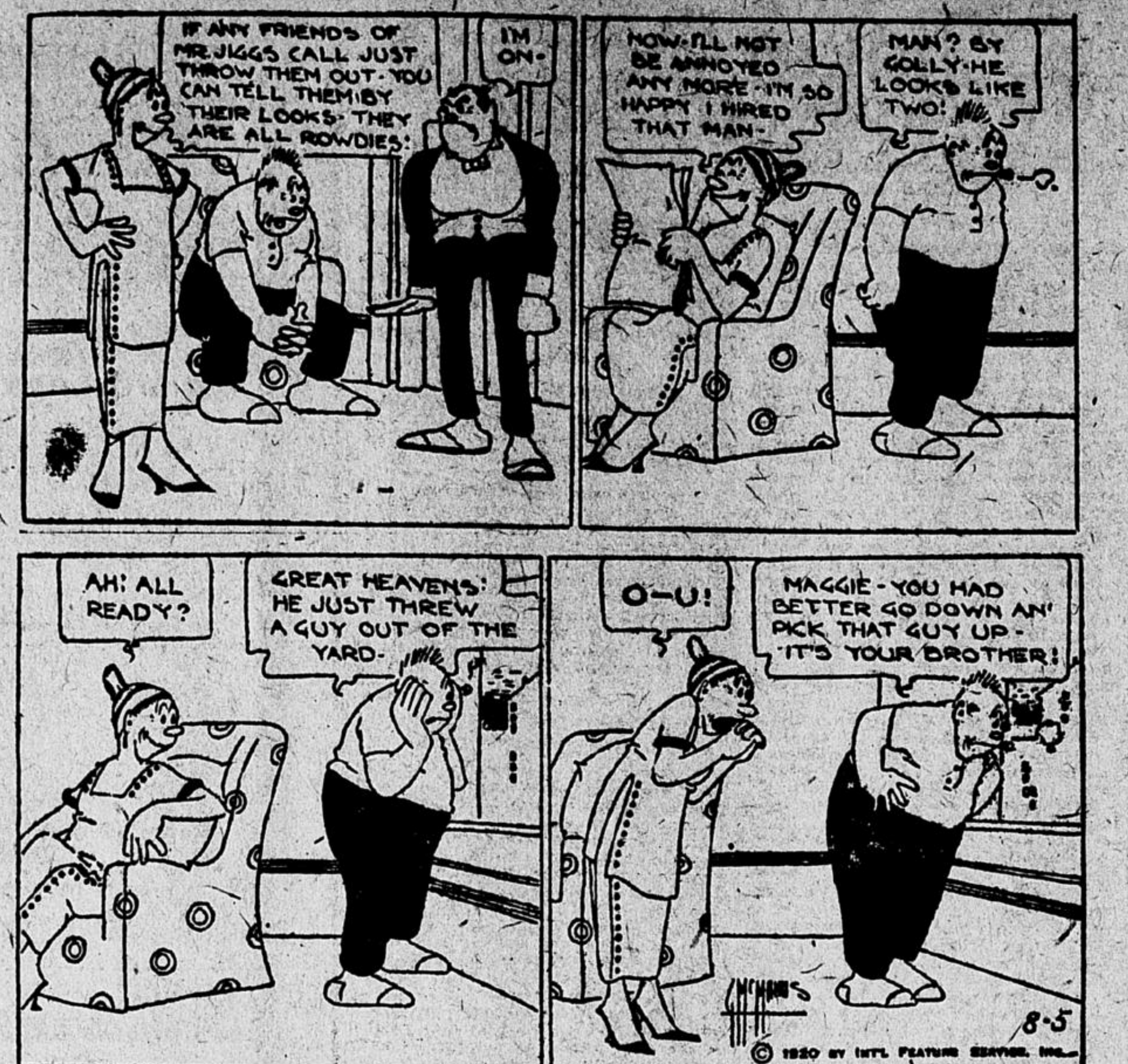
Stand fast to your faith,
Through the darkness of grief
Hold the torch of belief;
Through the long hours of care,
Thick with doubt and despair,
When the brambles and thorns
Tear your flesh, and the scorns
Of the thoughtless attack,
And men stab at your back—
Stand fast to your faith.

Stand fast to your faith.
Meet your care face to face,
Do not stoop to disgrace;
To the dangers that wait
Journey head high and straight,
And fail, if you must,
But go down to the dust
Clinging still to the truth
Which was taught in your youth—
Stand fast to your faith.

Stand fast to your faith!
'Tis your armor of might
As you dare to be right;
'Tis your strength for the blow
That is struck by your foe,
Your counsel and guide
When your soul's being tried,
The one treasure real
[illegible]
Stand fast to your faith!

Stand fast to your faith,
It shall live through the years
And sustain you through tears;
It shall teach you to smile
Though the whole world revile,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Stand fast to your faith!

BRINGING UP FATHER
By GEORGE M'MANUS



THE SPORT OF KINGS
BY ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Author of "Loot," Plunder," Etc. Etc. Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Sale Kernan, a racing trainer, who tells the story charges Classon, a wealthy horse owner with crooked collusion with track officials but unable to prove his charges he is himself barred from further racing. He decides to go to Juarez, Mexico, and takes a steamer from New York to New Orleans.

On the boat Kernan meets a Miss Leland, and wins her friendship by his kindness to a horse, erroneously supposed to have a vicious temper, which she is taking south.

The ship is wrecked off the Florida coast. The other passengers escape in the boats but Kernan stays behind to rescue the horses.

Kernan and the horse reach shore safely, although Kernan is injured. He agrees to work for Miss Leland as a trainer.

When Kernan has been busy with his new duties for some time, Miss Leland goes for a ride and fails to return on time, and it is feared that she has been attacked by an escaped convict. She is found safe, however.

She confesses to Kernan however that she has helped the runaway to escape. Shortly afterwards she decided to go north for a short time. Kernan is by this time hopelessly in love with her, but the girl's chaperone, Mrs. Clarke, is losing no opportunity to make things unpleasant for him.

Miss Leland and her party, including Carteret Dane, an admirer, return to Grantham, and at the request of Miss Leland, Kernan enters "Vivandiere" in a race, which the horse loses. Vivandere is entered in the second race, and Kernan places $800—all that he has—on her as a winner.

Vivandere is leading the race, when the jockey uses the whip on her, against Kernan's instructions, and she loses the race.

Kernan's request that the announcement of the final results of the race be withheld for a short time was refused. He believes there was crookedness at the Grantham track, and that the race officials know it.

Kernan decides to leave for Juarez, but before leaving goes to a conference with old Colonel Buckmaster, one of the judges at the track.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

He greeted me warmly. "I'm glad yoh came, Misteh Kernan, seh. It's been a hurt to me, seh, to stand by while the son of Majah Jack is handed the tarred end of the stick."

I stared at him. "Am I to take it, Colonel," I asked, "that you are aware of what's going on? Of the justice of my protest today?"

"I was theah," he answered simply. "And I know the Kernan creed, seh. If a hawss can't win on his heart, don't make him win on pain. A Kernan, seh, always ordehs the whip off his entries. Yoh are yoah fatheh's son, seh."

"Then, for God's sake, Colonel Buckmaster," I cried, "tell me why you—a Kentucky Buckmaster, are stooping to—to—"

I couldn't finish; he was a much older man than I, and he had been my father's friend. But he stood my look of amazement without a whimper, save for the one remark:

"Yoh never happened to heah, seh, that I had a daughter—born blind?"

That was enough—for me! Maybe other people will think that nothing excuses a man straying from the path of the right. I don't censure any one; my belief is that no one knows just what he'll do, given the right temptation. I won't go so far as to say that all men, or most men, can be bought. But from what I've seen a whole lot of them can be hired. The poor old colonel! Too old to get a position judging at any of the big northern tracks; too old to do any other work; with but two assets, his knowledge of horses and his good name; and really too old to utilize the first, the second had been bought from him. This track at Grantham, outside the racing association, needed a name like that of Buckmaster, to keep its reputation from smelling too badly. So they'd hired him to act as one of the judges, a man long beyond his prime. And he had a blind daughter, and—well, he stood for the crookedness of Holt and Kendrick. Blame him if you want; I suppose he should have let his daughter become dependent on charity.

"I knew there must be some good reason, Colonel," I told him.

"Thank yoh, Misteh Kernan," he said. I saw him gulp. "But I didn't ask yoh heah to justify myse'f in the eyes of the son of my good friend, Majah Jack. Theah ain't much justification. But I can't stand by and see a gentleman ruined, seh. Misteh Kernan, am I right in my belief that undeh certain conditions yoh could regain yoah license back nawth?"

"Yes," said I stiffly.

"That's because, seh, theah's neveh been any crookedness mentioned in the same breath with the name of Sale Kernan."

"Or any other Kernan," said I.

"Of co'se. But if theah was, seh? What then?"

He waited a moment for that to sink in. I said nothing.

"The name of Kernan," he went on, after a moment, "ain't without stain. Even the name of a Kernan that's served back nawth. If a Kernan should denounce the people that run this track— Well, Misteh Kernan, while this track don't belong to the big association, owners ain't penalized for runnin' theah strings heah. But if any big scandal crops out, what will happen. Ownehs that race heah, then, will be barred from the metropolitan tracks. That means racin' will stop heah. Foh the public won't play a track that's got too bad a name. The poolrooms will lose the publi's play and—Grantham will end its racin' days. Undehstand, seh?"

I was beginning to—clearly. But how all this applied to me—

"Where do I come in on this, Colonel?" I asked.

There was color on his old cheeks and shame in his voice, as he answered:

"Misteh Kernan, yoh look dange'ous to the men that run this track. Yoh've spoken yoah mind freely about things that looked off-coloh to you, befoah today. And afteh yoh left the stand this aftehnoon, Holt and Kendrick did some talking. Misteh Kernan, theah's a frame-up in the air. And they ain't afraid to let me hear them discuss it," he added, self-reproachfully.

I nodded. "So that anything I might say about the rottenness of this track would seem the squealing of a caught crook?"

"Exactly, seh. They ain't fools. They know yoh ain't weak-kneed. They know yoh wasn't finished with them when yoh left the stand today."

I laughed—bitterly. "They hold me too highly. I thank you, Colonel, for what you've told me, but—I'm leaving the state tonight."

"You're what?"

He slumped back in his rocking-chair. I was a bit surprised at his complete amazement.

"Misteh Kernan, seh, might I take the libehty of an old friend of yoah fatheh's, and ask yoh why yoh are leavin' Miss Leland?"

"I'm not leaving her particularly," I retorted. "Isn't it pretty obvious that I'd be a fool to stay?"

"But yoh ain't asked me why yoh should be the one picked on foh the goat, seh?"

"Because I'm liable to talk; isn't that it?"

The colonel brushed his hand across his lips. He poured himself a little drink, from a decanter on a table, and gulped it down.

"Yoh met Miss Leland by accident," he said. "I've heard about how yoh rescued her hawss, and about how yoh had intended to go to Juarez instead of trainin' heah. Misteh Kernan, yoh didn't give up your idea of goin' to Juarez just because Miss Leland offered yoh a job. It was because Miss Leland offehed it! I've seen yoh and I've seen her, and I've watched yoh both. I'm an old man, and I see lots, Misteh Kernan! Juarez is better than this! Yoh stayed in Florida because of Miss Leland. It's in yoah eyes—for old men like me to see. And now—are yoh goin' to quit in the stretch? Are yoh goin' to lay down an' let a houn' pass yoh and win? Yoh haven't asked me why they picked yoh! I'm tellin' yoh now. Because two birds can be killed with one stone, sometimes, that's why! The houn' behin' these schemes is the man—

"Yoh saved Miss Leland's hawss; she hiahed yoh and yoh were neah her. Maybe she showed an interest in yoh; maybe others saw that interest; maybe the houn' that wants her foh himself heard of that interest. Maybe that's the reason why! Because two birds—"

I thought of Smiler Smith and Dane. "Colonel," I said, "do you mean that Dane is behind the rottenness at this track?"

"Yoh may draw yoah own conclusions, Misteh Kernan," he said. "I—won't say what I can't prove, but—yoh have eyes; maybe yoh can use them. And yoh have eahs, too. I got yoh heah tonight to wawn yoh. I didn't get yoh heah to make yoh run away. I thought with fayeh wawnin', yoh'd fight better; but if you're goin' to run—Tom Leland was my friend, too. If I were alone in this world, I'd go to Miss Leland tomorrow—tonight! And I'd tell her what I suspect. But I'm not alone in this world. There's one dependent on me, and all I can do is hope anotheh will fight the battle I can't take up. I've told yoh all, seh, that I can. Yoh know yohse'f how yoh regard the lady whom we've mentioned. Yoh know, too, what are yoah rights and privileges. Yoh can run away and be safe. Or yoh can stay and do yoah best to keep her from the clutches of a scoundrel, seh! Maybe yoh have good reason to think yoh ain't in the runnin', seh. That has nothin' to do with it! Yoh have no right to permit a scoundrel to be in the runnin'! The Kernans are fightin' men—always have been. Yoah daddy would have risked his good name a thousand times to protect a lady from an unhappiness that she may not perceive but which you know must await her."

"But, damn it, Colonel," said I, "I'm not Cupid! If she wants another man—"

"She wouldn't want a scoundrel, seh," he snapped. "By stayin' you risk yoah good name, yoah future; yoh also have a chance of circumventin' the houn' who would dare drag yoh down that he might step up."

I sighed. "Colonel," I said, "I'd like to stay—now; I'd like to give the gang of crooks who think they can run a blazer on Sale Kernan a taste of their own medicine. But—I can't stay; I'm through; I've resigned as Miss Leland's trainer."

"Shucks!" said the colonel. "If yoh ask her to let yoh stay—Misteh Kernan, she's in the hands of thieves, and I can't help her. I don't dare help her. But yoh can; at least, yoh can try. It's yoah duty to stay and—"

A clock on some Grantham church struck the hour of nine. As its bell ceased tolling I rose to my feet.

"Well, Colonel," I said, "I'll ask Miss Leland to let me stay; I can't do more than that."

"Nor ess," he replied.

Then I left him. As I closed his door behind me a man at the end of the corridor turned toward me. I recognize Ikey Blatz; and he recognized me. He waved a hand, but I turned away from him and took the elevator at the other end of the hall. Yet, as I waited for it, Ikey came slowly down the corridor, and I could see that he was scrutinizing the number on the door of the room I'd just left. I hoped that my visit wouldn't get the old colonel in trouble. But, selfishly, I only thought of that for a moment. What I did think of was that Jerry and Colonel Buckmaster both thought that Roberta Leland—well—didn't dislike me, perhaps.

CHAPTER XIII.
I DECIDE TO STAY.

She was at the fair end of the first of the chain of drawing-rooms. Grouped about a piano there was the party with which she had dined. Simpering Miss Clarke was playing, and turning the music for her was one of Dane's friends. Mathews, the other of Dane's two chums, seemed to be enjoying a conversation with Mrs. Clarke, while Dane was seated close to Miss Leland. She seemed animated, gay, and evidently appreciative of something funny that Dane was telling her. The glow of elation left me. On the way down-stairs I'd been forecasting the future, planning the scene when Dane should be exposed and I should reap my reward. That reward seemed a long way off now, as I saw the intimacy between her and Dane again, as I'd seen it so often recently.

She saw me almost at once. I could see her excuse herself to Dane and, rising, come toward me. The smile that had crinkled her lips and the corners of her mouth disappeared. She was cold and distant as she spoke to me.

"I'll go up-stairs and get your check, Mr. Kernan," she said.

She made as though to pass me, but I stopped her with a touch on her arm.

"You—you needn't bother about it, Miss Leland," I told her. "I—I'm going to stay—if you want me to."

"I thought you never took back anything, Mr. Kernan."

"I don't—if I'm right," said I, "But when I think I'm wrong—that's different."

She looked inquiringly at me. "Then I'm to take it that you were wrong in your charge this afternoon?"

"Not at all," I said.

"Then why—"

"Wrong in leaving—the stable," I blurted, growing red. "Vivandiere was given up as hopeless. I've made a race-horse of her. Some one else might make a goat of her in no time. The horse is entitled to her chance. Without conceit I think I'm the only person who can give her that chance. I'll stay—if you want me."

"And your charges?"

"They rest—a while," I told her grimly.

"You're a very stubborn man, Mr. Kernan. You cut short a successful career up north, and now you promise to do the same thing down here."

"Who said that?" I asked quickly.

She flushed slightly. "Mr. Dane said that promiscuous charges might get you into trouble. And he says that your charges are nonsense."

"He isn't infallible," I snapped.

"And you are?"

"My jockey confessed that he was ordered to whip the mare—by some one outside our stable."

"Confessed?" she gasped. "And who—"

This was more than I'd bargained for. Until I had irrefutable proof I didn't wish to discuss the matter. "I don't know—yet," I answered. "And—and, Miss Leland, I wish you wouldn't ask me any more—now. Later on—"

She looked long at me, as though reading my heart. Then she laughed. "Detectives never wish to give away their clues, do they?"

"Call it that," I said.

She parted her lips as though to press me further; then, as though the subject was not vitally interesting, she passed over it without question, for which, in my heart, I thanked her. She glanced over her shoulder. Dane had apparently joined in the conversation of Mrs. Clarke and Mathews. Yet I, facing toward him, had noticed that his eyes, forever wandering, returned again and again to us. As the girl glanced back she saw Dane laughing at something just said and seemingly paying no attention to us. She looked at me.

"Then I won't get your check, Mr. Kernan. And—I thank you for a box of gloves."

"Gloves?" I echoed, wonderingly.

"I—didn't think you were the kind to—run away," she said. "And I—backed my judgment."

"With Mr. Dane?"

She nodded, blushing a bit. "I wagered that you'd not leave Grantham—and me."

At least, that's what I thought she said: "and me." It made my pulses leap; I felt like a colt, all legs and no head.

"You wagered a box of goves that I'd not leave you?" I asked hoarsely.

"The stable," she said. Her eyebrows lifted the least trifle, and the blush had all gone now. It was as though her eyebrows were one end of a see-saw and my heart the other. My end went down with a thump. Of course, even if she'd said "and me," she meant the stable. Funny how a woman, by just a lift of her brows or an intonation of her voice, can summon into the surrounding atmosphere, even in Florida, an unmistakable chill. Her voice became businesslike.

Continued in tomorrow Evening's Herald.

WHAT THE GERMANS LOST.

Few people know what the German brand of efficiency cost the Germans, in the vital matter of the transport of American troops in German ships supposed to be irretrievably damaged by their crews while laid up in American harbors. A former officer of the Chesapeake & Ohio, now the head of a great shipbuilding and repairing yard, in responsible for the story.

"If 400 American or British marine engineers had been told to put the machinery of their ships out of business, we know that the job would have been as thoroughly done as any German engineer could do it. Each of them would have used his own methods, irrespective of orders, which his government would not have been likely to have given. But before the war the German engineers of vessels like the Leviathan and the others we took over, had specific and detailed instructions as to the maiming of each particular piece of machinery. It was to be done in exact conformity with the orders dictated by German efficiency. The damage produced seemed not only thorough but irretrievable. But when we had guessed the riddle of one of these boats we knew exactly what to do to restore all the others. After the first boat had been repaired we knew exactly what to look for in the next. Germany gave us one problem only and we solved that. American or British engineers, with an individual efficiency far more effective than the German kind, would have given us a separate problem on every boat. This is why all the German vessels were in service against her in an apparently impossible period of time, where, if conditions had been reversed, Germany could not have made the merest half dozen of them available."—Wall Street Journal.

HOME IN A "BOTTLE."

Manchester, N. H.—One of the most novel exhibitions which has ever been devised for this vicinity is credited to Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Messier, who have established themselves in a bottle and are making their summer home on the shore of Pine Island Lake.

Discarded street cars, piano boxes, logs in the rough, railroad ties and dry goods boxes have been used to construct homes, and we have the legend of "the old woman who lived in a shoe," but Mr. and Mrs. Messier are the first to use a bottle for such a purpose.

The bottle, made of wood, stands 35 feet in height, and is 10 feet in diameter. It was constructed to advertise a widely known beverage at Pine Island park. Mr. Messier had it removed to the north shore of Pine Island Lake, where it was re-erected and a connecting addition built which is used as a kitchen and living room.

The first floor of the bottle is used as a dining room, and the second and third floors, each nine feet posted, are sleeping rooms, which are reached by use of "slip" ladders.

All of the rooms are comfortably furnished and the "bottle" has electric lights, telephone service and all the accessories of a comfortable summer camp.

Entrance to the "bottle" is from a door cut through on the north side.

Somebody Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life
By BRIGGS