Melting Pot Boiling Over

Photos ©by Underwood & Underwood

ONE of the most interesting and most vital spots on the American continent today is Ellis island. Aliens from Europe are pouring into the country at the rate of 900,000 a year, and the problem of assimilation has become more pressing than ever before. The tide of immigration is rapidly mounting to pre-war levels, and for months Ellis island, the great gateway, has been choked. Ships have been forced to tie up for days before discharging their steerage passengers, and on the island it is not unusual for as many as 3,000 immigrants to be detained for the night in sleeping quarters designed for the accommodation of half as many. Floors, benches and chairs are filled with the overflow from the dormitories, and hundreds sleep on their feet.

The melting pot is boiling over, and the congestion will increase with each passing month. Steamship men say their accommodations are booked for a full year ahead. Poles and Italians especially are coming in swarms, and it is certain that as soon as the way is clear for them, Germans will enter America in vast numbers.

That the problem of assimilation may be a little less difficult to solve, despite its magnitude, is indicated by the fact that so many of the younger generation are now on the manifests of the incoming vessels, writes John Walker Harrington in the New York Herald. The death of so many fathers in the war has caused hundreds of thousands of families on the other side to try a hazard of new fortunes in the Land of Promise. Many widows, some of them with two or three children, are reaching the country by means of money sent to them by friends and relatives. To the children the New World comes with a rush of experiences. To them, until they are passed upon, it seems one of green sward and of blue sea, of changing skies and of passing ships. Under other regimes the detained immigrants were kept penned like dumb driven cattle, and to them the United States meant for many hours wire cages and dark walls. It is all different now, for the present commissioner of immigration, Frederick A. Wallis, has set a new precedent by using the acres of unused grass plots on Ellis island as a recreation place for the immigrants. The children are in their element there. The place rings with happy laughter and echoes the fall of romping feet. Alert, healthy and strong are these Americans to be, and some of them, too, are more than aliens.

Young Are in a Majority.

"Je suis American," said Petit Jean, the other day.

He had come with his brother, a maker of bead bags, to see what the new country had in store. At six he has the vision of his adopted land. His father, a cavalryman, was killed in the war and as his mother had no other ties except those on the western shore of the Atlantic they had come hither to bring up Jean as a citizen of this republic.

At an impressionable age, the children, who are temporarily detained on the island, our largest entrepot for the new citizenry, are learning through concerts and addresses, and through music, many valuable lessons of life. A very large number of them are at school age or a little less, and they are coming here at a time when they are best fitted to absorb the traditions and the history of the country to which fate has brought them.

The disruption of families caused by deaths in the war abroad has at the same time brought to this country immigrants who are mainly younger than the average, as far as may be observed off hand. A detailed study of statistics along this line has not been made, but the general impression is given, after seeing shipload after shipload of the future Americans, that there is a preponderance not only of young women, especially of young mothers, in the newly arrived of the gentler sex, but that the men who are landing here in quest of fortune are more youthful and more alert in appearance than the immigrants of previous years. Rarely one sees the bent and decrepit who have come over with sons and daughters to begin their lives anew in the changed world.

More Permanent Class Arrives.

The presence of so many families, although often bereft of fathers, indicates a more permanent class than usual. There are not so many unattached male immigrants—Italians, Austrians and the like—who in former years sought the United States only to avail themselves of high wages and to return with their savings to their original environment. Up to the first of July there had arrived at American ports 247,625 men and boys, and 182,376 women and children, which is somewhat in excess on the feminine side. In January the two genders were about equally divided and in the succeeding months the males gradually increased in numbers.

Of this grand total, 430,001, it is noted that 173,133 are set down as having no occupation, this classification including women and children. The hopes of those who are looking for cooks and parlor maids and experts in all lines of domestic service are likely to be unfulfilled for a time at least, as only 37,197 servants have come and 5,802 have gone away from New York. Among the immigrants who arrived up to July 1 of this year, 12,442 had professional occupations, the largest class, that of teachers, being represented by 2,122 individuals.

Among the trades and skilled occupations, clerks and accountants lead with 12,681, and carpenters and joiners number 5,742, while there is a good respresentation of masons and stone cutters. Among the so-called miscellaneous occupations are found 81,732, which however, is not nearly as promising a figure as it seems, as during the same period 183,820 laborers left the country. There have been admitted 15,257 farm laborers, as compared with 2,754 who have emigrated. The country has gained 12,192 farmers in the same period and lost 11,262 through emigration.

Where They Are Going.

Just how far the industrial situation in the United States will be benefited by the new arrivals may be gleaned from a table showing the intended future residence of aliens up to July 1. It may be safely assumed that they actually go to the points indicated. The inducement of high factory wages has kept the majority of them near the Atlantic seaboard. Thus New York state has received 106,630, Massachusetts 41,594, Connecticut 13,212 and Pennsylvania 27,837. Some of the middle western states, such as Ohio, Illinois and Michigan, have gained large quotas, and in California a gain of 32,502 is reported. With the exception of Texas, where the oil boom and other causes have brought an influx of population, including 38,115 aliens this year up to July 1, the South has not fared so well. Many rich agricultural areas in the middle of the country or beyond the Mississippi have been neglected. The trend is still toward the huge manufacturing cities, and the much vexed problem of unequal distribution continues, as shown by the official returns.

There is much promise of better conditions, however, in the division of distribution, established by Commissioner Wallis, and placed by him in charge of P. A. Donohue, a veteran investigator of the department of labor. It is the function of this bureau to see to it that the immigrants know about the opportunities for employment which are open to them in the less congested areas of the country.

The recently completed census of the United States has shown stronger than ever before the trend toward the municipalities. Not only does the new comer seek the city where he may find his kith and kin, and submerge himself in a colony, but there is also a drift of the native born American from the rural to the urban communities.

Wallis' Anti-Segregation Plans.

"Immigration," said Commissioner Wallis, "has played a greater part than it should in this undesirable segregation. This has been largely due to the fact that the immigrant when he arrives here often has very little idea of the extent of the country, and of the many opportunities which are before him, if he will consider them. For this reason, we are making clear to immigrants while they are on the island that they have the whole United States before them. We are arranging for popular talks in various languages in which the diversified nature of the country will be explained. There are to be moving picture shows devoted to views of different states, especially those which have large agricultural regions which need development.

"Now that this movement is under way and we have at least a skeleton organization to carry it out, we have received offers of co-operation from all over the country. We are now in touch with chambers of commerce, with boards of trade, with employment committees of the state, so that we may know the needs which confront all these localities. For instance, I receive a letter or telegram from some company in Ohio telling of the need for soft coal miners there, or again a certain section of Pennsylvania has a dearth of farmers. As this phase of our work is being extended we hope to have a classified record of all the wants of the various sections of the country. If there is a strong demand for miners we will be able to know it at once and place the representatives of the mining companies in direct touch with men who are accustomed to that kind of work or who have the physique and the skill to be trained into it.

"Although efforts have been made by individuals and societies to solve this problem of distribution, there is a clause of the immigration law, I find, which will permit the immigration officials to assist in the work of distribution on a far larger scale than has ever been attempted in the United States. Men of large vision have recognized the great need of this work and have even supported it, but the time has come to take up this matter on a large national scale.

"In years past the immigrant on his arrival here has gone largely where he happened to drift, and there have been flagrant cases where his confidence has been abused. He has been overcharged and even robbed, and often he is exploited for the selfish gain of those who should be drawn to him by ties of race. We see to it that immigrant does not leave this island until we are satisfied that he will not become a public charge or get a wrong start through his ignorance of the ways of this country. The immigrants who arrive here are held until we have satisfied ourselves that they will be settled in some community where they will have the advice and assistance of relatives and friends. We have also the co-operation of various organizations, such as the Y. M. C. A., who give us volunteer aids, whose task it is to see that the immigrants get to their destinations, and are so fairly treated that they will get a fair chance to start in life anew in their strange environments."

Well Provided With Money.

A phase of the immigration of the present is that, on the whole, the newly come have far more money than did the aliens who reached here before the war.

Commissioner Wallis declared that an average of $100 apiece is about the amount with which an immigrant now reaches this country.

"Taken all in all," he continued, "he might be considered almost wealthy compared with those who came here many years ago, and yet we do not accept the mere possession of cash as any sign that a man will not become a public charge. We would rather take the risk with a man with $10 if he has a good trade and a job waiting for him, and has friends in this country, than we would a man who may have several thousands of dollars and yet seem to have no ability and no initiative."

One of the veteran inspectors remarked sadly and reminiscently that there are now no "types" coming over the water. A glance at the long lines in the station on Ellis island bears out this observation. There are comparatively few of the picturesque native costumes to be seen—the short trousers, the flowing robes, the elaborately embroidered jackets and the corded bodices of peasant garb. Most of the immigrants are in garments which have almost an American look.

The women especially have followed the prevailing French modes with the short skirts and the low cut collars, such as are seen in our Fifth avenue.

Another broadening effect of the war may be observed in the greater spirit of fraternity and courtesy which now pervades Ellis island, for the newcomers do not seem so strange and outlandish, and like creatures of another world, as they have in other decades. The present commissioner, on his coming to the station, saw to it that a new attitude in this respect was introduced, for the days of brief authority vaunted at the expense of the ordinary amenities of life have passed. The new order of things provides that the immigrant shall be welcomed as a man and a brother, and the whole tone of the station has been altered to conform with that ideal. Hence the new regime meets the requirements of this present age, and welcomes those who are admitted at the harbor gate, not as aliens, but as new Americans.

Bank Saved by Telegraph

Reputation for Correctness of the Bank of England Maintained by Clerk's Suggestion.

In the days when the electric telegraph was a new idea, and consequently a mystery to the masses, there was trouble one evening in the Bank of England. The business for the day had closed and the balance was not correct, there being a deficit of a hundred pounds sterling. It was not the money but the error that must be found, and for the officers and clerks there could be no sleep until the mystery was cleared.

The following morning a clerk suggested that the error might have occurred in packing for shipment to the West Indies some boxes of specie that had been sent to Southampton to be placed on the vessel Mercator. The clerk's suggestion was acted upon. Here was an opportunity to test the powers of the telegraph—lightning versus steam, with steam having forty-eight hours' start. Very soon the telegraph asked a man in Southampton: "Has Mercator sailed?"

"Just weighing in," came the reply.

"Stop her in the Queen's name," flashed back the telegraph. "She is stopped," was the response.

"Have on deck certain boxes (marks given), weigh them carefully and telegraph result," was the next message from the bank.

These instructions were obeyed, and one box was found to be something like a pound ten ounces heavier than the others—just the weight of the missing sovereigns.

"All right. Let the ship go," was the last message. The West Indies house and the Bank of England relapsed into its customary routine.—New York Sun-Herald.

The Last Straw.

"I wish now," said the lecturer, "to tax your memory." A wail in the audience: "Has it come to that?"

The Idea.

"Can you get me a new rubber coat in addition to the rest?" "I guess I could stretch a point for it."

The Well.

The Old Oaken Bucket—If this place was drained and stocked, it would make a fine cellar.

Both Sanctuary and Study

Island Home of Robert Louis Stevenson Reflected the Life and Character of Its Builder.

The prince of Wales visited Vailima, the home of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, on his way home from Australia. The novelist was very proud of this house, and the story of its building reads like a romance. Situated some three miles inland from Apia, the chief town of the island of Upolu, of the Samoan group, it stands in a clearing of about three hundred acres. "My house is a great place," he wrote. "We have a hall 50 feet long, with a great redwood stair ascending from it, where we dine in state." In this hall stood some of the furniture of his old home in Edinburgh, a portrait of his father hung there, and the arm chair of his grandfather, the builder of Skerryvore lighthouse, rested on mats made by Tongan warriors. From his study, "a room in the most inaccessible part of the house," he could see from his bed the sunrise every day, a privilege which he "valued as a tonic, a perpetual tuning fork, a look of God's face once in the day."

The only food tax imposed in the Isle of Man is 8 cents a pound on tea.

The DARK MIRROR

by

Louis Joseph Vance

Author of "The False Faces," "The Lone Wolf," Etc.

Illustrated by

Irwin Myers

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PRISCILLA.

Synopsis.—Vaguely conscious of a double personality, but without any idea of its meaning, the girl, Leonora, makes her accustomed way into the Street of Strange Faces. Thoroughly at home in the underworld of New York, Leonora takes her course to her appointed rendezvous. Mario joins her. Greatly in love and seeing the fine qualities which the girl really possesses, Mario seeks to turn her from the path of inevitable destruction. She promises to marry him, but quickly leaves him. At Ristori's cafe, gathering place of criminals, Leonora meets her partner, "Red" Carnehan, and his associates, and is accused of betraying a fellow criminal to the police. She savagely defends herself. One of the gang says he has seen her on Fifth avenue, all dressed up.

IV. RISTORI'S—Continued.

—3—

"Better tell 'em, kid," Red counseled uneasily. "You got to come clean—"

"Like h—l I have!" Once more the flames of rage leapt high. "I don't owe this gang anything, much less an account of everything I do. The shoe's on the other foot. You all know me, you all know I'm on the level. Most of you'd be up the river today if it wasn't for me—and you know that, too. How far do you think you'd get if my brains didn't work for you, tell you what to do and how to get away with it without the bulls tumbling? Who planned the raid on Einstein's hock shop? Did any of you get pinched for that? Who figured out how to get those bonds away from the Chemical Trust's messenger? Was anybody lagged for that? . . . And because I take the trouble not to lead a coupla guns right up to you tonight—and because the Nut saw somebody that looked like me all dolled up on Fifth avenue yesterday—or thinks he did—"

"It was you, all right," Harry affirmed coolly.

Their glances met and clashed, the girl's hot with challenge and resentment, the man's cold with malice. For the first time she recognized in this creature an enemy. Then her super-excited intelligence, grappling with the problem of how to confute his implicit accusation, experienced a flash of memory followed by a lightninglike stroke of intuition.

"If you want to know who squealed," she suggested deliberately, "why don't you give Harry the office? Ask him what he does with all his time, where he gets the coin for all his swell clothes, who he talks to when he's bulging up to the bars of the big hotels. Ask him why the cops always look the other way when they see him coming, why he ain't never pinched—"

With an oath Harry thrust back his chair, which overturned with a crash, and jumped up, guilt stamped upon his countenance of sudden pallor, glinting fearfully in his furtive little eyes. But in the same instant the door—left negligently unlocked after the entrance of Leonora—was hastily opened and slammed. The first to identify the man who had slipped in and now stood fumbling with the key, English Addie cried out in shrill dismay: "Leo!" The company turned simultaneously and with confused cries and questions got to its feet.

Slight and under normal height, panting, sweating, haggard, his face livid, eyes terrified, hatless, and with clothing disheveled, Leo Bielinsky, alias Leo the Blood, sank back against the door, one hand pressed to his side just below his laboring heart. The other, holding an automatic pistol, described a gesture of supplication. Red snapped over-shoulder a profane demand for silence. Leo's broken phrases became audible.

". . . Croaked a bull down the street . . . coming out of Bennie's place, Corbin and Ennis tried to jump me . . . Corbin got it." He gesticulated meaningly with the pistol. "Ennis took after me . . . Looks like a frame-up . . . cops everywhere I turned . . ."

Red demanded furiously: "What in h—l'd you come here for?"

"No place else to go . . . cornered, I tell you . . . Listen!" The Russian held up a hand and, bending an ear to the door, heard sounds below inaudible to the others. "There they come now! For God's sake, get me out of this!"

"Fire escape," Red indicated with a jerk of his head. Somebody thrust open the shutters of one window. The murderer pulled himself together, reeled across the room, and lurched out upon an iron platform grating. Immediately he disappeared.

Now the rumor was loud in the hall below, the shrill protestations of the waiters rising above yet dominated by the deeper voices of the police. After brief but violent altercation, heavy feet came pounding up the stairs. Then panic fastened upon the wits of all those in the private dining room and stampeded them toward the fire escape. Primitively in their fright men fought with women for first place at the window. Stifled screams of pain and anger mingled with muttered blasphemies; but the noise of milling feet alone would have been enough to betray them. Not more than two had managed to fight out to the iron platform before the police were clamoring and hammering at the door. Leonora, thrust brutally to one side, saw the futility of trying to escape before the maddened men, and, resigned, stood clear of the crush, watching the panels of the door tremble under a storm of kicks and blows.

Fear was absent from her temper, but she was shaken by impotent exasperation and sad with regrets. This meant an end to everything, not alone to these associations which barely an hour since she herself had planned to forsake, but to all her hope of happiness with Mario. For she had not the remotest doubt but that she, with at least a majority of the others, would be arrested, jailed and, on the evidence of complicity in past exploits which the police spy, Harry the Nut, would be able to lay before the district attorney, sentenced to a term of years in one or another of the state penitentiaries.

And long before she had served out her term Mario would forget her; or, even if he did not, would never, never by any chance, make a woman with a criminal record his wife.

And this was what came of indulging her keen delight in excitement and adventure.

If only she had listened to Mario in time . . .

Seconds dragged like minutes, and the door still held. She began to catch at straws of hope: only three now remained in the room, Charlie the Coko—already with one foot across the sill, whimpering and mouthing curses because of inability to crowd into the press upon the fire escape—Red, and herself.

The hammering on the door stopped. She wondered why. Charlie contrived to jam his terror-racked body out through the window. Red caught Leonora by a shoulder, roughly enough if in a rare impulse of chivalry, and tried to thrust her out after Charlie. But the crush on the platform was still too dense. She heard a dull crash and, swinging round, saw the door, its lock shattered by the impact of a brawny shoulder, slam back against the wall. The policeman who had broken it in stumbled and sprawled full length upon the floor. The plainclothes man, Ennis, leaped in over his prostrate body. Her ears were deafened with Red's profane instructions to get herself out through the window without more delay. She made a vain attempt to obey, and had half succeeded when a rattle of shots sounded and looking back, she saw the man Ennis pitch forward on his knees, then fall prone. The policeman, scrambling up pistol in hand, received the balance of the clip in Red's automatic, and sank slowly down upon his side.

Screaming with horror, the girl fell back from the window. Red shouldered past her, climbed out, turned and caught her by the arm and dragged her after him, still screaming like a madwoman. She tripped, her head struck heavily against the bottom of the window sash, and the lights dimmed weirdly and burned out, leaving only darkness impenetrable, and a strange hush pierced by thin echoes of eldritch shrieks . . .

CHAPTER TWO

The Antagonists.

I. PRISCILLA.

Rousing on an elbow, Priscilla Maine found herself awake, with a racing heart, a throat swollen with a strangled cry of horror, and a mind through whose painted murk the reflection of a woman's screams ran like a thread of purple light.

Yet here was only darkness, with silence absolute . . .

With a low gasp of relief that was half a sob of fright as well, she sprang up from the divan, stumbled to the wall, and after a moment's groping flooded the studio with milky radiance from an inverted dome. And in a passion of gratitude she embraced the reassurance inherent in the atmosphere of that richly furnished, spacious and silent studio, her father's workshop till his death and ever since her own.

It was true, then: she was safely restored to her own intimate environment, where nothing resembled even remotely that frowsy room where murders had been done. She had merely dreamed a dream, one more of those amazingly real dreams which she had learned to accept without protest as phenomena of slumber unavoidable, singularly harmless, and on the whole rather amusing.

So at least they seemed till this night when, for the first time, stark tragedy had stalked unbidden and unheralded, rending with ruthless hands the flimsy texture of illusion and rendering the dream more fact to her than this awakening, more true, and so much the more terrible.

Pressing palms to temples that throbbed and burned intolerably with their content of thoughts acrawl with fright and horror, she made her way to the bathroom and bathed her face with cold water, then with cologne till, in the sensory reaction of stimulated flesh and nerves, she began to feel measurably more calm and self-possessed, more Priscilla Maine than "Leonora" . . .

A twittering telephone recalled her to the studio. Receiver to ear, she said, "Yes? Who is it?" and heard the agitated cries of the elderly kinswoman whom she called aunt and with whom she had her home.

"Priscilla! Where have you been all evening? I've been half frantic . . . Why didn't you let me know?"

"I haven't been anywhere, dear—only asleep, here in the studio. Please don't be cross, Aunt Esther; I didn't go to do it, honest I didn't! Mrs. Morey left in the middle of the afternoon—she had a tea on, or something—and about half after five I stopped painting and thought I'd lie down and rest a little before coming home."

"Do hurry. I'll send Arthur with the car at once."

"Please."

She donned hat and cloak before a mirror in whose insusceptible depths she saw, set in her own hat and individual coiffure, the face of the girl whom in her dreams she knew as Leonora; and yet it was likewise the face of Priscilla Maine. Vainly with importunate eyes she questioned that counterfeit of two countenances. How could this thing be? Was she one woman waking and another when she slept? Was there in her a dual personality such as reading had taught her to accept as a psychological possibility? Did two natures struggle within her, one prevailing in her hours of slumber, and not always even then?

That train of speculation she was afraid to pursue too far . . .

II. THE PORTRAIT

Beside the mirror, a long pier glass, stood a heavy studio easel holding a full-length canvas, an unfinished portrait of herself in the Zingara dress she had once worn at a costume dance. Begun long ago, on a day when a model failed her, and carried out inconsecutively, "when she felt in the mood," the painting now neared completion; a little more work on draperies and background and it would be ready for exhibition. Inspecting it critically, with fault-finding eyes, she saw that her work was good, almost as good as her father's. The figure on the canvas lived; its striking pose was instinct with almost insolent vitality; the face was aglow with zest in life, the eyes seemed transiently arrested in an instant of gay impudence altogether charming.

Her troubled gaze turned back to the mirror's faithful presentment of a slender, modishly gowned young worldling, the finished product of a fashionable upbringing, a little proud, reserved, thoughtful, exquisite . . . Priscilla Maine.

But the girl on the canvas was Leonora. And in her self both lived. But which was which? Which false, which true? Was the life she knew, the life of Park avenue and Fifth, of teas, dinners, theaters, dances—relieved only by these days in the studio, her happiest, when she was painting—was this life reality or illusion? And that dream life of which she caught only fugitive glimpses, fascinating, tantalizing, terrible, and related to nothing within the scope of her experience—was the dream life perhaps the life of fact?

She shook a head baffled, bewildered and faint with wondering.

The doorbell interrupted. She answered, finding as she had expected that the chauffeur was waiting to escort her to the town car which he was obliged to leave at the mouth of the alley. She was glad of his company, when she had put out the lights and locked the studio door, for the alley was indifferently illuminated and seemed rather grimly desolate at that hour. She knew a moment of sympathy with Aunt Esther's distrustful animosity toward "that dreadful studio life."

If Aunt Esther only guessed how infinitely more dreadful that other life which Priscilla knew in dreams . . .

But no one guessed. Instinctive reticence, jealousy of her privacy, reluctance to be thought different, and fear of having her sanity questioned as she herself too often questioned it, had guarded the girl's secret and kept it inviolate.

She had long since made up her mind she must never marry while this dream life continued to exert its occult influence upon her. To risk transmitting to her children a mental taint or lesion was unthinkable.

Now of a sudden she remembered the man Mario (or was he merely a shadow?) and in a poignant turn of reminiscence recalled his luminous and compelling eyes, the potent magnetism of his presence, and felt anew the pressure of his lips on hers.

On hers? Or Leonora's?

She cringed low in the corner of the seat, as if fearful lest curious eyes detect the waves of color that burned her cheeks. For in the memory of that kiss she found a sweetness ineffably precious. And in the knowledge that his love was dedicated to that other Self, Priscilla suffered the first bitter pangs of that torment which spares not body, mind or soul, and which is jealousy.

But how should she be jealous of Leonora, if Leonora were herself?

Was it to be her fate to love one shape of dream and hate another?

III. PHILIP FOSDICK.

About three in the morning, finding she could not sleep, she slipped into a dressing gown, and went to her desk, where for two hours she wrote steadily, setting forth in minute detail, as memory served, every item, incident and circumstance of her dream. Thus she found temporary distraction and ease of mind. Unaware of weariness till she had written the last word, immediately that was penned she found herself heavy with drowsiness so urgent it would hardly wait for her head to find its pillow.

Toward noon she awoke and rang for her maid. A pleasant languor tempted to indolence. She adored breakfasting in bed, and did so today with a relish somehow sharpened by a mischievous sense of playing truant, of cheating life's inordinate demands.

Recollection of the dream recurred tardily and sluggishly, like the images that reluctantly take shape on an underexposed photographic film, and when sharpest and most definite seemed pale and unimportant in that warm flood of sunlight which bathed her bed chamber, as little worthy of consideration as a wraith of nightmare. But it served to pique her curiosity and, when she had bathed, she took back to bed what she had written in the night and read it with care and, toward the close, something like resuscitation of those emotions which she had known during the dream itself as well as after waking up. In the end she was aware of an imperative need for enlightenment. The thing had grown too serious, was figuring too largely in her life; if its influence was not to prove altogether ill, she must have comprehension of its nature to give her heart courage.

In all the world she knew but one person in whom she could conceive it possible to repose such confidences . . .

She took the telephone from the bedside stand.

Merely to hear that low-pitched, agreeable voice with its ineradicable tinge of humor was comforting. Her clouded countenance was lighted up by a smile of gratitude—and of affection, too.

"Philip, dear! Do you know I haven't seen you for ages?"

"That's brazen blague, Priscilla. It's your own fault; you will insist on drenching the springtime of your life with turpentine and varnish, overlooking the most important things entirely."

"What do you consider the most important thing in life? Yourself?"

"No; you. And next to you, letting me make love to you."

"Philip, I have dreams. The strangest dreams."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Unique Moccasins.

Braves of the Passamaquoddy Indians at the Pleasant Point (Me.) reservation do a thriving business among summer visitors by the sale of moccasins made from the feet of seals. Seals are prolific in Passamaquoddy bay. The Indians kill many of them each year. The hides are tanned and used for various purposes and the feet are worked up into footwear both for their own use and for commerce. The fact that there is always a claw, or nail, left for each of the five toes makes these articles of footwear unique and gives them an appeal to the tourists who visit the reservation.

OH, DEAR! MY BACK!

Merciful Heavens, how my back hurts in the morning!" It's all due to an over-abundance of that poison called uric acid. The kidneys are not able to get rid of it. Such conditions you can readily overcome, and prolong life by taking "Anuric" (anti-uric-acid). This can be obtained at almost any drug store, in tablet form.

When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism or gout; or sleep is disturbed two or three times a night, get Dr. Pierce's Anuric, it will put new life into your kidneys and your entire system. Send Dr. Pierce's Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., ten cents for trial package.

ELKHART, IND.—"When I started to take Anuric the kidney excretion was thick and cloudy, sometimes I was disturbed fifteen times in one night. I am advanced in years and quite timid about taking advertised remedies, but I felt perfectly safe in taking Anuric because I had been so greatly helped by Dr. Pierce's other remedies. I took one package and my rest at night is unbroken, and consequently my general health is greatly improved."—MRS. S. J. ANDERSON, No. 700 Marion Street.

A Warning Word.

"A girl in a bathing suit is dangerous. A widow is irresistible."

The speaker was Guy Oyster, Samuel Gompers' clever secretary. He was addressing a plumbers' union.

"A word to you young plumbers," he went on. "On your vacations, whether you go to Atlantic City or Newport, Ocean Grove or Narragansett, treat a widow as you treat a window, and when you get near her look out."

Dr. Peery's "Dead Shot" has enjoyed popular approval for 75 years. Manufactured only by Wright's Indian Vegetable Pill Co., 372 Pearl St., New York City.—Adv.

Felt Himself Wanting.

"I've often been struck by the extreme hauteur of saleladies. Don't you suppose merchants suffer from it?"

"I know one who does. He tells me he feels like sneaking in the rear door of his establishment because he suspects that his personal appearance does not meet with the approval of his clerks at the front door."

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