...ARD W...ER

...IN STATE LIBRARY ...S THE CHARGE OF INDOLENCE.

...OND, VA., —Special.— ..., of the rare manuscripts ...in the State Library will ... valuable or interesting ...the ledger book of Patrick Henry, ...ich was recently purchased by the ...tate in the notable sale of Henry papers in Philadelphia.

The volume, which covers the period from 1770 to 1795, comprises 138 pages, and all the entries, apparently, are in Henry's own hand. This book certainly seems to refute Thomas Jefferson's charge that Patrick Henry was indolent in the practice of law. In this connection Jefferson said:

"He turned his views to the law," said Jefferson, "for the acquisition or practice of which he was too lazy. He never undertook to draw pleadings if he could avoid it, or to manage that part of the cause, and very unwillingly engaged but as an assistant to speak in the cause, and the fee was an indispensable preliminary, observing to the applicant that he kept no accounts, never putting them to paper, which was true."

One of the most striking things disclosed by the book is the small price that Henry charged for his advice or assistance as attorney. Frequently his clients did not pay him over five or ten pounds, even when it was part of his duty to address the court or ...

...der the name of Isham Richard... occurs this entry: "To advice ... you concerning Parson Doug..., ten shillings."

The book is divided into two parts, the first of which contains entries from 1770 to 1774, with a few earlier entries. The second part runs from 1783 to 1795. The entries of 1771 greatly predominate in the first half and some of them are very interesting.

ROBIN WILL LIVE TO STAND TRIAL

NEW YORK.—Special—Joseph G. ...obin, the young financier who juggled millions with the result that two ...anks were wrecked, will live to stand ...rial for his alleged criminal operations.

...was announced at Bellevue Hospital this morning that Robin was recovering from the poison which he took yesterday afternoon just before he was to be arraigned in court to plead to the indictment charging him with stealing $80,000 from the funds of the Washington Savings Bank, of which he is president.

It has developed that Robin's suicide attempt yesterday afternoon was the second that he had made. He first tried to throw himself from an open window several days ago and Assistant District Attorney Nott has given orders that the prisoner be closely guarded so that he can make no further attempt at suicide. A detective is on guard at his bedside continually.

Robin was still very weak today, but the physicians stated that he showed steady improvement and probably would be in the hospital only a few days.

Before Robin is able to appear in court, however, it is probable that new indictments will be returned against him, as the January grand jury will by that time have had an opportunity to begin work on the evidence relating to his speculations with funds of the Northern Bank of New York and the Washington Savings Bank.

District Attorney Whitman was out of town today and will not return until Tuesday morning. In his absence Acting District Attorney Nott has charge of the investigation, which is going forward into the financial affairs.

KILLED IN EXPLOSION.

NEW YORK.—Special.—One man was instantly killed, another fatally hurt and four others were injured Saturday when a quantity of dynamite being used in an excavation near the plant of the Astoria Heat and Power Company exploded at Casino Beach, L. I.

Ernest Smith, a workman, was blown to bits.

William Jackson, of Jersey City, was fatally hurt.

Beer Lamp in a Pulpit.

WASHINGTON,—Special The Rev. E. O. Taylor, of Boston, threw a great deal of light on the liquor problem in a lecture in the Memorial United Brethren Church.

"Now, my friends," he said, "many of you see no harm in a little beer now and then. There is harm in beer. It is an alcoholic beverage just as well as whiskey. I will show you what a little beer can do."

The preacher poured alcohol distilled from a pint bottle of beer into a receptacle. He struck a match and lighted it. The church lights were turned off. For ten minutes the minister proceeded to denounce the demon rum. Meanwhile the beer lamp flickered into a dying flash and the church lights were turned on again.

MRS. HANBURY ROBBED OF $20,000 DIAMOND BROOCH

SAN FRANCISCO.—Spec.— Mrs. David T. Hanbury, widow of an English millionaire, was robbed of a $20,000 diamond brooch by a thief who had concealed himself in her home at Vallejo while she was away.

HUSBAND KILLS WIFE AND GIRL

BALTIMORE, MD.—Special—William C. Strickler shot and killed his wife and nineteen-year-old stepdaughter, Eula Kite, at their home, 2417 East Lafayette Avenue, this city, Friday. Strickler then shot himself in the temple. It was said at the hospital to which he was removed that he could not live. The dead girl was the daughter of Mrs. Strickler by a former marriage. Strickler was employed as a fireman at a powerhouse.

The shooting came as a climax of a series of bitter quarrels between Strickler and his wife. The latter and her daughter, Eula, were busy with household duties when Strickler returned home yesterday afternoon.

According to a member of the family, Strickler became incensed when his wife chided him for wearing his best clothes when he went to work. He was said to have been drinking, and when he came in yesterday he carried several bottles of beer. Going to the room where the women were, he began upbraiding them, finally in his fury drawing a revolver and firing.

Relatives Feared Attack.

Eula fell dead with a bullet in her head. Two shots took effect in Mrs. Strickler's body, causing instant death. Strickler then turned the weapon against himself.

Eula Kite, who was a telephone operator, and her brother and sister had remained at home yesterday, fearing violence against their mother by the man. The two surviving children were in an adjoining room when the shooting occurred, but the attack was so sudden that they were powerless to interfere.

Came from Virginia.

HARRISONBURG, VA.—Special.—Mrs. William Strickler, formerly Mrs. Kite, and her daughter, Eula, who were killed yesterday in Baltimore by Strickler, came from Page county, and worked here about a year. Mrs. Strickler was a dressmaker. They left for Baltimore in March.

BURNED TO DEATH CHRISTMAS NIGHT

RICHMOND, VA., —Special.— Belated news reached this city this morning of the death in his burning home Christmas night of Philip Mitchell, well known in Powhatan and King William counties.

There were no witnesses to the burning. Mr. Mitchell was foreman of the sawmill of A. Sayles & Sons, in Powhatan county. He was missed Monday morning and a messenger sent to his house found only the smoking debris and the charred remains of the man's body. Mr. Sayles identified the body by means of the watch, knife and keys found beside him.

The coroner's ju... a verdict that Mr. Mi... to his death in a fire o... wn origin, which destroyed ... e. There is no suspicion of f... ay.

RAISING THE MONITOR.

NORFOLK, VA-Special.-The Merritt and Chapman Derrick and Wrecking Company, which has the contract for raising the sunken Monitor Puritan, which was badly damaged by high explosive tests on the middle-ground here several weeks ago, has begun work.

If the vessel is delivered at the Norfolk navy yard, the Government has agreed to pay $23,000.

TO TAKE CAPITAL OF HONDURAS

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Spe.— **With a detachment of the revolutionary army in Honduras attacking the coast city of Puerto Cortez, the advance guard and main body of the rebel force is marching on the capital, Tecuigalpa, headed by Lee Christmas, the American adventurer, and General Bonila, the former President of the republic, according to cables received from Honduras today. Tegucigalpa is expected to be attacked before nightfall, according to these advices.**

Mercantile houses here received word that Puerto Cortez had fallen, although there was no confirmation of the report. There are said to be at least 2,000 well-drilled and well-equipped soldiers in the force which moved upon Tegucigalpa. In the ranks are many American soldiers of fortune. There are also a number of Nicaraguans fighting under the rebel standard.

According to reports of the rebels, promises are made to the plantation owners of recompensation if the Bonilaites get into power. Christmas and Bonila seized telegraph wires so that information as to the whereabouts of the rebel forces could not be obtained by the Davila supporters. If the Davila regime falls, as it is generally predicted that it will, the United States, it is declared, will take charge of the financial affairs of the Government.

Plans of new railroads are rumored in the event of Davila's downfall, and they will be constructed by Americans with capital secured in the United States.

Davila will probably follow his patron, Zelaya, of Nicaragua, into exile, although he will not go a poor man.

For nearly a year he is accredited with periodic deposits of large sums in foreign banks.

JAP SPIES BUSY IN PHILIPPINES

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Spe.—Japanese spies have been busy in the Philippine Islands and particularly in Manila for several months.

They have secured maps of the Islands and of the harbor and fortifications at Manila. This information was given today by Ignacio Villamora, Attorney General for the Philippine Islands, and by Ponciano Reyes, prosecuting attorney of the Bureau of Justice at Manila, who have arrived here to testify in the congressional inquiry into the sale of Friar lands in the Philippines.

Under the Spanish regime there was a law which provided that civilians could be held if suspected of being spies, but when the United States acquired the Islands this law became obsolete.

"There is no doubt that the Japanese Government is familiar with the Philippines and the fortifications in the harbor of Manila and those at Corregidor," said M. Villamora.

Several months ago nearly all the stationery stores in Manila obtained a stock of maps of the Islands and Manila, and within a week or two all of them had been sold to Japanese, so there is no doubt that there has been a concerted effort by the Japanese to obtain all the information possible.

MEREDITH IS DEAD

STAUNTON, VA., Jan. 2.—United States Commissioner William L. Meredith was found dead in bed Monday at his daughter's home, in this city. He was over eighty years old, and was a native of England. He had had a romantic career, and was a picturesque character. About ten years ago he was appointed commissioner for this district and filled the office efficiently.

HOXSEY KILLED AT LOS ANGELES

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Special.—Arch Hoxsey, holder of the altitude record for an aeroplane, was instantly killed here Saturday afternoon at 2:15 o'clock, when his machine fell a distance of 225 feet. His death followed only a few hours after that of John B. Moisant, at New Orleans, who had his neck broke when he was pitched from his machine Saturday morning.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Special.— **Daredevilry in midair caused the deaths of two of the most noted and fearless of the Wright aviators, Arch Hoxsey and Ralph Johnstone. In connection with the investigation today into the tragedy which cost Hoxsey's death on Saturday, a man close to the Wright Brothers, declared that Wilbur Wright firmly believes that Johnstone was trying the practically impossible feat of looping-the-loop when he was killed at Denver. At the same time it was looked upon as probably certain that Hoxsey was at-** ...sorne daredevil achievement when he crashed to death.

Johnstone, this man declared, had stated that he believed the loop-the-loop feat could be performed in an aeroplane as easily as he used to do it with a bicycle in his old trick riding days, and despite the stern injunction of the Wrights never to attempt it, they believe he was trying the frightful feat when he was hurled to death from the clouds.

Tournament Is Ended.

The aviation tournament here ends today, with the blight of tragedy over it. The original intention was to close the meet tomorrow, but owing to the death of Hoxsey, it was decided to bring it to a close this afternoon.

Wilbur and Orville Wright have sent strict orders to Roy Knabenshue, manager of the Wright flyers in the West, to forbid any form of so-called fancy flying in the future.

"You make the men stick to straight flying and cut out the frills which are dangerous to life," ordered Wilbur Wright. "Any man who wantonly risks his life quits the Wright camp as soon as he alights," the injunction stated.

Hoxsey's body today rested in a mortuary chapel in Pasadena until Knabenshue can make the funeral arrangements, the expense of which will be borne by the Wrights. The Wright brothers will also pay a substantial sum to Mrs. Hoxsey, the sixty-two-year-old mother of the dead aviator. The Wrights sent a long telegram of condolence to the stricken woman, wishing her every sympathy.

Hubert Latham, who is taking part in the meet here, is one of the few pioneers left in the aviation field, who is still actively engaged in flying.

Builders Have Retired.

The Wrights have retired and Louis Bleriot contents himself with building aeroplanes instead of operating them.

Discussing the great strides of aviation in 1910, and speaking of the tragedies which have marred the advance of the science, M. Latham said: "No great and hazardous event is consummated without its sacrifices. Every man who was an aviator and who tries to add to the stability and practicability of aviation realizes its dangers before he starts.

"But, without taking the risk of this danger, aviation would stand still and no advance would be made. It is with the deepest regret that I review the tragedies of the past year, and I am thankful to say that I am still alive. But I look for far greater strides towards safety in 1911 than in 1910."

FIVE MEN INJURED BY FALLING GIRDER

DANVILLE, VA.—Spe.—Five men were hurt here Saturday when a huge girder fell from the top of a building being erected for the Star Laundry.

The girder fell from the second story and hit all five of the workmen. Two of the men were seriously injured.

GOVERNOR WANTS ROAD TO URBANNA

RICHMOND, VA.— Special.— "I would like to become financially interested in the proposed new railroad from here to Urbanna and to other points in the peninsula," said Governor Mann today, "but that does not actuate me in my desire to see the railroad built. I have no personal interest in the proposition in any way, and will not have. I think I am doing a public duty and am carrying out a promise I made to the people in that section of the State to bend my energies to give them a railroad, but I will not be interested financially.

"Do not misunderstand my position. I would be willing to go into the scheme, but I am doing this because I told the people I would, because I believe that it is one of the greatest steps and benefits to the people of the State; because I think that it would be of enormous benefit to the city of Richmond; because they are a fine people and want to get in touch with the rest of the State, and to do so by quick transportation—and a railroad is the only thing that will help them. This is not a personal thing to me—it is nothing more nor less than what I regard as a duty.

"I hope the people of that section will understand that I am not acting except for the good of the State, doing what I said I would do, and regard it as a patriotic duty."

BLANKENSHIP IS GIVEN A PARDON

PRISONER KILLED MAN AND WAS BADLY HURT—GOVERNOR'S CLEMENCY.

A prisoner named Blankenship, sentenced to serve eighteen years in the penitentiary for a murder in Buchanan county, was released from the State Prison late Saturday afternoon. Blankenship engaged in a shooting affray in that county, and in the melee he got a bullet in the back, and when the smoke cleared away it was found that his adversary was dead.

Blankenship was placed on trial and was found guilty. The man has served two and a half years of his term, having been confined at the State Farm. His health has about given way, and he is suffering from the wounds he received. His prison record is good. Under all the circumstances the Governor decided that he had been sufficiently punished and ordered the man's discharge.

The Voice of Authority

By John Fleming Wilson

Copyright 1910.

...e captain of the Gaelic stood in ...oorway of the smoking room, a ...quiet figure. His eyes met the ...of us all steadily and then ...on the judge's face. "The en... reports a tube blown out of ...the boilers," he said calmly. ...y take some hours to plug it up. ...all be on our way before long."

...judge nodded, and the captain ...ed, leaving behind him a sub...ect of having stopped us midway ...r course of conversation. Some...spoke. "What did the captain ...nd tell us that for?"

...judge turned on the speaker ...his head. "The captain ...eat responsibility. A steamer ...in midocean presents unusual ...es of trouble. Nobody wor... broken machinery. It's the ... We're 600 persons, capable ...ge things. So long as the ship ... and we hear the trundle of ...w, we yield to the subtle man...n of authority, we obey the ...because it is he who keeps ...p on her course. It is his only ...n us. If he fails to steer true, ...does not, day in and day out, ...in the harmonious working of ...machinery, we lose confidence ... And 600 people offer prodig...ities of anarchy."

... can depend on a lot of us ...im," came another voice. "I ...e could keep things in order ...ship if worst came to worst."

...aps," the judge answered. ...here would we get our au...? From the captain? You see, ...epends on him in the end."

...e would manage to call on ...who would help him," the ...er objected. "If trouble were ...he would certainly call for ...

...se gazed at us all and re...dy, "I was on the Parthia ...go."

...lazed up among us. "She ... off Oonamak"—...onths adrift"—"I ...ere was ..."—...e brought in at last?"—...the unlucky skipper?"—... that murder—?"—"You ...

...d scraps of that famous ...he Pacific back and forth ...dge, vieing with each oth... suggestions to him, in...nts of horror and terror. ...ed austerely at us till we ... Then he said: "I'll tell ...know of it. But I can't ...tify my opinions. As ...we were saved by a ...behind the times, a ...heathen who was ...by his own sect. But ...rity, that is the only ...er you. When ...fact you can ...

...he Parthia ... August of ...om till the ...me year. ...was half an hour before we were finally assured by the captain himself that the steamer was uninjured and would not sink. In that space of time the nerves of us all were thoroughly unstrung and we went back to our staterooms convinced that a gross deception had been worked on us. We dressed, and by 6 o'clock we were all out on deck again, prepared to demand explicit answers to our questions.

"Captain Myers, unusued to dealing with a throng of passengers, failed to satisfy some of us that we knew the exact truth. He admitted that the propeller was gone and the engines disabled, but he made the mistake of asserting that 'everything was all right,' and that it was 'only a matter of time till the steamer would be under way again.' In short, he allowed his consciousness of having to depend on himself to influence him too far. He refused to recognize what we thought were our just claims and threw all the weight of his authority upon us to make us keep silence and accept his unsupported statement as to our present and ultimate safety.

"Had the morning been bright and clear, or had the accident happened at some hour in the daytime, it is likely that we would have been in a different temper. But we were profoundly conscious that we had barely missed being drowned in our beds. We attributed our safety to luck, to Providence, and therefore suspected Captain Myers of plotting against us. In short, where as individuals we would have congratulated ourselves, as a crowd we were sullen and distrustful.

"I have a notion that the captain, inside of twenty-four hours after the accident, knew how we felt. He had got some sail on the steamer—all, in fact, that she would carry—and it didn't give her steerageway in the baffling foggy breeze that blew down from Kamchatka and chilled us. But he stuck to his assertion that we were all right, and, as I view it now, kept his head excellently.

"During the next week we passengers got acquainted with each other in a fashion impossible on a speeding liner. Now that we were fully assured of the soundness of our vessel, seeing that our meals were regular, our sleep uninterrupted and the discipline of the crew unrelaxed, we drew together and made the best of it. Really, we were quite contented that week. True, the fog still eddied about us and the inefficient sails flapped drearily on the slender yards and the Parthia rolled in the trough of the easy swell. But we were engaged in finding out who we were.

"I recall vividly the gradual emergence of the Rev. Jonas Hampstead. I presume that none of us would have noticed him under ordinary circumstances. But we were isolated, for an indefinite period, and we dug into each other's history and possibilities and characters with unwearied zest. ...mong 300 d... and colorless folk ...tead stood apart. He mad... desc... tempt for what he found in his church in America was profound.

"You see, Jonas had left the theological seminary years before you and I were born. He had been taught a stern, hard religion, the religion of your fathers and mine; in those days men were not afraid to believe hard things. Jonas had gone from the seminary filled in every corner of his narrow soul with dogmas of predestination of saints, damnation of unbaptized infants, salvation by grace—a whole category of things we no longer dare believe. And he had gone out to the heathen, carrying to them the message of an unbending and harsh faith. Can't you see him in that forgotten inside city of China preaching hell and the condemnation of sinners? And he had been constant and industrious. He had taught what he believed to the placid and unastonished heathen day in and year out, for a score of years, for twoscore years, for fifty years. And all the time the world from which he came had moved on, dropping by the wayside the doctrines he cherished as immutable and eternal. His church had passed by him, hastened on to broader things, to easier doctrines, to popular dogmas, toward liberality. I suppose nobody had ever taken pains to tell him that Presbyterians didn't teach election of saints any more. I doubt whether he would have listened anyway. He was not that kind of a man.

"So here he was among us, on the drifting Parthia, and we studied him gleefully and several young missionaries shook their heads at him pityingly, and we all laughed in our sleeves at a relic of a time we had never known. Of course he didn't catch the point of our chatter. We were pert, disrespectful almost, and he stood there unmoved by it all, austerely contemptuous of our business, our gossip, our petty philosophy. Once in a while he would open his mouth and say something, when one of the young missionaries stepped too boldly. I wish you could have heard him. Jonas didn't argue. He merely restated a fact, coldly, firmly. And I have seen the younger man flush angrily and turn away uneasily, as though somebody had whispered a caution in his ear.

"You observe we had the foundation for an infinite jest. We had Jonas, an antediluvian in faith and belief, a ridiculous, unmodern figure, and we had all the leisure in the world in which to taste the joke and roll it under our tongues and talk it over and laugh. But in some way the jest failed to march. If the old man would have argued I think we might have made our joke good. But you see he never offered to debate a matter. He settled it calmly, stating his doctrine as a fact indisputable and exactly true. One couldn't hold one's face against that. It shook one's whole knowledge of the world when Jonas laid down his preposterous, incredible do... as with authority. ...felt ... all, one ough... He mad... desc... in due time we would be missed and a steamer sent to look for us. He had it all figured out on a slip of paper. He promised us relief within thirty days.

"We went back and reported in the saloon. Mothers sat and listened to our statement of the result of our mission while their babies cried or gurgled or played on the carpet under the feet of the silent, unaffected Chinese servants. Some bitter words were said. I'm afraid we were pretty despondent. But we agreed to put up with our plight for thirty days.

"It was an interminable month. The ship steadily grew uncomfortable. We stood harshly on our rights. I recall that we were always complaining to the captain that the second cabin passengers infringed upon our deck room, that they were overbold and paid no attention to the usual notices restricting them to certain portions of the ship. Myers listened to everything pleasantly, quietly, silently, his gray head always neatly covered by his spotless cap, his long uniform coat carefully buttoned across his chest. But he didn't do anything—but wait.

"So steamer came to our rescue. The thirty days passed and a week besides. The committee waited on the captain again and insisted that something be done. A boat should be sent off. The engines should be repaired. We commanded him to take us to port. This time Myers listened frowningly. He explained that it was over a thousand miles to the nearest inhabited land. All the resources of a shipyard would be needed to fix the machinery. He was doing his best. We must wait. Then we exploded.

"It should have been avoided at any cost, that loud, angry debate between the master of the Parthia and us, the outraged passengers. Our hot words carried all over the vessel, clear down into the second cabin, into the engine-room, into the quarters of the crew. I confess that we were in the wrong and Myers was right. But it was a dif... it impasse. It ended in the captain's peremptorily ordering us out of his cabin.

"That night the ship seethed with discontent and even mutiny. The crew hung round the saloon doors. The firemen sneaked on deck and listened to our redhot arguments in favor of seizing the ship and working her (God knows how!) into some port. Women wailed. Children wakened and bawled piercingly. Men cursed violently, and we welcomed the second cabin passengers when they came in a body to back us up in any desperate measures.

"You can see that it needed a match to explode the magazine. The next morning a seaman refused duty. He stood by the saloon door and cursed the mate. The captain came and spoke curtly. He ordered the rest of the watch to put the recalcitrant in irons. No one moved. We all stood, silently waiting for the outcome of the struggle. It seems to me that the whole ship was voiceless, while the gray-haired, immaculately dressed captain stared down at the grinning sailor. It is unbelievable, but nobody of us all raised his hand or gave a sign in favor of authority. Let the captain fight it out.

"For the second time the old man said austerely, 'Put that man in irons.' No one moved. The seamen, drunk with insolence, laughed loud and long, staring roun... at us all as much as to say, 'Lo... me! I'm the man to talk!' And ...out a tremor of hesitation, ...t any of us, quietly drew ...his pocket and shot the ... forehead.

...t we were silent. W... ...ussioning half hour ...d our lesson, the lesson taught ...w out of hand, drunk with stol... ...t and maddened by release from ...straint. The Parthia became a ...he wildest of us were terror... ...at sight of the lawless, blazing ...of the men whom we had our... ...proached with proposals of a ...character. As we trampled on ...y to get within the shelter of ...as we heard the shrieks of ...men, the oaths and wild up... ...aughter of pursuing fiends ...d out only to be hurled back ...rms and crashing fists, we ...t between us and our wo... ...ldren and the worst of fates ...only the arm of Captain ...is authority.

...dark night, and we could ...iend nor foe. I recall that ...od on the saloon stairs, ...e banisters, staring up... ...closed door beyond which ...razing. Now and again ...echoed down to us and ...eath, knowing that death ...

...ll of us huddled round ...g at the huge door that ...ed under the impact of ... We wondered how we ... One man would whis... ...his neighbor to know ...at count on the officers ...aptain. Another would ...s dry lips with trem... Women, holding their ...reasts, swayed among ...ady to scream when ...ween them and un... ...crashed inward.

...hat 300 of us should ...crew. But you must ...were unnerved, shot ...icion, struggling in ...horror had weak... ...y outnumbered the swathed body lay. And as he did so we realized that Hampstead, the old Presbyterian, had kept himself apart from us. He had taken no share in our discussions. He had silently refused to censure the captain, to blame Myers for our great, appalling mishap. We recognized an enemy in him. He was not one of us. He was neither shocked nor moved to priestly rebuke. We scowled at him. He approved of a murder.

"So fancy to yourselves our bitter amazement when Jonas opened his Bible and read in a harsh voice: 'Thy way and thy doings have procured these things unto thee; this is thy wickedness, because it is bitter, because it reachest unto thine heart.' Ten minutes later they tipped the plank and the body of the sailor slid off into eternity and, if Hampstead was to be believed, into hell.

"We listened with dark looks. I see Hampstead's austere, colorless face bent on us in stern admonition, while on the bride Myers contemplated us all with unperturbed countenance. The ceremony ended, and I think many of us caught the glance that passed between the two men—the captain who had killed the body and the minister who had condemned the soul. It was a brief, poignant interchange of steadfast purpose, as if Hampstead had said to the captain: 'I will do my part. Be strong,' and Myers had returned, 'I am still strong.'

"I think we didn't lack a certain courage ourselves, for we took pains to intimate to Hampstead that we detested him, that we thought him the degraded tool of a murderous despotism. Not that our attitude affected him. He was unmoved. He loked out upon us with his stern old eyes and gave us to understand that he knew; that he regarded us as beetish children, who had to be beaten with stripes into obedience to right, and to authority.

"Of course we left him out of our discussions after that, carefully avoiding him and warning one another against him. By this time we looked upon the captain as a monster, bloodthirsty, cruel, desirous of outrage and rapine. It sounds ridiculous in the telling, but we honestly had lost all sense of law and order. Out on the dull, fog-shrouded Pacific we were three hundred people battling for elemental life. And our first and hottest wrath was toward the embodiment of authority, against the calm, immovable soul who gazed down at us from the bridge and controled us and ruled us and governed us by the power of authority.

"So we went from hot talk to cold plotting. Discreetly, silently, we went about organizing ourselves into a band to seize the ship from the captain and take her into some port. How? We had a dozen schemes. Only let us get the upper hand, we stormed, and we'll save ourselves. Were we to stand for murder and slow starvation? Not we! We were American citizens. We were able to look out for ourselves. We were not going to stand Myers' insolence and incapacity any longer.

"Some of us (I'm ashamed to say it) tampered with the crew. We were mad, of course, but then we were in hard plight, and the constant view of women crying, the incessant sound of women whispering in distress, gets on one's nerves. And the steamer still rolled in the trough of the sea and the chart still showed that our infinitesimal progress led no whither.

"I shan't go into details, but one night, when the deepest of us in the plot didn't suspect it, trouble broke out. In that bitter, disillusioning half hour ...d our lesson, the lesson taught men of us. Oh, it was a sweet plight that we had got ourselves in!

"The door opened—at last. We held our breath and peered miserably at the blank darkness it disclosed. No one appeared. From outside came the sound of sighs, of odd, choking groanings. Some one hurried past, with firm, heavy step. A voice from way forward called out, 'Turn on the deck lights!'

"The order was obeyed and we caught the reflection of the rising glow of the electric lamps outside as the current poured into them. Then a figure appeared in the open doorway, the immaculate, calm figure of Captain Myers. We heaved ourselves toward him, shouting.

"But he paid no attention to us. His crisp tones cut over our heads. 'Mr. Hampstead!'

"We surged back, peering over our shoulders. We saw the old missionary rise from his seat far back in the saloon and get down a little girl from his arms. He walked forward quietly and looked up at the captain. 'I am here,' he said simply.

"'The purser and the chief officer have been killed,' said Myers quietly. 'I rely on you to look after the passengers. The steward will report to you. Please allow nobody on deck.' And after a cool stare at us all the captain stepped back and disappeared.

"I wish I could narrate the small events of the night, but I can only state the old missionary took command with a definiteness, a sureness, a silent imperiousness that balked any opposition. He herded us to our cabins, listened to the complaints of women, soothed with crooked hands weeping children, within an hour had cleared the saloon and was sitting placidly beside the steward, reading his Bible through large, iron-rimmed spectacles, while the Chinese boys slipped around cleaning up the mess of dirt, torn clothes and shredded matting that marked the tumult and conflict of the mutiny. Now and again Hampstead would cease reading and enunciate a Chinese sentence in a harsh nasal voice. Each time the boys would gather quickly and then separate on their varied errands.

"In the morning we learned something of what had really happened. We saw splintered woodwork about the decks, strange, bluish splotches on the white planks, an uneasy and shame-faced alacrity in the movements of the crew. In the shadow of the bridge four bodies lay under a tarpaulin, and we understood that the chief officer, the purser and two engineers lay there awaiting burial. They had been on the captain's side. There were whispers that a dozen bodies had been thrown overside during the night, that down in the recesses of the ship mutineers were dying of their wounds. But no one spoke openly of all this. We were left to surmise, to innuendo, to glances.

"At noon Hampstead buried the four faithful officers, praying fervently over them for the rest of us. Myers stood on the lower bridge, vigilant, spotless in garb, apparently undisturbed. And when the short ceremony was over we went down to luncheon.

"The days after this are, to my remembrance dreamlike. I observe Hampstead austerely vigilant, fulfilling his duties without ardor or word of mouth. I recall that our food gave out slowly, having been sadly wasted by the mutineers. We came to the day when we had no fresh milk, the cows having gone dry. Babies suffered. We ... no meat. Curry powder failed. We were on an allowance of water supplied by the condensers. The dark winter of the North Pacific settled down on us. We read much, sitting in the saloon and warming ourselves over the steam coils.

"But we had one satisfaction. High winds had been availed of to drive the Parthia into the great Japanese current which flows in a huge arc from the coast of Asia to the northern coast of America. The chart showed steady progress eastward, of fifty miles one day, of one hundred miles another day. The sails were filled with sleety winds. The ship wallowed along on a course. In time we would gain a port.

"As the horrors of the mutiny faded, we slowly picked up spirit enough to enter into certain pale amusements. We sang at night over the saloon piano. We gave a concert to the second cabin and that dark part of the ship blazed with lights in honor of a grand reception to the first cabin. But, after all, our principal interest was in Jonas Hampstead's nightly prayers. In taking charge of the passengers at the captain's orders, he had taken over the cure of our souls as well. He was instant in season and out of season. He said grace at meals. He prayed over the sick children. He labored earnestly with the doubting. He preached fervently to the sinners.

"Never did ship drift across the foggy, gloomy Pacific under such circumstances as did the old Parthia. From daylight till midnight we were under the spell of the old missionary's zeal. True, he preached an outworn, neglected doctrine, a harsh and forbidding creed. But he believed it. Somehow we perceived that his strength flowed from it. He thundered out against all sin, making no distinction between the venial and the mortal. He held before us the prospect of hell fire. He adjured us in the name of an angry and jealous God to come to the mercy seat. He mocked our worldly hopes. He refused to listen to our arguments. And with it all he offered us no sure salvation, but left us to face eternal condemnation should our election not be made sure by divine grace. I suppose that he taught us the sternest dogma of a stern sect. But in those shadowy, murky days the religion he lived appealed to us. It was strong meat, but we needed it. Driving about on a stormy sea, with little real hope of living to set foot on land, we faced with equanimity the prospect that we could not appease by any sacrifice a righteously wrathful Deity. We gained (but transiently, I fear) a glimpse of that enduring hardihood that smiles at God even when He smites.

"I fear I weary you. So I pass on, merely saying that during those miserable, half-starved weeks we bent to the will of two men, the immaculately dressed, steady-eyed captain, always vigilant, taciturn and ready, and the gaunt, crooked-handed missionary with his fiery spirit and ceaseless importunity to mend our wicked ways.

"On the 2d of December, the Parthia then riding out the end of a severe gale, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Myers stepped inside the saloon door and said quietly, 'The Armeria of Seattle has answered our signals and will tow us into Puget Sound.' On the 17th of that month the Parthia was slowly warped into her berth in Seattle and we went ashore.

"But I have still something to tell. Possibly it explains more than one would think. At least I like to suppose that, at the very last, I caught a glimpse of that ultimate strength, that ultimate base of authority which we have been discussing here while the engineers plug that boiler tube.

"We had entered the sound and two large tugs made fast on either quarter of the Parthia. A booted and waterproofed pilot lolled on the bridge. All through the steamer we were packing up our belongings, writing letters, chatting excitedly over the past. As night fell I walked out on the dripping deck and stared at the misty hills of Washington, starred here and there by glowing lights. In my tramping I repassed Captain Myers' cabin several times, and my ear caught the sound of Jonas Hampstead's voice. When I had made the round of the deck and passed again I saw through the partly opened shutter the missionary and the captain facing each other. I heard the captain say, in a curiously modulated voice, 'There was nothing else to do. If I did not kill the mutineers I should have failed in my duty. But I am a murderer, just the same. I have lost my soul's salvation.'

"Blame me for listening if you will, but this is what I overheard Hampstead answer, in a harsh, untuneful voice: 'My brother, we are both miserable sinners and unworthy of any saving grace. Let us pray.' I confess that I stood there, opposite that partly opened shutter, and looked in upon the two old men. Myers, his gray head bared and bowed, listened while Hampstead raised his seamed meager visage to the invisible sky and said in a firm voice: 'O Lord, we two miserable sinners stand before Thee tonight knowing that Thou hast out of Thine own good pleasure chosen some to everlasting life and joy with Thee and others Thou hast in Thy just wrath elected to eternal destruction. We are blood guilty, for the burden Thou hast laid upon us has been heavy. We beg for the infinite gift of Thy saving grace. But we know that Thou art a sure foundation for our faith and if there be no health in us and Thou hast judged us unworthy of salvation, we are content. But, O Gracious Lord, grant us strength to save others to Thy honor and glory. Amen.'

"When this extraordinary petition had been offered there ensued a silence. It was broken by Captain Myers. He said quietly, 'I suppose that is quite right. I must answer for my own acts. One must do one's duty without reference to consequences to himself. After all, what do I matter—compared to a shipload of people? He opened the door and passed out with a brisk, assured, authoritative step. As the door closed after him I saw the missionary raise an agonized face and heard him mutter, clasping crooked hand in crooked hand, 'Lord, Thy will be done, not mine.'

"You understand," said the judge, "that I'm not defending their theology. I am only stating the fact; those two old men saved 300 lives by virtue of their belief and reliance in an impregnable and unswerving authority. After all, if we are to do anything quite worth while we have to believe in—well?—possibly even in our own damnation." He was silent, and from the deck we heard a woman's rapid wail, "Captain, if anything should happen, remember I have my baby!"

The captain of the Gaelic's quiet tones reached us. "That relieves my mind of much responsibility. I shall intrust the baby to you. I know you will look out for it. We shall be going in a quarter of an hour." The woman passed the open door with face alight, calling to a companion, "We're all right! The captain says we're going to start in a quarter of an hour!"

The judge nodded his head. "You hear it? The voice of authority!"