AN INDEPENDENT DAILY NEWSPAPER
DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE, THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIVE UNOPPOSED.
H. D. Slater, Editor-in-Chief and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 15 Years; G. A. Martin is News Editor.

EL PASO HERALD
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Ashes To Ashes

ONE IMPORTANT factor in the high cost of living is the high cost of dying. There is nothing in all the list of necessaries of an ordinary family that commonly costs so much in excess of its fair and honest worth, as a funeral.

With death in the house, nobody likes to haggle over the price of coffins and shrouds, the rent of hacks or the services of an undertaker. Most people pay the undertaker's bill with a gasp, and a deep feeling of resentment against extortion, but with a sort of shamed sense of dishonoring the dead by even thinking of dollars at such a moment. Resistance or refusal is almost unheard of, and most people would consider themselves to be eternally disgraced if sued in the courts for an outrageous bill from an undertaker for the funeral of some loved one.

The first charge on even the most meager estate, under the laws of nearly all the states, is the funeral bill. The undertaker's bill must be met even if nobody else gets what is due. If a man died leaving $50 of savings and no other means, that money would go to the undertaker in most states; in a few states it would be divided with the "administrator" of the estate if the court appointed one; but in only one state out of the 48 (Georgia) would the man's family have any claim on the $50. Louisiana even puts "legal expenses" second, next to funeral expenses, under the law of preference of claims, so that what the undertaker doesn't get out of a small estate the lawyers may seize. Some states put taxes near the top of the list. Only four states (Illinois, Maine, Ohio, and Texas) give the family the second place, after funeral expenses.

It is the practice of many undertakers to charge all they think the family will pay under the conditions of grief, distress, and nervous upset generally attending a death in the family. The law protects them in this to the fullest extent. Few if any states set any limit to the charge of the undertaker. In too many cases every advantage is taken of the stress under which the family is laboring, and the charge is made very much higher than the family has a right to spend.

And undertaker's charges as a general thing bear little relation to the real value or cost of the articles supplied, or to the real value of professional service. Prices quoted on funeral supplies are often fictitious, carrying wholly unreasonable profits; some things that are rented for a few hours use are charged for at more than their total actual value; even the rates for hacks and hearses are often far in advance of ordinary commercial rates for livery service. Many men in the business proceed on the principle that people will not dare to face criticism by resisting funeral bills, and they charge accordingly.

But while many a poor family is crippled financially from this cause, it is also true that there is no time in life when foolish pride asserts itself as it does in connection with a funeral.. People who were content in life to sit on empty crates and sleep on cheap cots are buried in mahogany, silver, satin, and plush, because of the pride of those that are left behind. Some folks measure the social importance of the family of the dead by the length of the funeral parade, the number of carriages. There must be every accessory of a swell funeral, no matter if the money for the next three meals is not in sight.

The undertaking business is one that demands public regulation a good deal more than a lot of things the legislatures are taking a whack at. There should be some such scale of maximum prices as municipal governments establish for hack and auto livery service, to protect the public against extortion. Public administrators should see that families do not spend so much on funerals as to cause want and deprivation to the living.

Furthermore, it is the duty of municipalities to make it possible for any person to bury his dead without cost, if such be the desire or the necessity. The "potters' field", it may be said, is open to all. But that has been a term of opprobrium, of disgrace and degradation, in all ages. This ought not to be. There should be public crematories and burying grounds open to all, with no cost or nominal cost attaching for disposing of the dead, and without the stigma of the "potters' field."

The disposal of the dead is, in fact, a public function, a sanitary measure of highest importance, and ought to be subject to strict public regulation, with provision for relieving the poor of all cost, and for relieving the entire public from extortion.

For every person now living, there are 1000 human beings dead, returned or returning to dust. And 30,000,000 are dying every year. This is the purely sanitary problem—to dispose of this army of the dead, economically and safely.

The real solution of the problem, both economic and sanitary, is cremation. There ought to be public crematories everywhere, with purely nominal fees for cremation.

Religious scruples and general prejudice have prevented the spread of the idea of cremating the dead. Cremation under modern usage dates back half a century. But in Europe, where much public encouragement has been given, there are today only 80 crematories, 30 of which are in Italy, and 22 in Germany. In Europe about 13,000 bodies are cremated annually, out of 8,000,000 deaths—about 1 in 600. In the United States there are about 1000 cremations annually, out of 1,400,000 deaths—about 1 in 1400. So it is plain that the idea is not taking hold very fast.

But in a few thousand years more, human beings will come to the conclusion that the present method of burying the dead at huge expense in the soil, after chemical treatment to prevent dissolution as long as possible, is a very crude method of fulfilling nature's law of rhythm.

The Public Is Indifferent

PRESIDENT WILSON is right when he says the country is not aroused over Mexico. The country does not know there is anything to Mexico except a name on the map and an occasional dateline in a newspaper. The country does not know and does not care to know. But the heads of government are expected to keep better informed in matters of foreign relations than the average citizen.

Illustrating the truth of president Wilson's declaration, may be cited the latest issue of the Review of Reviews, which, in some hundreds of pages, among more than 60 articles, devotes one scant paragraph to "The troubles of Mexico"—only a fraction as much as is devoted to the disturbance in the Balkans.

There exists in the United States an organization of some thousands of representative citizens, men in all professions and businesses, whose particular purpose it is to take a referendum each year among the members to determine what topic of general interest is deemed most important at the moment as a subject of thorough investigation and public discussion; when a topic is thus determined by the referendum of members, a committee investigates and makes a comprehensive report.

Last year the topic chosen was "Direct legislation," commonly known as "Initiative and referendum." A committee made an interesting and valuable report on the subject. It is a matter of considerable psychological interest to know that this year the preference vote among the same representative thinkers and men of affairs relegated the "initiative and referendum" to a place down the list, about 27th in fact among all the topics suggested as of prime importance.

But the particular point we desire to bring out in referring to this unique method of sounding public sentiment—this rather remarkable public forum with its many thousands of earnest and intelligent, active and enlightened participants, numbering among its members a considerable proportion of the real leaders of thought in this country—is that this year altogether there were 61 different topics suggested as of prime importance according to the different points of view; the topic receiving the most votes upon resubmission for the final choice was "More efficient administration of justice; reform of court procedure"; remember that there were altogether 61 different topics suggested, and these were listed in the order of the number of votes received from members; number 61 in the list was "Relations with Mexico."

And above this topic in the list of preferences were about all the crazy and impractical proposals ever devised for "improving" our system of popular government, and a lot of purely fantastic suggestions of no obvious timeliness or application to any existing need or state of facts. For instance, in the list considerably above the bottom we find that many of the referees have voted to discuss the proposal to abolish the United States congress and the bureau system entirely and substitute "government by commission" after the well known municipal form. Half of the topics suggested for study and discussion are almost equally distant from the real concerns of this day and hour.

But number 61 in the list of 61, the topic receiving so few votes among all the thousands of referees as barely to scratch in under the gate, is "Relations with Mexico."

President Wilson is right: the "country is not aroused over affairs in Mexico."

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1899.

W. R. White left for Denver this morning.

J. E. Bowen and wife are in the city from Pecos.

Mrs. S. Bridgers went up to Alamogordo yesterday.

F. W. Stewart came down from Alamogordo last night.

S. H. Buchanan went up to Las Cruces this morning on business.

Ben Sweeney left today on the S. P. to meet his wife, who is coming home.

Frank Gallagher left via the Santa Fe for Niagara Falls today to spend some time.

During the absence of J. E. Elder, of the G. H., Baner will act as traveling fireman.

Mrs. G. T. Newman left for Denver today to spend a month or two visiting relatives.

Miss Belle Holmes returned home yesterday after a month's stay on the ranch in New Mexico.

W. W. Reilly, W. R. White and Captain George Carry came down from Alamogordo last night.

Judge and Mrs. A. M. Walthall and daughter returned from their ranch down the valley this morning.

Jim McConnaughey, of the G. H. roundhouse, has resigned his position as coupler in the hose company.

Mr. Davidson, who for a long time has been manager of the Alamogordo Lumber company, has resigned.

Ernest Marcher, clerk at the joint warehouse, left this morning for Chicago, where he will enjoy a 30 days' leave.

Bob Stewart has been appointed master mechanic of the E. P. & N. E. railway, also the Sacramento Mountain railway.

V. G. Lewis, cashier of the Mexican Central at El Paso, has been granted a 30 days' leave of absence. He will leave tomorrow for California.

Miss Nora Wiggins, who has resided in this city for several years, was quietly married last evening to Dr. C. S. Harle, at the home of the groom on Campbell street.

Superintendent W. R. Martin, of the G. H. & S. A., held a conference with the officers this morning and it leaked out that the party were discussing the band of outlaws now rendezvoused in the mountains of west Texas, and the best method of capturing them or running them out. Express cars are now carrying well-armed guards out of this city.

Perspiration

By GEORGE FITCH.
Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

PERSPIRATION is the by-product of toil.

Some men are so gifted in this direction that they can perspire while lying in a hammock under an electric fan. But most of us have to work before our clothing becomes soggy and our collars come down on the run.

Perspiration is produced by the skin. Any industrious skin on a hot muggy day can produce enough perspiration on a fat man to float him away on the waves. The heavier the man the more fluently he perspires. If Sherlock Holmes ever had to trace a 400-pound criminal in July he could do it by the damp spots on the walk.

Perspiration is composed of water and oil mixed with various kinds of poisons which are ejected from the body in this manner. The more a man perspires the less meanness there is left in him. That is why fat men aer so good natured. A fat man in a soaked shirt and ruined collar, with rivulets coursing down his brow and a cascade dripping off his nose, is never too busy panting to stop and crack a joke. On the other hand, a human hat rack in a black alphaca coat will

"An Industrious Skin Can Produce Enough Perspiration on a Fat Man to Float Him Away on the Waves.

walk four miles in a temperature of 100 and will arrive dry as a bone and sour enough to rob orphans.

Perspiration is not popular, but it is a great lubricant. It enables a man to work twice as fast as usual, and to swear with redoubled vim at the same time. Perspiration has helped along most of the work of the world, and the man who has never swabbed off a gill of moisture from his brow and ejaculated "gosh" has never added much to the world's production of food and raiment.

Many men are in deadly fear of perspiration, and will go to almost any lengths to avoid it. Europe is filled each summer with American men who are afraid to perspire. They travel cautiously from shade to shade, and if they never come back nobody would miss them.

Irrigation is a great little thing for agriculture and has produced wonderful crops. But perspiration is the greatest irrigation known. If it were not for perspiration, corn would hardly go 10 bushlse to the acre, and all the hay in the world would wither, uncut.—Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

THREE MISSING MEN ARE BEING SOUGHT IN EL PASO

The local lodge of the Knights of Pythias has been asked to locate Edward Louner, or Houner, who has been missing for some time. The letters was written by V. M. Claybourn and sent from Gatun, Panama, canal zone. It was stated that the missing man's last address was at Santa Roralia, Chih.

The whereabouts of Cecil Clyde Campbell, who at one time, it is stated, was employed by the American Smelting and Refining company at Monterey, Mexico, is sought by relatives. Mrs. W. P. Lincoln, of Ventura, Cal., asked police chief L. N. Davis to locate the missing man.

Mrs. J. T. Kiber, of Lebanon, Tenn., wants to find her husband.

CHICAGOAN PROTESTS WHEN MAN STEPS ON CORNS; IS KILLED

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 4.—Joseph F. Marley was shot and probably fatally wounded here by an unidentified man whom he had criticized for stepping on his feet.

"Look where you are going," said Marley, when the stranger stepped on his corns in passing on a crowded street. The man drew a revolver, fired five shots at Marley and escaped.

GOOPS
By GELETT BURGESS

DOREMUS BLACK
(Are YOU an Indian Giver?)

A Goop, when he
has given a present
Will often make
himself unpleasant
By asking you
to give it back—
Now this is what
Doremus Black
Does when he gives
his things away—
An "Indian Giver,"
so they say!

Don't Be A Goop!

ABE MARTIN

Some fellers take a vacation like they wuz slippin' one over th' welfare o' th' community. What's become o' th' ole-fashioned woman that wore four petticoats, an' what's goin' t' become o' th' girl that looks like she don't wear any?

The Candelaria Incident

IT IS TO BE SCARED!

O, naughty, naughty soldier boy,
You make us feel quite sad.
It's dreadful wicked, don't you know,
To be so awful bad!

One says that down the river,
He's heard you say, Oh, Pshaw!"
Sometimes you sing and whistle,
Which is against the law.

But, Oh, the cruel, fearsome thing
That you, alas! have done,
You took his little popgun,
And he shrieks from sun to sun.

He hears a thousand voices—
Just the echoes of his own.
He shakes the red flag over ours
And Uncle Sam should groan!

O haughty, haughty "war lord,"
El Paso loves you so!
Don't twist the ticklish tiger's ears;
Straight down his throat you'll go!

Margaret Williams.

"MILITARY OPPRESSION."

Editor El Paso Herald:

That large and ponderous sound down the road disturbs my repose. Oh you little Mellican trooper! There's a whole 80,000 of you, ain't it? And what could 90-odd million poor, cringing, helpless, downtrodden, servile, oppressed, wallaing civilians do under your terrible heel?

It must not be quite safe in the states. I'm off for Russia.

Tommy Atkins.
His (X) Mark.

JUST WANTS TO KNOW.

Editor El Paso Herald:

Being interested in learning about your wonderful country, I read your paper with scrupulous care. I notice the quantity of ammunition imported by a dealer in the city of Candelaria. This, obviously, was one of many shipments. Now, how much ammunition is contained in five boxes, and just what is the Caucasian population of Candelaria? Are there many ducks, wild swans, etc., upon the adjacent lakes and rivers, or big game in the forests? Is there a game law? What is the most fashionable brand of ammunition in Candelaria this season?

R. D. Courtlandt.

FOR THE TROOPS AT CANDELARIA.
(A Sunday School Lesson.)

1. Thou shalt not walk upon the earth, nor breathe the atmosphere, nor look at the blue sky, nor see the gold of the sunshine; for thou art sent here only to save us from fire, loot and murder, and to keep us out of Leavenworth.

2. Thou shalt not speak above a whisper, nor wipe the sand out of thine eyes, nor eat thy beans and bacon with a fork; for thou mightst beat thy fork into a scepter, and the Lord sent the sand to obscure thy vision while we transact our little affairs with Montezuma, and thy cheerful voice riseth above the clink of the peso. You quit, now! Selah.

3. Thou shalt not forget that it is pride and arrogance alone that make thee to leave thy friends and loved ones, thy sumptuous barracks and thy sinfully luxurious parade grounds to "strut" up and down upon our desert sands in the cold rain and darkness, the gray blizzards and sleet of winter, the fiery, lizard-scorching, leather-crisping summer, the terrible sandstorms of all the eternal years.

4. Thou shalt not forget that it is only thy haughty, domineering militarism that maketh thee to stand between us and the dum-dum, to keep from our ribs the joys of the stiletto; that maketh the to go hungry, thirsty and sleepless for days and nights as numberless as the stars, or as thy mother's prayers—then to mingle thy food with our real estate, to drink from mudholes, to rest between blankets of sandpaper, with cobblestones and rattlesnakes for thy pillow.

My son, consider these things in thy heart, and meditate upon our gratitude. Amen.

Memory Gem.

"I am my mamma's lady girl,
And I must sit quite still;
I mustn't play, and run and whirl,
And toss my hair all out of curl,
And rumple up my frill—
For I'm my mamma's lady girl,
And I must sit quite still."

—Elizabeth Yancey.

ANOTHER LETTER.

Editor El Paso Herald:

In reply to J. J. Kilpatrick, of Candelaria, Tex., and his assumption of the highhandedness of the soldiers, I beg to say a few words in the soldiers' behalf.

He speaks of the soldiers as domineering, because they are ordered to seize boxes of ammunition. Why are they here, if not to protect citizens from all trouble along the border?

But, speaking of soldiers as domineering, how about the citizens when they refuse to give a drink of water to a soldier on duty on the border, and in certain stores if a girl speaks to a soldier, she is discharged? Is this justice to the soldier or even the girl? Is this a free country, when a person cannot talk to people without fear?

Does not Mr. Kilpatrick think that the citizens are as much domineering as the soldiers? There are other cases of mistreatment of the soldiers. Even in the city the police try to lord it over them, and when the soldiers will not submit they are "a bad lot."

I think that our friend, J. J. Kilpatrick, had better think of the people here before he calls the soldiers domineering.

Cecil Seafom.

PORTER CHARLTON WILL BE TAKEN TO ITALY ON AUGUST 13

New York, Aug. 4.—Porter Charlton, charged with the murder of his wife in June, 1901, at Lake Como, Italy, will be taken from the Hudson county, New Jersey, jail on August 13 to stand trial in Italy. The Italian detectives are expected to reach New York about August 8.

The prisoner's father, Paul Charlton, former United States judge in Porto Rico, probably will sail on the same steamer with his son.

Bungalow High In the Air

New York Man Utilizes Roof of Skyscraper For a Home; Growth of Roof Garden Popularity.

By Frederic J. Haskin

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 4.—The development of new uses for the roofs and buildings has been so remarkable during the past decade that the roof garden has come to play an important part in the summer life of the dwellers in every large American city. Instead of the street cafes and open air restaurants scattered along the thoroughfares of European cities, Americans are growing more into the habit of climbing to the roofs of high buildings for their refreshment and entertainment. In most cases, however, the climb is made an easy one by the perfect working of the modern elevator. A new use planned for roofs of high buildings is for homes to be built upon them. A new York man already has built a bungalow on top of a skyscraper.

The first roof gardens of the world are lost in antiquity. Even before the famous hanging gardens of Nebuchadnezzar in Babylon, the people used the roofs of their houses for sleeping and recreation purposes in warm weather. In old oriental cities, flat roof houses are still found which have stood for centuries. Upon these roofs the women of the family have always been accustomed to take their airings since the customs of their race did not permit them to go into the street.

New York's First Roof Garden.

The first roof garden cafe opened as an experiment on the top of the New York hotel, about ten years ago, was a modest affair when compared with the present. It contained a few rustic tables and chairs and the refreshments provided were of the simplest kind. Later in the season a little music was introduced. The next year the roof garden opened in a more pretentious way. It was enlarged, more elaborately decorated and meals were served as sumptuously as in the dining rooms below.

Informal at First.

At first these roof garden entertainments were informal and used only as an accompaniment to the attractions of the cafe. Now in some of the larger gardens there is a complete program, which the patrons may enjoy amid cool out-door breezes, while at the same time appreciating a view covering miles of territory. The same roof may provide several grades of entertainment from the simple beer and sandwiches served upon bare wooden tables, to the elaborate champagne supper served in a magnificently decorated open-air dining room with heavy napery, dazzling silver and cut glass in abundance.

Dancing is also provided upon many roof gardens. It is supposed to be moonlight dancing, but when Luna's rays are insufficient they are supplemented by softly shaded electric lights not less romantic in appearance.

Where Aeroplanes May Land.

The newest idea in roof garden development is to equip them with a landing place for aeroplanes. Such an adjunct is being planned in connection with at least two great American hostelries. This can only be possible upon a roof covering a large area of space on a building of exceptional strength.

At least one large hotel has already provided an incline and a huge elevator by means of which a large automobile may be raised to the roof garden, giving its occupants an opportunity to see the view and secure refreshments without getting out of their machine.

The use of the roof is not only for the rich. The elaborate equipment of the hotel is designed chiefly for the well-to-do, but the cool air of a house roof may be free to thousands of unfortunate in tenement districts, who find their close rooms unbearable. Before roof gardens were thought of as a commercial institution tenement women took their babies to the roofs. No arrangements existed then for safety, and the death of a child from rolling off a roof was not infrequent. Now few houses having a flat roof, which can be reached from the inside, are left without some railing or protection which would make such a fall impossible.

Lungers' Homes on Roofs.

The roof gardens have developed other uses than mere pleasure. The air at the top of a building from 10 to 20 stories high is purer and dryer than the atmosphere of the street below. The location of a hospital in mid-air for "lungers," which Kipling exploited as a possible development of the airship, is made feasible now by utilizing the roof. A young man in New York developed symptoms of tuberculosis several years ago. He was ordered to Arizona by his physician, who said he could not live six months unless he kept absolutely out of doors. Instead of going to Arizona, the young man took careful account of his resources. He found that he could provide himself with necessities for a year. A friend was in charge of one of the largest office buildings in the city. Arrangements were made for the invalid to have the exclusive use of the roof. He provided himself with a small tent, an oil stove, fuel and food supplies for a year. His food included a large portion of condensed milk, dessicated eggs and other nutrients, which could be preserved indefinitely.

Lives Half a Year on Roof.

He took up his residence on the roof in September before the winter weather set in. He carried out a regular routine of exercise each day, ate prescribed foods, of which he had as great a variety as possible, and eked out his existence with a few books and a great deal of solitaire. He also had a chess board, upon which he played many tournaments with imaginary partners. The winter weather was severe, but he had sufficient warm clothing. He shoveled snow and built snow forts after the manner of a schoolboy. In a few months he found himself gaining in strength to a degree which surprised his friend, who paid him an occasional visit. In the spring he planted seeds in boxes of soil which had been provided and was then able to treat himself to radishes and lettuce. The result was an absolute cure. At the expiration of the year he was able to resume his ordinary mode of life with no trace of the malady which had threatened to shorten his existence.

Playgrounds on Roofs.

Using the roof of a public school building as a playground for children created much comment when it was first begun in New York and Philadelphia. It proved so satisfactory that all objections were speedily overcome. It made playgrounds possible in a location where ground was absolutely unavailable. In a school accommodating 1,500 children the recreation problem is difficult. The schoolground is sufficient for only two or three hundred at a time. Even by varying the recreation period for the different grades, it could not accommodate the entire school. In one school of this kind the yard is reserved for the primary and oldest pupils. The intermediate pupils take their recreation upon the roof, which is equipped with all the features of a model playground.

Roof Garden Gospel Meetings.

At least one gospel mission in the country has arranged to hold its summer meetings upon the roof instead of in the rooms, which are close and hot in warm weather. A tremendous interest was aroused. Meetings were held each evening, and on Sunday two different Sunday school sessions were required to accommodate all the children of the neighborhood.

The roofs of buildings are now being utilized in social settlement and welfare work. In Boston, aesthetic dancing classes are held upon the roof of a building centrally located. One of the largest shoe factories in New England has fitted up the roof space of its largest building for the social pleasures of its employes. Dances are held, and every evening the roof is available for those who desire to enjoy the cool breezes.

Residences on High Roofs.

A New York architect believes that eventually the roofs of high buildings will come into popular favor as sites for private residences. As a demonstration of this theory, he has recently completed a residence of this kind as his own home. The house is in a bungalow effect with large verandas and a pergola. Sufficient soil has been taken up to provide for growing plants and vines. He asserts that even a small vegetable garden is not an impossibility. This bungalow, which is built several hundred feet in the air, has every convenience, so that it can be used for a dwelling throughout the entire year.

Tomorrow—Pearls.

-:- One Woman's Story -:-

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER VII.

PERHAPS Mary Danforth did not acknowledge to herself why it was so hard for her to give her mind to her studies during the evening on which she received Craig pansies. If she appreciated that the sender of the flowers was in her consciousness more than was the book of civics lying open in the glow of her student's lamp, she did not admit it even in her innermost thoughts. She tried to "concentrate," but her wits wandered, and, time and again, she found, with a guilty start, that for some minutes she had been gazing abstractedly at nothing. It was late when at last she put out her light, urged to this course by her mother, who insisted that she was wearing herself out studying so hard, and that she would be "good for nothing" in the morning.

When Mary awoke on the morrow she was forced to confess the accuracy of the final part of her mother's prediction, for she, did feel "good for nothing." Her eyes smarted and her limbs ached as she busied herself with her toilette. A vague feeling of disappointment possessed her, depressing, and, at the same time, irritating her, and she went to breakfast with her nerves and temper on edge. She had difficulty in controlling her feelings when Mrs. Danforth, in her desire to promote table talk, innocently introduced the subject of Craig—feeling that he would be an interesting topic of conversation.

"I declare," announced the kind hearted matron amiably, "I have almost fallen in love myself with that tall Texan. He has such beautiful manners and is so considerate of elderly people. Don't you think he is delightful?"

As this remark was addressed to the table at large, Mary, vexed at the blush which she felt creeping to her forehead, busied herself with her grapefruit and made no reply.

"Don't you like him, daughter?" persisted her mother.

"I think that he's a presentable man, mother, of that's what you mean," responded the girl tartly and with tightening of lips. "You can hardly expect me to say, as you just said, that I am 'almost in love with him' myself, can you?"

The words were sharp and the tone harsh. The speaker suddenly appreciated that this was was the second time within a few days that she had been impatient with her mother. As before, she regretted her show of temper and when she saw the wounded expression in her mother's eyes. She noted also that her father was looking at her in amazement.

"I did not mean to speak like that, mother," she said quick and pertitently. She pushed her chair back from the table and, going around to the elderly woman, laid her own flushed cheek against the wrinkled one. "I had no business to be so cross, and I am very sorry. I am as nervous as a cat this morning. Please forgive me."

Mrs. Danforth patted her daughter's hand, her face all smiles in an instant.

"That's all right, my darling," she soothed. "We all have our cranky spells. Now eat your breakfast, for it is getting late. I shall be glad when this dreadful grind is over and you have graduated," she added, with a sigh. "You are not like your dear self these days, and it is because you are overwrought and overtired."

Mary made no protest. She wondered secretly if the strain of work was entirely responsible for her vague sense of discontent and uncertainty. Breakfast over, she hurried to her room to collect her books, and as she returned to the hall, ready to leave the house, she came upon her father. He was leaning against the wall, his hand to his head. His face was pale and his brow contracted as if he were suffering.

"Father," exclaimed the girl in alarm, "what is the matter?"

He looked at he dazedly for an instant. Then he stood up straight and tried to laugh.

"Nothing to worry about, pet," he insisted. "I was just a litde dizzy and headachy for a minute. I'm better now. Don't look so frightened."

"Dad," said Mary, anxiously, "you're not well. You've been overworking."

"Oh, I guess not," he replied with an attempt at raillery. "An old codger like me must expect such feelings this warm weather, that's all—but I find it hard to remember that I'm getting old."

"Won't you see a doctor?" urged Mary.

"Pshaw!" he laughed. "I'm all right, I tell you! Dont mention this little turn to your mother, for she makes a mountain of a molehill when I don't feel up to the scratch."

On the way to school Mary thought of her father with some perturbation, but the hurry and bustle of the day's work drove all other worries from her brain, and she had forgotten the little episode by the time she boarded the subway train in the evening. She watched the express on which she rode draw away from a local train. As the lighted windows slid slowly backward she thought of how she had first seen Gordon Craig under circumstances like these. It was like a story book romance, and he looked not unlike a book hero, she said to herself with a contemputous smile at her own silliness.

Her thoughts were still busy with him as she walked along toward her home. When she turned into her own street several leather lunged men carrying bundles of papers were shouting "extra" at the other end of the block. In the hollow, reverberating tones of the New York disaster harbinger. Still dreaming, she paid little heed to them, but went up to her apartment, her mind on the man she had known for such a little while. Strange, she mused, that he should have impressed her so strongly. Her father was standing in the drawing room as she entered her home. A glance at his face brought her to a comprehension of the news vendors' cries as they were borne now to her ears through the open windows.

Terrible accident on the Boston Express!" they were shouting.

Blindly the girl stretched her hands to her father as he came toward her.

"Dad," she asked hoarsely, "was that"——

She got no further, for her father put his arm quickly about her and drew her to him.

"Yes, little girl," he said tremulously, "the Boston express—Craig's train—has been wrecked, and, God help us! most of the Pullman passengers are dead!"

(Continued in Next Issue)

Wins Fame Despite Illness

Robert Louis Stevenson Perseveres Through 14 Years of Illness and Does Not Complain.

By Madison C. Peters

SINCE the days of Dickens there has been no man more popular in England, and none more so in America, than Robert Louis Stevenson.

Stevenson was born in Edinburgh in 1850, with a delicate constitution. He was precocious in a literary way, at six years dictating to his mother a History of Moses for a prize offered by an uncle.

Ill health made his attendance at school irregular and he was allowed his own way. He spent most of his time scribbling childish stories on scraps of paper. In 1867 he was sent to Edinburgh university, but he was more distinguished for his truancy than scholarship. He left without a degree, studied law, became a barrister, but literature called him and his first real effort was "The Pentland Rising," describing the rising of the Scots in Pentland Hills, against the inhuman law of the English. "An Inland Voyage," was his next effort, a charming account of a canoe journey along some of the canals and rivers of northern France and Belgium, published in 1878. "Travel With a Donkey," followed, detailing a trip among the mountains of Southern France. Then came "Virginibus Puerisque and Other Papers," "New Arabian Nights," and "Treasure Island," "A Child's Garden of Verse," proved how thoroughly the writer could enter into and express a child's thoughts and feelings.

His Best Known Work.

"The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde," became probably the best known of Stevenson's writings. It was dramatized and Richard Mansfield played it to crowded house. "Kidnaped," which Stevenson himself liked best, followed. "David Balfour," and "The Master of Ballentras" are other great novels. "The Heir of Hermiston," his last work was left unfinished. Many other works came from his facile pen. Never was finer work done under conditions so disastrous.

Reporter in San Francisco

Stevenson came to America in 1879. For a few months he was a reporter on the "San Francisco Chronicle," perhaps the most miserable period of his life. Physically he was in a distressing condition and financially on the dismal edge of despair. He was a touching sight, his face was ghastly in its pallor, his clothes just hung upon him. Men were seen to jump at his cough and rub their eyes at the sight of him. San Francisco failed Stevenson in his direst strait, but in after years she could not do enough to perpetuate his memory. There is a monument to him now in that city to show that she was proud because he had trodden her streets.

Despite his sickness and poverty, Stevenson married in San Francisco a Mrs. Osborn, whose acquaintance he had made in Paris. It was a happy union, the two were suited to each other and lived to the end in an Arcadia of love and similar tastes.

Like a "Graveyard Ghost."

With his wife and her son, Lloyd Osborn, Stevenson returned to England, visiting Scotland and France and other places on the continent, always working and always suffering.

He was described as a graveyard ghost, as a grim spectre from some dim past making its way through the ranks of men. His face was white as a sheeted tombstone and the pallor accentuated by the long black hair which fell to his shoulders. He had a long, aquiline nose, with dark eyes set very wide apart. The hacking cough was ever present, an affection made worse by his inveterate cigarette smoking.

Returns to America.

He returned to America in 1881 and spent a year in the Adirondacks. Then a cruise was planned for the Southern Seas, and so began that wandering life among the islands of Pacific. Hawaii, Australia and other sunny lands could not bring the roses to his cheeks, nor give the blood of health to his veins. He remained to the end the same weak, nervous, delicate, high strung creature, of lofty ideals, sensitive soul and with noble principles. His pen was indefatigable, his brain was never at rest.

Fourteen Years of Illness.

In a letter to George Meredith a little while before his death Stevenson thus describes his own case:—"For 14 years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my day unflinchingly, I have written in bed and written out of it; written in hemorrhages, writing in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam from weakness; and for so long it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I was made for a contest and the Powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle."

And all the years when his physical life hung by a thread Stevenson insisted on the fullest mental life. He took a month to write two of his chapters on the "South Seas;" 21 days for 24 pages of the "Ebb Tide;" four days for his brief preface to "An Inland Voyage." "Prince Otto" he wrote seven times, and because his wife had discovered a flaw in the first draft of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and fearing to keep the manuscript lest he should be tempted to fall back on it, he destroyed it. When his right hand was disabled he learned to write with his left, and when forbidden to speak he dictated whole chapters by means of a deaf and dumb alphabet. He made no complaint of life, asked for no pusillanimous concessions, faced difficulties with sublime courage and declared he had a good time.

Rest at Last

By Walt Mason

King Death's a friend whos put an end to all our vain endeavor; the beastly grind is left behind forever and forever. Death ends the pain, the grief, the strain, the grasping and the giving; when dead, no more we worry o'er the grievous cost of living. The dead men sleep while planets keep awhirl, each on its axis, they do not break their hearts to make enough to pay their taxes. They do not sweat o'er dun and debt they have no hope of cashing, or rend their hair in black despair, or keep their molars gnashing. A man might write like this all night and prove that death's a daisy, but men who shirk life's care and work are timid, cheap and lazy. The men who sigh and wish to die should haste and kick the bucket; if life's a fake that makes them ache, they surely ought to chuck it. The man who's sane does not complain when troubles round him gather; he likes to show his grit and so he whips the whole blamed slather. He lives his life, enjoys the strife, and when it's time to travel, he dies a while in flossy style, and sleeps beneath the gravel.—Copyright, 1913, by George Matthew Adams.

USELESS FURNITURE.

From Lordsburg (N. M.) Western Liberal.

The El Paso Herald wants to repeal the Monroe doctrine. It says it was all right when Monroe was alive, but since then times have so changed, and the doctrine has been so changed that it is a useless piece of furniture now.