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Alma, Kansas.

ELECTION

The time for the mailing of the official ballots is

THE WEEK

Beginning

Monday, Oct. 5th.

and Ending

Saturday, Oct. 10th.



IS YOUR LODGE REGISTERED

For the getting of the official ballots notices etc?

You should register before

THE 20th. OF THIS MONTH

To give us time to prepare and mail the ballots

DO IT NOW

THE DIPLOMAT

By A. M. Perkerson.

The diplomat pressed his finger tips together and gazed pensively into the fire. A valet glided into the room.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir."

"Who is she?"

"She declines to give her name, sir."

"Is she slender; brown hair and eyes; imperious carriage?"

"Yes, sir."

A satisfied smile stole over the diplomat's face. "Show her into this room."

"This way, madam," said the valet.

A girl of dark, passionate beauty swept into the room. "My business is very important," she said.

"There is no danger of being overheard," the diplomat replied.

"I am Theresa Victoria, daughter of President Manuel Victoria," she said, in a low voice.

The diplomat kept a wary eye on her right hand, which was concealed in a fur muff.

"Now, I intend to shoot you as coldly and brutally as you did him."

The hand in the muff moved, and the diplomat spoke hastily. "I knew two days ago you were coming," he said. "Far from assassinating your father, I was the only one who tried to befriend him in his misfortune. Look at this."

He took a slip of paper from the desk. It read:

Discharge Mansel Victoria.
(Signed) MIGRUL GONZALES.

"I forced that from Gonzales when your father was in prison, but it came too late. I was hand in glove with Gonzales at the insurrection two years ago. But we were never anything more. I wanted your father ousted from the presidency, but I would have done anything to protect him from personal injury. I forced Gonzales to give me that order, but before I reached the prison I learned of his assassination." He paused a moment. "It was not I who killed your father; it was the commander of the prison, Capt. Manuel Imez."

"But I thought—" the girl interrupted.

"You thought that Imez was your father's best friend, and had to fly the country. Imez murdered your father because he thought that by assassinating him he would gain favor with Gonzales.

"Gonzales was anxious to get rid of your father, but he had nothing to do with his murder."

He pressed a button in the wall near the desk. "Ask Capt. Santoz to come here," he said to the valet. "He is Imez," he explained to the girl. "He fled back three months ago, thinking, as you did, that I was your father's

enemy. I have been sheltering him since."

The door opened. "Capt. Santoz," announced the valet. A large fat man with a flabby, bestial face entered.

"Theresa Victoria," the diplomat said in a low voice, sweeping one hand toward the girl, "daughter of President Mansel Victoria. The fat man's face suddenly became white, and he moved back until his hand rested against the wall. "The man who assassinated your father." The diplomat pointed to Imez, and turned to the girl. She was looking at the man against the wall, her eyes flaming. Suddenly her hand whisked from the muff and something glittered. A pistol cracked, and the fat man tumbled to the floor.

The diplomat jerked the pistol from the girl's hand, and seized her by the arm. His hand ran along the wainscoting and something clicked. A secret door flew open. It was the entrance to a dark corridor, into which he thrust the girl.

"Follow this passageway," he exclaimed. "It will take you to the street. Never tell any one what you have done."

He slammed the secret door to and hurried back to the man on the floor. He was dead. Slipping the girl's pistol into one of the lifeless hands, he rang for the valet.

"Remember, you admitted no one to this room but him," pointing to the body on the floor.

"Yes, sir."

In a few minutes the police had been summoned. "Suicide, captain," the diplomat explained. "Money matters, you know. Poor devil!"

Study of Mountain Sickness.

Although the subject of mountain sickness has been carefully studied at different times, and reported upon by skilled observers, the effects of prolonged residence in high localities have not received the same attention from scientists. It is taken for granted by most writers that after a certain length of time a healthy man can adapt himself perfectly to any degree of altitude. Medical practitioners resident in elevated parts of South Africa have, however, lately cast doubts on the ideas which are usually held on this subject. Observations on persons apparently well acclimatized to an elevation of 6,000 feet above the coast level frequently reveal a constant increase in the pulse rate, while the examination of a number of Johannesburg school children showed a large proportion of cases of cardiac hypertrophy.—London Hospital.

Two of a Kind.

"He called me a coward because I wouldn't fight him."

"Yes? And what did you say?"

"I called him a coward for trying to fight with a man he knew was afraid of him."—Cleveland Leader.

THE WOMAN WITH THE EYES

To-day she is a leader in society by right of her late husband's name and wealth, her youth, her beauty, and her sorrow. Perhaps she may marry again, and the man of her choice will be happy. Perhaps rightly so—who shall say?

Where she came from nobody knew. It was said Dorrick met her at a summer resort, and that was all anyone seemed to know about her. He married her for her beauty; she married him for his money and social position. I suppose both thoroughly understood the terms of the contract. He admired her much as he might have admired a fine horse, and he was proud to claim her as his own. She didn't actually hate him—he was an unfortunate encumbrance of wealth and social position. But she bore him no love.

Perhaps the last straw that broke down her endurance was when Dorrick came home drunk from some club meeting. Dorrick was not a drinking man, and this was an exceptional case. Perhaps he had been drinking too many toasts to his young wife. But it was an offense against good form—the only thing she cared about now. When Dorrick ceased to be a gentleman the last link broke.

"My dear—" he began, and then he stopped short, for he had caught her glance. She had peculiar eyes sometimes—hard, cold, penetrating eyes—gimlet eyes, an irreverent youth had once called them. Dorrick seemed to shrink up within himself beneath her gaze. Half drunk as he was, he seemed in some way fascinated—"like as if he'd been mesmerized," said Mrs. Dorrick's maid under her breath; she had been to see a professional hypnotist who had been performing at one of the music halls a few weeks before. Mrs. Dorrick overheard the remark, and it set her thinking.

The suggestion of mesmerism broke in upon her like a revelation; perhaps she had found the key to freedom. She had heard of this marvelous force that science but dimly comprehends, and she was prepared to believe wonders of it. Forthwith she set about studying it. Little by little, as she mastered the subject, she came to understand how complete is the control exercised by the mesmerist over his subjects and found that she herself possessed marked powers of fascination. Then she began to try experiments with her husband. She had no definite end in view. She wanted to gain such mastery over him as to make him entirely subservient to her will. Then she would no longer be galled by the sense that she was part of his prop-

erty.

In a month she succeeded. The outward world saw no change in Dorrick or his household; but in the privacy of his home he was a different man. A single glance from his wife bereft him of will power, almost of consciousness. He was no longer a living, thinking man, but an automaton, performing her will blindly, and without the power of retaining even a shadow of remembrance if she willed he should forget. She was far too clever to let outsiders see this—even the servants never suspected it. She herself hardly knew how far-reaching was her strange power. But she had gained her point.

She began tentatively. Dorrick developed a habit of dressing a little too lightly for the season of the year, and caught cold several times. His wife scolded him for his carelessness, but to no purpose. Little by little he became more careless. He neglected to see a doctor, after catching a very severe cold, though he had been in the habit of taking the utmost care of his health. Again his wife scolded him, and sent for the doctor herself. Dorrick recovered slowly, but the effects of a severe chill had left him weaker. Then he committed the crowning imprudence of taking a cold bath in the middle of January and neglecting to dry himself thoroughly. Mrs. Dorrick scolded again, and again summoned the doctor. The doctor was angry, and took Dorrick to task sharply for his carelessness. "It's simple sulcide," he said, "simple sulcide!" And he left directions for Mrs. Dorrick and drove away.

He was right; he could do no good. Dorrick had thrown away his life. In about a week he fell a victim to pneumonia, and Mrs. Dorrick was free.

Mrs. Dorrick, the bride of scarce six months, mourned deeply for her husband, and inherited his wealth. Perhaps there was just a little genuineness in her sorrow; a tinge of remorse—no more. As I said, to-day she is a leader in society by right of her late husband's name and wealth, her youth her beauty, and her sorrow. Perhaps she may marry again; this time she will not sell herself—she will not need to. And the man of her choice will be accounted happy, for no one knows of her terrible gift. Perhaps, too, rightly so accounted. Who shall say?

Perfumes Recommended.

Doctors' recommendations have contributed to the popularity of certain scents. The use of the scent is becoming really widespread, asserts a dealer in perfumes. "The doctors have pronounced in its favor," this man says, "and have recommended those of their patients who are particularly prone to catching such complaints as influenza to use scent copiously, principally by means of the spray. The odor that is most in demand is appropriately that of wood violets, springlike and refreshing."

WHEN THEY MET



HE young woman on the front seat of the automobile gave a decided tug to her veil.

"No," she said, "you can't care very much or you'd remember a little thing like that!"

"Well," suggested the young man, anxiously frowning over the steering wheel,

"if it's so little what's the use of making a fuss over it?"

"It may be small in one way—but not in another!" corrected the young woman with dignity. "I can't understand it! You say you didn't remember in the least how you felt when you first saw me—or where or when it was!"

"You see, it's as if I'd always known you," exclaimed the young man, brightly. "I don't remember anything before that!"

"In that case you'd remember the beginning!" insisted the young woman, in sad triumph. "It just shows that our first meeting meant nothing to you!"

"Why, I remember all about it!" burst forth the young man. "Of course I do! You had on a dress with pink roses on it and it was at Molly Frost's at a card party exactly three winters ago!"

The young woman drew as far away as the width of the seat would allow and gazed at the scenery in absorbed interest. Though she said nothing the young man felt the frost in the atmosphere, even through his leather coat.

"Wasn't it?" he demanded, with a falling inflection heroically positive.

The young woman coughed. "I wonder if we'll get out to the house on time?" she murmured as if to herself.

"Wasn't it?" demanded the young man sternly, almost running over a dog in his absorption.

"I suppose you've forgotten," said the young woman with elaborate indifference, "that three winters ago I was in Europe and also that I never laid eyes on Molly Frost in my life till last December."

The young man increased the speed of the machine. "Well, anyhow," he said firmly, "it was a dress with pink roses and somebody wore it!"

"I've no doubt of it," said the young woman sweetly. "She certainly made

a strong impression on you, since you recall her after all these years. I don't blame you, in view of that, for forgetting such a trivial occurrence as being introduced to me—"

"As if I could mix you up with any one else!" protested the young man, plunging desperately. "I—I just did that to tease you, Annette!"

The young woman surveyed him coldly. "Did you?" she asked with suspicious calmness. Then smiled. "What a joke!" she murmured. Presently she demanded: "Well, then, joking aside, when was it we first met?"

The young man stopped the machine with a jerk and getting out some tools, crawled part way underneath it and began pounding. "I thought something was wrong," he called in muffled tones.

After ten minutes of this he emerged with an air of relief. "Guess we'll get along all right now," he said, jauntily. "Fine day for a ride, isn't it? Did you notice—"

"When was it?" repeated the young woman in even tones.

The young man bent low over the wheel and swallowed hard. "It was after you got home from abroad," he said with a positive air.

"Yes?" prompted the young woman.

"At a dinner at the Smiths—" The young man felt danger in the silence which followed this attempt. "No, no; I mean the theater party Howardson gave—eh? Remember the chinchilla coat you wore then?"

"My furs were ermine," murmured the young woman with indifference. "And I wasn't at Mr. Howardson's party because I had the grip at the time. What's the use of pretending that you remember when you don't at all? Why don't you just say that the first time you met me I made no impression whatever upon you among the crowd of really interesting people and you didn't notice me especially? Why not be honest?"

"Of course I noticed you!" protested the young man, still clinging desperately to the romance expected of him.

Then he threw down his shield and gauntlet and turned on her. "Well," he said doggedly, "when and where was it we really met? I do seem kind of mixed on the subject! When was it?"

The young woman turned her head away and gave her veil another twitch. Then she looked at him and from behind the enshrouding chiffon came a subdued and helpless chuckle. "I don't know," she confessed. "I haven't any more idea than you have, Tommy!"

"Well, if you haven't got a lot of nerve!" gasped the young man after he had comprehended. "And grilling me like that for forgetting!"—Chicago Daily News.

She Was the One Girl

There isn't much in life for me any more. There might have been. I am pretty sure that if she had loved me it would have been different. She would have given a rose-colored tint to the universe.

A four room flat with her would have been equal to a palace of jasper and sard—whatever that is—and brown stone. A canary in the front bay window would have been equal to a grove of nightingales. Twenty dollars down to an instalment house would have given me all the luxurious velvet plied rugs, pictures, statuary, bric-a-brac, tapestries and hangings that I needed. A half pound of cold ham, a dime's worth of Saratoga chips and a bottle of milk in the ice-box on the porch would have been a worthy equivalent of the larders, cellars and \$5,000 chefs of the rich and great. But now!

She strung me. She did it to the queen's taste. She made me think I was all the table condiments and the after lunch mints. She did this for months. Then the little gong on the top of the clock breaks loose, and I wake up and rub my eyes.

It wasn't me. Not at all. I was regarded in the light of a very dear friend—who was willing to fall for the price 'most any old evening. Billy Chandler was the real bales of costly merchandise. Billy!

It was her eyes and her hair—just hers—her laugh and the way she moved that got me razzle-dazzled. There's somewhere in the neighborhood of 'steen billion girls floating around loose, but there isn't anything just exactly like her. That's what's the trouble with me.

Well, I've got to buck up and bear it. Guess I'll go around to the drug store and get a cigar and then stroll down to the sad lake waves and think some more large thoughts. A fellow can't think with ragtime playing in the room below. Not the kind of thinks I'm having.

Three days gone by. I'm still alive, but I didn't expect to do the frog act anyway. It's going to simmer down to a dull ache after a little. I'll have a feeling like the parquet at five-thirty on a matinee afternoon, according to the best authorities, and that will stay with me for the rest of my days.

I wonder what that is they're playing now! It's a new one to me. Yes, it's going to be one great goneness for Willie. Some of these days when I can bear the pain I shall chase myself around to where Mrs. Chandler lives and see a golden-haired little child skipping the rope on the pavement outside or tripping a measure to the strains of the piano organ. She

will have her mother's eyes.

I shall say: "Little one, tell mamma that an old friend would like to see her." And she'll come down looking as if she's just about all in and with only a pathetic suggestion of her former beauty. After awhile she will say: "And you never married?"

"Never once," I shall say. "There was only one woman in the world for me." Then she'll blush and—

I guess I do not know what that is, too. They seem to be whooping it up down there. I wonder if I'd be considered fresh if I kicked in? I was to have the privileges of the parlor with the other boarders, so I don't see why not. Those drug store cigars are pretty bum.

Wonder if that Miss Kessick isn't in the bunch. She isn't real horrid to look at, anyway.

It doesn't cut any ice with me, of course, but she certainly is the real Michigan specialty, sun-ripened and just as good with the red mosquito bar off as with it on. If I had only met her about six months ago there's no telling. But I'm spoiled for anything else now. The dull ache has set in, and unless I'm thinking of something else, it stays right with me, just like Miss Libby says.

Kessick! Funny thing I never took any particular notice of her until last week. I guess I must have been tolerable busy since I came here. She certainly isn't like the factory made article, isn't little Margaret. There's something to her. She's a mixer, all right, and she'll stand for a joshing and not linger at the come back.

And, while you're talking, that girl has got eyes that somebody ought to put smoked glass over in the interests of the public safety. I've seen eyes before, but—I don't suppose I ought to buy her candy on a short acquaintance, but the candy money I've been saving the last week or two certainly ought to have an outlet somewhere. After a short while, when the bunch gets together, I must spring myself for ice cream at the drug store as a kind of starter. I've got to do something evenings.

That drug clerk is a wise boy. He's on to his job, all right. "No, we haven't any of that in stock. We don't carry it anymore, anyway. Here's something that doesn't cost as much and it's every bit as good. I think myself it's a little better. It won't hurt to try it, anyway. People get in the habit of taking some one thing and they think there isn't anything else will do, and that's where they're wrong. You try this. It won't be but a little while, till you just swear by it."

I wonder.

I'm a little leary of 'em, but I don't believe she's the kind of girl that would string a fellow, and she could string 'em plenty if she wanted to. You can't beat her for looks.

Here goes for the candy, anyway.

AUTOMATIC MILK SUPPLY.

Adaptation of the Slot Machine to the Milk Business.

Many efforts have been made toward rendering it practicable to supply milk direct from the cow to the consumer without intermediate handling, to insure freedom from contam-

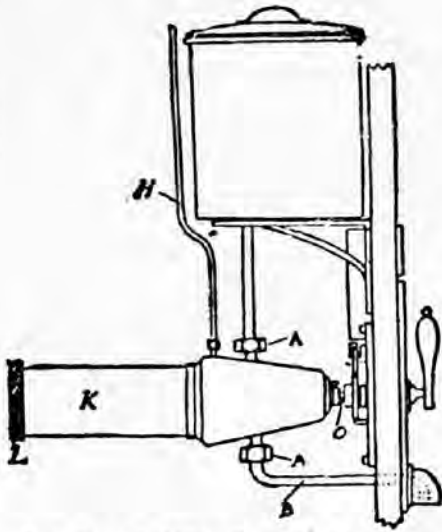


Penny-in-the-Slot Milk Supply Machine.

nation, and yet at the same time conform with hygienic requirements. An effort to secure this end is being made in England, whereby the customer secures his quantity of milk from the retail dairy without its being ladled from the supply churn or pan. A novel automatic supply machine is used, which can be fixed in any convenient position, says Scientific American. On the outside of the machine there is merely a curved spout, under which the jug or pitcher is placed, a lever handle which is pulled over at right angles, and a slot for the insertion of the coin, which in this particular instance is one penny (two cents), and which insures the delivery of half a pint of the liquid.

The machine itself comprises a circular tank with a capacity of 20 quarts. From this the milk falls into a receptacle, the discharge orifice of which is closed by a valve controlled by the handle lever outside. The handle is actuated by the automatic mechanism set in motion by the insertion of the coin. It will thus be seen that the machine is of very simple construction and operation, being designed to withstand rough usage such as it would naturally be subjected to in poor districts. The customers pay no more for their milk than if bought over the counter; and as the reservoir is completely inclosed, there is no risk of contamination from the air or other causes, even if it be left standing for a long period.

The machine can easily and quickly be taken apart for sterilization, so that it conforms with all hygienic requirements. All that is necessary is to disconnect the two unions A, shown in the diagram, release the pipe H, disconnect K from the connection O,



Details of Milk Supply Machine.

undo the milled nut L, and the whole machine is in pieces ready for cleansing from end to end, while similarly it can be quickly reassembled.

In order to distribute the cream uniformly, throughout the reservoir, an automatic stirrer is provided; otherwise the cream would collect on the surface of the milk, and the liquid withdrawn from the lower part of the reservoir would be of poor quality. At the same time the automatic stirrer is so designed and operated that there is no risk of converting the milk into butter. A refrigerator is attached in summer.

As the reservoir contains sufficient milk for 80 coins at one charge, it does not need close attention. In England the apparatus is becoming extensively adopted at dairies situated among the poorer classes of the community, who buy in small quantities.

Biology and the Canal.

At the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in Chicago, attention was called to the interesting fact that the work on the Panama canal is changing biological conditions in Panama, and that its completion will enable the fresh-water faunae of the Atlantic and Pacific slopes to intermingle. Undoubtedly many marine animals will pass from one ocean to the other. Thus a permanent change of conditions will be brought about, which may or may not possess much practical importance, but its scientific interest is very great. In view of these facts, the association resolved to urge upon congress the necessity of an immediate biological survey of the Panama canal zone.

New Radium Plant.

In connection with the Austrian governmental establishment for the preparation of uranium products there has been built in Joachimstal, Bohemia, a laboratory for working up radio-active substances found in the tailings and by-products of the uranium minerals. There will also be erected a bathing establishment, where the radio-active mine water will be used for healing purposes.

SAFE STEERING ON AUTO.

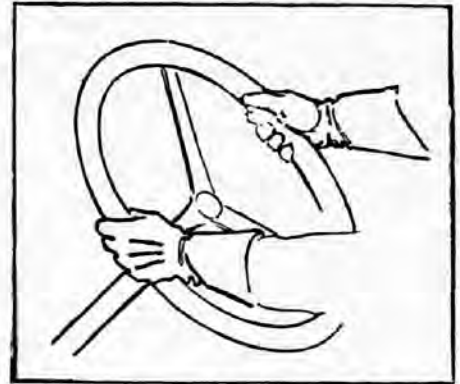
Much Depends on the Character of the Device.

The right or wrong type of steering-gear on an automobile may make all the difference between safety and disaster at a critical moment, notes a writer in Motor Age. A slight error in steering will be increased by one type until it is fatally wrong and the car is in the ditch; another type will tend automatically to correct slight mistakes. The former the writer calls "dynamically unstable," the latter, "dynamically stable." We read:

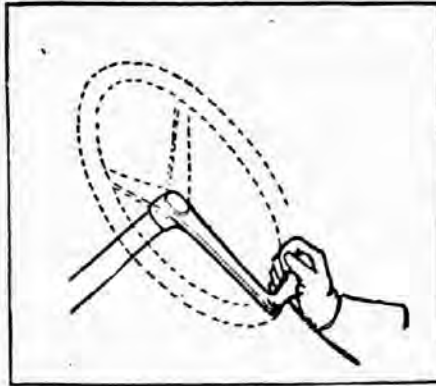
"In one of the earliest types of steering-mechanism used on motor-

lever be arranged to move in the same direction as that in which the car is to be steered, the difficulty vanishes, the forces called into play actually preventing oversteering. To quote further:

"It is of interest to examine the generally adopted wheel-steering from the



Grasping the wheel oppositely with both hands is dynamically safe for steering motor-cars on any road surface.



If a wheel be handled by its lowermost point then it resembles a tiller and is dynamically unstable.

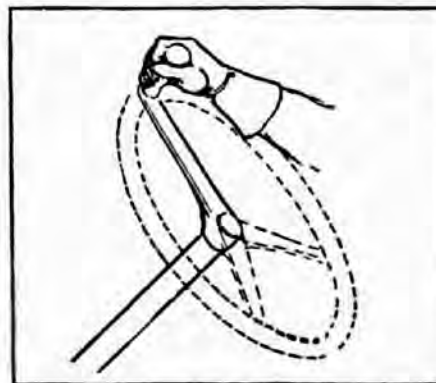
vehicles the wheels were controlled by a lever pivoted at a point in front of the driver usually at or near the center of the dashboard, this type being commonly known as 'bath-chair,' or tiller, steering. It was in a vehicle so fitted that M. Levassor of the firm of Panhard & Levassor lost his life in an early race."

When the dangers of bath-chair steering were first realized, the public, we are told, rushed to the conclusion that the general principle of lever or tiller-steering was at fault. This, the writer assures us, is far from the truth. It is the direction of the steering-motion in the bath-chair type that is dangerous. If the direction of the steering-effort be reversed, the forces that were previously a cause of danger

dynamical point of view; the matter is not altogether simple, owing to the fact that the manner in which the wheel is held and handled is an important factor in the problem; we will, therefore, briefly discuss the matter on certain alternative bases.

"Firstly, let us suppose that the wheel be handled only by its lowermost point, then its action resembles the bath-chair steering with a very short lever; it is dynamically unstable. If, conversely, we suppose the wheel handled only by its uppermost point, the motion is in the same direction as the car is steered, and it is, therefore, dynamically stable. Neither of the above suppositions, however, exactly represents the facts as to how a wheel is manipulated. The usual method of holding the wheel—at any rate, at high speeds, when dynamical considerations are of greatest importance—is to grasp it in both hands, one on each side, and, when steering, the wheel is turned in the direction that the body is leaned. Under these circumstances the steering is dynamically stable, but the motions concerned are rotative rather than translational, as in the previous case.

"If, as is actually the case, the steering-wheel is inclined, there is still a component motion acting in the manner stated. It is interesting to recall how much more suitable the heavily raked steering-pillar appears on a speed machine—in which the importance of the dynamic forces is the greatest—than the more vertical pillar; the latter always looks out of place except on a slow-moving vehicle. The mechanical instinct in this respect seems to comprehend at once that which cold-blooded reason reaches only with some difficulty."



If a wheel be handled by its uppermost point then it is dynamically stable for steering at all times.

become a source of security. If the

Cleaning Old Files.

Acid will clean old files and make them better, but will not make good files of worn-out ones.

Little Lucy Locket

Little Lucy Locket,
She hasn't any pocket—
No place to carry anything at all;
While Lucy's brother Benny
He has so very many,
In which to put his marbles, top or ball,
That when he's in a hurry
'Tis something quite a worry
To find the one he wants among them all.



Now, why should Lucy Locket
Not have a little pocket—
A handy little pocket in her dress?
And why should Brother Benny,
Who doesn't need so many,
Be favored with a dozen, more or less?
The reason, if you know it,
Be kind enough to show it,
For really 'tis a puzzle, I confess.
—Philadelphia Record.

NESTING BOXES FOR BIRDS.

How You Can Make Friends with Little Songsters.

There are several rules to be observed in the placing of nesting-boxes for birds, but none of them is more important than that no food must be put in or about the box; nor must it be erected in the immediate vicinity of a bird-table. To do the latter is simply to rob the possible occupants of the one thing which they most desire in a nesting site. A bird does not wish to have its home among the continual scufflings, the comings and goings, of other birds; and a nesting box in the immediate neighborhood of a bird table is certain to be continually haunted and raided by sparrows. To put food in or about a box is even worse, for, again, it merely serves to attract other birds and, which are much worse, mice and rats. When once a nesting box is made attractive and accessible to these animals, it becomes impossible as a home for small birds. The latter will know better than to attempt to make a home there, while if they do attempt it they will have little chance of being able to rear their young. Another common mistake is to put perches or ladders or other aids to ingress to the hole, for the convenience of the birds.



Nesting Box for Birds.

Equally mistaken is the common adaptation of human ideas of fitness to the selection of the site for the box. The inexperienced person is likely to hunt for nice, sheltered spots in the middle of a bush or among the small twigs of trees, neither of which positions is in the least what a bird desires. The chances are that any such location will again be easily accessible to small four-footed enemies, and it must be remembered that it is these, as well as other egg-stealing species of birds, against which the small birds need protection.

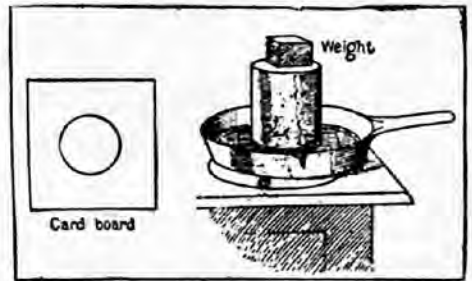
The size of the box itself is more or less a matter of indifference, as the birds will either fill up the whole area of the floor with nesting material, or they will build in one corner if the space is too large. Still it will probably save them some trouble, and add to their comfort, if the interior be not too roomy. Six or seven inches square is a good average size for all the smaller birds, though an old confectioner's chocolate box is often occupied with seeming readiness. For the entrance hole $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter is large enough for the smaller birds, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches suffices for the larger birds, robins, nuthatches (though these will block up the hole to suit themselves), flycatchers, etc. To make the entrances larger is only to invite spoliation.

To protect the nest from the assaults of four-footed robbers, the best plan is to affix the box to the bare side of a tree trunk or the face of a wall. To make assurance of safety doubly sure, when the box is near the top of a wall, an over-hanging roof, or porch, may be fixed above it so that no animal can climb down to it from above; while, when fastened to a tree trunk, a strip of tin or of sheet iron nailed round the tree immediately below the box will prevent even a squirrel from climbing up to it.

EXPERIMENT WITH VACUUM.

Interesting Test Which Can Be Made with Simple Apparatus.

Take any kitchen utensil used for frying purposes—an ordinary skillet, or spider, works best—having a smooth inner bottom surface, and turn in water to the depth of one-half inch. Cut a piece of cardboard circular to fit the bottom of the spider and make a hole in the center four inches in diameter. The hole will need to correspond to the size of the can used. It should be one inch less in diameter than that of the can. Place this cardboard in the bottom of the spider under the water. A two-quart syrup can or pail renders the best demonstration, although good results may be obtained from the use of an ordinary tomato can. The edge of the can must



Experimental Apparatus.

have no indentations, so it will fit perfectly tight all around on the cardboard. Place the can bottom side up and evenly over the hole in the cardboard. Put a sufficient weight on the can to prevent it moving on the cardboard, but not too heavy, say one pound.

Place the spider with its adjusted contents upon a heated stove. Soon the inverted can will begin to agitate. When this agitation finally ceases remove the spider from the stove, being careful not to move the can, and if the quickest results are desired, apply snow, ice or cold water to the surface of the can until the sides begin to flatten.

The spider with its entire contents may now be lifted by taking hold of the can. When the vacuum is complete the sides of the can will suddenly collapse, and sometimes, with a considerable report, jump from the spider.

The cause of the foregoing phenomenon, explains the Popular Mechanics, is that the circular hole in the cardboard admits direct heat from the surface of the spider. This heat causes the air in the can to expand, which is allowed to escape by agitation, the water and the cardboard acting as a valve to prevent its re-entrance. When the inclosed air is expelled by the heat and a vacuum is formed by the cooling, the above results are obtained as described.

A chain $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and weighing 25 tons was recently made in England for use in a colliery.



PUBLISHED MONTHLY
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Remit by Bank Draft, Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter at our risk. Money sent any other way is at sender's risk. Individual checks on local banks not accepted.

Address all communications to
The C. M. A. EMBLEM,
Alma, Kansas.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of the Grand President of the Coming Men of America Lodge. I want the support of all the brothers.
Yours in F.
J. ELLIOTT CLAYTON, Jr.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Grand President of the order. Brothers your vote is respectfully solicited
Yours in F.
JAY M. ARMSTRONG.

I announce myself as a candidate for the office of Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of the Coming Men of America.
Yours in F.
CHAS. E. ELLSWORTH.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Grand Vice President of the South Eastern District, hoping to be favored with your support I remain
Yours in F.
I. F. LANHAM, 15° O. T. N.

I here announce myself as a candidate for the office of Grand Vice President of the South Eastern District. Your support is respectfully solicited.
Yours in F.
Y. PINCK TAYLOR, 15° O. T. N.

For Grand President of North Eastern section.
J. J. SELLS, 15° O. T. N.
Brother Sells has been endorsed by the Maine Association and is widely known in the C. M. A. circles as the past Athletic Secretary of the order. You should give Brother Sells your loyal support

Two weeks, to enstall a complete new printing office, set up a sixteen page paper and print 1500 and mail them has kept us on the jump and you will see our reason for not being out on time.

Our October issue will be out on time and we will increase the size if we receive enough news to warrant us doing it we will get out a special issue for that month.

Has your lodge been registered with us for the receiving of the official Ballots and election notices. You should look at this and see that your lodge will receive the ballots for the election.



Captain Wm. C. AYERS, 10° O. T. N.

CONNERSVILLE, IND.

To the members:-

I wish to announce myself as a candidate for the office of Adjutant General of the Uniform Rank of the Coming Men of America secret organization; subject to the vote of each and every C. M. A. in the rank.

I am the organizer of Knights of Honor Lodge No. 5090 thereby obtaining my tenth degree, in 1906. I have four times been elected president of that lodge and was elected captain of Post 3 Indiana Division of the Uniform Rank in March, 1907.

Your vote will be appreciated.

Truly yours in "F"

Capt. Wm. C. AYERS, 10° O. T. N.
CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA.

The C. M. A. Herald has improved a great deal and has come out with a new heading, a design drawn by Brother Baber. The Herald is an independent paper and is giving a good bit of bright and up-to-date news.

Brother Armstrong has revised his plan which we are glad to see him do. It now is just about the same as the Reorganization Plan and takes in very nearly all the same points of interests.

We want every member that is going to stay with the order to send in their subscription for the EMBLEM, if they have not already done so? Send us 25 cents for the paper until the first of the year when I think that the new officers will all be ready to do business for the order.

The EMBLEM is being endorsed as the official organ by all of the state conventions and there is not much doubt that it will become so in the near future. It is our hope and we will do all in our power to advertise our order the best we can.

DON'TS FOR EVERYONE

Don't lie. A liar soon finds himself lonely.

Don't brag about courage. Wait your chance, then prove it.

Don't worry, you will need all your courage to face difficulty.

Don't play for popular favor. Aim to be valued by an influential few.

Don't be sensitive. The quickest way to dampen a teaser is to laugh at his efforts.

Don't confuse criticism with censure. The first is kind. The latter, though hard to bear, is often salutary.

Don't waste the minutes. They quickly run into hours. Time means money both to your employer and yourself.

Don't delay in sending in your subscription to the EMBLEM. We want your name on our subscription books.

Don't be on the lookout for injuries or snubs. People who go about hunting trouble soon find trouble hunting them.

If you are not a subscriber to the EMBLEM you will miss the official news of the order, which is very important at the present time.

Through training is what qualifies for success in the world of business. See that you learn your business well or you will be worth but little pay.

Don't fail to vote for good men in the coming election as that is the only way you can insure the success of the order. Above all, don't knock on the order but put your shoulder to the wheel, so that in later life you can say that you helped to put the order on its feet.

We have increased our Stamp Department this month. It will be found on page 15. In our next issue we will also include the Amateur Photographer's Department.

THE SERVICE WE OWE

If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. If he pays you wages that supply your bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the institution he represents.

I think if I worked for a man I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of his time, but all of his time. I would give an undivided service or none.

If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you vilify, condemn and eternally disparage, why, resign your position; and when you are outside, damn to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of an institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself.

And don't forget—"I forgot!" won't do in business.—*Elbert Hubbard.*



members should read this copy of the EMBLEM thoroughly as it contains some very important official news also the announcements of the candidates for Office. It is my wish that you study them all and see when your vote is cast that it will count for a good responsible man. We must have good men for our Grand Officers. Put good men in and we will assure you the order will be as firm as any fraternal order of the day.

Yours in "F"

CHAS. R. SIMON, 15° O.T.N.

Mudlaria Lodge No. 5833 which was organized in Febr., now has a membership of nineteen and are pushing all they can. Luck to you, boys.

Local Star Lodge No 5659, of Chadbourn N. C. gave an ice cream social on the night of Friday, July, 24th, which netted the lodge a nice sum of money.

Oak Grove Lodge No. 5725, of Taylorville, Fla. have reorganized and are again doing business. They have had a ball team in the field this year which won four out of five games played.

Comet Lodge of Cambellton, Texas, were going to give an icecream social the 10th of this month and expected to have a great time. The C. M. A. spirit is alive down in that part of Texas, we hope to see things happen down there.

Cabo Rojo Star Lodge of Cabo Rojo Porto Rico, are still doing business and are on waiting to get new members outfits for the many applications that are on file. Their officers are as follows; Miguel del Toro Colberg, Pres; Luis Figueroa, V-Pres; Juan Acosta, Secy; Antonio Comas, Treas; Antonio Acron, Speaker; Emeterio Aviles, Director. Quintin Aviles, Sentinel; Julio Rodriguez, Chaplain, and Andres Comas, Currier.

CALIFORNIA STATE CONVENTION.

The state convention was held Aug. 22nd, 1908, at San Francisco.

The Reorganization Plan was adopted they also endorsed Chas. R. Simon for Grand Secretary and Alma, Kansas for Headquarters. The following state officers were elected; Rev. W. E. Hayes, San Francisco, Pres; C. E. Fay, Vasalia, 1st V-Pres; E. Lisle Keesling, Campbell, 2nd V-Pres; Oliver G. Beardslee, Oakland, Secy; Raymond Wood, San Francisco, Treas.



MY IDEAS OR PLATFORM

The following are my ideas for the running of the order and if I am elected to be the Grand Secretary of the order, I will do all in my power to see them carried out and enforced.

I am in favor of the Reorganization Plan, except as stated below, and think the laws of the order should be drawn up in accordance with it.

I think the rates should be raised to \$1.00 per year and should go to the Grand Treasury.

The Grand Lodge should pay for the official organ the members receive, the money to be taken out of the treasury.

The dues should be collected by the secretaries of the local lodges and sent to the Grand Secretary, with a report, twice each year; that is 50 cents on the first of January and 50 cents the first of July, for each member in the lodge.

The Secretaries of the local lodges should send the Grand Secretary a full report when they send in the semi-annual dues.

I want all Grand Officers to be elected by the members at an election such as this first election will be.

I believe we should economize in the running of the order; by this, I do not mean that we should give the members

cheaper outfits or that we should not advertise the order, but mean, whenever we do spend a dollar, see that we get one hundred cents of good value in return either in advertisement or in the things we distribute amongst our membership. Give the members their money's worth, nothing will advertise us better than a satisfied member.

I am not in favor of giving the Grand Officers a salary; our membership is small, and we must get some money in our treasury. However, we must allow them the expences their office will cause them, we can not expect them to "dig into their own pockets" to pay them.

I believe in having as few laws as possible, have them cover everthing pertaining the duties of the members and officers so we will understand our rights.

I believe in the strict enforcement of all laws and living up to our obligations.

I think every member should belong to some local lodge and that we should not have independent members.

I am not in favor of a total change of the secret work, but think it should be revised and changed to some extent, not to change the noble teachings of our order.

With the above platform, I announce myself a candidate for the office of Grand Secretary of the Coming Men of America Lodge, subject to the vote of each and every member interested in the welfare of the order at the coming election to be held the week beginning October 5th and ending October 10th, 1908. I have been a member of the order for the the past eight years having joined the order in 1900, organized Queen Bee Lodge No. 2767, of Alma, Kansas, two years later and have held the position of Secretary and Treasurer of that lodge since it's organization. Our lodge has been active since its organization and I only refer you to the back numbers of the Star Monthly to the many news items which appeared in the official columns of that paper. Your support is respectfully looked for and will be appreciated.

Make your vote count in the coming election as it is the only way that will insure us good men at the head of the order which will insure the success of the order.

Yours in "F"

Chas. R. Simon 15° O. T. N.

BESTOGRAPHY

The most perplexing secret cipher ever originated. It has baffled the experts, none have yet been able to make out, anything ever written in it. The C. M. A. passwords are written in bestography.

PASSWORD

The password for October
47 38 41 9 59 55 27 20 62

The Green Mountain Star Lodge, No. 5002, New Haven, Vt., are still progressing rapidly and have held two ice cream socials this summer, the last on the 14th anniversary of the organization of the order and cleared \$10.00. As soon as matters are settled they intend to organize new lodges in the near towns. They have some new members to take in. The following are their officers. Vernon A. Benham, Pres; Ernest L. Devoid, V-Pres; W. Herbert Danbrook, Secy. & Treas; Frank Loraine, Speaker; E. Augustus Dond, Director, and Harold B. Nutting, Sentinel.

**WE WANT
1,000
C. M. A. MEMBERS
TO SEND
IN THEIR
SUBSCRIPTION
TO THE
EMBLEM**

The only C. M. A. paper publishing all THE OFFICIAL news of the order

**WE HAVE BEEN
ENDORSED
AT ALL THE STATE
MEETINGS
DON'T FAIL
TO SUBSCRIBE**

REORGANIZATION PLAN.

Supported by the associations of Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Missouri, Minnesota, California and South Carolina.

**INDEPENDENT ORDER OF THE C. M. A.
GRAND NATIONAL CABINET.**

Grand President. (General uniform rank)
Four Grand Vice Presidents. (One for each section, north, east, south and west)

Grand Secretary.
Grand Treasurer.

STATE CABINET.

President.
Vice President.
Secretary.
Treasurer.

LODGE CABINET.

According to the Hunter Ritual.

NATIONAL ELECTION

See Laws and Rules for Election on page 13.

DUTIES OF THE NATIONAL OFFICERS.

The Grand Officers shall be elected for a term of four years. All the Grand Officers are subject to impeachment by the Grand Lodge for negligence shown in their work or official duties.

The Grand Officers shall each give a semi-annual report of their office in the official organ.

The Grand President shall have general supervision of all the work, directing the work of the other officers to a great extent. He shall have the power to appoint minor officers and committees, subject to the NEW CONSTITUTION to be drawn up at the first meeting of the Grand Lodge. He shall be, by right of office, General of the Uniform rank, but shall appoint an Adjutant General, who will take full charge of the Uniform Rank until an election in that branch can be arranged for.

The four Grand Vice Presidents shall have charge of the expansion of the order in their districts and such other work as shall be given them by the G. and President. The grand Vice Presidents shall receive an allowance to cover only necessary expenses.

The Grand Secretary shall have charge of the records; shall make new members; collect dues which are to be immediately turned over to the Grand Treasurer; and shall attend to the official correspondence.

The Grand Treasurer shall keep a record of the money received and paid out with proper vouchers. All money paid out by the Grand Treasurer shall first be approved of by the Grand President.

GRAND LODGE.

The Grand Lodge shall consist of the Grand President, four Grand Vice Presidents, Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer. Seven members in all. This body shall be the ruling force of the order upon all matters pertaining to it's general welfare, but any question of vital interest and effecting the order as a whole shall be referred to the members for a final decision. A National Constitution and By-Laws shall be drawn up and signed by the Grand Lodge members—must bear five Grand Lodge members' signatures to be legal. Copies of this constitution shall be furnished all members in good standing upon request.

DUTIES OF STATE OFFICERS.

The President shall have general supervision in the state.

The Vice President shall perform the duties of President in the latter's inability to act, and shall co-operate with the district Vice President for the expansion of the order.

The Secretary shall supervise the state lodges and shall arrange for the state conventions.

The Treasurer shall receive and handle the funds for state meetings, but all funds paid out must first be approved by the State President.

Each of these state officers shall be elected for a term of two years; receive only an allowance from the state treasury for necessary expenses;

and must make a semi-annual report to the district Vice President.

STATE LODGE.

A state having six or more lodges in good standing can form a state association or state lodge and will receive a charter from the Grand Lodge. States having less than six lodges will be under the supervising of the Grand Vice President of that district.

State elections will occur in even years.

DUTIES OF LODGE OFFICERS.

While the Hunter Ritual is in use, the duties shall be the same as in that, except that each lodge officer shall report quarterly to the state secretary.

**MASSACHUSETTS STATE
CONVENTION**

The Massachusetts C. M. A. convention held at Billerica, Mass., Tuesday and Wednesday proved to be a very successful affair and was notable for the amount of work accomplished.

The Billerica members showed they could not be outdone in hospitality and the pleasure which their guests derived from their two day's outing in the country, can best be learned from the glowing accounts which the delegates give.

The convention opened in due form the address of welcome was delivered by Rev. F. C. Wright of Concord River lodge, G. A. Thomson of Tremont lodge of Dorchester, responded in behalf of the visiting delegates.

A constitution and bylaws were drawn up and passed at the convention. The following resolutions of importance were passed;

1—Massachusetts does not favor a national convention, at present, owing to various reasons.

2—We endorse Chas. R. Simon as the publisher of the official organ and the distributor of C. M. A. supplies.

3—All matters pertaining to national affairs that concerns the state, be entrusted to the state executive committee.

4—Our first object is to strengthen our state work as much as possible.

5—Independent members in the association must attach themselves as associate members to the nearest lodge.

6—We endorse the traveling cards now in use in Tremont and Concord River lodges.

The following state officers were elected to serve the ensuing year.

Pres. Rev. F. C. Wright, Billerica; V-Pres. H. R. Goodwin, Marblehead; Secretary R. H. Bowers, Dorchester; Treasurer G. A. Thomson, Somerville.

The Executive Committee is composed of all the state officers and C. B. Howe, H. W. Gushee, F. W. Boutwell, H. R. Goodwin, Chairman.

The executive committee will decide later, where the next convention will be held.

PROGRESSIVE C. M. A'S.

The C. M. A. boys are planning a play to be given in Craig sometime next month. The advertisement will appear later, This organization of our younger citizens is quite active this winter. The society added nine new members at its last meeting, giving it a membership of between 35 and 40. Like any secret organization, if the boys will use it for good purposes it can be a source of vast benefit to the community as well as to its membership. Our boys will remember that any lodge used exclusively for its own benefit and the advancement of purely selfish ideas cannot be successful in the development of the brotherhood of man.—*Craig Courier.*

The base ball game between the Cardinals and C. M. A. is considered to one of the best exhibitions ever seen in Craig. The game was seven innings and the score resulted 6-2 in favor of the C. M. A. Tucker did excellent work for the boys.—*Craig Courier*

Brother Ralph White made the following athletic scores:

Running broad jump, 18 feet 9 inches
Standing broad jump, 8 feet 6¼ inches
Exhibition 100 yard dash, 10 seconds.
—*Craig Courier.*

Our reason for not wishing to hurry the election is; That there are some C. M. A. Lodges in the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico and Cuba which we must give a chance to get in on the organization of the order.

Brother Chas. B. Way of Burlington, N. C. wants to correspond with the members of North Carolina in regard to the welfare of the order in that state All the North Carolina Brothers should write to him.

HE WENT FISHING

A smart young nuisance whose stunt was jolling telephone girls has learned better, says an exchange. Recently one of the girls called him and asked him if he would like to go fishing with her. He expressed his pleasure and was asked to "hold the line." After keeping the receiver to his ear five or ten minutes it dawned upon him that she had "landed a sucker." *The Weekly Herald.*

IN MEMORIAM

Brother Cad W. Spurgeon Jr. Speaker of Invincible Lodge No. 4843 of Bloomfield, Iowa, died Friday, August 21, 08. He was an industrious young man of 18, and was beloved by all who knew him. The members of Invincible Lodge extend their heart felt sympathies to his friend and relatives.

Report of the Virginia State C. M. A. Convention.

The Second Annual State Convention of the Virginia C. M. A. was held at Abingdor, Va., the 27th and 28th of Aug.

The attendance was small owing to that the last issue of the EMBLEM, in which the full programe appeared, being late.

Here are some of the things voted for:

1st—That all Virginia members pay to the Virginia State Treasurer, a Per Capita Tax of 10 cents a year, to defray the postage of the state officers, caused by mailing the official state notices.

This year's assessment is now due and should be sent the state treasurer at once.

2nd—That we are not in favor of a State Grand Lodge.

3rd—That when members are taken in the lodge they be allowed to have the secret book only two weeks and then the lodge keep it, they to receive instruction in Lodge room.

4th—We are for enlarged Lodge Charters.

5th—We favor publishing password in official paper as heretofore and that key to Bestography be changed every 5 years.

6th—We want all secret work changed.

7th—We want the 10° grip for all members and different grips for 5° and 10° members.

8th—We condemn the action of Brother Armstrong in not trying to join his plans with the others and from one under which he could organize, and ask all members to vote against him and his plans because he seems to want everything in his own power and ask all members to support the ticket published by Brother Simon in the EMBLEM. We want the EMBLEM and the EMBLEM only as our official paper.

We want the head lodge at or near Alma, Kansas, and not up in Michigan, Canada or Rhode Island.

A resolution was adopted favoring a state paper. All lodge secretaries are asked to write the State Secretary and give a complete list of members in lodge also send 10 cents per member assessment to State Treasurer.

STATE OFFICERS RE-ELECTED.

J. T. Baber 5°, Pocahontas, Va., State President; W. E. Perry, Midland, Va., Vice President; J. V. Jones, Damascus, Va., Treasurer; G. M. Keezel, 15°, McGaheysville, Va., Secretary.

STATE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

L. F. Landes, 5°, Dayton, Va.; H. A. A. Ruebush, 10°, North River, Va.; Irving Jenkins, Pocahontas, Va.; A. M. Anderson, Damascus, Va.; Ivor Caldwell, Tazewell, Va.

Next convention meets August 11 and 12, 1909. Place to be selected by the Committee.

State By Laws will be published by the Secretary later.

G. M. KEEZEL, 15°, State Secy.,
McGaheysville, Va.

THE NATIONAL TICKET

All members wanting good officers should vote this ticket.

We have nominated the following brothers as candidates for the several offices of the Grand Lodge and urge the support of all loyal brothers to bring about their election:-

GRAND PRESIDENT
J. ELLIOTT CLAYTON JR., RUSTON, LOUISIANA.
GRAND SECRETARY
CHARLES R. SIMON, ALMA, KANSAS.
GRAND TREASURER

CHARLES E. ELLSWORTH, SPRINGFIELD, MO.
We have deemed it expedient not to support any particular candidate for Vice President, but to leave the whole matter to each individual section to nominate and elect whom they see fit. For particulars, write any of the above candidates or the following.

CLYDE R. SUMNER, NEW HAVEN, VT.
BYRON E. SHAW, HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
W. WARREN HARMON, OLD ORCHARD, ME.
J. Y. WRIGHT, MENA, ARK.
C. F. TIPPETTS, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.
OTIS A. MCKELVIE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

NORTH EAST SECTION	SOUTH EAST SECTION
Maine	District of Columbia
New Hampshire	Virginia
Vermont	West Virginia
Massachusetts	Kentucky
Rhode Island	Tennessee
Connecticut	North Carolina
New York	South Carolina
New Jersey	Georgia
Pennsylvania	Florida
Delaware	Alabama
Ohio	Mississippi
Indiana	West Indies Islands
Illinois	Panama Canal Zone
Wisconsin	
Michigan	
SOUTH WEST SECTION	NORTH WEST SECTION
Missouri	Iowa
Arkansas	Minnesota
Louisiana	North Dakota
Texas	South Dakota
Oklahoma	Nebraska
Kansas	Wyoming
Colorado	Montana
New Mexico	Idaho
Arizona	Oregon
Utah	Washington
Nevada	
California	
Hawaiian Islands	
Guam	
Phillippine Islands	

Each of the above four sections will elect a Vice President to represent it in the Grand Lodge. The candidate for election must be a resident of the district or section he represents and one section shall have nothing to say regarding the nominee of another section.

Brother Karl Wilkins, 5°, of Tachies, Lodge No. 5143, Hillsboro, O., and Miss Anna Paley were married in New Port, Ky., July 28, 1908. The Herald extends hearty congratulations.—*The C. M. A. Herald.* The EMBLEM joins with the Herald in congratulating the newly married couple.

We understand the "OUTLOOK" has sold its subscription list to another Publishing Co., and have discontinued business.

We have a few old copies of the EMBLEM left. Any member wanting one may get them free if they will enclose a stamp for postage.

Don't forget to send us the names of all the members that you know of, for we want to send them a copy of the EMBLEM. It will help get them to re-join our ranks.

We now are in our own office and are using new types and press. You will no doubt notice a great improvement in this issue let us hope that this will continue throughout the succeeding issues.

All members that are going to attend the State Convention to be held at Dallas, Texas, on the 23rd. and 24th. of October should write to Alfred Rohde, State Sec'y. C. M. A. so as to let him know what preparations to make.

Let us receive your subscription this month for the EMBLEM. We want to have a list of a thousand paid-up subscribers by the next month. Send us in yours at once, it will show us your good will and help us keep to the front with our paper.

In the July issue of the Emblem we published a notice of the election of the officers of Bosque Lodge No. 5680 of Meridian, Texas. We have since learned that this election has never taken place and was reported by some member not in good standing.

TEXAS STATE C. M. A. CONVENTION.

The Texas State Convention will be held at Dallas, Texas October 23 & 24, 1908. The committee has prepared an elaborate program and wants a good attendance. A cordial invitation is tendered all the members. Come, let us make it a success.

Yours in F.

FLOYD JONES 5° Pres

The North Carolina Convention in 1909.

The next state meeting in North Carolina will be held at Ashboro, N. C. March 11, 12 and 13, 1909. The members are requested to write the State Secretary to help arrange the program for this meeting.

B. H. LONG, State Sec'y.,
Forest City, N. C.

THE GRAND OLD C. M. A.

With apologies to the Author of The Good Old U. S. A.

Makes no difference where you wander,
Makes no difference where you roam,
You don't have to stop and ponder,
Where to find a brother's home,
When they ask you what you belong to,
Just point to your badge and to them say:
"The Star, the Circle, and the Square:
The grand old C. M. A.

G. A. Thomson 5°

THE SPEAKER.

When a lodge proceeds to elect officers the members should use the same good judgement in selecting a speaker as in choosing their president. The disinterest found in some lodges, and the dissolution of orders, may often be attributed to the fact that the member chosen for speaker was, to use the expression a 'round peg in a square hole' and when it came to that part of the meeting known as 'For the Good of the Order' there was nothing doing, therefore to have a live, wide awake, and up-to-date lodge, a good speaker is very essential.

G. A. Thomson. 5°

A BAD PREDICAMENT.

A well known lecturer once told this story of his first lawn party, to illustrate the point that it is sometimes dangerous to follow the lead of others.

"I was sixteen", said he, 'bashful and not very well versed in the laws of etiquette. Nothing but my admiration for my young hostess a girl of vivacious temperament, would have tempted me to attend the party. However, by carefully watching the other guests I escaped making any blunder; and supper was finally announced. "The repast was served on the lawn, and the family of the hostess also sat down to table with the young guests. For dessert was served fresh cherries of which I was inordinately fond, but never having eaten them at table I was puzzled to know what to do with the pits. I decided to follow the lead of our hostess. Presently she picked up a cherry. I took one. She popped it in her mouth. I followed suit. She swallowed the fruit. I did likewise. Then, I anxiously awaited the next move, but imagine my horror, when she took the pit between her thumb and fore-finger and deliberately flipped it at her grandmother sitting on the opposite side of the table, there I was with a superfluous cherry pit and no grandmother to flip it at. I swallowed the pit, of course, but I resolved right then and there never again to be an imitator."

Clyde B Weaver 5°

DO IT NOW. Subscribe for the EMBLEM, the best C. M. A. paper published today.



One day about the year 1700 a bare-footed boy trudged into an English village. His clothes were so ragged that the village lads called after him, "Begger" to which he retorted, "I am better than any of you. My father is a Lord". Hearing the hubbub, a woman took his part and gave him shelter. In return he told her his story. He was the son of an unscrupulous nobleman who as long as the boy lived was prevented from borrowing money on the family estate, though the lad did not know it, his unnatural father was resolved to get rid of him. For this purpose he sent him to a lonely school where the officials treated him so brutally that he ran away. The good woman nursed him back to health and then communicated with his parent who simulated extreme anger at his son's treatment, and sent him to the celebrated school at St Omer, France. But the vessel's captain who had been secretly instructed, sailed for Philadelphia and sold the lad as a slave. For several years he was compelled to toil on the plantations under cruel planters who made life insupportable. He escaped more than once but was always re-captured and treated with greater rigor than ever. After fifteen years of bondage his hopeless situation so preyed on him that he became ill, and the planter fearing the loss of a good slave, took him into his house. His nurse, who was his master's daughter Maria, soon found her sympathy drifting into love for the white slave. Suspecting this, the planter promptly sold the young man to a friend in Chichester, who kept him three years. Here an Indian girl who had fallen in love with him committed suicide in despair. Her brother regarding him as the cause of her death, tried to kill him, but though badly wounded he was rescued.

Finally he succeeded in running away to Philadelphia and enlisting on board an English warship. The captain believing his strange story gave him his discharge and sent him back to England. There with the aid of friends who remembered him, he entered suit against his uncle who had usurped the family estate on the death of his father. At the trial, which occurred Nov. 11th, 1743, the ex-slave was restored to his estate as Baron Althame, Earl of Anglesey. But he never assumed the title, dying as plain James Anglesey.

— LAWS AND RULES FOR ELECTION —

Sec. 1- The election for the new Grand Lodge of the Coming Men of America will take place the week beginning October 5th, and ending October 10th, 1908.

All ballots must be mailed and postmarked during that week; otherwise, the ballot shall be void and not counted. All announcements concerning the election will be made in September issue of the EMBLEM.

Sec. 2- The ballots will be a Government postal card, printed on the back side with the official ballot, which should read as follows; FOR PRESIDENT; FOR VICE PRESIDENT (of this district); FOR SECRETARY; and FOR TREASURER.

Under each office, there shall be left a blank space in which to insert the candidates name. On the address side of the postal, one third of the ballots shall have the name and address of Election Clerk No. 1; one third shall have the name and address of Election Clerk No. 2; and one third shall have the name and address of Election Clerk No. 3; printed thereon. This method will prevent the ballots going astray through the mails on account of being poorly addressed.

Sec. 3 The name of any candidate must not appear on the official ballot, but all candidates for each office will have their names printed together on a separate sheet to accompany the ballots sent out; or this list may be printed in the September and October issues of the EMBLEM; or both.

Sec. 4 A candidate's name must not appear on the same ballot more than once that is; the same person cannot be a candidate for more than one office at the same time.

Sec. 5 - The way to fill out the ballot. The Secretary of each local lodge will receive three ballots;- one each of No. 1 - 2 & 3, which he must fill out and sign with the President of the lodge, and mail within the specified time allotted for the casting of the votes. Printed instructions will be sent the Secretary with the ballots, telling him how to fill them out. Also, a notice and another set of instructions will be mailed the President of each local lodge, notifying him that the ballots were mailed the Secretary of the lodge and that he should see that they are properly filled out and-mailed within the specified time.

Sec. 6- There shall be three Election Clerks who must reside in different parts of the country. They must be good responsible men, men who will do their duty. They cannot be a candidate for office or otherwise interested in the election, except to faithfully perform the duties connected with that office.

Sec. 7 - The Clerks of Election will be mailed a list of all lodges having a right to vote on the election, so that no illegal votes can be cast or counted.

Sec. 8 - The Returns - The Election Clerks will be furnished with books blanks etc. for the proper counting of the votes. They will keep the ballot register open two weeks or to October 26th, 1908, giving all the ballots ample time to arrive. Then they must close their books and issue or fill out the certificates of election and send them to the successful candidates; also, a duplicate of the returns to the Official Paper for publication. They shall seal all the official ballots in one package and forward them to the official seat, where they will be kept as a matter of record.

Sec. 9 - Election Expenses.—The cost of all postage, ballots, books and blanks shall be paid out of the Grand Treasury- The blanks and ballots shall be printed by the C. M. A. Emblem and shall be paid for only at their actual cost to them.

Sec 10 . Office of Grand Vice President. In voting for the candidate for the office of Vice Preident, the members in one district must not vote for any Vice President, other than the one for their own district; otherwise, their votes will be thrown out and not counted. **Remember** — vote only for the candidate for Vice-President for the district in which you are.

Sec. 11 - Candidates for office must be members of the C. M. A. in good standing when the Hunter Publishing Co., failed. They must be known to have-heretofore worked for the good of the order and if elected, to do all in their power to upbuild and promote the principles of the Coming Men of America Lodge.

Sec. 12 - The election notices etc., will be mailed the lodges by the Emblem on account of being the acting Official Organ and on account of its central location.

Sec. 13 - The Independent Members will have a right to vote the same as the others, each must send in their name to the EMBLEM to have it registered on the books so they will receive the notices and ballots the same as the lodges, which they must fill out and mail within the allotted time.



SCIENCE AND INVENTION

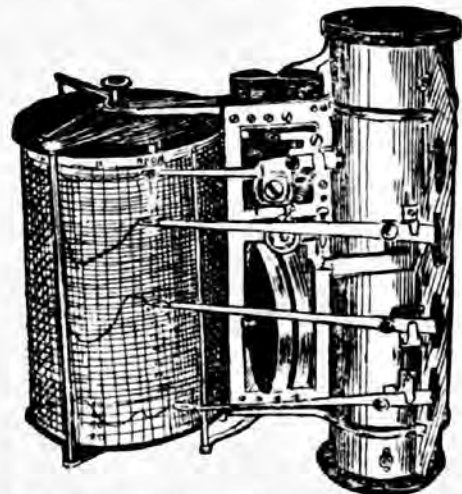
UPPER AIR INVESTIGATION.

Apparatus in Learning Prevailing Conditions in Higher Atmosphere.

In the days of our youth we went to fly the simple kite or paper balloon. We took lease of the skies and made hostage of the winds, but it was only for the sport of the thing. Such means of diversion seem, however, to have gone largely out of fashion, for the reason, perhaps, that modern meteorological science, in enlarging her spheres of inquiry, has boldly annexed the kite and balloon for purposes of serious study.

To that study the designation "Upper Air Investigation" is now generally applied, and it is carried on mainly by means of special forms of kites and balloons, which fly aloft into space, bearing delicately constructed pieces of apparatus for recording automatically the prevailing conditions of the higher atmosphere over land and sea.

When a kite or balloon soars into space, it is, of course, impossible to predict the exact spot where the registering apparatus will come to earth. It may be in a near or far-off locality.



Marvin Meteorograph and Record Sheet.

Accordingly, pains are taken to provide for recovery by the use of notices which are affixed to the receptacle holding the meteorograph. At Uccle, a Belgian station, a reward of 15 francs is promised the finder for serv-

ices leading to the safe return of the apparatus. He is asked to fill in a attached telegraphic form, and transmit it to headquarters as a notification of the descent. Next, he should carry out certain precise instructions with reference to the deflation of the balloons, their folding, and the care of the accessories. "Do not light matches near the balloon!" is one of the injunctions. Directly the authorities receive the telegram a packing case is sent for the whole apparatus, and the finder is recompensed. The same general procedure in these matters is adopted elsewhere. Here it may suitably be mentioned that the greatest height ever reached by an unmanned balloon was attained by one sent up from Uccle on September 5 last, an altitude of 85,270 feet, or 16 miles, being recorded!

COMBINED CHAIR AND DESK.

Adjustable to Suit Pupils of Different Sizes.

As a rule too much is said by school teachers to the pupils about the proper position of sitting and writing, but absolutely nothing is done to provide



The Desk and Chair.

proper and correct chairs and benches to sit on. A tall pupil is compelled to sit all day cramped in the same sized bench in front of the same sized desk as that occupied by a very small child. No provision is made for adjusting either the benches or the desks. An inventor in far off Oklahoma, recognizing these faults, has designed the combined chair and desk shown here, which he says will ameliorate such radically wrong conditions. This desk and chair can be readily adjusted to accommodate children of different sizes. The relative arrangement of the chair and desk is such that when the chair is lowered to suit a short child, in its downward movement it will be brought nearer to the desk, the latter then being lowered as the exigencies of the case may require.

ARCHED YUCCA TREE.

Monster Freak of Nature Found in the Mojave Desert.

As is well known, the varieties of the yucca plant in the southwestern states and in Mexico are so numerous



The Arched Yucca Tree.

and varied in size, that some of them are exceedingly picturesque.

This illustration of a yucca tree in the Mojave desert gives an idea of the huge proportions to which this particular species often attains. Its lower part really forms an immense arch, the center of which is several times the height of the horse standing beneath. In fact, the distance from the ground to the highest portion of the arch is nearly 30 feet. The specimen illustrated is of symmetrical proportions in contrast with the ones seen beyond the arch, the latter being twisted into a dozen different forms. They present a striking example of the effect of wind storms on the desert, as their distortion is due almost entirely to the action of the air currents in bending them, when young plants, into various positions.

Compared with varieties of the yucca found in Florida and portions of the southwest, remarks the Scientific American, the specimen shown in the illustration is truly enormous in its proportions, being really a tree in height and the size of the stem.

Curious Fact About Vision.

Dr. H. C. Stevens of Seattle reports recent experiments which show that objects seen by indirect vision ordinarily appear larger in the right half of the field of vision than in the left. With a smaller number of persons this is reversed. From these facts he deduces a possible origin of right and left-handedness. Right-handedness, or its reverse, develops at about the age of seven months. Dr. Stevens suggests that they may be due to the phenomena of vision just described. By a reflex effect the infant reaches after the objects best seen with the arm nearest to them.



Addition to the Gallery of Rulers.
Gibbons Stamp Weekly describes and illustrates an entirely new stamp for Cochin, showing a portrait of Kshatriya head of the ruling family of the state. The stamp is watermarked with a couch shell, somewhat similar to that used for Travancore—the double use of the emblem being due to the fact that Kshatriya is the head of both states. *Redfield's Stamp Weekly.*

NO MORE TERCENTENARY TO BE PRINTED

OTTAWA, August 1.—The Post Office Department reports that the sale of special issue stamps in commemoration of the Quebec Tercentenary has now reached a total of 29,000,000, aggregating \$5,19,000. There has been a big demand for the stamps from collectors all over the world. The issues of the various denominations will be exhausted in a few days, and no more will be printed. — *Montreal Star.*

Second Edition of the Revenue Catalogue.

We learn from the Stamp Collector's Fortnightly that the second edition of Forbin's "Catalogue of the Adhesive Revenue Stamps of the Entire World" has just appeared. Our contemporary praises the work highly. Among other things it says: "Regarding the completeness of the work it cannot be too highly praised, for, as far as it is possible to judge, all information at present known appears to be included. The concise arrangement and copious illustrations make the classification of fiscals easy to the very beginner, whilst the excellent notes and other information are of advanced specialist.

The present edition contains no less than 734 pages, as against 600 in its predecessor; and every revenue enthusiast in the world will undoubtedly wish to possess a copy. It will doubtless be on sale in America at an early date. — *Redfield's Stamp Weekly.*

Cleveland A Stamp Collector

We are informed upon excellent authority that Ex-President Cleveland was for some years a devoted collector of stamps and that he possessed at the time of his death a very fair collection, though no specimens had been added to

it for many years. According to our informant, the collection was begun while Mr. Cleveland occupied the Executive Mansion at Albany, with the idea that it might take his mind off some of the cares incidental to his office, and was carried on at intervals up to his second election to the Presidency in 1892, since which time few, if any, additions have been made to it. Specimens for the collection were always purchased by some secretary or confidential clerk, acting under the strictest injunctions not to make known the fact that Mr. Cleveland has ever been known as a collector. *Redfield's Stamp Weekly.*

AUSTRIAN ERROR

According to several continental journals the 35 heller of the current issue of Austria, commemorative of the sixtieth year of the reign of the Emperor Franz Josef, has been found with a variety in the lettering close to the head. The word 'Franziscus' reads "Eransiscus," something having rested on the plate in printing, and so caused the addition of an extra stroke to the letter "F." Various Viennese newspapers reported this variety, and in consequence half the population of the Austrian capital seemed to be hunting for it, in fact, the price rose as high as 10 kronen (8 shillings in our money) That price will undoubtedly soon come down with a run — witness the German error, "Dfutsches Reich" which is priced now at eighteen pence, and is of pretty much the same class. — *Gibbons' Stamp Weekly.*

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At the convention at Columbus, Ohio, the American Philatelic Society changed its name to American Philatelic Association. Mr. H. S. Adair was elected their new secretary. The society now has close on to 1600 members and expect to largely increase this number during the next year.

The Resolution, to petition the government to permit the use of illustrations of United States stamps or postal certificates for philatelic purposes, was carried, without a dissenting vote, at the Columbus Convention.

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THE ROOKERY

CHICAGO.

J. B. SELLS, GEN. AGT.
207 LEMCKE BUILDING,
INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

July 20th, 1908.

To The Members of the C.M.A.:-

When the C.M.A. was first announced as dissolved, I received many letters from C.M.A. Members asking that I take the lead and reorganize. For this reason I thought it my duty to come forward as a candidate for the position of Grand Secretary.

However, other members arose who had similar calls, but among them all, I could see no man fitted for the position, and certainly none better fitted for the position than myself. And I therefore continued my campaign.

Since then I have corresponded with Brother Chas. R. Simon, of Alma, Kansas, and am convinced he is the RIGHT MAN FOR THE PLACE. I can clearly see that he is more able to fill the position than myself. As I am working for the C.M.A., and not for myself, I feel it is my duty to have such a man to the best of my ability.

I, therefore withdraw my nomination for the position of Grand Secretary and ask that all my supporters, admirers and friends, to vote for Brother Chas. R. Simon, 15°, O.T.N. of Alma, Kansas, and to support his plans. I confidently predict through his efforts a renewed growth and prosperity of the C.M.A.

Congratulating the C. M. A. on having such an able man ready to take the helm, I am,

Yours in "F"

Jackson J. Sells, 15°, O. T. N.
Secretary Indiana Association C. M. A.
Formerly Athletic Secretary, C. M. A.

CHARLES
ROBERT
SIMON
EDITOR &
PUBLISHER



The C. M. A. EMBLEM

CONTENTS
FOR
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1908



VOLUME
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MONTHLY



❖ SPECIAL ARTICLES AND EDITORIALS ❖

A Letter To The Members	Jackson J. Sells	Page 2
Dont's for Everyone	Chas. R. Simon	Page 10
My Ideas or Platform	Chas. R. Simon	Page 10
Official Happenings of Note		Page 11
Brother J. Elliott Clayton, Jr.	Biography of,	Page 11
Indiana and Maine State Convention Reports		Page 12

❖ FICTION ❖

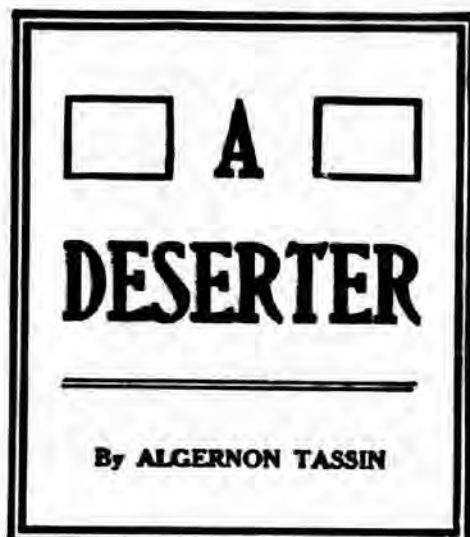
A Deserter	Algernon Tassin	Page 4
John Henry, On The Country Hotel	Hugh McHugh	Page 6
Old Prospector	Short Story	Page 7
Near To Nature	Short Story	Page 17

❖ SCIENCE & MECHANICAL ❖

The Electrical World		Page 8
Science and Invention		Page 9
Industry and Mechanics		Page 13

❖ DEPARTMENTS ❖

Election Laws and News		Page 14
Humorous Illustrations		Page 16
Collectors Department		Page 18
Amateur Photo Department		Page 18



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A young woman sat writing by the light of a kerosene lamp. The table was drawn up near the wood fire which flickered on the brick hearth, and gave glimpses of the corners of the room which the lamp light could not reach. The walls and floors were bare, but the boards were shining, and still smelt warmly of a recent scrubbing. The table, three chairs, a cupboard, and a bed were the only furniture. Asleep on the bed lay a little girl. The meager flame from the lamp fell on the young woman's face as she bent over the paper. It was a common enough face, pretty neither in feature nor in coloring, but marked by a certain expression of set amiability that told of a tender effort at kindness. Her hair was brushed tightly back from her forehead, giving to the head its only mark of character, although it showed not so much weakness as lack of significance. She was copying laboriously, on a sheet of foolscap, a letter, which, as several sheets lay around her, had evidently taken much time to compose. At last, with a sigh of accomplishment, she picked up the finished page, and with pen in hand, read over what she had written, pausing here and there to consider a possible correction, or to make additional punctuation. The letter read as follows:

To the Secretary of the War Department, Washington, D. C.—Honored Sir: I take the liberty of writing you to ask if the war department know anything about my father, William L. Callahan, who deserted company K of the Ninth Infantry, stationed at Fort Logan, Col., in May, 1884. He did not really desert, at least intend to desert, but the case was a very hard one, sir, and I want to bring the particulars to your notice. The last of April in that year he got a furlough to come to us out here in Freehold, 25 miles from the fort. My mother was very ill with typhoid fever, and he came to help me with her. In eight days she died, and my little sister was taken ill. We were nursing her, my father all day, and I at night, when his two weeks were up. He did not know what to do; he did not want to leave the little girl just at the brink of death, and he had not got over the shock of mother's loss. There was no way to send word, so he stayed over his time. In four days she was out of danger, and he started at once to join his company. On the way he met the

men who were coming to arrest him. There was a fight, and he was shot at, and in self-defense he shot back and wounded a man. He escaped to Findley, a little town in the mountains. He hid there safely for three months, and sent down word by a friend of his. Then he disappeared, and has not been heard from in seven years. I write to you because I understand that there is kept at the war department a description of all deserters, and trusting that you may know something about him; even to hear that he is in prison for deserting, and resisting arrest, would be a relief to me after all the anxiety of these years. And I thought if you knew the circumstances you would perhaps pardon him or help me to find him. I have one hundred and fifty dollars (\$150) saved up to help him out, and pay his fine if there is any. Please look up his case for me, and pardon my great liberty in addressing you, but I am so worried that I have been driven to writing. Do something to bring him back to us if there is any way.

Respectfully yours,

ELLEN CALLAHAN,

Freehold, Col., May 26, 1897.

She addressed the envelope and laid down the pen. Until midnight she sewed upon some calico she was making into a dress for the child. Then, after attending to a few duties in the room adjoining, which served as kitchen and dining room, she blew out the lamp and went to bed.

In two weeks she began to expect some word from Washington, and from then on she looked twice a day for a letter. Each day brought the old hope and the old disappointment. At last the regular inquiry met with an answer; in fact, the postmaster was waiting at the door with an official envelope. She took it quietly, though her heart and mind were on the jump. If he expected her to open it and satisfy his curiosity, he was disappointed. She dragged herself wearily home, feeling so weak that she could hardly stand, and clutching the letter violently under her shawl.

After resting some time on the step to get her strength together, she opened the door and went in. The fire, which she had made all ready in the morning to light when she came back, was blazing brightly, and bowed over it sat a man with grizzled hair. He turned as she entered; it was Callahan!

"Father!" cried Ellen, falling into his arms with a burst of hysterical sobbing. He soothed her without a word. "Father," she said, when she could speak, "have you come home for good?"

"No," said Callahan, "I have come to get you and Mary and take you with me. When I left Findley I made for Chicago, and now I have a home there waiting for you."

"Oh, father!"—Ellen began to weep again—"and I am to keep house for you?"

"Not exactly keep house," he returned slowly; "you see, Ellen—I—of course, it seems sudden to you, but you know I have been away so long—I could not live alone, and I have married. She wants you both to come. She sent me for you."

Ellen was quite still. "Oh!" she said

at last, "you would not have come if—"

"No," he broke in, "I came as soon as I thought it was safe. I wanted to see you, but I didn't dare take the risk. I am risking a good deal now, but it was safer than writing. Besides, I have changed so." She looked at him. Had he changed? For the first time she saw that he was no longer erect, his hair was grayed, and he wore a beard. "Where is Mary?" he asked. "Has she grown much?"

"She went home from school with another girl; she will be in presently." Ellen was speaking in a dazed voice and with her old timidity. "But, father," she said, "what have you been doing, and why didn't you send some word when you left?"

"Because I didn't dare to," said Callahan. "I stayed there safe enough until the man was dead."

"Dead!" cried Ellen, awestruck.

"Yes. Didn't you know? He died in the hospital. Then I knew the place wasn't safe for me, and I had this chance to get out quietly."

"Dead!" said Ellen again. "Oh, father!"

"I could not help it," he said doggedly. "I didn't mean to shoot him. The other fellow aimed at me and I struck up the pistol, and it went off and shot him. It was his own fault; they had no call to shoot; I was unarmed. I hid up there until he died, and then I went to Chicago. I didn't dare send you word; they might have hung me or jailed me for life. I stayed in the house for a month. But they haven't found me yet, and now they probably never will. I have been quiet, and I have changed so. Now we can all live in peace for the rest of our lives."

A thought suddenly jogged Ellen's mind and turned her white. "The letter!" she gasped.

"What letter?" asked her father.

"Oh, father!" she cried, "father, I have been so anxious about you, and so lonely all these years. I couldn't stand it any longer. I didn't mean any harm. I thought I could help you if you were in jail. I have been saving up for you. I didn't know the man was dead. So I wrote to ask about you at Washington."

"At Washington," he repeated mechanically. "When?"

"A month ago, and to-day an answer came." She took out the letter. "Oh, father, suppose they have got track of you!"

He tore open the letter and read hastily:

Mrs. Ellen Callahan, Freehold, Col.—Dear Madam: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated May 26, asking for information of your father, William L. Callahan, and to inform you that on the 24th of April, 1880, he received a two weeks' furlough to visit his family; that having overstayed his time, a guard was sent for him; that he resisted arrest, and in the struggle a pistol was accidentally discharged, wounding mortally one of the men; that he escaped, and has since re-

mained in desertion. Acting on information in your letter, the department has been in correspondence with the postmaster of Findley, Col., and through him it has been learned that Callahan went to Chicago, where he now resides. He will be apprehended and taken to the nearest military post, there to be tried by court-martial for desertion. The war department has no power to remove the charge of desertion. This can only be done by act of congress.

Very respectfully,
ROBERT J. HOLMES,
Ass't Adjutant General.

Washington, D. C., June 27, 1890.

Callahan looked blankly at his daughter; he was trying to take the letter in. His face was gradually hardening. Ellen caught the look in his eyes. "Father!" she called spasmodically, as if to ward off a blow. "Oh, father, don't! I meant it for the best!" Her voice was lost in sobs.

"There, Ellen," he said, "don't take on so. I can't blame you for wanting to see me, can I?" He smoothed her hair to comfort her, but his head dropped dejectedly. "Now I can't go back there," he went on, forming each word with difficulty, as if his mind were working hard to manage the new idea. "I must go somewhere else—and begin all over again."

"Father," said Ellen, "stay and fight it out. You see the letter says 'accidentally.' They wouldn't hang you for that. And I know they'll let you off for deserting if the court-martial knows about mother and Mary. Think, father! I will work for you. And I have money. I will go to our congressman, and he will help you if the court-martial convicts you. I can pay a lawyer to get you off—I have a hundred and fifty dollars."

"No," he said, "I can't stay here. Give me the money, and I'll go somewhere else and try it again. If I have any luck, I will send for you."

Ellen went to the cupboard and took from its hiding place her little hoard, the sum of seven years' savings. "There, father," she said, "it's for you."

He took the money and, drawing her to him, kissed her awkwardly. "You're a good girl!" he said brokenly. "You're like your mother. I hate to take the money you've worked so hard for, but—"

"No," she repeated with eagerness, "I meant it for you. But—" she went on tremulously—"won't you take us with you—won't you? I can work for you and nurse you if you are sick—and you know your heart is weak, though the army surgeon never found it out. Oh, father, take us!"

Callahan seemed touched, and reflected silently for a few moments. "I'm afraid to do it," he said. "Don't you see, they would find you were gone, and that would put them on the track?"

"Yes," sobbed Ellen, "I never thought of that."

"Well, cheer up, my girl. I'll see what can be done. There are some things I need badly, and I must find out where it's safest and best for us to go." And kissing the weeping girl he went out quickly.

Ellen returned to the kitchen fire, feeling bewildered and stunned. For seven years she had worked and waited only for this day. Now her father had come—but the future was more uncertain than ever. Then she thought of her little sister. The child would be in presently, and must not find her crying.

Mary soon came in with a hop and a jump, hungrily inquiring for supper, and Ellen arose and busied herself in preparing the meal, thinking how best to break the news of their father's situation to the demonstrative child, who was busy now in the little bedroom.

A sudden sharp knocking caused her to nervously drop a fork and stare helplessly at the outer door. Why had her father stopped to knock?

"Come in," she said, faintly.

A tall man, heavier than Callahan, but looking much as he had appeared seven years ago in his uniform of blue, entered quietly. He was dressed in military attire and wore a corporal's chevrons on his sleeves.

Startling thoughts flashed through the young woman's terrified mind—the long weeks of delay in hearing from the war department—her father's sudden appearance—this soldier, following on his footsteps! She had called down upon his head the very disaster they both dreaded. The military authorities had tracked him to her door!

She remained silent by the fire as the soldier saluted and inquired if she were not Miss Ellen Callahan. She nodded, feeling denial to be useless. But a lie rose to her lips at the next question. How could she tell the ruinous truth? She nerved herself to the equivocal answer, "I don't know just where he is now."

"Well," answered the trooper, "I suppose he's where you can get word to him, and that's all I want. Tell him he need not worry about having killed me, if that's what keeps him in hiding!"

"Killed you!" stammered Ellen. "Then you are—"

"I'm Miller, the man that was wounded when he was arrested for deserting, seven years ago. I was in the hospital for weeks, and so was another Miller. He died of typhoid, and somehow they mixed up our names in the report. That suited me, as I was dead sick of the service then. So I deserted myself—been' as I was considered dead—and loafed a few years. Then I enlisted again in the east, where they didn't know my record. Now my three years' term is up again, and I'm done with the army for sure, but I want to do a good turn for your father."

The words "your father" were the only ones that struck the ears of little Mary, as she came tripping from the bedroom.

"Father!" she cried, looking with rapture at the tall, military figure, the ideal she had always cherished. "Father, you've come home at last!" and she threw herself joyously upon

the stalwart soldier, clasping him about the waist.

Before the stolid corporal could extricate himself or make reply—before the elder sister could frame an explanation—Callahan entered abruptly and gazed upon the embarrassed group. He shrank back, his face blanched and his whole frame trembled with horror and dread.

"Jim Miller!" he muttered. "Jim Miller—or his spirit."

The foam gathered on his lips, his features worked convulsively and his hands twitched with frightful tremors. Then a shriek burst through his clenched teeth, echoed by the girls, and he sank in a limp heap upon the floor. The shock had been too great for the weak heart of the deserter.

Woman in Pulpit.

Mrs. William Keith, president of the Berkeley (Cal.) P. E. club, occupied the pulpit of a church for the first time a few Sundays ago, and for the first time in its history the Bethany Congregational church had a sermon delivered by a woman. The subject of Mrs. Keith's discourse was the "Ethics of Woman Suffrage." For some time past the suffragists, led by Mrs. Keith, have been trying to induce the churches of Berkeley to espouse their cause with the result that five ministers have devoted their evening sermons to discussing the subject. When it came the turn of the pastor of Bethany he asked Mrs. Keith why she didn't speak for the cause herself. She very promptly accepted his invitation and in her speech is said to have answered to the satisfaction of her audience the two questions: "What has the pulpit to do with woman suffrage?" and "Have the Bible and religion anything to do with it?"

Prolific Australian Hens.

Australia's interstate egg-laying competitions, which have been going on under the supervision of the respective governments in Queensland and South Australia during the last 12 months, have just been concluded, and in each competition South Australian hens laid the greater number of eggs. In the first competition the winner was a pen of six white Leghorns, which laid 1,538 eggs during the year, and in the last another pen, of similar breed, laid 1,531 eggs. These results constitute a world's record.

Kingston's First Strike.

From Kingston, Jamaica, comes the news of the first strike that has ever occurred in that West Indian island. This in itself is interesting, but the cause of the strike is none the less so. As is the custom in most cigar factories, the cigarmakers in a Kingston factory have always enjoyed the privilege of making free "smokers" for themselves. The proprietors of the factory abrogated this privilege, whereupon the 70 cigarmakers employed there struck.

JOHN HENRY



ON THE COUNTRY HOTEL.

BY GEO. V. HOBA RT, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: I'm doing a hot-foot over the state for the insurance company I've hooked up with, and I'm saving the time of my life—believe me not.

Say, aren't some of these Reub beereries the woozy limit!

I blew into the Commercial house at Spoonsbury day before yesterday, and His Nobs, the hotel clerk, certainly staked me to a fine bundle of home-made laughs.

Did you ever make Spoonsbury, Bunch?

Oh! it's on the map, all right.

Spoonsbury is a railroad junction where careless people change cars and wait for the other train.

I fell for this "change cars" gag and went over to the Commercial house to kill time.

I was deep in conversation with Steve Splevin, the hotel clerk, when an old guy with Persian rag trimmings on the end of his chin squeezed up and began to let a peep out of him about the pie he had eaten for dinner.

"Calm yourself!" said Smiling Steve, "and tell me where it bit you."

Steve has been throwing keys at the wall for some time, and he knows how to burn the beefers.

"Bit me! bit me!" snarled the old guy with the tapestry chin-piece; "nothing of the kind, sir! I want you to know, sir, that your pie isn't fit to eat, sir!"

"Cut it out!" suggested Steve.

"Cut it out, sir; how can I cut it out when I've eaten it, sir? It's an outrage, and I shall leave this hotel tomorrow," said Omar Khayaam.

"With the exception of \$31.72, balance due, that will be about all from you," said Steve.

"I'll see the proprietor," said the old guy, moving away with a face on him like four dollars in bad money.

"We get it good and plenty every day," said Steve, and just then something about six feet tall, wearing a slouch hat and a gilt mustache fell against the counter, grabbed the register and buried a stub pen in its pages.

After looking over the result, I decided the stranger's first name must be Skate, because it looked like one on the register.

"Bath?" queried Steve.

"Only during a hot wave," said Skate.

Steve went to the ropes, but he came up smiling, as usual.

"American or European?" asked Steve.

"Neither," said Skate. "Don't you see I'm from Jersey City?"

"Going to be with us long?" inquired Steve.

"Say, Bub! you're hellanall on asking questions, now ain't you?" answered Skate. "You just push me into a stall and lock the gate—I'm tired."

"Front! show this gentleman to 49!" said Steve, side-stepping to avoid punishment.

Then Sweet William, the Boy Drummer, hopped into the ring for the next round.

Willie peddles pickles for the fun he gets out of it.

It is Willie's joy and delight to get a ginger-ale bun on and recite "Osler Joe."

When trained down to 95 flat, Willie can get up and beat the clapper off "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."

When Willie gets a strangle-hold on "Sheridan's Ride" you can hear horses galloping outside.

It's the rest of the community getting out of harm's way.

"Any mail?" inquired Willie.

All the mail that Willie ever gets is



"Struck His Feet Upon the Brass Rail."

a postal card from the pickle factory every two weeks asking him if the people along his route have all lost their appetites.

"No literature for you," Steve answered.

"Strange," said Willie, "my lady friends are very remiss, aren't they?"

"Yes, it looks like they were out to drop you behind the piano," said Steve.

Willie tore off a short rabbit laugh, and then inquired what time the next train left for New York.

The pickle factory expects Willie to make Pocomoke City, Squashtown Junction and Nubbinsville before next Sunday, so he tossed the train gag just to show Steve that he knows there's a place called New York.

"At 7:45 over the D., L. & Q.," said Steve.

"What's the next?" inquired Willie.

"At 8:10 over the H., B. & N.," Steve answered.

"Which gets there first?" Willie asked.

"The engineer," sighed Steve.

"Oh, you droll chap," said the pickle-pusher; "give me some tooth-picks."

Then Sweet William went over to big window, burrowed into a big chair, stuck his feet up on the brass rail, ate toothpicks, and thought he was IT.

When I got back to Steve he was dealing out the cards to a lady from Reading, Pa.

Her husband had been up in the air with a bum automobile, and when he came down he was several sections shy.

They found a monkey-wrench imbedded in his left shoulder which he couldn't remember using when he tried to fix the machine.

She was traveling for his health.

"My room is immediately over the kitchen," she informed Steve.

"The cook hasn't made a kick up to now," Steve went back at her.

"But they've been frying onions ever since we took the room yesterday afternoon," she snapped.

"Yes, madam," chortled smiling Steve, "this is a local option town, and the onion is the only pickle that's allowed to appear in public."

She started a get-back, but her indignation choked her, so she gave Steve the society sting with both eyes and flounced out.

Steve bit the end off a penholder and said the rest internally.

Just then a couple of troupers trailed in.

They were with the "Bandit's Bride Co." and the way had been long and weary.

"What have you got—double?" asked the villain of the piece.

"Two dollars and up!" said Steve.

"Nothing better?" inquired Low Comedy. He was making a crack, but nobody caught him.

"Four dollars, with bath," Steve suggested.

"Board?" asked the villain.

"Nothing but sleeps and a fresh cake of soap," said Steve.

"Ring down!" Low Comedy put in.

"Why, we lived a whole week in Pittsburg for less than that."

"You can turn the same trick here if you carry your own choke and sleep in the park," said Steve.

"What's the name of this mint?" asked the villain.

Steve told him.



THE OLD PROSPECTOR

How He Queered an Alluring Proposition.

He entered the office with his head thrown back and his eagle nose in the air, as grizzled an old prospector as ever struck Broadway. And so that you may know a grizzled old prospector the next time you see one I will unfold my plans and specifications.

In the first place, he must be sufficiently old so that his face is covered with a labyrinth of little criss-cross lines, for a smooth-faced old prospector couldn't do business on Broadway for two consecutive minutes. In the second place, he must have a skin like leather—tanned, sir, by the summer heat and the winter cold. He must be innocent of beard and other facial trimmings, thus distinguishing himself from the miner who, of course, is bearded like a pirate. And he must have an irritable, querulous look like a man who is not to be trifled with. For the rest of it he carries a long tin cylinder filled with blue prints, he has a wallet full of documents, wears boots outside of his trousers, and if you stood him on his head and shook him smartly enough ore would fall out of his pockets to start a mine. Such is the grizzled old prospector when prospecting down Broadway.

"You," he said, "are the proprietor." Which I modestly admitted. "That's easily seen, sir," he said, "very easily seen. Now, I have here the best proposition you ever listened to—a proposition that will pay you 100 per cent. every day you live."

Whereupon I insisted upon shaking hands with him, and he kept my hand in his while he gave my features a long and careful scrutiny, as though making up his mind as to whether or not I was worthy to be his "pard."

"You'll do," he said at last. And suddenly galvanizing into life, he snapped the top off his tin cylinder, slapped his package of documents on his knee, and delicately taking a sample of ore between his thumb and finger he held it steadfastly about two inches from my highly gratified nose.

"This," said he, "is the ore." "O-ho!" said I. "This is the ore; is it?"

"The mine is there; the ore is there; and the miners are there," said he. "They're all ready to work for you without wages and you don't have to buy them any equipment, either. What spades and picks and tools they'll need they'll buy from you! What do you think of that?"

I let him see from my manner what I thought of it, looking at him over the sample of ore in breathless admiration.

"Indians!" he whispered, and he winked one eye.

And as for me, I winked one eye again.

"I see what you're thinking," said he. "You're thinking: 'Why do these Indians sell gold for \$10 an ounce when they can get \$18 and \$20 for it at the stores?'"

"Distance," he whispered. "Three hundred miles to the nearest stores. Three hundred miles back. That's 600. Six hundred miles on burros, sir, across the Great American desert, sir, in a blazing hot sun. That's what they do now. On the other hand, set up a store right on their mines, well stocked and capably managed—why, you could get all the gold you want for \$10 an ounce—and—as—much—lower—as—you—thought—it—fair—to—take!"

And bringing both his elbows to rest upon the desk he said, in a soothing voice: "Look closely at this ore and see the gold." And making a little pass with his other hand, the while he set me with his eye, he wandered on.

"Yaquis. Yes, sir. Look closely at it. They know me and they're very fond of me, too. These yellow specks are gold. I've adopted one of the little shavers. Two years old, sir. As handsome a child as you would wish to see, sir. Killed his father, his mother and two uncles. They wanted my burro, sir. And I wanted it, too."

And as I blinked my eyes, he made another eager little pass and said:

"Eighteen hundred dollars. That buys a half interest in this enterprise, and there's a fortune in it, sir. Eighteen hundred dollars. Is that water in that inkwell? No? Wait. I have a few photographs I'd like to show you—"

And between his desire to keep his eye fixed and his desire to find the necessary photographs, he dropped a great double handful of documents, and I helped him pick them up.

"There," he said at last. "That's all, I guess."

"No," I said, "here's this."

"Why!" he said, "whatever's that?"

"Prof. Borem's Vest Pocket Edition on Hypnotism," I read from the title.

"Why, no!" he said. "That's not mine. I didn't drop that!"

And as for me, I winked one eye again.

"Business good?" I asked.

"Rotten," he said.

And placing Prof. Borem's little treatise in his pocket he further pocketed his nugget and slung his tin cylinder over his shoulder.

"Sir," he said, "I bid you 'good day.'" And stopping at the door he looked over his shoulder and sheepishly asked:

"Say, did you feel any thrills when I was holding the rock in front of your nose and making them funny little passes?"

Qualified.

Hettle—Were the amateur theatrical good?

Mattie—Splendid! I never saw anything worse.—Half-Holiday.

"Began to Let a Peep Out of Him."

"To the tow-path!" said Barrett Macready; "we're outside the lifelines. We thought it was the Liverwurst hotel, where they throw things at your appetite for \$1 a day, double. To the left, wheel! Forward, march!"

I followed those two troupers out to the dingy barroom, because the moment I saw them I knew it was a cinch they'd pull some wheezes that that would hand me a couple of guffs.

"The woods for ours! Isn't this a bird of a place for a show to get stranded?" groaned the low comic, as he gave the Reub bartender the high sign, and the latter pushed forward two glasses and a black bottle.

"It wouldn't have been so bad if the show had gone to pieces in some burg where the people have insomnia in the daytime," the juvenile growled. "But here, Mike, the men go to work in their pajamas, and the town hasn't any street cars because the conductor's bell sounds too much like an alarm-clock, and it might wake the mayor."

I think that will hold you for tonight, Bunch. It's enough for me, and if I'm strong enough to-morrow I'll hand you the balance.

Same as ever,

J. H.

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Secret Prison Writing.

A remarkable secret writing of the prisons has been brought to notice in Germany by Prof. Gross. A well-moistened sheet of writing paper is laid on a hard, smooth surface under a dry sheet, a hard point being then used to write on the latter, which then at once destroyed. The writing, which disappears from the bottom sheet on gradually drying, reappears distinctly as often as the sheet is moistened.

Air Makes French People Cheerful.

One of the great charms of Paris is certainly its atmosphere—so clear, light and buoyant; it is like inhaling champagne. Paris in May or June is sufficient to convert the veriest of hypochondriac into a cheerful, good-natured being. This climate has, no doubt, a great influence on the character of the people, and accounts for their joyousness, their excitability, their wit.—Donahoe's Magazine.

THE ELECTRICAL WORLD

HURTS THE EYES.

Effect of Electric Arc Light Sometimes Is Injurious.

That inflammation of the eyes, sometimes caused by the electric arc light, is due to the invisible ultraviolet rays was asserted by Dr. Schanz and Dr. Stockhausen in a discussion at the Congress of German Naturalists and Physicians last autumn at Dresden. Says the Druggists' Circular:

"It had been proved that the shortest of these rays do not extend very far from the light, but as these with waves longer than 212 micromillimeters still extend 30 feet and more from the arc before they are absorbed by the air, it is evident that these actinic rays, which begin with the wavelength of about 380 micromillimeters, are of considerable practical importance to all those who have to work at or near arc lights. Hitherto it has been thought that a plate of glass before the eye was sufficient protection from these ultraviolet rays, but the case shown by the speaker showed that common glass was not enough, because the patient had worn one. This circumstance induced the two authors to undertake an investigation to find out how far glass absorbed the ultraviolet rays. They found that only those ultraviolet rays which possess a shorter wavelength than 300 microns are absorbed by the ordinary lamp and spectacle-lens glasses. . . .

"The most dangerous ultraviolet rays are those between 400 and 300 microns wavelength, because it is just these that are easily transmitted by the ordinary lamp and spectacle glasses. Among the usual protective spectacles the blue ones protect least because they transmit the blue end of the spectrum best. The smoke glasses weaken these rays as well as the visible spectrum, but they do not extinguish them. . . . They decomposed the light of all artificial sources of light, from the candle to the latest electric light, by means of a quartz spectro-photograph, and thus determined how many ultraviolet rays each light contained. They came to the conclusion that our artificial lights with increasing intensities, especially temperatures, gradually have become richer in ultraviolet rays. They have endeavored to find a glass which would absorb the ultraviolet rays to a high degree, and they believe that they have produced one that will answer all purposes and which will soon be on the market."

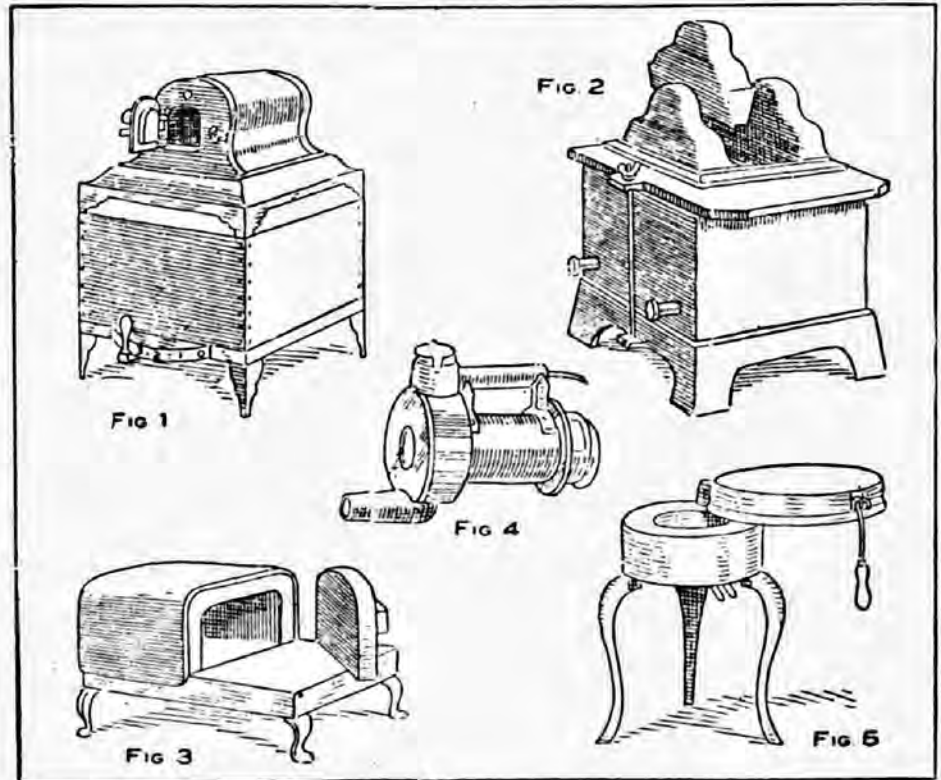
SMALL ELECTRIC FURNACES

Will Prove of Inestimable Value in the Industrial World.

It is believed by many concerns manufacturing electrical apparatus that the future of electric heating rests more with its application for industrial than for domestic purposes. The illustrations here shown are ex-

used by manufacturing chemists and assayers. As indicating the economy of these furnaces it is said that the type of muffle shown in Fig 1 will, with a consumption of 200 watts at starting and only 100 watts afterwards, become red hot in five minutes.

An enameling furnace, largely used by enamellers and painters on glass, is shown in Fig. 3. Fig. 4 illus-



The Details of the Furnace.

amples of electric furnaces for such purposes.

Electric muffles and crucible furnaces are a distinct specialty. Fig. 1 shows a muffle furnace suitable for and largely used by engineers for hardening tools. Crucible furnaces, as shown in Fig. 2, are made to take any size of crucible from one inch by one inch to 24 inches by 24 inches, giving any required heat up to 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. They are largely

trates a blower, by means of which cold air can be obtained for ventilation and hot air for warming. Fig. 5 is a tempering, annealing and hardening furnace, suitable for coils of wire, disks and rings of metal.

There are many other such heaters, explains Popular Mechanics, including vulcanizing stoves, branding tools, soldering appliances and paraffine melting vats for makers of wax paper and candles.

Fenders for Electric Cars.

The Seattle Electric Railway Company has been making practical tests of various kinds of fenders for the purpose of deciding upon the type which will minimize accidents. Tests have been conducted at the company's shops at Georgetown, Washington, and those which have given promise of proving satisfactory have been attached to cars.

Multiple Telegraphy.

A French system for the employment of alternating instead of continuous currents in telegraphy has recently been devised. This system permits of the use of 12 instruments on a single wire.

Getting Out Broken Taps.

Getting broken taps out, says a writer in the American Machinist, is, in one shop at least, performed by pouring hydrochloric acid into the hole. The acid is left there for about four minutes and enough of the tap and the hole is eaten away to loosen the tap.

Zinc Mining.

Zinc mining in Mexico has become important only in the last three years. The most important zinc deposits are near Monterey. At Calera there is a large amount of mixed sulphide ore, while the Tiro General in San Luis Potosi is also producing zinc ore.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

NEW BALLOON MATERIAL.

Made of Rubber and Silk and is Moisture and Gas Proof.

A new balloon fabric which is very similar to the continental balloon material that has been found so successful in Germany has been put on the market in this country, says the Scientific American. This fabric is made up of seven thin layers of rubber weighing five ounces per square yard, which are placed between two layers of fine silk weighing about 2½ ounces per square yard. The silk and rubber are thoroughly vulcanized together, the result being that the material thus formed will stand a strain of 100 pounds per inch width. Notwithstanding it is very elastic, it offers other advantages in that it is absolutely moisture and gas proof. The tests of a similar material in Germany have shown that balloons constructed of this fabric will not lose half of one per cent. of the gas they contain in six weeks' time, while such balloons are much more durable, their life being about five times as long. Heat and cold have no effect upon this material. It will stand 80 degrees more heat than a varnished silk balloon before it begins to blister, and it will stand a temperature below the freezing point without any trouble whatever, whereas the ordinary balloon will not stand a temperature of less than 40 degrees. The difficulties encountered with an ordinary balloon, such as the sticking of the folds when such a balloon is deflated and folded up in a moist state, and also the danger from spontaneous combustion under such circumstances, are entirely done away with. The new material can be patched very readily, if necessary. Manufacturers supply it in any weight, width or color desired. The price is rather high, being about \$2.50 per square yard, but durability and other advantages more than offset this.

Interesting Experiment.

It is well known that potassium-sodium alloy and the alkali metals generally sealed up in vacuo exhibit marked photoelectric effects permitting the escape of negative electricity but not positive when the surface of the metal is illuminated. In an experiment made by Dr. J. A. Fleming before the Royal Society a sample of such alloy was prepared for this purpose. The alloy was inclosed with an insulated platinum plate in an exhausted tube. When illuminated by an arc lamp negative electricity supplied by a battery leaked from the surface, and by the interposition of colored films of gelatine and glass it

was shown that the leak was due to the most refrangible rays of the spectrum. The effect of polarizing the light in various planes was also exhibited.

The Wonderful Alpha Rays.

The Alpha rays from radio-active matter, said Prof. E. Rutherford, in a recent discourse before the Royal Institution, consist of veritable atoms of matter projected at a speed, on an average of 6,000 miles per second. It is the great energy of motion of these swiftly expelled masses that gives rise to the heating effect of radium. Yet they do not go far. The swiftest Alpha particle travels seven centimeters in air, under ordinary conditions, before it is stopped. But on its way it plunges straight through every molecule in its path, producing positively and negatively charged ions in the process. "On an average, an Alpha particle, before its career of violence is stopped, breaks up about 100,000 molecules."

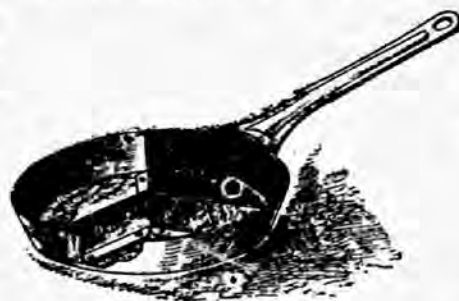
Longest Submarine Cable.

The longest submarine cable in the world in one stretch is that from Vancouver to New Zealand.

IMPROVED FRYING PAN.

One in Which a Variety of Food Can Be Cooked at Same Time.

It is often desirable to cook a number of dishes at the same time in quantities such that it is not economi-



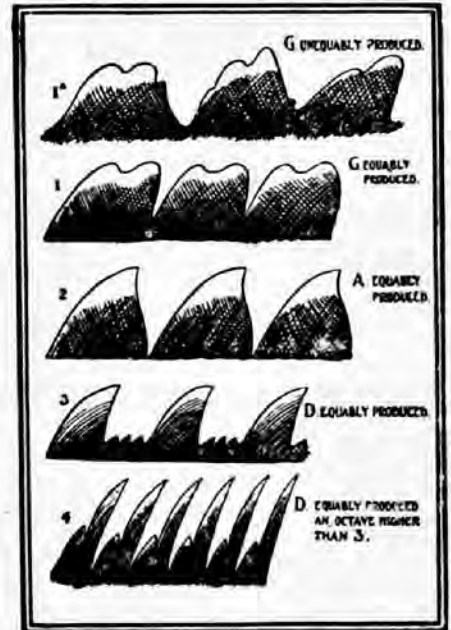
Improved Frying Pan.

cal to devote an entire pan to each dish. Illustrated herewith is a pan provided with several compartments, in which different commodities may be cooked at the same time without mixing. This, thinks the Scientific American, should appeal to those who have to do their cooking over a gas stove, as the several dishes may be cooked over a single burner, thus economizing fuel. The partitions are made of two pieces, one bent substantially in the shape of a V, and having lateral flanges whereby it is bolted to the bottom of the pan, with the apex at the center of the utensil. The other partition is a straight piece arranged to project from the apex to the opposite side of the pan. Thus the pan is divided into three compartments. The bolt heads which are formed on the under side of the pan serve as supports to hold the bottom of the pan from direct contact with a stove.

NOT SHARKS' TEETH.

But Your Own Sweet Voice—How to Sing and Speak Perfectly.

These light-waves represent vibrations of the human voice, and are produced by making the sound impinge upon a luminant. No. 1 shows the bass G equably and unequally produced; No. 2 shows A perfectly produced; No. 3 is treble D, and No. 4 is D an octave higher. The instrument by which these records are taken is



used by Mr. W. Brewer Brown, who uses it in teaching speech-culture and voice production.

THORACIC SURGERY.

New Method Which Makes the Operation Less Perilous.

Prof. Ernest Sauerbruch, of the University of Marburg, Germany, recently read a paper before the surgical section of the American Medical Association, in which he described a new method of performing operations on the organs of the chest without subjecting the patient to possible death by lung collapse. Prof. Sauerbruch performs his operations within a cabinet from which part of the air has been exhausted, the object being to preserve so far as possible the balance between the air pressure in the lungs and that without the body. Normally, the air within the lungs is lighter than the air of the outer atmosphere because of the difference in pressure. When the lungs are exposed they are subjected to an increased pressure which flattens them, with the result that the patient is exposed to much danger. Prof. Sauerbruch demonstrated the efficiency of his method by operating on a dog. Only the patient's body is confined within the cabinet, so that he may breathe the outer air. The operation is said to have been successfully used in 12 instances.



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The C. M. A. EMBLEM,
Alma, Kansas.

DON'TS FOR EVERYBODY.

Don't forget to see that your vote is cast at the election, the week of October 5th. to October 10th, 1908.

Don't miss sending in your subscription to the EMBLEM, or you will miss some of the important official news.

Don't talk gammon. No one believes a boy who loves the sound of his own voice better than verity.

Don't forget that your boss knows a good thing when he sees it. He'll always raise your salary when you are turning dollars into his till.

Don't ape the cynic. Your elders will placard you "fool" while the fellows will shy away from you as from a bitter dose.

A BRAGGERT is always a coward, and generally remains a nobody. Don't boast.

Don't let your conscience get away from you. It might get killed.

Be kind and sympathetic to everybody, but reserve the fullness of your friendship for a chosen few.

Doing your duty is no mark of ability. Demonstrate superiority and you'll be rewarded.

Don't think because you have received the past numbers of the EMBLEM, that you are going to receive them right along, unless you are a subscriber, you are apt to miss one as we are compelled to cut down our expences and will cut a great many off the sample list.



MY IDEAS OR PLATFORM

The following are my ideas for the running of the order and if I am elected to be the Grand Secretary of the order, I will do all in my power to see them carried out and enforced.

I am in favor of the Reorganization Plan, except as stated below, and think the laws of the order should be drawn up in accordance with it.

I think the rates should be raised to \$1.00 per year and should go to the Grand Treasury.

The Grand Lodge should pay for the official organ the members receive, the money to be taken out of the treasury.

The dues should be collected by the secretaries of the local lodges and sent to the Grand Secretary, with a report twice each year; that is 50 cents on the first of January and 50 cents the first of July, for each member in the lodge.

The Secretaries of the local lodges should send the Grand Secretary a full report when they send in the semi-annual dues.

I want all Grand Officers to be elected by the members at an election such as this first election will be.

I believe we should economize in the running of the order; by this, I do not mean that we should give the members

cheaper outfits or that we should not advertise the order, but mean, whenever we do spend a dollar, see that we get one hundred cents of good value in return, either in advertisement or in the things we distribute amongst our membership. Give the members their money's worth, nothing will advertise us better than a satisfied member.

I am not in favor of giving the Grand Officers a salary; our membership is small, and we must get some money in our treasury. However, we must allow them the expences their office will cause them, we can not expect them to "dig into their own pockets" to pay them.

I believe in having as few laws as possible, have them cover everthing pertaining the duties of the members and officers so we will understand our rights.

I believe in the strict enforcement of all laws and living up to our obligations.

I think every member should belong to some local lodge and that we should not have independent members.

I am not in favor of a total change of the secret work, but think it should be revised and changed to some extent, but not to change the noble teachings of our order.

With the above platform, I announce myself a candidate for the office of Grand Secretary of the Coming Men of America Lodge, subject to the vote of each and every member interested in the welfare of the order at the coming election to be held the week beginning October 5th and ending October 10th, 1908. I have been a member of the order for the the past eight years having joined the order in 1900, organized Queen Bee Lodge No. 2767, of Alma, Kansas, two years later, and have held the position of Secretary and Treasurer of that lodge since it's organization. Our lodge has been active since its organization and I only refer you to the back numbers of the Star Monthly to the many news items which appeared in the official columns of that paper. Your support is respectfully looked for and will be appreciated.

Make your vote count in the coming election as it is the only way that will insure us good men at the head of the order, which will insure the success of the order.

Yours in "F",

Chas. R. Simon 15° O. T. N.



will this month, again caution the members of the order to be sure and cast their vote for good responsible men so that the order may again be classed as one of the successful secret societies of the day.

Make it a point to help the Grand Officers in every way that you can as they will appreciate it more than you think. Let every member work overtime this coming year so we will gain in our membership, for we have lost nearly all the members we have had and must start for the top again. Be prompt in your dealings with the local lodge, attend the meetings regularly, help make them a success, and if you can, be sure and attend the State Conventions.

Advertise the order all you can and try and get your home people interested in it, they can help you more than anything else. One thing; BE sure and vote, and vote right.

Yours in "F"

Chas. R. Simon

Southern Star Lodge No. 5321 of Lux, Miss., have reorganized and are now waiting to get new outfits for the many applications that they have on file. They now have a membership of 35 and are rapidly increasing it. Their officers are W. H. Herrin, Pres; R. Wall, V-Pres; D. P. Granberry, Secy; Will Lightsey, Speaker; W. E. Granberry, Director and W. E. Herrin, Sentinel;

Brother Frank Morris, 15° O. T. N. of Fort Worth, Texas, has just completed his course of Shorthand and is going to teach it. He will make a special price to the members of the C. M. A.

On account of our cuts for this issue not arriving we are unable to present the usual lodge picture and several others. But they will appear in the next issue. Send us a picture of your lodge we want it for publication.

The Indiana members could not afford to lose a good man for there State Secretary, so they re-elected Brother Sells at the convention. Which was as good a thing as they could have done, for Brother Sells can't be beat.

Brother M. L. King of Noble Okla., is going to take a hunting trip through the country in a wagon and expects to write some articles for the EMBLEM. We understand he will on his return, start in the printing business. —Here's wishing him success.

The Indiana Convention did a good thing when they passed the By-law that the Secretary of the Indiana Association of the C. M. A. should hold his position during good behavior.

Brother W. Harmon, Old Orchard, Maine has just returned to Orono, Maine, for his Junior year in the University.

To Texas Members:

I hereby announce myself Candidate for State Secretary of the C. M. A. Subject to the action of the State meeting, Oct 23 & 24. I feel duly qualified for the office as I have had a great deal of experience in lodge work. If elected, I shall publish a State C. M. A. paper, so that the members may keep in touch with the State Officers, and with other lodges of the State. I shall appreciate any support given me, and would like to hear from the Texas members.

Very truly your brother,
Scott W. Hickey, 5°
Nevada, Texas.

BESTOGRAPHY

The most perplexing secret cipher ever originated. It has baffled the experts, none have yet been able to make out, anything ever written in it. The C. M. A. passwords are written in bestography.

PASSWORD

The password for November
50 38 70 3 53 5 43 16 71

Iron City Star Lodge No. 5359, C. M. A., will open for the Fall season on or about the second Monday in September.—Cheerful Moments. (Pittsburg Pa.)

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of the Grand President of the Coming Men of America Lodge. I want the support of all the brothers.
Yours in F.
J. ELLIOTT CLAYTON, Jr.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Grand President of the order. Brothers your vote is respectfully solicited
Yours in F.
JAY M. ARMSTRONG.

I announce myself as a candidate for the office of Grand Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of the Coming Men of America.
Yours in F.
CHAS. E. ELLSWORTH.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Grand Vice President of the South Eastern District, hoping to be favored with your support I remain
Yours in F.
I. F. LANHAM, 15°, O. T. N.

I here announce myself as a candidate for the office of Grand Vice President of the South Eastern District. Your support is respectfully solicited.
Yours in F.
Y. PINCK TAYLOR, 15°, O. T. N.

For Grand President of North Eastern section.
J. J. SELLS, 15°, O. T. N.

Brother Sells has been endorsed by the Maine Association and is widely known in the C. M. A. circles as the past Athletic Secretary of the order. You should give Brother Sells your loyal support

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Vice President of the South Western District, subject to the vote of the members of that district.
Yours in F.
T. T. Logan 16° O. T. N.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Grand Vice-President of the North Western District subject to the vote of all the members in that District.

Yours in "F"

Chas. F. Leach, 15° O. T. N.
Bloomfield, Iowa.

A Word About J. Elliott Clayton Jr.

Brother Clayton was born May 12, 1888, about one mile northwest of Vidalia, the Parish seat of Concordia Parish, Louisiana. His father resided in this territory until August 1893, with the exception of five or six months spent in Mississippi and Arkansas, when he moved to New Orleans, the metropolis of the South, where Brother Clayton received his early education.

From 1898 until 1902, he attended Rugby Academy, a preparatory for Tulane University, but in the fall of 1902, he entered the Louisiana Industrial Institute, one of the leading Colleges of the State, from which he graduated in January, 1906, with the degree of Bachelor of Industry. While a student of the latter institution, he took high rank as a leader among the student body. He was twice elected Grand Master of his fraternity; was also President of the leading literary society; and, at different times, held offices of vice-president, Secretary and Treasurer of the Y. M. C. A.

He also has the reputation of being a good speaker, having been chosen as one of the two best speakers in the annual oratorical contest of the literary society above mentioned and also having been chosen to deliver the annual Y. M. C. A. address at the commencement of 1905.

Since graduation, Brother Clayton has taken up the study of law, which profession he intends to follow. In addition to his studies along the same line, he has occupied the responsible position of Court Stenographer of Jackson Parish for the past two years.

It was in September, 1905, that he joined the C. M. A. and since that time he has taken an active interest in the affairs of the order. For several years he has been striving to organize a State Association of the Louisiana Lodges and success is apparently his. He is the unanimous choice of the Lodges for President of the Louisiana Association, but has declined to consider in view of his candidacy for the Grand Presidency, which has been launched by his friends throughout the country. He is a hard working member and is now Secretary and Treasurer of Pelican State Lodge, No. 4605. Since the suspension of the "Star Monthly," he has been very earnest in his endeavor to get the order back upon a substantial basis.

A very important point to be considered in connection with his candidacy is the proximity of his residence, Ruston, La. to Alma, Kansas, where the Grand Lodge headquarters will probably be located. This fact will insure prompt attention on all important matters by the Grand President and Grand Secretary together.

INDIANA CONVENTION. HELD THIRD ANNUAL

Report of the meeting sent in by the Secretary.

The fourth annual convention of the Indiana Association C. M. A. was held at Greenfield, Indiana, Sept. 7th and 8th.

Many of the members arrived Saturday and Sunday before the convention. Sunday afternoon all the young ladies of Greenfield held "open house" for C. M. A. members.

A large well attended athletic meet was held at 2:30 Monday afternoon and some very creditable records were made.

On the evening of the 7th the annual banquet was held. Brother Dewitt C. Cooper, 15 O. T. N. was elected "Master of the Feast." All the members gave toasts. When the name of Brother Charles R. Simon, of Alma, Kansas, was given it was met with prolonged cheers; and it was almost twenty minutes before Brother Cooper could bring the meeting to order. Among the other members cheered were: Brothers Cooper, Indiana; Sells, Indiana; Ayers, Indiana; Harmon, Maine; Tippitts, Florida; Shaw, Pennsylvania; McKelvie, California and Ellsworth, of Missouri.

The business meeting was held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. As Brother Sells, the secretary, was absent on account of an operation on his nose, Brother Welch, of Marion, was appointed acting secretary.

The Re-organization plans of Simon, of Kansas, was unanimously endorsed and each member pledged himself to support them.

The C. M. A. EMBLEM was endorsed as the official organ of the C. M. A.

It was moved and passed that the position of Secretary, of the Indiana Association C. M. A., hold his position during good behavior.

The following officers were elected for 1908-09:

President, Dewitt C. Cooper, 15 O. T. N., Greenfield; 1st Vice President, Rollo Keesler, 5, O. T. N., Anderson; 2nd Vice President, H. Wilcoxon, O. T. N., Websterk; Secretary, Jack Sells, 15 O. T. N. Indianapolis; Director, Frank Sipe, O. T. N., Greenfield; Speaker, Roscoe W. Speer, O. T. N., Medora and Sentinel, Wm. C. Ayers, 10, O. T. N., Connersville.

The members attended a dance on the evening of the 8th. All agree in pronouncing this to be the best meeting ever held by the Indiana Association.

Coming Men of Amerisa Gather Here Tuesday

FOR YEARLY CONVENTION

Louis B. Moore of Bangor Chosen President—Sketch of Society and What it is.

The concluding session of the 3rd annual convention of the Coming Men of America, a society formed several years ago to perpetuate good citizenship and patriotism among young men of the country, was held in Orangemen's hall Wednesday forenoon. After the session the convention was declared over and the members left for their homes.

Wednesday morning's session of the society was devoted to unfinished business and an informal address by Pres. George E. Fellows of the University of Maine on Good Citizenship. At the conclusion of Pres. Fellows' remarks, he extended an invitation to members of the society to accompany him to Orono and inspect the University. The invitation was gladly accepted and a large number went to Orono where they were delightfully entertained.

The convention opened Tuesday at 2.30 p. m., with President W. Warren Harmon Old Orchard presiding. After a report by the president, the reports of the secretary, Lewis R. Moore of Hampden Corner, and the treasure, Hiram G. Burnell of Bridgnon, were read and excepted.

The Election of officers resulted as follows;

Lewis B. Moore, Bangor, president, Henry B. Wescott, Portland, vice president Wesley M. Mewer, secretary, Old Orchard; W. Warren Harmon, speaker, Old Orchard; J. Earle Warren, director Harrison; Harry E. Demeritt, Sentinel, Dover.

Committees were appointed for the ensuing year and it was voted to hold the next annual meeting in Portland, Seyt. 7 and 8, 1909.

What the society is.

The Coming Men of America is a fraternal organization which was started in Illinois about 15 years ago. It began with a small membership and up to last February, its membership totaled 100,000. As said before, it has for its objects: The perpetuation of good citizenship and the study thereof and the inculcation of a spirit of patriotism among its members. It has Lodges and a ritual similar to other fraternal organizations and conducted on much the same plans.

The society was first started in Maine about five years ago by W. Warren

Harmon of Old Orchard, the retiring president this year. The first convention was held at Old Orchard, the second at Augusta and the third in Bangor. At present there are 15 lodges in the state with a membership of about 125.

Bangor is as yet unrepresented by a lodge, but it is expected that one will soon be formed in this city for there are a number of members of the organization now residing in this vicinity and numerous applications have been received for membership. At the annual meeting just concluded 25 members were present.—Bangor (Me.) Dail, Commercial.

IN MEMORIAM

Brother Marvin Lynch Ex-Vice President of the Kingsbury, Star Lodge No. 5521, Kingsbury, Texas was killed by the accidental discharge of his shotgun on January 2, 1908. Brother Lynch was a sincere worker of the Kingsbury Star Lodge. He was elected Vice Pres. at the time of its organization and continued to hold that office until he resigned to attend school in San Antonio, Texas at the Lakeside Classical institute. He entered into this work with all his heart, thinking no sacrifice to great for the upbuilding and advancement of the order.

We, the committee, elected by the Kingsbury Star Lodge of Kingsbury, Texas on January 17th, to present to this lodge, the community and the bereaved family, expressions of sorrow for the death of Brother Marvin Lynch, Ex-Vice President of the Kingsbury Star Lodge, No 5521 C. M. A. respectfully report.

In the death of Brother Marvin Lynch, this lodge, the Coming Men of America throughout the world and this community, have lost one of its best young men, and the order one of its truest brothers, who has always lived up to the order. His life is its best eulogy. In a short career of honor in this lodge, Brother Marvin Lynch filled the office of vice president in a very competent manner. In contemplating a life and character so replete with all these attributes which go to make up the true young man, we lay this our humble tribute upon his bier, and extend our tender sympathy to his sorrowing parents, brother and sisters, and move that the lodge have a page of its minutes set apart for the record of these resolutions in honor of his memory.

Furthermore resolved; That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the official organ and the county papers for publication.

FLOYD JONES.
FRED H. SCHMIDT.
FRED KLEIN.

COMMITTEE

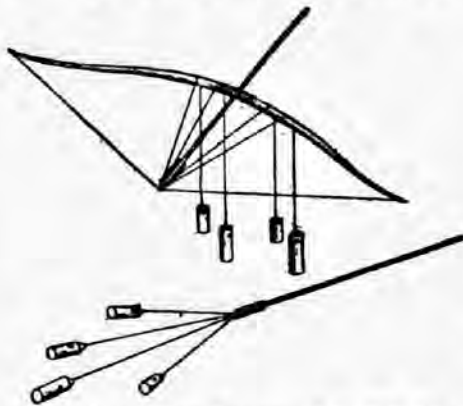
INDUSTRY AND MECHANICS

A WHISTLING ARROW.

A Musical Toy Which the Ingenious Boy Can Make.

It is very simple to construct one. First, procure a section of thin, light bamboo; saw it into several pieces of varying length, the longest about two or three inches. Then cut a hole near the end of each one and plug the other end with a piece of cork. The open end is to be the head. Tie each to the arrow's end by a string long enough to allow the bamboo pieces to hang over the top of the bow so they will not interfere with the arrow's flight.

As the arrow is discharged, says Good Literature, the bamboo pieces tail out behind it and the velocity of the arrow causes the air to rush into their open heads and out again through the small holes which gives very nearly the same effect as a whistle. The stronger the bow the more the arrow will be able to sus-



The Arrow on Bow and in Flight.

tain in its flight—with, of course, a proportionately greater amount of noise.

LEATHER SHOES FOR HORSES.

Are Preferred to Iron Ones by Horsemen in Australia.

A new market for leather, according to Le Franc Parleur, is to be found in Australia, concerning which this French journal says:

In districts of Australia the horse is shod with leather instead of iron. The feet receive better support. This novelty is employed only in regions where the ground is permanently covered with grass or fine sand. In a country like Australia, where stocks are sometimes scarce and a horseman may experience great difficulty at a critical moment in finding a horseshoe, such an innovation is a useful novelty. With extra shoes whose weight is a trifle, and which can be fitted without trouble, it is practicable to travel with-

out fear of the horse losing its shoe and being injured. Though the leather shoe is more expensive than the iron shoe, the higher price is repaid by the advantages gained.

In some quarters the horses were never shod with iron. Probably shoes, like drivers, will be supplied before long, thus avoiding the disagreeable experience of a horse's hoof wearing too rapidly. It is not impossible the innovation will soon extend to every country where the nature of the soil permits it to be used.

STAG OUT OF TREES.

Odd Freak Produced by Ingenious Chinese Floriculturists.

Here is a photograph of a curious Chinese little tree, or, rather, four little trees planted in the same pot, twisted into shape and bound together so as to resemble a stag. Two branch-



The Stag Tree.

es are left free to represent the antlers, and round berries are attached to the head for eyes. Little trees such as these may be trained into the forms of many other animals, especially lions and tigers. If carefully attended to they live for quite a long time, and always retain their shape. They are brought round every spring by the Chinese flower-men.

Manganese Industry.

Remarkable expansion has taken place in the Indian manganese industry, statistics showing that while the total quantity of manganese ore shipped through the Kidderpore docks during the whole of the year 1906 was 14,587 tons, the shipments up to the end of October last year amounted to 40,349 tons. The Carnegie Steel Company of Pittsburg, has acquired large manganese properties in India, and it is expected that these figures will be yet further increased.

Big Telephone Exchange in Africa.

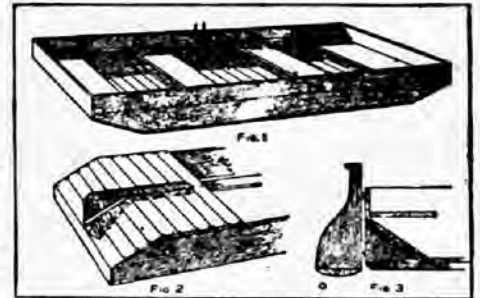
Johannesburg's new telephone exchange will serve 24,000 lines. There are now about 6,500 entering the building.

A HOME-MADE PUNT.

Boys, Here Is a Boat You Can Make for Yourself.

A flat bottom boat is easy to make and is one of the safest boats, as it is not readily overturned. It has the advantage of being rowed from either end, and has plenty of good seating capacity.

This punt, as shown in Fig. 1, is built 15 feet long, about 20 inches deep



Easy to Build and Safe to Use.

and four feet wide. The ends are cut sloping for about 20 inches back and under. The sides are each made up from boards held together with battens on the inside of the boat near the ends and in the middle. One wide board should be used for the bottom piece. Two pins are driven in the top board of each side to serve as oarlocks.

The bottom is covered with matched boards not over five inches wide. These pieces are placed together as closely as possible, using white lead between the joints and nailing them to the edges of the side boards and to a keel strip that runs the length of the punt, as shown in Fig. 2. Before nailing the boards place lamp wicking between them and the edges of the side boards. Only galvanized nails should be used, cautions Popular Mechanics. In order to make the punt perfectly watertight it is best to use the driest lumber obtainable. At one end of the punt a skag and a rudder can be attached as shown in Fig. 3.

Practical Experiences in Varnishing.

Varnish on size paint. To varnish over size colors, coat them with a solution of dextrine or thin starch till a light polish is obtained. With fine work, where it is important that the subsequent coat of varnish should not be absorbed by the size color, thus darkening the latter, soak the coat of size paint, after the above treatment, once more with gelatine. Damara varnish with a little linseed oil (thickened by standing) should be used for varnishing.

Bicycle Business.

The number of bicycles imported in Switzerland in 1906 was 20,229, a decrease of 721 on the imports of 1905; of these Germany supplied 17,000; France, 2,284. The number of British-made machines imported was only 391, an increase of 91 as compared with 1905. The trade in American bicycles decreased from 120 in 1905 to 53 in 1906.

REORGANIZATION PLAN.

Supported by the associations of Massachusetts, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Missouri, Minnesota, California, South Carolina and Indiana.

INDEPENDENT ORDER OF THE C. M. A. GRAND NATIONAL CABINET.

Grand President. (General uniform rank)
Four Grand Vice Presidents. (One for each section, north, east, south and west)
Grand Secretary.
Grand Treasurer.

STATE CABINET.

President.
Vice President.
Secretary.
Treasurer.

LODGE CABINET.

According to the Hunter Ritual.

NATIONAL ELECTION

See Laws and Rules for Election on page 13.

DUTIES OF THE NATIONAL OFFICERS.

The Grand Officers shall be elected for a term of four years. All the Grand Officers are subject to impeachment by the Grand Lodge for negligence shown in their work or official duties.

The Grand Officers shall each give a semi-annual report of their office in the official organ.

The Grand President shall have general supervision of all the work, directing the work of the other officers to a great extent. He shall have the power to appoint minor officers and committees, subject to the NEW CONSTITUTION to be drawn up at the first meeting of the Grand Lodge. He shall be, by right of office, General of the Uniform rank, but shall appoint an Adjutant General, who will take full charge of the Uniform Rank until an election in that branch can be arranged for.

The four Grand Vice Presidents shall have charge of the expansion of the order in their districts and such other work as shall be given them by the Grand President. The grand Vice Presidents shall receive an allowance to cover only necessary expenses.

The Grand Secretary shall have charge of the records; shall make new members; collect dues which are to be immediately turned over to the Grand Treasurer; and shall attend to the official correspondence.

The Grand Treasurer shall keep a record of the money received and paid out with proper vouchers. All money paid out by the Grand Treasurer shall first be approved of by the Grand President.

GRAND LODGE.

The Grand Lodge shall consist of the Grand President, four Grand Vice Presidents, Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer. Seven members in all. This body shall be the ruling force of the order upon all matters pertaining to it's general welfare, but any question of vital interest and effecting the order as a whole shall be referred to the members for a final decision. A National Constitution and By-Laws shall be drawn up and signed by the Grand Lodge members must bear five Grand Lodge members' signatures to be legal. Copies of this constitution shall be furnished all members in good standing upon request.

DUTIES OF STATE OFFICERS.

The President shall have general supervision in the state.

The Vice President shall perform the duties of President in the latter's inability to act, and shall co-operate with the district Vice President for the expansion of the order.

The Secretary shall supervise the state lodges and shall arrange for the state conventions.

The Treasurer shall receive and handle the funds for state meetings, but all funds paid out must first be approved by the State President.

Each of these state officers shall be elected for a term of two years; receive only an allowance from the state treasury for necessary expenses; and must make a semi-annual report to the district Vice President.

STATE LODGE.

A state having six or more lodges in good standing can form a state association or state lodge and will receive a charter from the Grand Lodge. States having less than six lodges will be under the supervising of the Grand Vice President of that district.

State elections will occur in even years.

DUTIES OF LODGE OFFICERS.

While the Hunter Ritual is in use, the duties shall be the same as in that, except that each lodge officer shall report quarterly to the state secretary.

THE NATIONAL TICKET

**All members wanting good officers
should vote this ticket.**

We have nominated the following brothers as candidates for the several offices of the Grand Lodge and urge the support of all loyal brothers to bring about their election:-

GRAND PRESIDENT

J. ELLIOTT CLAYTON JR., RUSTON, LOUISIANA.

GRAND SECRETARY

CHARLES R. SIMON, ALMA, KANSAS.

GRAND TREASURER

CHARLES E. ELLSWORTH, SPRINGFIELD, MO.

We have deemed it expedient not to support any particular candidate for Vice President, but to leave the whole matter to each individual section to nominate and elect whom they see fit. For particulars, write any of the above candidates or the following.

CLYDE R. SUMNER, NEW HAVEN, VT.
BYRON E. SHAW, HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.
W. WARREN HARMON, OLD ORCHARD, ME.
J. Y. WRIGHT, MENA, ARK.
C. F. TIPPETTS, ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.
OTIS A. MCKELVIE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

THE FOUR NATIONAL DISTRICTS.

**The following is the official division
by states.**

NORTH EAST SECTION

Maine
New Hampshire
Vermont
Massachusetts
Rhode Island
Connecticut
New York
New Jersey
Pennsylvania
Delaware
Ohio
Indiana
Illinois
Wisconsin
Michigan

SOUTH WEST SECTION

Missouri
Arkansas
Louisiana
Texas
Oklahoma
Kansas
Colorado
New Mexico
Arizona
Utah
Nevada
California
Hawaiian Islands
Guam
Phillippine Islands

SOUTH EAST SECTION

District of Columbia
Virginia
West Virginia
Kentucky
Tennessee
North Carolina
South Carolina
Georgia
Florida
Alabama
Mississippi
West Indies Islands
Panama Canal Zone

NORTH WEST SECTION

Iowa
Minnesota
North Dakota
South Dakota
Nebraska
Wyoming
Montana
Idaho
Oregon
Washington

Each of the above four sections will elect a Vice

President to represent it in the Grand Lodge. The candidate for election must be a resident of the district or section he represents and one section shall have nothing to say regarding the nominee of another section.

We have a few old copies of the EMBLEM left. Any member wanting one may get them free if they will enclose a stamp for postage.

Don't forget to send us the names of all the members that you know of, for we want to send them a copy of the EMBLEM. It will help get them to rejoin our ranks.

All members that are going to attend the State Convention to be held at Dallas, Texas, on the 23rd. and 24th. of October should write to Alfred Rohde, State Sec'y. C. M. A. so as to let him know what preparations to make.

Let us receive your subscription this month for the EMBLEM. We want to have a list of a thousand paid-up subscribers by the next month. Send us in yours at once, it will show us your good will and help us keep to the front with our paper.

TEXAS STATE C. M. A. CONVENTION.

The Texas State Convention will be held at Dallas, Texas October 23 & 24, 1908. The committee has prepared an elaborate program and wants a good attendance. A cordial invitation is tendered all the members. Come, let us make it a success.

Yours in F.

FLOYD JONES 5° Prcs

The North Carolina Convention in 1909.

The next state meeting in North Carolina will be held at Ashboro, N. C. March 11, 12 and 13, 1909. The members are requested to write the State Secretary to help arrange the program for this meeting.

B. H. LONG, State Sec'y.,

Forest City, N. C.

Peerless Lodge of Ark. are working ahead and have elected officers for the ensuing term.

Medora Indiana has one of the most active C. M. A. lodges in that part of the country. Their new officers are; Lee M. Williams, Pres., Robert Holms, V. Pres., Chas B. Canstine, Secy. and Treas., Roscoe W. Speer, Speaker., Alva Williams, Director, and Walter Fountain., Sentinel.

To the Carolina members:-

All members interested in a meeting of North and South Carolina to write me.

Yours in "F",

Y. PINCK TAYLOR, 15° O. I. N.

— LAWS AND RULES FOR ELECTION —

Sec. 1- The election for the new Grand Lodge of the Coming Men of America will take place the week beginning October 5th, and ending October 10th, 1908.

All ballots must be mailed and postmarked during that week; otherwise, the ballot shall be void and not counted. All announcements concerning the election will be made in September issue of the EMBLEM.

Sec. 2- The ballots will be a Government postal card, printed on the back side with the official ballot, which should read as follows; FOR PRESIDENT; FOR VICE PRESIDENT (of this district); FOR SECRETARY; and FOR TREASURER.

Under each office, there shall be left a blank space in which to insert the candidates name. On the address side of the postal, one third of the ballots shall have the name and address of Election Clerk No. 1; one third shall have the name and address of Election Clerk No. 2; and one third shall have the name and address of Election Clerk No. 3; printed thereon. This method will prevent the ballots going astray through the mails on account of being poorly addressed.

Sec. 3 The name of any candidate must not appear on the official ballot, but all candidates for each office will have their names printed together on a separate sheet to accompany the ballots sent out; or this list may be printed in the September and October issues of the EMBLEM; or both.

Sec. 4 A candidate's name must not appear on the same ballot more than once that is; the same person cannot be a candidate for more than one office at the same time.

Sec. 5 - The way to fill out the ballot. The Secretary of each local lodge will receive three ballots;- one each of No. 1 - 2 & 3, which he must fill out and sign with the President of the lodge, and mail within the specified time allotted for the casting of the votes. Printed instructions will be sent the Secretary with the ballots, telling him how to fill them out. Also, a notice and another set of instructions will be mailed the President of each local lodge, notifying him that the ballots were mailed the Secretary of the lodge and that he should see that they are properly filled out and-mailed within the specified time.

Sec. 6-There shall be three Election Clerks who must reside in different parts of the country. They must be good responsible men, men who will do their duty. They cannot be a candidate for office or otherwise interested in the election, except to faithfully perform the duties connected with that office.

Sec. 7 - The Clerks of Election will be mailed a list of all lodges having a right to vote on the election, so that no illegal votes can be cast or counted.

Sec. 8 - The Returns - The Election Clerks will be furnished with books blanks etc. for the proper counting of the votes. They will keep the ballot register open two weeks or to October 26th, 1908, giving all the ballots ample time to arrive. Then they must close their books and issue or fill out the certificates of election and send them to the successful candidates; also, a duplicate of the returns to the Official Paper for publication. They shall seal all the official ballots in one package and forward them to the official seat, where they will be kept as a matter of record.

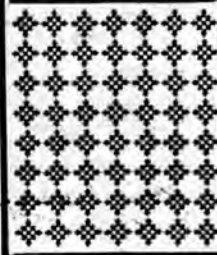
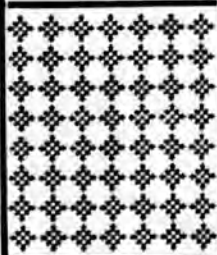
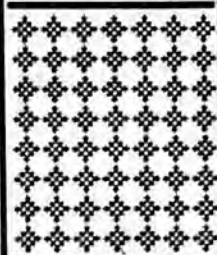
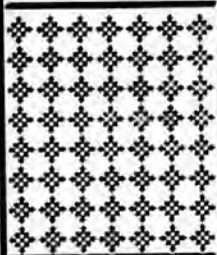
Sec. 9 - Election Expenses.—The cost of all postage, ballots, books and blanks shall be paid out of the Grand Treasury- The blanks and ballots shall be printed by the C. M. A. Emblem and shall be paid for only at their actual cost to them.

Sec 10 . Office of Grand Vice President. In voting for the candidate for the office of Vice Preident; the members in one district must not vote for any Vice President, other than the one for their own district; otherwise, their votes will be thrown out and not counted. **Remember** — vote only for the candidate for Vice-President for the district in which you are.

Sec. 11 - Candidates for office must be members of the C. M. A. in good standing when the Hunter Publishing Co., failed. They must be known to have heretofore worked for the good of the order and if elected, to do all in their power to upbuild and promote the principles of the Coming Men of America Lodge.

Sec. 12 - The election notices etc., will be mailed the lodges by the Emblem on account of being the acting Official Organ and on account of its central location.

Sec. 13 - The Independent Members will have a right to vote the same as the others, each must send in their name to the EMBLEM to have it registered on the books so they will receive the notices and ballots the same as the lodges, which they must fill out and mail within the allotted time.



Point Not Well Taken.

"I observe," said the editor of the magazine, looking over the manuscript that had been submitted to him by the aspiring author thereof, "that you have used the phrase, 'lean hours.' How can there be such a thing as a 'lean hour?'" "Why not?" demanded the other. "There is such a thing as a spare moment, isn't there?"

POOR FIDO.



Gerald—This dog knows as much as I do.
Geraldine—How modest you are! Most people brag about their dogs.—Chicago Daily News.

DEEP SEA GOSSIP.



First Mermaid—What was the excitement about at the bottom awhile ago?
Second Mermaid—Why, haven't you heard? The swordfish and the sawfish fought a duel over the hand of Miss Octopus, and now they'll have to send for a scissors grinder to fix them up.

CHEAPER.



To summer in a swell resort
Is more or less a treat;
But it is rather costly sport—
Your money has winged feet.
And so the fellow who is wise
Will buy some drug-store tan
And for his breezes compromise
On the electric fan.
—Chicago Daily News.

NO CHANGE.



She—It didn't change me a bit when my uncle left his fortune to me.
He—No, you are as crazy over a bargain as ever.—Chicago Journal.

Just a Billville Opinion.

"We are so fond of worry," says a Billville philosopher, "that if we ever reach paradise we'll worry about having to fly too high and sing too often. We once knew a man who spent his lifetime trying to find out what he had to worry about!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Fault of Small Minds.

I have never known a man of real ability to be ungrateful.—Goethe.

Straight Business Offer.

An advertisement in an English paper reads as follows: "Stolen, a watch worth £10. If the thief will return it, he shall be informed, gratis, where he may steal one worth two of it, and no questions asked."

Before He Was Known.

"They say your brother used to have great luck as a fisherman." "Yes, he did. Nearly everybody used to believe him."—Pick-Me-Up.

NOT VERY POPULAR.



"Does your daughter play popular music?"
"Guess not. All the neighbors close their windows when she starts to practice."

LIMITED PARTNERSHIP.



Mr. Shyboy—D-d-dearest, do you think we—er—er—could be happy together?
Mrs. Devorsay—Well, we could try it for a while.—Judy.

NEAR TO NATURE

When Tom's Enthusiasm Was Dampened.

The girl with the pearl eardrops smiled dubiously. "I'm afraid I can't show enthusiasm over the project the way you do, dear," she said. "In fact, I think it was awfully foolish of Tom to go. I hope he will give it up and come back to his law work. In theory it is not so bad, but it really doesn't appeal to me as a practical proposition."

The girl with the coral dinner ring looked superior. "It is all a question of temperament," she replied. "Doubtless a person with frivolous aspirations would feel buried alive on a western claim, but I can sympathize with Tom in his viewpoint. To a person of depth and soul there is nothing more glorious than a life close to the heart of nature. I am glad that I strongly advised him to go. It is delightfully poetic."

"Well, the land can't be worth very much, or it wouldn't be given away," said the girl with the pearl eardrops, with a badly suppressed yawn.

"Of course, you pay a little for it," explained the girl with the coral dinner ring. "Just about 50 cents an acre. Then you have to live upon it six months and grow fruit trees and grain and such things, and it's yours."

"I had a letter from Tom yesterday," she went on, "and he is wildly enthusiastic. His tent was pitched and he was living the freest kind of a life. He catches rabbits every night for his dinner, does his own washing and cooking, and every day brings a supply of water from the river, three miles away. Can you imagine anything more glorious than to live out there in communion with the beauties of nature?"

"Of course, he hasn't been there long," remarked the girl with the pearl eardrops.

"Long enough to appreciate it all, though," retorted the girl with the coral dinner ring. "Tom says he canter for miles and miles on his horse across the country, with the exhilarating breezes from the far-off mountains fanning his cheeks, and the sun sinking like a ball of fire in a bed of endless green landscape. He comes back with a ravenous appetite for broiled rabbit, cooked over the camp fire."

"I should hate to peel the rabbit for cooking," murmured the girl with the pearl eardrops, giving a squeamish shudder.

"Well, there are some people who never can rise above dances and dinners and automobile parties. Personally I can see nothing in such empty pastimes. Just think of Tom work-

ing there in that glorious, primitive way!"

It was little over a week later that the girl with the pearl eardrops dropped in again to see the girl with the coral dinner ring. "My dear, isn't it lovely that Tom is coming back so soon?" she exclaimed by way of greeting.

"What do you mean?" asked the other girl.

"Why, I had a letter from him this morning and he said he was coming back to civilization as fast as the train could carry him."

The girl with the coral dinner ring looked amazed. "But he was so charmed with the life! What has happened? In his last letter—"

"Well, in his letter to me he says he cannot imagine how he could have been such a donkey. He says he wishes he had listened to my advice instead of some other people's."

"But what has happened?" demanded the girl with the ring.

"Everything," replied the girl with the earrings, comprehensively, in an exultant tone. Then she condescended to explain. "Tom said the novelty of it all kept up his enthusiasm for the first week in spite of the fact that he had become an animated bunch of polka dots from the mosquito bites. The next week it started to rain. One night there was such a storm that his tent was torn up and he was nearly drowned. Well, it kept on raining for the next two days and Tom couldn't get a dry twig to build a fire. Everything he had was simply drenched. His blankets and clothes were wet and soggy and he felt a dreadful cold starting in his system. He couldn't get his tent pitched again, for the pole was broken, and of course he couldn't cook anything. He just sat on a box with his tent wrapped around him and sneezed and coughed and wished that the rain would stop."

"Why didn't he take his horse and ride to the town?" asked the girl with the coral dinner ring.

"It kept on raining and raining," pursued the girl with the eardrops, relentlessly, not heeding the question. "The crisis was reached when his horse broke its grazing rope and got away. Tom realized that he had to get to the town somehow, so he walked 25 miles in the pouring rain! He said something about rattlesnakes, too—"

"O don't! Poor Tom! Where is he now?" implored the girl with the ring.

"He is on his way home by this time. He wrote me from the town hotel and he said he would start in a day or two if his stiff joints would permit him to do so."

"How awful!" murmured the girl with the coral dinner ring.

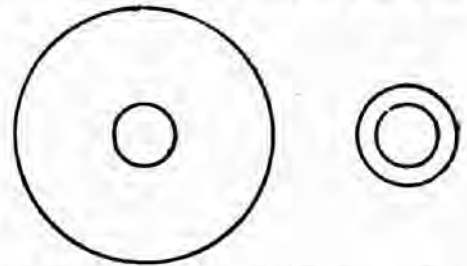
Not Much.

Church—Is he a man of few words?
Gotham—Few words nothing! He's a space writer on a daily newspaper!—
Yonkers Statesman.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

Which Circle Would You Say Was the Larger?

We give herewith an addition to the many interesting optical illusions which have appeared from time to time. The inside circle in Fig. 1 ap-



pears to be greater in diameter than that in Fig. 2, but this is not so, since the diameter is the same in each case, as can be proved by measuring.

Fire in Wool Ships.

The frequency of fires on wool-carrying ships within the past two years has led to an investigation by a New Zealand royal commission, whose report, recently published, indicates that spontaneous combustion is responsible for the mischief. Experiments in an Australian factory showed that while the surface temperature of a heap of wool was only 87 degrees, at a depth of three feet the temperature was 660 degrees, and the mass was charred and smoldering. The cause of the heat is ascribed to the presence of a great amount of tallow, which readily oxidizes. The experiments indicated that wool containing only ordinary wool fat, with no tallow from the fat of the animal, is not subject to spontaneous combustion.

Natural Indelible Ink.

An Indian tree, known to botanists as *Semecarpus anacardium*, which grows also in North Australia and in the West Indies, bears a nut the juice of which has long been used as a natural marking-ink. Dried for commerce, the nut is heart-shaped and nearly black. It contains a black viscid juice. This is mixed with quicklime when used for marking linen or cotton. It is also employed to form a black varnish. A marking-ink can also be formed by treating the nut with a mixture of alcohol and sulphuric ether. The cashew-nut of the West Indies and tropical South America possesses similar properties.

Human Lifting Power.

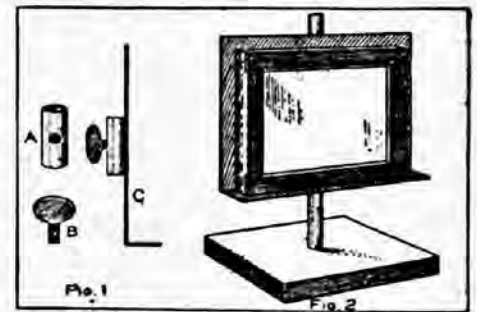
The record of muscular strength was held until recently by two professional athletes, named Viard and Empain, who lifted with one arm weights respectively of 244 and 250 kilogrammes (about 538 and 551 pounds). This record has now been surpassed by a M. Verhaert, not a professional athlete, but the director of a Belgian glass factory, who raised a weight of 253 kilogrammes (about 558 pounds).



PRINTING FRAME STAND.

Is Easily Constructed and Is Adjustable to Any Height.

When using developing papers it is always bothersome to build up books or small boxes to make a place to set the printing frame in front of the light. Details for making a small stand that is adjustable to any desired height are shown in the sketch. In Fig. 1 is shown the construction of the sliding holder, explains Popular Mechanics. A piece of one-quarter inch gas pipe, A, is cut one inch long and fitted with



Adjustable to Any Height.

a thumbscrew, B. The piece of pipe is soldered to the middle on the back side of a piece of metal that is about 4 by 4½ inches with its lower edge turned up to form a small shelf as shown at C. The main part of the stand is made by inserting a 5/16-inch rod tightly into a block of hard maple wood that is one inch thick and 3½ inches square. (Fig. 2) The pipe that is soldered to the metal support will slide up and down the rod and the thumbscrew can be set to hold it at the desired point.

HOW TO MAKE PLATINUM TONING SOLUTION.

Potassium Chloro Platinite, 15 gr.
Phosphoric Acid 50 per cent, 2 dr.
Distilled Water, 2 ounces.

To tone take 1 Dram above solution to 20 ounces water.

Men Listen and Laugh.

Good clothes are an immense aid in telling a funny story.

Tennessee's Stingiest Man.

Gallatin claims to have the stingiest man in Tennessee, if not in the world, and a premium is offered for his superior in closefistedness. He got married to a home girl to save expenses. They walked around the square for a bridal tour. He bought her a nickel's worth of stick candy for a wedding present and then suggested that they save the candy for the children.—Dauville Advocate.

EGYPTAIN COIN IS FOUND IN AN ANCIENT MOUND.

May Be Evidence that Ancient Nile Residents Explored this Continent.

Victoria, Texas., — P. H. Fagen, a well-known stockman of this country, has an Egyptian coin in his possession of possibly inestimable value. He bought it from a Mexican cotton picker at Fannin Goliad County, last week for a trifle. The Mexican says he unearthed it in a mound on the Driscoll ranch in Nueces County.

How the coin got there is a mystery. Some think it might have been lost by gypsies, but the fact that it was found in an undisturbed dwelling place of a prehistoric race dispels that theory.

Possibly the mound builders themselves were Egyptains or a kindred people they formerly inhabited the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and Texas. The best known group of mounds is near Newark Ohio, and consists of elaborate earthworks in the form of a circle, octagon and square, enclosing an area of about four square miles. There are a number of mounds in this county, but probably more in Arkansas County than any other section of the state.

The human remains found in these mounds are usually so much decayed as to preclude the recovery of a single bone entire. This fact is regarded as evidence of the great antiquity of the mounds. Mr. Fagen says he has dug up the remains of several of these people and found only the teeth intact, which he has among his relics.

The coin is made of brass and on one side is shown the Sphinx near Gizeh, which the Egyptains adore, under the name of Haremklus, that is, Sun of the Horizon, and in the background is shown the rising sun and four pyramids. There is a line of hieroglyphics at the base, which probably states the age of the coin. On the reverse side is the likeness of some Egyptian deity, probably Theth, the chief moon-god which is generally represented as ibis-headed, and is on the coin, surmounted by the man. At the feet of the figure are two cat heads, the cat being considered sacred in Egypt, and on each side are a number of hieroglyphic inscriptions.

The coin was probably struck during the reign of Ramses II., about 200 yrs

B. C. The writings of the ancient Aztecs were in hieroglyphics, but the Sphinx and other Egyptian figures on the coin is proof positive that it is not of Aztec origin. — Globe Democrat.

Improvement in view—In some of the newspapers accounts of the "political regeneration of Turkey" mention is made of needed postal reforms. From all hearsay the postoffice system of the Empire is not so secure as it should be and hence, the offices maintained by the different European powers in Turkey are regarded as a business necessity. A writer in one of the magazines in the course of an article on conditions in Turkey says that few trust their mail to the Turkish system but on the contrary, no hesitation is felt in patronizing the postoffice of the foreign powers. — Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News.

MILLIONS OF STAMPS.

Between nine and ten million stamps are employed in the decoration of the walls of the refectory of the Hospice of St. Jean de Dieu at Ghent.

For years the monks have utilized their leisure time in the formation of landscapes from bits of stamps, and at a distance one would never believe that only stamps have been used in their making, so rich are the colorings and so perfect the drawing.

The idea originated with one of the brothers, who made a small picture of the patron saint of the hospice on the walls of his cell.

Appreciating the beauty of his work, the prior suggested that he devote his unique talent to the decoration of the walls of the refectory, and with the assistance of others among the brotherhood the monk has devoted years to the work which stands unique among that of its kind.

Seen close at hand the work resembles mosaic, but from across the room the bits blend so well together as to suggest oils. Only three sides of the room are yet complete, and contributions of stamps are constantly being received from visitors who have seen the work and have become interested. — Stamp Collectors' Fortnightly.

The Philosopher of Folly.

"I tried to be a dramatist once," says the philosopher of folly, "but my first play failed because the ushers didn't like it. So I became a philosopher."

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3</sup>
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EMBLEM

VOLUME ONE

DECEMBER 1908

NUMBER EIGHT



The Emblem Printing Company,

Alma, Kansas.

CERTIFICATE OF VOTES CAST

That	J. ELLIOTT CLAYTON, JR	had	668 votes for Grand President,
and	JAY M. ARMSTRONG,	had	34 votes for Grand President,
and	EARL WHITAKER,	had	1 votes for Grand President,
That	JACKSON J. SELLS,	had	145 votes for Grand V. Pres. N. E. Sec.,
and	J. J. HALLORAN,	had	10 votes for Grand V. Pres. N. E. Sec.,
and	BYRON E. SHAW,	had	8 votes for Grand V. Pres. N. E. Sec.,
and	W. W. HARMON,	had	6 votes for Grand V. Pres. N. E. Sec.,
and	A. D. TOMPKINS,	had	5 votes for Grand V. Pres. N. E. Sec.,
and	C. R. SUMNER,	had	1 votes for Grand V. Pres. N. E. Sec.,
That	Y. PINCK TAYLOR,	had	156 votes for Grand V. Pres. S. E. Sec.,
and	I. F. LANHAM,	had	146 votes for Grand V. Pres. S. E. Sec.,
and	J. VANCE JONES,	had	36 votes for Grand V. Pres. S. E. Sec.,
and	GRADY JACKSON,	had	1 votes for Grand V. Pres. S. E. Sec.,
That	CHAS F. LEACH,	had	40 votes for Grand V. Pres. N. W. Sec.,
That	OTIS A. MCKELVIE,	had	134 votes for Grand V. Pres. S. W. Sec.,
and	I. T. LOGAN,	had	21 votes for Grand V. Pres. S. W. Sec.,
That	D. P. ATLEE,	had	1 votes for Grand V. Pres. Mexico,
That	CHAS. R. SIMON,	had	702 votes for Grand Secretary,
and	M. T. FAUST,	had	1 votes for Grand Secretary,
That	CHAS. E. ELLSWORTH,	had	659 votes for Grand Treasurer,
and	JULIAN T. BABER,	had	1 votes for Grand Treasurer,
and	W. W. HARMON,	had	42 votes for Grand Treasurer,
and	W. J. NUSS,	had	1 votes for Grand Treasurer,
That	THE C. M. A. EMBLEM,	had	662 votes for Official Organ,
and	STAR MONTHLY,	had	15 votes for Official Organ,
and	MEGAPHONE,	had	1 votes for Official Organ,
That	ALMA, KANSAS,	had	674 votes for Official Headquarters,
and	LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.	had	1 votes for Official Headquarters,
and	WALTER, ALABAMA,	had	1 votes for Official Headquarters,

CHARLES
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The C. M. A. EMBLEM



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I
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THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE C. M. A. SECRET SOCIETY

SPECIAL ARTICLES AND EDITORIALS

C. M. A. Election Returns	Page 2
Dont's for Everyone	Chas. R. Simon Page 10
Our New Rate of Assessment	Official Page 10
Bestography	Official Page 12

HUMOROUS

Illustrations	Page 14
John Henry On Buttermilk	Geo. V. Hobart Page 7

FICTION

Christmas Dinner by Toboggan Express	Alvah Milton Kerr Page 4
"Le Bretagne"	W. A. Frazer Page 5
A Far Cry	Maglyn Duprec Page 8

OUR DEPARTMENTS

Official C. M. A. Department	Page 11
Young Collector	Julian T. Baber Page 13
Industry and Mechanics	Page 15
Amateur Photographer	Page 18
Youths' Department	Page 16
Science and Invention	Page 18
Electrical Department	Page 17

VERSE

C. M. A. Song	Clarence P. Keene Page 12
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Christmas Dinner by Toboggan Express

By
ALVAH MILTON KERR

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Donald Saunders had his first great adventure up in the Long's Peak country, a region famous throughout Colorado for heavy snows and avalanches. Donald came over from Denver, after graduating from high school, to spend the summer with Sumpter Saunders, his father's youngest brother. Sumpter was a very young uncle, indeed, being but 27 and not very long out of college, while Donald was 19. "Uncle Sump" was a big-boned, strapping fellow who had played center in his college football team, a man with laughing blue eyes and "teasing" ways but entertaining serious dreams of owning a great mine, if strength and pluck and persistence would bring one to light. He was running a tunnel on what he believed to be an excellent gold-bearing prospect, up in the Long's Peak country. Donald went out to help him. The tall boy had notions of becoming a mining engineer, and here was experience that might prove of value when he should be ready to enter a technical school.

The world is very much in confusion up in that country, the earth having been flung about at all sorts of angles, heaped and ragged and tumbled. Streams sprawl in foamy abandon through the canyons and the clumps of pines on the soaring steeples sing cheerily in the wind and sun. Donald found it all quite magical.

He had purposed returning home to Denver in the autumn, but Sumpter having offered him an interest in the mine, should they succeed in striking quartz, he concluded to remain at least until Christmas. Donald's father, knowing the value of practical experience, thought it quite as well that his son should stay and rough it for awhile.

There were deer and bear and mountain grouse in that lifted, broken region, but the two young fellows had little time for hunting them, being intent on driving the tunnel as rapidly and with as little delay and expense as possible. Sumpter had built a cabin close against the base of a perpendicular wall of rock at the side of the canyon in which his claim lay. In this cabin they lived very snugly, going down to Ward occasionally to bring up supplies. Donald had come up to that country over a little rail-

road that runs from Boulder to Ward, a bit of track upon which the snow rotary plows are busy most of the winter.

Towards Christmas the young miners began to grow a bit lonesome and restless; they especially grew weary of ham and tinned meats and longed for venison, bear, beef, or almost any sort of flesh food that was fresh. Snow was heavy on the mountains and they could get about but little save upon snowshoes. Donald wished very ardently that he might go home for Christmas but made up his mind that to leave Sumpter in that white, lonely world would be selfish and cowardly, so he remained.



Donald's Gray Eyes Dilated with Sudden Fear and Horror.

Christmas morning Donald put on his snowshoes and, flinging Sumpter's rifle across his shoulder, he declared he was going to look for fresh meat. His uncle laughed at him but the hardy Scotch youth was resolute.

"An old hunter," he said, "told me at the hotel down in Ward, the last time I was down, that a lot of deer wintered in the big thickets just back of us here; he said they were hard to get at but he'd found them there twice. I'm going up to see." Sumpter assented reluctantly, cautioning his nephew not to go too far away.

The day was soft and mild, the white world all agleam with sunshine. Donald put on a pair of smoked glasses and started up the canyon. A half mile away he found a little "draw," up the slope of which he

climbed until he came out upon the gleaming side of the mountain; thence he made his way slowly westward, passing around upheaving masses of dark stone, across slopes that were smooth as white satin, and, still further up the mountain side, found little hollows, evidently lined with brush but now filled with snow, simply big, glistening dimples in the mountain's fat face; but he saw no deer.

Finally, being weary of laboring through what was very much like an infinite bed of glittering down, he reached a point on the steep slope apparently a quarter of a mile or so directly north of the cabin. As he stood there debating if he should return to the "draw" or attempt to find a more direct route to the floor of the gulch, he suddenly felt himself moving. His first thought was that an earthquake was swaying the mountain or that he himself had been seized with vertigo. Then with a wild thrill he perceived that a strip of snow 200 feet wide and perhaps 500 feet in length was moving down the mountain side!

Donald's gray eyes dilated with sudden fear and horror. He was thrown headlong in the snow, hearing as he fell the crunch of stones that were being ripped out of their beds and the crash and rending of stumps and roots as they parted from their sockets in the earth. With every pulse leaping in alarm he got to his feet, toppling and reeling and shouting for aid as he glanced about him. The next instant he was again thrown headlong. He was upon the back of a steed beside which the fabled Horse of Death was as an insect. Something went through his brain like a sheet of flame, in it a picture of Sumpter sitting by the open fire of pine logs down in the cabin, a book in his hand, undreaming of this ruthless monster rushing down to crush him.

The next moment Donald was again upon his feet, pitching and clutching at the air and shouting. In that moment he saw a very amazing thing, though everything was both amazing and not amazing as in some sort of indescribable dream. A hundred feet to the rear of him, almost at the upper tip of the avalanche, he saw a bear rolling and tossing on the hurling mass. Thrown out of its hibernating bed among the rocks or decaying tree-roots, the animal was pitching about, now upon its feet then upon its back, helpless as a fly upon an ocean surge. Donald never knew why, but he shouted at the bear, and he never could recall afterwards exactly what it was he shouted. He says now that he thinks he commanded the bear not to roll down upon him, which was certainly absurd.

In his mind were many glancing thoughts. In such moments the mentality of man sometimes seems as a diamond with many facets. He thought of the Christmas tree to be

ighted in the parlor at home in Denver, of how tired he was of corned-beef, of where they would bury him when they took him crushed and dead from the snow at the bottom of the gulch, whether or not his school fellows if they now saw him would shout "Slide, Donald, slide!" as they used to when he was running the bases when playing ball, and many other things, all, seemingly, in a single moment.

It must have been a very short period in which he was leaping and tumbling and whirling about on the mighty toboggan, for the avalanche ran down the mountain side like a swiftly hurrying snake, save that its undulations were up and down instead of sidewise as with a serpent. It seemed to Donald he had scarcely drawn six breaths before the snowslide shot from the precipice above the cabin. Swift as was his flight he was conscious that the slide had leaped from the canyon wall, for throughout a few seconds there was no noise and he seemed being borne upon a bed of feathers through space, then there was a roar as of muffled thunder and he was wallowing deep in snow.

The mental picture that had flashed through Donald's mind of his young uncle sitting by the fire engrossed in a printed romance, had been true to the fact. Sumpter had awakened to the coming of the avalanche only when it neared the brink of the wall, 70 feet above the cabin. His book dropped from his hand and he made a leap for the door. The next moment a bear crashed through the roof and smote the floor in front of the fire, leaving the luckless animal lifeless. Sumpter's face blanched as he stared at the strange object, then he thought of Donald and hurriedly pushed his way out of the door. The snow about the cabin was up to his neck and the roof was piled deep with it, but the bulk of the slide had leaped clear over the little house, heaping the bottom of the gulch to the opposite wall, some 600 feet away. The bear had dropped from the tail of this rushing mass directly upon the cabin.

When Sumpter had got his frightened nephew out of the smother of stuff in which he was floundering, the two young fellows stood with pale faces staring at each other for a little space, then both, seeing what they had escaped, laughed joyously.

"Come into the cabin," said Sumpter, "we will have broiled bear steak for Christmas dinner! Too many snowslides around here now; to-morrow we will pull out for Denver. In the spring we will come back and tunnel until we strike the vein."

All of which came true.

Aim of Eloquence.

To interest the passions, to impassion the interests, behold! this is the aim of eloquence.—Fr. Joseph Roux.

"Le Bretagne"

Leon's Christmas Home Coming

By W. A. FRAZER

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It was two o'clock when Le Bretagne spread her white sails and crept out toward the eastern sky. It was six when the gray wall of the sea rose and blotted out the ship as though she had gone to the bottom.

Then the dark figure which had been outlined against the crimson of the big, red setting sun turned wearily



"Yes, Yes; it's Le Bretagne," an Old Man Was Saying.

and crept over the sands towards Arichat—it was Marie, returning to her newly widowed home.

"Leon said he would come at the time of Christmas, so why should I fear?" she kept muttering, "and Leon will keep his word in life or death. 'Even if I'm dead, Marie,' he said, 'joking me, I will come to thee at Christmas.'"

On the farther side of L'Isle Madam the sea was moaning as Marie reached

her cottage.

One month had gone—one month of the loveliest weather—ideal weather for the fishing, the old wives said, only they used a stronger word than "ideal" to express their satisfaction.

It was just 34 days since the gray wall of water had risen between Marie and her Leon. There was no mistaking the day, for she had just drawn a line through the date, the nineteenth of October. Not for a moment had Marie slumbered that night. The sea had gone to rest with a sigh, a sigh of utter weariness, as though the wind had called it to battle to the death; only the sea heard the challenge, the sea and Marie—she knew.

The calm that rested over everything was awful; it was as though all life had gone out of the world. And so it was when the green sky that was in the west changed to blood red; still not a breath of air. Toward noon the glassy water grew dark, where little puffs of wind ruffled its surface.

By night the clouds had risen like a wall, stretching from the south to the northeast, but still it was clear overhead; no clouds, only a murky, yellow haze.

Fitful blasts of wind came tearing through the quaint old fishing town of Arichat, making signs and shutters tremble and creak for an instant, and then silence—that dreadful silence that seemed to still the very beating of one's heart.

That night Marie prayed as though she were pleading for her soul: "O, Holy Mother, plead for me, even as thou hadst a Son," and then the hot flood of tears fell fast, blinding and scorching, and choking the full heart.

In the morning the eastern shore of L'Isle Madam was shrouded in seething spray. The breakers were thundering at her guarding rocks. By night the world was spray covered—the world of L'Isle Madam. The sky and the earth and the sea were one. And still from the southeast the storm drove, and all that night.

And in the morning of the second day the crash of breaking timbers mingled with the boom of the mighty waves as they dashed against the granite walls.

People were hurrying towards the surf-beaten shore. Her long hair tossing in the maddened breeze, Marie rushed after them; in her heart the cry that had been there for so many hours, "Holy Mother, save my Leon!"

"Yes, yes; it's Le Bretagne," an old man was saying, slowly lowering his glass as Marie came up to the group of people who were straining their eyes seaward. "Her anchors are out," he continued, "but she cannot live in such a gale under that strain, and if she parts her cable she will go to pieces on the rocks."

His words were scarcely audible above the shrieking of the wind; but Marie heard, and there, among those rough fishermen, she knelt and prayed.

over and over again, out of the choking fullness of her heart, "Holy Mother, save my Leon." The awful solemnity of the scene touched their rough hearts, and hats were doffed, and heads bowed, as the young wife prayed to her God in that living gale.

And then, as if in mockery of all things human, a mighty wave, mightier than any of its fellows, and following in the wake of two scarcely less mighty, broke over the Bretagne, and buried her beneath its many tons of foam-lashed water. The vessel swayed, trembled and disappeared before their very eyes.

Two men were holding Marie now. "I will go to him! He is calling me!" she shrieked. "O, God! will no one save him?"

The bronzed faces of the fisher-folk were turned away each from the other. The salt spray was on their beards, but in their eyes was that of which they were ashamed.

Then they led her back to the house, the little house that Leon had taken her to only a few weeks ago. And two of them watched into the gray of the morning, for 'neath oil skins the fishers' hearts are warm.

That was the third night, and still she slept not. The storm was dying now, and moaning, together they passed away—the fury of grief and the rage of the storm. And for that day, and for many days the great grief had broken her mind.

Storm and sunshine, day in and day out, she sat down on the beach, and questioned the passers as to how many days to Christmas till her Leon would come home; for had he not said that he would come at Christmas, at the glad time of the year, and was not his word as the law among the fisher-folk, it was so true? And did she not pray every night to the Holy Mother to intercede for her, and bring her Leon home? And the masses that had been said for Leon, were they not to bring him home, too?

Poor little Marie, her mind, which was like unto a child's, could not understand that the mass which Father Dupre had said, had been to take him to that other home; for the good father had said mass for the repose of the souls of the men lying out there in Le Bretagne.

And then a wonderful thing happened. Many days after, at the time of Christmas, again the cry of Le Bretagne rang through the streets of Arichat; and again was there much of horror in the cry, for though the sea was calm now, there was Le Bretagne slowly sailing into port; and was not Le Bretagne at the bottom of the sea, and all hands drowned?

Small wonder that the browned faces were blanched now, as the fisher-folk lined up on the sand, as they had on that day two moons before.

"What sorcery is this?" they asked each other. It was La Bretagne, they

know her as they knew their own houses. Spirit hands were sailing her, for on her decks no one moved.

A solemn hush settled down upon them; few spoke, and when they did it was with bated breath. What evil was this? for good it could not be.

'Twas Marie who had first seen the ship. Had her prayers worked this magic?

Nearer and nearer the dread ship came, until but a short way out from the shore she stopped, and swung to an anchor. Invisible hands had anchored her, for there was the cable right enough, running out from her bow, as she lifted lazily to the long ground swell.

"Take me to my Leon," Marie pleaded of the awe-struck fishermen, "he is calling me. Do you not see that his boats are washed away?"

Shamed by the presence of the women, four stout fishermen brought up a boat, and, taking Marie with them, rowed off to the ship that was like a phantom.

"Stay with us, ma petite amie," the fisherwomen pleaded with Marie. As well had they striven to check the ways of the wind.

How silent the ship was as the boat glided under her stern! Not a sound, not a voice; no movement, only the lap, lap, lap of the waters against her wooden sides.

The men crossed themselves as Dumont, the bravest fisherman in all Arichat, rose up, and, with blanched cheeks, caught his boat hook in Le Bretagne's rail.

How low she was in the water; as they stood up in their boat they could see across her deck—not across did they see, for half way they saw something which caused them to shudder, and beg of little Marie to stop in the boat.

But Marie had risen and seen, too, and with a cry that rang in the ears of those four men until their dying day, she sprang up the side of the ship, and stood on the slippery, slimy deck.

Her Leon was there, lashed to the mast. She threw herself upon his poor bloated form.

The four understood. Dumont looked down an open hatch: "Her salt is gone!" he exclaimed.

That brief sentence explained it all. She had gone to the fisheries loaded with salt. When the water had washed all the salt out of her hold, being a wooden ship, she had floated, dragging her one remaining anchor until it had caught in the good holding ground near the shore.

Gently they lifted Marie away from her dead lover.

Christmas had come to Marie. The Holy Mother had heard her prayer, and she was with Leon.

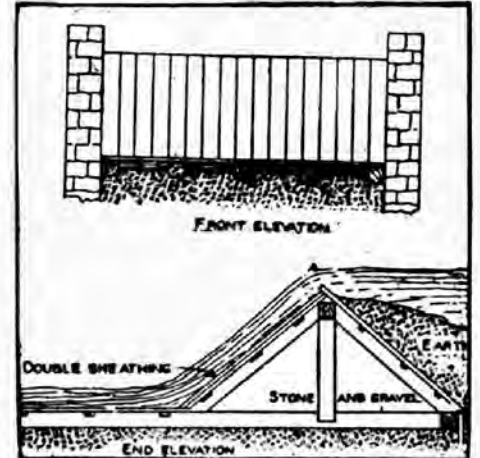
And every Christmas since, in Arichat, a mass is said for the repose of the soul of little Marie, and the lover who rose from the sea to come to her, even in death.

THE MILL DAM.

How It Can Be Constructed So as to Be Flood and Ice Proof.

It has been discovered that in building a rock or stone dam where the bed of the stream is not solid rock and the pour of the water is almost perpendicular it will undermine and the breast will go away in pieces. Also, logs and ice going over will come back against the breast and batter it to pieces finally.

A dam built like the one shown in the sketch will remove a number of obstacles that are very destructive to mill dams, says a correspondent of



Plan of Construction.

American Miller. Anything passing over the breast of this dam will pass off smoothly and never come back against it. There is no possible chance for undermining from the pour of the water. The abutments at each end of the dam are built of stone and cement, and are high enough above the crest to take the entire stream at the time of a flood. Filling with stone and gravel under the sheathing and filling with dirt on the up-stream side puts the weight well up stream and makes it perfectly secure.

The dam is built by sections, each section completed and spiked together and lapping the mud sills as done in framing a barn. This dam is so tied together that the entire structure would have to all go at once to be washed out.

In building a dam the breast should be set square with the stream, if possible, and the filling above should be good ground or clay, but no stone, as stone gives a rough surface. The top of the filling should be as compact and smooth as possible.

Glue for Leather and Metal.

According to Power, a flexible glue for attaching leather to metals may be made by adding one part of Venetian turpentine to four parts of glue. This mass is heated in a glue pot as usual until it becomes sticky and ceases to give off bubbles. It works best when fresh.

California's Oil.

Next to gold, petroleum is the most valuable mineral product of California.

JOHN HENRY ON BUTTERMILK.



BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: I'm not yet hep to this gag of hiking across the geography from town to town, like a hop-toad in a cabbage-patch.

It may be interesting to some people, but it gets me peeved.

I found your letter waiting for me here.

So they've steered you up against a new cure for your dyspepsia, eh?—buttermilk!

And a great idea, Bunch, believe me!

It certainly is lucky to drink buttermilk.

Buttermilk is to the worn-out system the same as a fat-office is to a stout politician.

As a thirst-splasher buttermilk is the one best bet, but don't ever tell any-



"The Tides of March."

one in Milwaukee that I made such a statement.

Drink it, Bunch, every time you can, because buttermilk comes down to us from the remotest ages with splendid recommendations.

Every great man in history was a buttermilk drinker, Bunch.

Every great man who is now spending his time trying to get into history is a buttermilk drinker, Bunch.

Read between the lines in your history of ancient Rome, and you will see how buttermilk would have saved the life of Julius Caesar if he hadn't had such a weakness for hard cider.

"Where are you going?" inquired Calathumpia, the wife of Julius Caesar, as he fastened the gold safety pin in his toga and reached for his umbrella.

"I am going down to Rudolph March's cafe in the Forum," an-

swered Julius; "you don't need to wait lunch for me, Callie."

"But, Julius," whispered Calathumpia; "why do you spend so much time at March's cafe in the Forum? It isn't a good place for you to go, my dear. Besides, there is always a bunch of loafers hanging around that joint. Why don't you sit here at home with me in the cool Stadium and drink buttermilk with your loving Calathumpia?"

"Buttermilk!" sneered Julius; "such a drink is only for mollicoddles and pink fingers. It doesn't make rich blood in the veins like the hard cider I get at March's. Avaunt and raus mittim!"

"But please don't go to that cafe this morning," Calathumpia kept on pleading. "Stay at home just this once and spread some of this delicious buttermilk over your thirst."

"No buttermilk this day for me," answered Julius. "I seek a vintage



"The Next Time We Meet—"

more expensive, and which tickles more as it goes down."

"The tides of March," whispered his wife; "remember the tides of March!"

"Would this be the first tide I ever got from March?" Julius whispered back.

"The tides of March, remember," was her only answer; and away went Julius to the cafe in the Forum, giving an imitation of Joe Weber whistling "Girls! Girls!" from the Burlesque of "The Merry Widow," which was then running at the Amphitheater.

What happened in the Forum when the loafers used Julius Caesar for a pin-cushion everybody remembers.

And when Julius dropped on the marble slab at the base of the bar he gasped out: "Darn the luck! Why didn't I fall for the buttermilk which stings not, neither does it help people to bite the dust?"

You won't find these exact words in history, Bunch, because Julius gasped them in Latin, and Latin hates to get itself translated.

Many other times in the ages passed did buttermilk come to the surface, so you may take it from me, Bunch, that it is lucky to drink it.

Yes, Bunch, and I'll give you my solemn word that buttermilk will remove freckles.

"Catch the freckle just before going to bed and wrap the buttermilk around it.

I was reading a book on the train the other day which attempted to put me wise to the reincarnation gag. It's a far shout from buttermilk to reincarnation, Bunch, but maybe you need something like that last thing, after so much buttermilk.

Reincarnation is a long, loose-looking word, and to a perfect stranger it might sound suspicious, but its bark is worse than its bite.

The idea of a man being somebody else in a previous existence, then switching to another personality in the present, is interesting to think about, to say the least.

I've cooked up three or four studies along these lines which may interest you, Bunch!

Go to it, my boy!

FIRST STUDY.

The ghost of Julius Caesar looked threateningly at Brutus, the Stabbist: Brutus sneered.

"You," he said, "to the mines!"

Not one of Caesar's muscles quivered.

Brutus used a short, sharp laugh.

"You," he said, "on your way!"

Caesar never batted an eyelash.

Brutus pointed to the rear.

"Go away back," he said, "and use your laziness!"

Caesar pulled his toga up over his cold shoulder.

Brutus laughed again, and it was the saucy, triumphant laugh of the man who dodges in front of a woman and grabs a seat on the elevated railroad.

"The next time we meet you will not do me as you did me at the base of Pompey's statue," said the ghost of Caesar, speaking for the first time since we began this study.

"We will not meet again because I refuse to associate with you," said Brutus.

Caesar smiled, but it was without mirth, and as cold as the notice of suspension on the door of a bank.

"Yes, we will meet again," said Caesar.

"Where?" asked Brutus.

"In the far, far future," said the ghost of Caesar, shriekingly, "you will be born into the world again by that



"Napoleon Stood Weeping."

will be one of the Common People, and you will burn gas."

"And you?" inquired Brutus.

"I will be the spirit which puts the ginger in the gas-meter, and may Heaven have mercy on your pocket-book," shrieked the ghost of Caesar.

Brutus took a fit, and used it for many minutes, but the ghost kept on shrieking in the Latin tongue.

SECOND STUDY.

Napoleon stood weeping and wailing and gnashing his eyebrows on the battle-field of Waterloo.

He was waiting for the moving-picture man to get his photograph.

The victorious Wellington made his appearance, laughing loudly in his sleeve.

"Back, Nap! Back to the Boulevard des Dago!" commanded Wellington.

Napoleon put his chin on his wish-bone and spoke no word.

"You," said Wellington; "you to the Champs Elisa! This is my victory, and you must leave the battle-field—it is time to close up for the night."

"We will meet again, milford," answered Napoleon. "Avec beau temps isi bong swat!"

"What does that mean?" asked Wellington.

"It means that the next time we meet I will do the swatting," answered Napoleon, bitterly.

"And when will that be?" inquired Wellington, laughing loudly.

"In the far, far future," replied the Little Corporal. "You will then be one of the Common People."

"And what will you be?" Wellington asked.

"You will live in Brooklyn," Napoleon went on, like a man in a dream; "and I will be the spirit of progress, which will meet you at the Brooklyn Bridge at eventide and kick you in the slats until your appetite is unfit for publication. Bon soir mes enfants du spitzbuben!"

Then the Little Corporal called a cab and left Wellington alone on the battle-field.

Don't mind me, Bunch; there's no more harm in me than there is in a rattlesnake. Yours as indicated,

J. H.

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A FAR CRY

The Story of a Happy Christmas

By MAGLYN DUPREC

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It had not been easy for John Wellington, Sr., to select his Christmas gifts this year, although his old wife and one or two servants were all for whom he had to provide. It was Christmas eve, and he had been through bookstores, where handsomely bound volumes of story writers, philosophers and poets were displayed on every counter; through brilliantly lighted jewelry stores, where precious stones gleamed softly against backgrounds of rich velvet; through the perfumed shop of the florist, where delicate blossoms from famous greenhouses breathed forth a fragrance that gave the lie to the bitter wind and swirling snow outside. With each he had left a generous check, but always with an unsatisfied feeling that he was paying for something he did not care to have. Finally, he had been lured into a shop whose windows displayed an attractive lot of toys for small boys, and he had selected from its almost endless store of guns, wagons, wonderful animals and ear-splitting "wind instruments," a red tin horn, costing him only 25 cents.

This had given him more satisfaction than any purchase he had made for many times that amount.

The other parcels he had ordered delivered, but this he had carried himself, as though it were something too precious to be trusted to other hands. It was this that he unwrapped before the big, old-fashioned fireplace where his wife sat, as soon as he had come in from the storm-swept street. As he held it up where the red gleam of the firelight was caught on its rounded surface, a look of surprise swept over the gentle old face near him.

"Why, John, you never bought that! Surely they handed you someone else's purchase."

"No," he said, his face growing suddenly tender, "I bought it."

His wife, with a woman's quick instinct, divined the reason. She stepped nearer to him and laying her hand on his arm, looked at him with pleading eyes, saying: "But why, father?"

It was the first time she had called him father for a decade past, and there was a pitiful break in the old man's voice as he replied: "I bought it for a memory, mother."

That was the first time in ten

years he had called her mother, and at the sound of the name, she, too, gave way—gave way, womanlike, leaning her head on his arm, and sobbing out a grief that had silently stolen the roses from her cheeks and the light from her eyes as the years had gone by. The old man's arm went round her lover-fashion, while his hand gently stroked her soft white hair. "There, there, mother, dear. The boy's not dead. I'll find him for you, if I have to hunt the world over. I was to blame," he said, with such infinite regret in his voice that the old wife reached up and drew his head down to her face and whispered: "Don't take it so, father. I know you thought you were doing the best for the boy when you sent him away to do or die on his own account, and somehow I feel tonight, as I have never felt before, that he may be found."



"I Bought It for a Memory, Mother."

As she spoke, something in her tones made him feel that at last his wife had forgiven him entirely for the decision which, ten years before, had robbed her of her only child. Always before this he felt through all her gentle and kindly care for him, that tucked away somewhere in the silent recesses of her being there was just a little bitterness against him for the childless state he had brought upon her. But now that he, himself, had come to repent it, he knew beyond a doubt that the last drop of that bitterness had been swallowed up in a grief grown sweet from being shared.

He sat down in his great arm chair and looked up with misty eyes at his

wife. "You're right, mother. I don't think it best. I would rather have seen him dead than worthless, and I knew if he had worth, he would conquer himself, and rise without my aid, more of a man than with it." She put her arm around his neck and patted his cheek. "He has risen somewhere, father. I know it. He could not be your son and fail," she said, the loyalty and love of a lifetime lighting her face with a soft radiance.

He took up the tin horn from the table where he had laid it, and fondled it as if it were fraught with memories, instead of merely recalling them.

"It's ten years since he left," he said, "what a man he must be now—31 to-night. But I was thinking, when I bought this, of the time when he was such a little yellow-haired toddler, and almost drove us wild with just such a lorn as this at Christmas time."

She took the horn from him, and looking dreamily at it, said: "We'll keep this, father; maybe Jack's boy will some time make these old walls ring with it at Christmas time as he made them ring, himself, so many years ago."

"God grant that he may!" said the old man. "Do you remember, mother, how he used to come chasing down the street after me when I would start off to my work in the morning?"

"Yes, and how you would pick him up and carry him back to me," she said. "And do you remember the time we came near losing him, the day he ran away to hunt you in the city?"

"Who that saw you then could forget it, mother?" and he took her hand in his and drew her down to the chair beside him. They sat hand in hand in the silence, given over to voiceless memories of the past, only the ticking of the old clock keeping an accompaniment to their dreams of other Christmas Eves. They were sitting thus an hour later when a servant opened the door and said, respectfully: "There is a telephone call for Mr. Wellington."

"Can't you answer it, Mary?" the old man asked, loath to leave his comfortable chair and dreams.

"No, sir. It is especially for you. A long-distance call, I think."

"Who the deuce wants to talk to me from a distance," he said, as he rose and went to the telephone in the hall.

"Hello, who is this?" he asked, as he picked up the receiver. "Yes, this is John Wellington."

"A party in Chicago wants to talk to you," said the long-distance operator.

"All right, put him up. Who in thunder do I know in Chicago," he ejaculated to himself, pressing the receiver closer to his ear.

A peculiar wailing sound was all he heard, and a puzzled expression crept over his face. "Talk a little louder. I can't understand a thing you are saying," and he listened more intent-

ly. The wailing grew a little louder, but still it was nothing but an inarticulate wail, and for a moment the old man looked thoroughly disgusted.

"Confound it!" he shouted at last. "You sound exactly like a mewling infant. I don't know what you are saying."

Then a man's laugh was heard, followed by "A merry Christmas, father. You know exactly what he sounds like, but you don't know what he is saying," and there was another laugh, ringing joyful, as in his boyhood days, and the old man knew he had found his own.

"Jack, Jack, my boy, is that you?" he shouted, staggered by the unexpected joy of his sudden discovery.

"None other, father, but what you just heard was another Jack, the second Jack Wellington, Jr. He has just arrived, and his command of English is somewhat limited, but he was doing his best to introduce himself, and invite you and grandma to Christmas dinner with him, and—"

"Oh, Jack, Jack, where have you been all these years?" sobbed the old man.

"Catch the Lake Shore Limited to-night, father, bring mother with you, and I'll tell you all about it when you get here. You've got time. You see, father, I've kept track of you and mother all along. I wasn't going to let anything happen to the old folks, and—" there was a catch in his voice, "I've got the right kind of a report to make, father. Never fear that."

The old man could scarcely contain himself as he listened, pressing the receiver closer and closer to his ear, as though he feared some bit of the precious news might escape him. Then he shouted: "All right, son, we're coming on the next train." He left the receiver dangling on the wall, and started on a run to the room where his wife sat, shouting as he went: "Mother, mother, it's Jack—our boy. Get ready, mother. I'm going to have a cab here in 20 minutes to catch the train for Chicago." She had risen with a wild look on her face, and had started to question him, but he shook his head, saying: "No, no, I'll explain later. Not got time now. We're going to spend Christmas with Jack and his boy."

He started for the 'phone again, and then dashed back, exclaiming: "Pack the tin horn if you don't pack another thing. Any child that can cry loud enough to be heard all the way from Chicago ought to have breath enough to blow that horn," and he dashed again to the 'phone to order a cab.

Natural Deduction.

Peckem—I can't understand why so many people look upon Friday as the unluckiest day of the week.

Mrs. Peckem—Why, do you consider it lucky?

Peckem—It must be. Few people get married on that day.—Chicago

A GENUINE GIRL MINER.

She Is Pluckily Helping Her Brother Work a Claim.

Nevada has a girl miner—not a mere prospector but a regular "working" miner—and she toils eight hours a day for every working day in the week. Her name is Laura White, her age is 22 years, and she hails from San Francisco. Some time ago, says Popular Mechanics, she located several mining claims in the dreary Fu-



Her Name Is Laura White.

neral Range, near the eastern edge of the famous Death Valley. One of the claims proved to be a rich one and she and her brother are working it alone.

The brother works at the bottom of the shaft and Miss White hoists the ore to the top. At first she wore skirts, but finding that they impeded her work, she donned the miners' regulation boots, trousers, shirt and Mexican sombrero.

Strange Custom of the Harem.

Every woman in the harem has her face decorated in the most curious manner. The practice is to elongate the eyebrows to the ears and to embellish the chin with little points of black paint. In contrast with the men, their complexions are very fair, as they are shut within walls and are never exposed to the sun.

Your Responsibility.

No life is just the same after you have once touched it. Will you leave a ray of hope or one of despair, a flash of light or a somber cloud across some dark life each day? Will you by thoughtless cruelty deepen the shadow which hangs over the life, or will you by kindness dispel it altogether? No matter how you feel or what is disturbing your peace of mind never allow yourself to send out a discouraging, a cruel, or an unkind word or thought.—Success Magazine.



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Change of Address:—When sending notice to change an address it is imperative that the old address be given as well as the new one, otherwise we cannot find the name in our list of subscribers.

Remit by Bank Draft, Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter at our risk. Money sent any other way is at sender's risk. Individual checks on local banks not accepted.

Address all communications to
The C. M. A. EMBLEM,
Alma, Kansas.

O tell me, O tell me
Pray tell me which it is.
Is the Megaphone a paper
Or is it a disease.

The members have no doubt heard the joke on the person taking a dose of medicine from a bottle labeled "Shake well before taking," but having forgotten to shake the bottle afterwards found they had to shake him. We will apply this to McKelvie's conduct in the Grand Lodge affairs. McKelvie sees a bottle labeled "Grand Secretaryship" containing "Reorganization Plan" or "Simon's Confidences," of which he takes a dose but finds to his sorrow that he has forgotten to shake the bottle and that the members are now shaking him.

Reinstatement Application.

Chas. R. Simon, Grand Secretary,

Coming Men of America, Alma, Kansas.

Dear Sir:—I hereby apply for reinstatement in the C. M. A. I solemnly affirm that I am a white male, 14 years of age, (or over), and I promise upon my word of honor, not to disclose any of the secrets of the order to any person not a member of the C. M. A., in good standing. This promise is made with the understanding that there is nothing in the teachings of the order that conflicts with my religion, politics, or duty to friends and parents.

Enclosed find One Dollar (\$1) or Fifty Cents (50c) to pay for my dues in the Coming Men of America Lodge for which send me official receipt for same. I am to receive the C. M. A. EMBLEM, the official organ, during the life of my receipt.

Name

P. O. Box, Street,
or Rural route

Town

Age on last
Birthday

State

The Texas Coming Man made its first appearance in November giving its whole paper to a thorough writeup of the Texas State Convention. We wish Brother Hickey success in his undertaking and hope his sheet will put action in the Texas lodges.

Here it is again, the December number of Modern Electrics, the magazine that well deserves its name. Besides giving their thorough Wireless Telegraph news this month's issue has the Wireless Telephone or Aeroplane.

NOTICE.

Virginia, West Virginia, and North Carolina Members Take Notice.

At the Virginia State Convention I was instructed to publish a State Paper, but the membership is so small that for one state a paper would not support itself. I would like to hear from all members in Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina if they would like a Tri-State C. M. A. paper giving news of all the states. Would you subscribe at 10 cents per year? Write me at once.

G. M. Keezel, 15, Printer,
State Secretary Virginia,
McGaheysville, Va.

I beg to announce myself a candidate for State President of the Alabama C. M. A. Union and the most loyal support of the members throughout Alabama will be heartily appreciated.

Yours in "F"

J. W. Smith, 10^o O. T. N.,
R. F. D. No. 1. Crossville, Ala.

J. W. Smith was born in March, 1888, in Etowah county, Alabama, near Duck Springs, sixteen miles north of Godsden, living there the first fourteen years of his life, when his parents moved to Dekalke county, where he now resides.

On March 22, 1906, he was enrolled at Oak Park, Ill., as an independent member in the C. M. A. later organizing Howards Chapel Lodge No. 5051 at Painter, Alabama, serving as secretary of that lodge for two years.

Brother Smith asks the members of Alabama for their support as candidate for State President of the Alabama C. M. A. Union. He has shown himself a diligent worker for the C. M. A. cause in his section of the country and is at the present time trying to place Melville Lodge of Albertville also Lathomville Lodge of Crossville, Ala., in the field of action.

When the Trouble Starts.

One swallow does not make a summer, but it is the first swallow that starts the trouble.—Manchester Union.

DON'TS FOR EVERYONE.

Don't fail to reinstate in the order between now and the first of the year.

Don't display knowledge. Keep it "on tap," but never on tongue.

Don't stud your speech with French jewels. Better use well-polished silver of pure English.

Don't get caught in the wheel of destiny. Boys are often hurt by standing too near danger.

Don't be one-sided. Have a hobby if you like, but don't ride it over other people.

Don't rush into intimacies. Grow into them. Remember that it takes more than mutual liking to constitute friendship.

Don't take too much stock in the boy who preaches. The boy who practices is the fellow to bank on.

Don't fear individuals. The tyrants which ruin first and then kill are the desires. Watch them.

Don't be too self-satisfied. Association with others teaches a boy his weakness as well as how to acquire strength.

Don't whine. Bear pain bravely, trouble nobly. Whining boys never make forceful men.

Unless you can keep it, don't make a promise. Your work must be as good as your bond to win confidence.

Don't believe the many fairy tales cast abroad by some of the knockers which were defeated in the election, it is merely that the sting of defeat was too much for some.

Grand Cabinet C. M. A., Alma, Kansas.

J. Elliott Clayton, Jr.,	Grand President.
Chas. Simon.,	Grand Secretary.
C. E. Ellsworth.,	Grand Treasurer.
J. J. Sells.,	Grand V-Pres. N. E. Sec.
Y. Pinck Taylor.,	Grand V-Pres. S. E. Sec.
Chas. Leach.,	Grand V-Pres. N. W. Sec.
Otis A. McKelvie.,	Grand V-Pres. S. W. Sec.

A New York Discovery.

A water famine has stopped church music in Cumberland, Md. Great Scott! Is church music watered, too?—Buffalo Evening News.

Greatness of Small Things.

A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters; and if atoms hold not together the mountain is crumbled into dust.—Tupper.

Inheritance.

Riches inherited at birth are no more an evidence against their possessor than the misfortune of being born to poverty is a point in favor of him that eats his bread in the sweat of his face.—Frank B. Welch, in Sunday Magazine

The COMING MEN of AMERICA.

The Original Young Mens' Lodge.

Chas. R. Simon, Grand Secy., Alma, Ks.



WISH each and every member of the C. M. A. as happy a Christmas as I expect to enjoy. I trust that on this day of universal goodwill and cheer, each brother will realize the bonds that bind the members of the brotherhood together. I wish each and every one of you to rejoice and be proud because you are a member of the C. M. A. and that you are one of the many that helped put this order on a sound business basis. It is truly glad tidings to hear that the C. M. A. once more has a head and able to do business as before; that we have selected as our Grand Officers, men who have the C. M. A. spirit in every corner of their heart and are doing their utmost for the advancement of the order.

It especially pleases me to see how heartily the members are lending the hand to help boost the order on toward the top again. It is this active work that makes us feel so encouraged at the future prospects of the C. M. A.

The last year has been a sore trial to the order and its members. The failure of the Hunter Publishing Company just when the sun seemed to be shining its brightest, was very near the death of our noble order, then the long drag of the past 10 months feeling our way in the dark, without a head, going slow only to make sure of our footing, and now with the sun again appearing on the horizon to drive away the clouds of adversity, which have during the last months blotted the sky of the future, keeping the members in a gloom. The sun again appearing after such long dreary months has put new life in the members making us feel like we could run up the heretofore unsurmountable peaks, jump off into space and stay afloat, we feel so light and bouyant.

The members should realize that the local lodge is the bulwark of the C. M. A., as much as the home is the bulwark of America. All the members of the C. M. A. are not leaders, who have push and initiative, to think up money-making plans for the lodges, entertainments, amusement features for the members, etc. In other words we want the bright members to labor

to the end of making the lodge a sociable entertaining club, where the brothers will delight in coming. Fire the enthusiasm of your brothers by your examples and you will find that members who are not fitted to take the lead in the lodge affairs are admirably fitted to follow the lead of and assist the aggressive member.

We should make great gains in the year 1909 and should see that matters are kept up to the standard in our local lodges as well as the Grand Lodge.

Our year book will be a great help to the member that travels, for when he goes into a town he will know if there is a lodge there and the day they meet. No lodge wishing to keep in good standing should neglect to have their name in this book, for you can never tell when your city will have a C. M. A. visitor who will wish to meet the brothers, it cheers him and also acts as a stimulant to the members of your order for the members will come to meet the new comers.

I am trying to do my part, however I want you to help me. I want you to write to me whenever your lodge has done anything noteworthy, such as giving a successful entertainment, elected new officers or evolved some plan whereby it has become stronger in any way. I want you to tell me exactly what methods were followed, so I can use such information in the EMBLEM in order to show other lodges how success has been obtained.

I want every member to help me out in this way, as I am sure it will help many struggling lodges and thus increase the glory of the C. M. A. Remember this department is your mouthpiece, say what you want in it. Again wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. I beg to remain.

Yours in "F"

Chas. R. Simon O. T. N.

Grand Secretary.

Our Year Book.

Only members that are reinstated will have their names in the Year Book this same ruling applies to the lodges. So if you wish your name to be enrolled therein please reinstate at once.

New Rate of Assessment.

The order is no longer classed as a boys lodge but as a full fledged secret society for young men and is so recognized by the older orders.

Our teachings have been bettered and are based on actual life so as to be a help to the members in their daily walks through life.

Our assessment has been raised from 50 cents per year to \$1.00 per year as follows: 50 cents for 6 months, \$1.00 for one year or \$1.75 for 2 years, same to be sent to the Grand Secretary each June and December. You no longer pay a publishing house a subscription to a paper to keep in good standing but your dues go to the Grand Lodge and you receive the official organ free of charge. To become in good standing send in your dues to the Grand Secretary at once. See reinstatement blank on page 10.

A New Certificate.

I wish to state to the members that every member will receive a complete new member's outfit such as certificate, traveling card, secret work, button, etc., some time in January. The outfit will be furnished the member at no extra cost, they being entitled to it when they reinstate.

Carrabelle, Fla., Dec. 1, 1908.

Dear Brothers: I wish to thank the brothers of the South-East district for the support given me in the election. I feel my incompetency to fill the office, but with the cooperation of each loyal member we can make the Coming Men of America one of the foremost orders in the United States, and with the help of God we will.

I was appointed 3rd Vice-President under the Armstrong plan without my consent. I am in favor of the S. S. & H. plan, first, last and all the time. I would like to get in communication with all members of this district interested in the reestablishment of the order.

Yours in "F"

Y. Pinck Taylor, 15° O. T. N.,
Grand V. P. S. E. Dist.

A Word from Josh Wise.

"Th' man who gits th' mitten ain't satisfied till he gits a mate."

Has your lodge reinstated yet? If not you should do so at once, so that your name will appear in the Year Book.

Brother G. H. Scribner, member of Grapevine Lodge No. 5790, of Grapevine, Texas, is now at Fort Worth, Texas.

The C. M. A. Lodge of Pioneer, Texas, is one of the active lodges in that state and are doing all in their power to get the order started again.

The C. M. A. Lodge at Autum, S. C., is among the first lodges to reinstate and are anxious to begin their steady grind for the advancement of the order.

Don't forget that every member will receive a complete new outfit some time in January.

Brother Jay C. Welch of Marion, Ind., has resigned his position with the A. C. Barley Co., so as to finish his college education. He is now living at home.

President Benham of the Green Mountain Star of New Haven, Vt., has returned to Albany Business College and Vice-President Devoid has taken the executive chair.

Verd Mont Lodge of Corinth, Vt., is still doing business and is receiving applications for membership from their fellows, which shows a progressive spirit.

The brothers of Twinkling Star Lodge No. 5403 of Paradise, Texas, are pushing things down their way and say "Long live the C. M. A." They are another one of the lodges reinstated.

The lodge at Salem, Ky., has come in with a good bunch of reinstatements and say that they will have more as soon as their secretary can see the members. These boys certainly are workers and expect to see things happen down their way.

MEXICO—NOTICE.

All loyal and faithful members of the noble order of Coming Men of America residing in this country are urgently requested to write to me as soon as possible so that the work in Mexico may go forward in as systematic a manner as possible and pushed to the utmost. There is no reason why the order should not expand to enormous proportions in this republic.

Yours in "F"

D. P. Atlee, D. D. S., 5 O. T. N.,
Linares, N. L., Mexico.

The Knights of the Mystic "F" Lodge No. 5745 of Melita, Canada, is the most prosperous lodge in that Domain, and has reinstated with a good membership. We wish them all kinds of success and hope they will stir up the C. M. A. enthusiasm in their part of the country.

Vermont Branch of the C. M. A.

Jackson J. Sells, Grand Vice-President N. E. District, has appointed Clyde R. Sumner, 5° of New Haven, Vt., state organizer for the state of Vermont. Those who are interested in organizing lodges and forming a Vermont association should not delay in writing Bro. Sumner.

C. M. A. SONG.

Words by Clarence P. Keene, O. T. N., Dexter, Me.
Music by Lillian A. Norton.

Brothers of the C. M. A., weather here,
Loyal to the order we all love so dear:
Climbing upward day by day,
Walking in the narrow way,
We will reach the longed-for goal with brave]
[hearts full of cheer.

CHORUS.

"Onward working" be our victory song,
Ever minding our watchword, "One Million]
[strong.

OUR TURN NEXT will come, soon come
And we'll improve it too,
Loyal to our colors, the red, white and blue.

2

Upward in the heavens is the "Single Star"
Piercing through the darkness though]
[tis off afar;

Shining with a brilliant light,
Ever pointing toward the right,
Piercing through each cloud that seeks its sil-]
[v'ry light to bar.

3

Brother true in word and deed, we always say,
The thought of OUR TURN NEXT will help t.]
[win the day;"

Square and true with every man,
Helping others when we can,
Then we all shall gain a place above to live for]
[aye.

4

Onward, then, with courage will we take our]
[way.

Working for our country, grand old U. S. A.:
For her honor, with our life
Will we battle in the strife;
When for righteousness she battles, Right will]
[win the day.

The Degrees.

The C. M. A. has an established system of conferring degrees on its members which no other lodge or organization has, and the Grand officers will keep the system, with the exception of a few changes the same as it was before. Money cannot buy C. M. A. degrees as in other orders but they must be earned and they do not designate that you have paid the Grand Lodge so much money, but they are awards of merit and show that you have done so much work for the order and are entitled to your mark of honor.

The oft' heard phrase "I wish I could afford to be a degree member" is not heard among the C. M. A. members. You do not have to possess money to advance in our order. The poor are on an equal footing with the wealthy, all they have to do is to work for the interest of the order for which they will receive their award.

Bestography.

This is the most perplexing secret cypher ever originated and has been used the last four years by the Grand Lodge of the C. M. A. in giving out the passwords of the order.

Password

The password for the month of January, 1909, 29 46 43 73 50 18 26
40 12 42 70 32 43 51

The members of Owl Lodge No. 4066, of Santa Ana, Cal., are meeting regular and show active lodge work in the lodge room. Speaker Brother Jenkins says they are up and at it all the time.

Brother Atlee of Linares, N. L., Mexico, says that he is going to stir C. M. A. matters thoroughly and expects to have a good return in membership in that republic.

The boys of Vasalia, Cal., are beginning to fall into line for the march toward the top and say they soon expect to increase their membership two-fold.

Don't forget your reinstatement some time before the first of the year.

HELP! HELP!!—If you do not receive a prompt reply to your letter, don't begin to find fault with headquarters as we are "swamped" with work in getting out the new secret work and try to answer letters as soon as possible.

Two correspondents wrote to a country editor to know respectively. "The best way of assisting twins through the teething period," and "How to rid an orchard of grasshoppers." The editor answered both questions faithfully but unfortunately got the initials mixed, so that the fond father of the teething twins was thunderstruck by the following advice: "If you are unfortunate enough to be plagued by these unwelcome little pests the quickest means of settling them is to cover them with straw and set the straw on fire."

While the man who was bothered with grasshoppers was equally amazed to read:

"The best method of treatment is to give them each a warm bath twice a day and rub their gums with boneset."
—Exchange.

YOUNG COLLECTOR

Edited by Julian T. Baber, O. T. N., Pocahontas, Va.

Switzerland issues a new set of stamps soon.

Each issue of Philatelic Flashes is an improvement on the preceding one.

Gov. Harris, of Ohio, is a stamp "fiend."

The finest stamp collection known, is in the possession of the British Museum.

Ecuador has issued a set of commemorative stamps. There are seven denominations.

There is little doubt but what we may have a parcels-post in this country before long.

The new two-cent stamps in sheets were put on sale in Washington on the first of this month.

Since the establishment of the postage stamp, there hasn't been over 20,000 varieties issued.

The chrysanthemum is the national flower of Japan. It is seen on almost all the Japanese stamps.

If you do not want an approval selection, do not answer the "free stamp ads." They are approval bait.

The new Quebec Ter-Centenary stamps, are perfect gems of art. Especially the one-half and two cent values.

The Stamp Lover is a new Philatelic publication. It is a monthly magazine, published in London by Fred J. Melville.

Variety is the object of most amateur collectors, while rarity is the object of the advanced collector and specialist.

The government is still experimenting with the stamp-vending machines, and hope the defects which developed in the preliminary tests will be overcome. The department expect these machines to add immeasurable to the convenience of the public.

We understand that various Chambers of Commerce in Germany are petitioning the imperial secretary of posts to establish a two-cent postage rate between Germany and the United States such as now exists between England and the United States. We have little doubt but that such a rate will exist between these countries.

There has been a large increase in the new 2 cent-an-ounce rate established between the United States and Great Britain.

A Simple Watermark Detector.

When examining stamps for watermarks wear a green (or dark) transparent celluloid eye shade, hold your stamp to the light, and look through the eye shade, and usually the watermark will show up. The test is so simple that it is well worth the trial.—L. Ray Starkweather.

SOME GOOD ADVICE

In the first part of your collecting career, at least, it is foolish and futile for you to try to post yourself about minor varieties. You will find a lot of matter relating to minor varieties in the various stamp journals. You will find a good many things mentioned in the catalogue that will puzzle you. You will find mention of different perforations, different watermarks, different kinds of paper, and various other similar things. But do not trouble your head at all about these matters for the present. What you want to do first of all is to get as many stamps of different design as you can. That is all you need think of for a good long time yet. There is pleasure and interest enough in gathering specimens from all countries and corners of the earth to keep you busily engaged for more than your first season; and if I were beginning all over again all that I should try to do for the first year would be to get at least one stamp from every stamp-issuing country of past or present times.

The first few cheap packets you buy will give you a pretty fair sprinkling of countries to begin with. Then you will find, in the price lists of many dealers, descriptions of packets containing only stamps from some special section of the globe. You will find inviting variation of selection in packets, and by careful choosing will be able to get a pretty diversified lot of stamps in the course of a year or so. Better collect entirely on the go-as-you-please plan for the first year. There will be plenty of time later on for molding your collection on an organized system.—Redfield's Stamp Weekly.

AN AZTEC FORT.

Relics of Pre-Columbian Days to Be Seen in Navajo Canyon.

In pre-Columbian days, probably even before the period of the Aztec and Toltec peoples, and at a time when a considerable portion of the southwestern part of this country, now embraced within Colorado, Utah and New Mexico, was densely populated by a race well advanced in many of the crude arts and industries, constant warfare was carried on between



factions, rival tribes or different races, as is evidenced by the defensive positions picked out by the more peaceable inhabitants for their dwellings.

In nearly every one of the ancient communal buildings can be found towers and lookouts, with small windows or loopholes commanding all approaches. Usually the towers are a part of the main building, but occasionally they are detached and stand off at some distance, and are built sufficiently high to afford a view of the country on all sides.

One of these remarkable structures has been found in the Navajo canyon, which is included within the Mesa Verde National park, in southwestern Colorado. The tower still stands on top of a sandstone cone about 30 feet high and is perfectly cylindrical. By the aid of steps worn in the stone it is possible to climb to the tower and even to walk around it. The walls are 24 inches thick, and although their original height is not known, those now in place are often nine feet high. This tower, arising from the bottom of the canyon to an elevation above the surrounding rim, commanded a view of the adjacent mesa and was undoubtedly the viewpoint from which warnings of an approaching enemy could be sent out to the cliff dwellers in the canyon beyond.

The city of Milwaukee has almost abolished the use of horses in all municipal departments.

Toad Eaters!

It is remarkable how much easier it is to tolerate a rich bore than a poor one. —Dallas News.

Now and Always.

It's a good plan to believe only half you hear, and then forget most of that. —Washington Star

THE REASON WHY.



Young Sister—But why don't you like Mr Wayman?

Older Sister—Oh, he doesn't know anything about the little niceties of paying attention to a girl.

Young Sister—Why, I saw him when he tied your shoe lace, and I'm sure that—er—er—

Older Sister—Yes, but he tied it in a double knot, so it couldn't be untied again!

GREAT STUFF.



Dealer—Let me sell you some of our new patent bait, sir.

Fisherman—Is it effective?

Dealer—Effective? Why, I sold a man some of it last week, and he got turned out of the church for telling the truth about the fish he caught!

HIS WIFE.



Tomkins—Your wife seems to be a very thoughtful woman.

Thompson—She is. She thinks all kinds of things if I happen to be out late. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Just a Little Nonsense.

Mingle a little gaiety with your grave pursuits.

Still Bearing Graduates.

There seems to be no race suicide with dear old Alma Mater, at any rate. —N. Y. Mail.

FINE FINANCE.



"He said you were extravagant."
"Yes—he expects me to live on nothing—and save half." —Chicago Journal.

Nature's Supremacy.

All argument will vanish before one touch of nature. —Coleman.

In the Old North State.

Down in North Carolina, where a fond mother recently drove her daughter's sultor away at the muzzle of a gun, the young men must begin to think twice before they let their fancy turn to thoughts of love. —Toledo Blade.

But He Isn't Likely to Last.

A very inferior man can become prominent if everybody boosts him.

Name of the Same Color.

In a certain store in Chicago there is a salesman named Green. Small Clarence learned his name and said: "Say, Mr. Green, there's a man living two doors from us who has a name the same color as yours!"

SAUCE.



Benevolent Gent—And what would you do, my boy, if I were to give you a penny?

Precocious Youngster—Well, guv'nor, presuming there is so much wealth in the world, I think I should found a library, or else build a national theater.

THE NEW GUIDE TO PROSPERITY.



She—What book has helped you most in your career, Mr. Splosh?

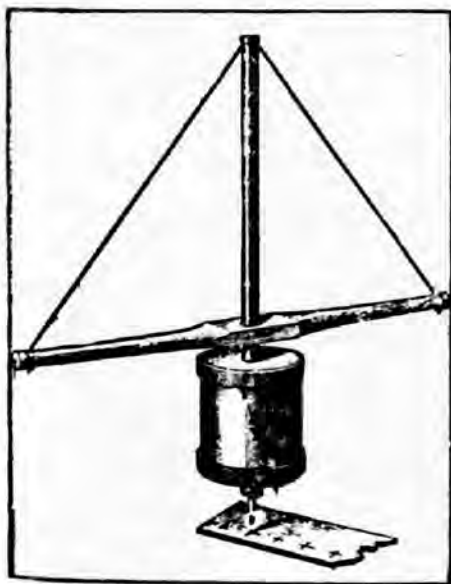
Millionaire—My wife's first cookery book. You see, I got so that I'd sooner work than eat, and the habit has clung to me.

INDUSTRY AND MECHANICS

DRILLING MACHINE.

How It Is Made and How It Is Worked.

It will be seen from the sketch that the drilling machine is a very simple affair, consisting essentially of a round block of wood about eight inches long and eight inches in diameter, with an iron band ring placed on the top and bottom to prevent splitting. Through its center and protruding about two inches below is a smooth round wooden shaft about one and one-fourth inch in diameter and three feet in length. Both ends of this shaft are protected from splitting by a ring or ferrule. The crossbar is a piece of wood about three inches wide, one inch thick and three and one-half feet long, having a hole in the center large enough to allow the bar to move easily up and down on the shaft and shaped as shown. The ends of the bar may also be protected by ferrules. A hole is bored in each end of the bar and also in the upper end of the shaft. Through these holes a piece of strong cord or rawhide is passed and drawn tight, with a bar standing, squared, about one inch above the block. The cord is then secured from slipping in the holes by means of knots and pegs driven in the holes, says the *Meal Worker*. A drill is inserted in



Simple Drilling Machine.

the end of this shaft below the block, and may be made from an old hand-saw file ground to a triangular point.

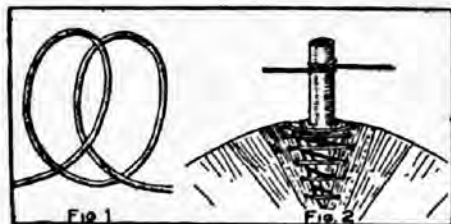
To set the machine in motion, place the point of the drill on the spot where the hole is to be made, and with the machine in an upright position, and while grasping the bar in one hand, with the other turn the shaft around until the bar is raised as high as it will

go. Then lay hold of the bar with both hands and press quickly downwards. The weight of the block gives sufficient motion to wind up the cord and raise the bar again, when a second downward motion of the bar causes a revolution in the opposite direction. In this way the work is accomplished by pressing down on the bar and allowing it to rise again as the cord winds and unwinds upon the revolving shaft.

KNOT FOR FOOTBALLS.

The Kind of a Tie That Will Not Loosen Up.

One of the most prominent English football clubs kept the tying of this knot on the rubber hose of their football a secret and never allowed all of its members to know how it was tied. This tie can be used on grain sacks and numerous other similar instances. Make one loop in the cord, explains *Popular Mechanics*, and then another one exactly the same way, as



A Secure Knot.

shown in Fig. 1, placing the end of the cord under the first loop then pull at each end of the cord, as in Fig. 2.

Polishing a Varnished Surface.

In order to obtain a good surface for polishing, each coat of varnish must be sandpapered, rubbed or mopped down, as a polish can be obtained only on a surface that is perfectly level. Therefore, the last coat of varnish, when thoroughly dry and hard, must be rubbed with No. 00 steel wool or FF pumice stone and water or oil, following with rotten stone and water or oil, and when perfectly done cleaned off thoroughly to avoid scratches. For producing a very fine polish, says a well-known authority, mix with one pint of shellac that has been cut in grain alcohol one-half pint of raw linseed oil. Shake well every time when applying it to a woolen cloth, rub briskly until the polish is hard and lustrous.—*Carpentry and Building*.

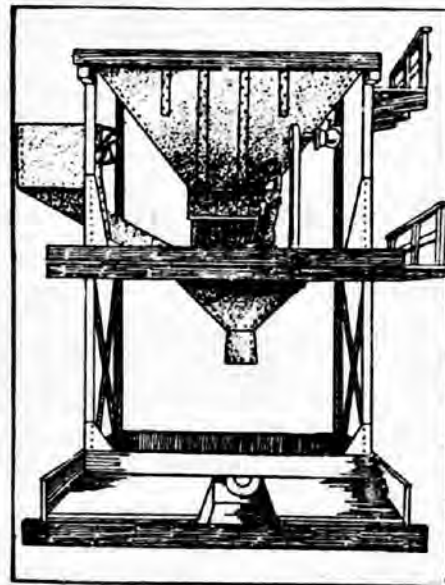
Manganese Steel.

Manganese steel is now generally recognized as being the only suitable material for street railway track work where any large amount of traffic is to be dealt with, and, as is well known by street railway engineers, this material cannot be dealt with by the ordinary cutting tools, i. e., chisels, saws, files, etc., owing to the extreme hardness of the material.

GIANT CONCRETE MIXER.

Largest One in Country Being Used in Dam Construction.

One of the largest concrete mixers in the country is being used in the work of constructing the Monongahela river dam at Brownsville, Pa. It has a capacity of 45 cubic yards of concrete an hour and can be operated



The Big Mixer.

by one man. It runs along on a tramway as the work progresses. The sand, gravel and cement are raised by an elevator, which places them in the proper bins at the top of the mixer. The sand and gravel hoppers are 16 by 16 feet, and the cement bin five by seven feet.

NEW GLASS MAKING.

Wonderful Machine That Does Away with the Blowing.

We all know that there is one pane of glass for the rich and another for the poor, known respectively as plate and sheet glass. And while both have essentially the same composition, they differ greatly in the purity of the materials used and the method of manufacture.

Until a few years ago sheet glass owed its origin to the blower's breath. But in 1903 Mr. John H. Lubbers of Allegheny, Pa., invented a window glass blowing machine which was described as "the newest marvel in the industrial affairs of this country."

And now, relates the *Technical World Magazine*, Mr. Irving W. Colburn of Franklin, Pa., has gone one better and perfected—at a cost of \$200,000—a machine which makes glass without blowing it at all—turns it out in a continuous sheet and enables one man and two boys to efficiently perform the work of 13 skilled mechanics.





HARDWICK'S ALARM CLOCK.

Ingenious Device That Helped Its Inventor to a Good Snooze.

The day that Hardwick finished the last of his designs for the lobby of the new Wadhurst hotel he reached his suburban home earlier than usual, but too tired to think. Mrs. Hardwick met him joyously at the door.

"O, George," she said, "I'm so glad you're home early! There's a demonstration in hat trimming to-night at the Women's Exchange. I'm sure it will be useful to me, and it may be the means of my saving a lot of money on millinery bills. Are you too tired to take me in, dear?"

"Well, I am pretty tired, but I guess I can keep awake long enough to get you there. Then I'll go over to the



The Candle Was Lighted and Hardwick Was Soon Peacefully Snoring.

studio and have a nap, and call round at the exchange for you."

"You can have a good long nap, too, for I want to get there about seven, and you needn't call for me till half past ten. You're a dear!"

Promptly at seven o'clock Hardwick saw his wife melt into a group of women at the exchange. He made his way over to the studio, and let himself in. It was very quiet. There was no reason why he should not have a fine nap.

And then it came to him that he had no way of waking at the right time. The clock on the wall was not an

alarm clock, and his watch, of course, would be of no service. The janitor, he knew, was never there after six o'clock.

It looked as if he would have to keep awake all the evening for the sake of being on hand at half past ten.

But Hardwick has always been a man of resources. Indeed, Mrs. Hardwick says that he can think quicker and to better effect than any other man she ever knew. A problem like this is just the sort of thing that puts him on his mettle, and gets his brain to working with a precision and directness that nearly always produce results.

He began to look round. Nothing started any train of thought or offered any useful suggestion until his eye happened to light upon the stump of a candle on the shelf in the little washroom. It was only an inch long, and after holding it in his hand a moment, Hardwick put it back on the shelf, went to a drawer and took out a fresh candle—a whole one this time.

Putting this in the candlestick and lighting it, Hardwick waited till it had burned down far enough to leave a square end. Then he extinguished it, and with a fine brush and some black paint made three hair lines round the top of the candle, an eighth of an inch apart—he measured the distance carefully with his dividers. With his watch in front of him, he lighted the candle again and timed the burning to the second line. It was almost exactly five minutes. To confirm the result, he let the candle burn on until the next line was reached. The register this time also was five minutes, and Hardwick put out the candle with a satisfied grin.

Taking the dividers again, Hardwick measured four and three-eighths inches down the candle and there made a mark.

Since it was then 20 minutes past seven, and he wanted to be waked at a quarter past ten he allowed 35 periods of five minutes each, and an eighth of an inch of candle for each period.

With a saw which formed part of the studio "properties" he made a cut in the candle at the place he had marked, sawing just half-way through till he reached the wick.

In this cut he tied a light cotton string, the other end of which passed over the back of a chair. From that he suspended the tin pan that he washes his brushes in, and in the pan he placed two large iron spoons and a dipper.

The only other thing required was something to hold the candle firmly. The barrel of an old musket from a wall trophy served the purpose. The candle was wedged firmly into the muzzle, the stock was lashed vertically to the back of a chair. The candle was lighted, and Hardwick was soon peacefully snoring.

At 17 minutes past ten he was wak-

ened by an unearthly bang and clatter of tinware. For a moment he was too dazed to realize where he was or what had happened, but when he had turned on the electric light, he found, as he had expected, a cotton string with the loop at one end burned through, and an overturned tin pan on the floor.

When he told Mrs. Hardwick that he had invented, made and tested an alarm clock in 15 minutes, from the material in his studio, she would not believe him until he described it; since then she has told her friends about it, and I have related it as she told it to me. Hardwick himself is modest about his inventions.—Youth's Companion.

The Wisdom of Youth.

In the good old days when the child was "seen, not heard," it was the younger generation which received instruction. Nowadays adults are under high pressure in a strenuous attempt to live up to the intellectual requirements of youth.

A reasonably intelligent woman was out in the fields with a little girl of about seven years. "Oh, the lovely butterfly!" exclaimed the woman. "Isn't it a beauty?"

"Yes," replied the small maid, rather patronizingly. "But isn't it a moth?" Mr. Jephson, one of Henry M. Stanley's officers in Africa, writes of his encounter with well-informed childhood in "Stories Told in an African Forest."

"I was on a ship bound for the United States. One day I saw a sailor draw some water from the sea in a bucket, and I asked a bystander what he was doing it for.

"A small American boy of eight years was standing near. Hearing my question, he pityingly said:

"Oh, don't you know? We are now in the Gulf stream, and that sailor was drawing water in order to take its temperature and write it down in the log-book."

Bad.

"Did you enjoy the play last night?"

"No. It was awful. I could write a better one myself."

"H-m. Then it must be bad."—Detroit Free Press.

The Point of View.

An indifferent nature? A Satanic principle of things? A good and just God? Three points of view. The second is improbable and horrible. The first appeals to our stoicism. But the third point of view alone can give joy.—Amiel's Diary.

An Impossible Task.

A leading woman's magazine is demanding that men shall be as good as women. They seem to forget that the average man has a hard enough time being as good as he is.—Washington Post.

THE ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT.

ELECTRIC HAIR DRYER.

Device Which Will Prove of Great Service to My Lady.

Probably one of the most satisfactory of all the electric toilet articles is the hair dryer. The machine shown in the illustration is made of aluminum, weighs but 2¾ pounds, and drives a strong current of either cold or warm air by the simple turning of a key. Turned one notch, a strong current of cold air is forced out of the tube. Turned two notches and the air becomes warm. The turning



Latest Electric Novelty.

of the key to the second notch switches in a resistance, and the current of air flowing through this resistance generates the heat which warms it.

Like all other electric household articles it is connected to a convenient electric lamp by an electric cord.

AN ELECTRIC MOTH TRAP.

Powerful Light and a Suction Pipe Get Three Ton of Insects in One Night.

The Saxony authorities have discovered what would seem to be an excellent way to put an end to the caterpillar plague which is having such a disastrous effect on the local forests. They have discovered a method to catch the brown nun moths that lay the eggs from which the caterpillars come in enormous quantities. They make use of what they call the electric light trap. This consists of two large and powerful reflectors placed over a deep receptacle and powerful exhaust fans. The whole has been erected on top of the municipal electric plant at Zittau. At night two great streams of light are thrown from the reflectors on the wooded mountain sides half a mile distant.

According to the Electrical Review the results have been astonishing. The moths, drawn by the brilliancy, come fluttering in thousands along the broad rays of light. When they get to a certain distance from the reflectors

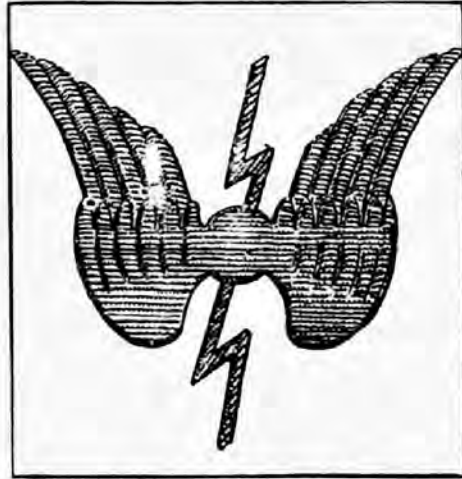
the exhaust fans take up their work and with powerful currents of air swirl them down into the receptacle. On the first night no less than three tons of moths were caught. It has been decided to build another trap on the Rathaus tower, and the fight with the moths will be continued.

The forests of central Europe have, from time to time, been ravaged by raids of moths from Russia, whose larvae denude the trees of their foliage. The splendid pines of the Lausitz mountains are this year threatened with destruction.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPH BADGE.

Proficiency in Service of British Navy Earns One.

This gold badge has been designed for the wireless telegraphy branch of



Badge for Wireless Corps.

the British navy and every man who becomes proficient will be awarded one. It is worn on the right sleeve just above the elbow. A fully qualified wireless telegrapher wears one star above the badge; a first-class petty officer, two stars, and a chief petty officer, a small crown.

Testing Electric Furnaces.

At the Heroult electric iron smelter on the Pitt river in Shasta county, California, a number of new types of electric furnaces are being tested on a small scale, instead of working with one large furnace alone, as has been heretofore the plan. A bank of transformers will be ready by the time the new Lyon furnace under construction is completed. The new furnace of a capacity of 25 tons of pig iron per day is on the same plan as the original experimental one. It is claimed that it will remove the objections found to the Heroult furnaces first erected.

Born at Sea.

Seven thousand British subjects are born at sea every year.

Balloons and Bullets.

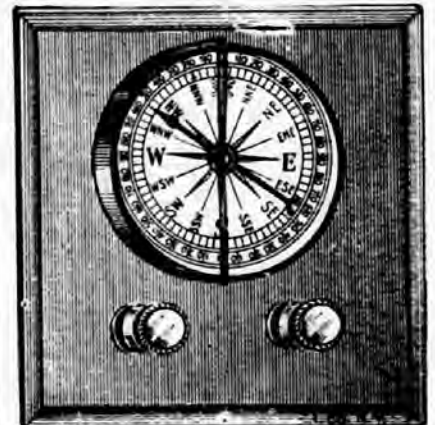
Experiments have recently been made in Berlin to ascertain the height at which a balloon may be considered immune from hostile rifle shots. Captive balloons were sent up, and they were shot at from angles of from 15 deg. to 45 deg. Balloons traveling at a height of from 600 to 2,000 yards could be hit only once out of six shots, while they were absolutely safe at a height of 3,000 yards. Even when struck, the damage to the gas bag was so small that the balloon was able to continue its journey for hours before the escaping gas made a landing necessary.

How to Recut Threads.

It is often necessary to cut or re-chase threads on small screws, and in doing so if the screwhead is placed in a vise it is almost sure to spoil the screw. Change the operation by placing the diestock in the vise and running the screw through the die with a screw-driver. This will always save the finished screwhead.

THE TELIMCO-METER

is the slickest Galvanometer ever offered to the experimenter. It is known that the cheapest galvanometers on the market cost from \$3.50 up. We realized that the experimenter was in need of a GOOD and ACCURATE but low priced instrument and after several months of experimentation we are now in a position to offer the new "TELMCO-METER" for



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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A COMPARISON.

Government Geology in the United States and in France.

An interesting comparison between the government geological services of France and the United States is made by the *Revue Scientifique* in a notice of the twenty-eighth annual report of the director of the United States geological survey. Says the writer:

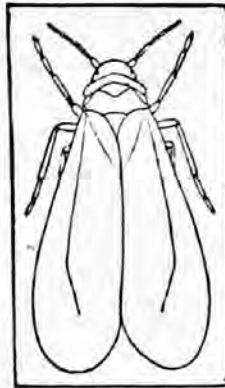
"Contrary to the usage of most other countries the French geological surveys has no special geologists. The duty of preparing the geological charts is intrusted to mining engineers, professors, and tutors in various faculties, and to other volunteers (about 100 collaborators in all). As all of these have other occupations that

the United States geological service includes much more than that of France, having a section of topography that in France is part of the war department, and a hydraulic section that corresponds to nothing that France has. . . . This is true; but we may make the comparison more exact. Let us take only the geological section of the United States geological survey. For the year just past it included 43 geologists, three paleontologists, 38 assistant geologists and five geological aides, all regular appointees. Of this number, 51, collaborators were employed for the whole year; while the others gave only part of their time. For this same year the appropriation for this section was 1,205,223 francs (\$241,044)! Note that this sum does not include the expenses of publication, which are charged to another account. It is not astonishing, in these conditions, that the United States swamp us with their productions, which include 11 maps (not counting those in various volumes) and 16,833 pages of text! Fortunately, we are not obliged to read it all!"

FLORIDA'S ORANGE PEST.

White Fly Which Is Supposed to Have Come from China.

Oranges and all fruits of the citrus family in Florida suffer extensive ravages from the "white fly." This insect first appeared in this country, in Florida, many years ago, and is supposed to have been imported from China. It has now spread all through Florida and along the coast of Texas. California, fearing its approach, has made efforts to keep it out, but in May, 1907, it was found established at three points in the northern-central parts of that state. The white fly not only directly damages the trees, but gives rise to a sooty mold which spreads over the leaves and discolours the fruit. The principal natural means of protection are four species of parasitic fungi, which, in favorable circumstances, give the affected groves one clean year in three. These fungi may be artificially disseminated, and fumigation is also employed to combat the enemy. No insect parasites of the white fly are known to the government entomologists.



GEORGE OTIS SMITH

Director of the United States Geological Survey.

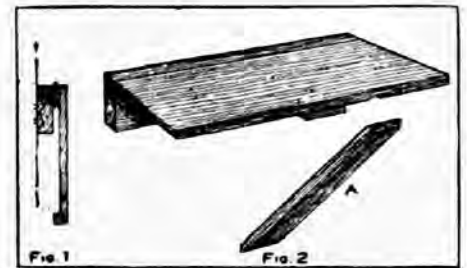
take up the greater part of their time, they naturally cannot do much work on the maps. Again, they cannot be hurried too much, for the appropriation would not be sufficient to meet their expenses, although they receive no other payment for their services. To pay these expenses a sum of less than 120,000 francs (\$24,000) is allowed yearly. Compare with this the appropriation for the United States geological survey—9,233,280 francs (\$1,846,656)! It will be objected that



TURN-DOWN SHELF.

It Makes the Small Space Available for the Amateur Photographer.

The average amateur photographer does not have very much space in which to do his work. The kitchen is the room used ordinarily for finishing the photographs. In many instances there will not be space enough for any extra tables, and so a temporary place is prepared from boxes or a chair on which to place the trays and chemicals. Should there be space enough on one of the walls a shelf can be made to hang down out of the way when not in use, suggests *Popular Mechanics*. A shelf constructed on this order may be of any length to suit the space or of such a length for the purpose intended. A heavy piece of wood, about 1½ inch thick, and 4 to 6 inches wide, is first fastened to the wall at the proper height



with nails, or, much better, large screws.

The shelf is cut and planed smooth from a board 12 inches wide and about one inch thick. This board is fastened to the piece on the wall with two hinges as shown in Fig. 1. A small cleat is nailed to the outer and under edge of the board and in the middle as shown. This is used to place a support under the outer edge of the shelf. The support, A, Fig. 2, should be long enough to extend diagonally to the floor or top of the baseboard from the inner edge of the cleat when the shelf is up in its proper place.

To Make Tint Lantern Slides.

Purchase some lantern slide plates and fix them in hypo without exposing in the usual manner, says the *Moving Picture World*. This leaves a thin, perfectly transparent emulsion film on the glass, which will readily take color. Mix a rather weak solution of clear aniline dye of the desired color and dip the plate in it, wiping the plate side clean. If not dark enough, dip again and again until desired tint is attained, letting it dry between each dipping. A very light blue tint slide will brighten a yellow film considerably, but the tint must be very light, just a bare tint.

To Stiffen Your Hat.

Men's hats may be stiffened by using a mixture of one part borax and five parts shellac gum.

One Gallon of Paint.

One gallon of paint will cover about 600 square feet.



THIS CAN LID FLIES OPEN.

Garbage Can Cover May Be Manipulated by Foot Pressure.

An improved garbage can has a lid which is operated by automatic means. In the first place, the lid is always in place and not cavorting around the yard as a detached lid often is, and then, again, when it is desirable to reopen the can for the reception of some table refuse, it is not necessary to touch it with the hands, a pressure of the toe answering all purposes.

Extensions of the handle acting as levers engage pins in a steel trap riveted to the top of the can, so that by pressure of the foot the hinged lid is easily lifted. A loop at the back of the lid serves as a stop to



Convenient for the Housewife.

keep it from swinging beyond a perpendicular position, and when the pressure is released permits it to close by gravity.

TESTING WOOD.

How the Government Is Making Use of the Microscope.

A new line of work, consisting of the microscopic examination of wood after it breaks in a testing apparatus, has just been started by the office of wood utilization in the United States forest service.

The structure of wood is complex. Every species has several different kinds of cells, each of which has its own size and form. There is also a wide variation in the number and arrangement of the cells in different species. These differences in structure have their bearing on the strength of the wood.

For some time past the forest service has been carrying on a large number of tests on many kinds of wood in order to determine their strength, stiffness, elasticity, and other phys-

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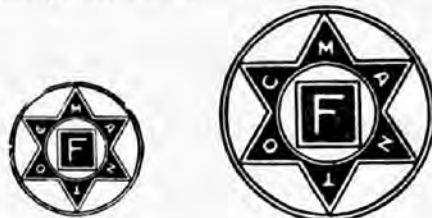
cal properties, so that they may be used to the best possible advantage in construction. The application of microscopic work to such tests should give a better knowledge of the conditions on which the strength of wood depends.

Laymen will not understand the significance of the proposed microscopic investigations so quickly as architects, builders and other wood users, who in these days of growing scarcity of the more valuable woods will find the knowledge invaluable.

Other problems connected with the structure of wood, such as the preparation of wood pulp and the treatment of wood with preservatives, will no doubt be aided by this new study.

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In the January Issue

You will find the opening chapters of the powerful serial story, one of the really strong productions of this decade entitled:

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

By Robert Ames Bennett

Author of "For the White Christ," Etc.

Illustrations by Walters.

SUPPOSE you were cast up on an unhabited tropical shore with nothing but a penknife and a magnifying glass? How would you go about getting a living? How would you manage to defend yourself from the wild beasts and the wilder elements? These are problems that Tom Blake and the beautiful Miss Leslie and Winthrope had to solve. How they did solve them is told in **INTO THE PRIMITIVE**. The beginning was at Capetown, when Blake and Winthrope boarded the steamer as fellow-passengers with Lady Bayrose and her party—which included the beautiful Miss Leslie. Three days later the ship went to pieces in a cyclone on a wild and isolated coast, and these three—the American engineer, the Englishman, and the heiress—were the only survivors. And when highly cultivated civilization was brought face to face with the primitive, what law could prevail but the survival of the fittest? It is a story full of vigorous strength and unusual charm.

Do Not Miss the Opening Chapter

The O.M.A. EMBLEM

JANUARY

New Year's Number

1909



The Emblem Printing Company

Alma, Kansas

The C. M. A. EMBLEM



THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE I. O. C. M. A. SECRET SOCIETY

SPECIAL ARTICLES AND EDITORIALS

Editorials	C. R. Simon	Page 3
Dont's for Everyone	C. R. Simon	Page 3
Organize New Lodges	Chas. E. Ellsworth	Page 7
Newness of the Year		Page 11
Smiling Round the World	Marshall P. Wilder	Page 18
New Year's Around The Globe		Page 19
Visits With Uncle By	Byron Williams	Page 21
Humorous Page		Page 24

FICTION

Into The Primitive	Robert Ames Bennet	Page 9
Ronald's Punishment	Julian T. Baber	Page 8

VERSE

They Never Would Be Missed	Selected	Page 3
Backbone	L. Garrison Cline	Page 5
January	Ernest Warburton Shurtle	Page 10
Grand Father's Clock	John B. Garing	Page 12
The Night Journey	V. H. Friedlaender	Page 17

OUR DEPARTMENTS

Official I. O. C. M. A.		Page 4
Youths'		Page 16
Stamp Collector	Julian T. Baber	Page 26
Science and Invention		Page 27
Amateur Photography	Algy Arnold	Page 28
Industry and Mechanics		Page 29
Electrical		Page 30

CHARLES
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VOLUME
I
NO. 9
PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

The C. M. A. EMBLEM

Published Monthly as the official organ of The Independent Order of The Coming Men of America.
Entered as second-class matter June 19, 1908 at the post-office at Alma, Kansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Vol. I. No. 9.

JANUARY 1909.

50 Cents per Year.

Have you seen the December Number of the Modern Electrics? It is one of the best Electrical papers published to-day.

We do not wish to tell others how to conduct their papers but we notice in the convention reports which the Megaphone and the Twentieth Century Review contained they omitted the most important part of the Reports, that is—They indorsed the Reorganization Plan, Chas. R. Simon for Grand Secretary, and the EMELEM as the Official Organ. Why was this overlooked?

Armstrong surely tired to cinch the Grand Presidency; his name appearing on our list as a candidate, then with McKelvie and last with Caffrey and since Caffrey has dropped him we suppose that he will start out with someone else, providing he can make anyone believe his story.

Our opponents are having all kind of trouble of their own: McKelvie appoints Caffrey as an Associate Editor to the Megaphone and Jay M. Armstrong as the Grand President of his order and now finds Caffrey an opponent to himself with Armstrong as president of Caffrey's order and with the Twentieth Century Review their Official organ; since that has come we understand that Caffrey has dropped Armstrong claiming him to be trying to graft and taken some one else as president of his order. I think that they will soon wake up to the fact that they are only wasting their time and money as none of the members will support them.

Neurasthenia Among Teachers.

The board of retirement of the New York board of education says that the most common disease among the teachers of that city is neurasthenia, or nervous breakdown. In most of the 345 cases that have come before the board in the three years of its existence most of them have been from this cause. Under the new order of things 310 women and 24 men have been retired.

BEWARE

The members of the order should beware of the various C. M. A. orders starting up in different parts of the country.

Among those that are known to us are Otis A. McKelvie of Los Angeles, California, claiming his paper, the Megaphone, a six by eight inch sheet filled with advertising, as the official organ, and J. M. Armstrong and Jas. Caffrey, Jr., claiming the Twentieth Century Review, another paper filled with cheap advertising, as the official organ. The members do not want papers filled with unsightly Free Medical Advertisements, for an official organ, even though the parties putting them forth were in the right instead of in the wrong.

Don'ts for Everyone.

Don't forget that you have until the 15th of this month to reinstate and get your name on the Year Book.

Don't allow reinstatements to stay in your breast over night.

Don't cut out sleep too often or you'll find she's cut you out.

Don't show contempt. No one ever forgives this.

Don't be inattentive. It's a cardinal sin in business.

Don't admire the boy who tells you he has "money to burn." That sort generally asks alms in old age.

Whatever lessens your respect for yourself will cheapen you.

Don't let thoughts run away with your manners. Command them to await your convenience.

Don't fail to ask for needed information, but do not waste the time of business associates by silly queries.

Don't forget that you have within you the power to strangle any evil that may assail you.

WHAT WE ARE

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America is the old original C. M. A. revised and under different government. Our order is no longer a publishing house scheme but a lodge, having nothing to do with the publishing of the official organ. When you send in your dues it does not go to the publishers of the paper but to the treasury of the Grand Lodge and they look out for the official organ the members receive. Our teachings have been bettered, our laws changed and now represented by Grand Officers in different parts of the United States, elected by the members; in other words the members now have a voice in the running of the order.

Do not be misled by the statements the others are making for we have been indorsed by every C. M. A. State Convention held in the last year and we have in our ranks and as followers nine-tenths of the most prominent C. M. A. members in good standing or interested in the order to-day.

They Never Would Be Missed.

There are men in our fraternity
Who never come to lodge,
And whose claims we can't resist,
For we have them on our list;
But if their names were stricken off,
So far as we can judge,
They never would be missed.
They cannot give the password,
And they do not know the sign,
And of the Order's good or ill
They never read a line:
They growl about assessments,
And they grudge to pay their dues,
And every call for charity
They stubbornly refuse.
If all the brothers were like these,
The lodge would not exist,
And they never would be missed—
They never would be missed.

—Selected.

Aquamania.

The physician who declares that many people get drunk on water probably knows better. The water gets drunk. It would be impossible to get full on water, but that is different.

The Official I. O. C. M. A. Department.

The Society of Ambitious Young Americans.
Notes from Lodges and Members. Chas. R. Simon, Grand Secretary.



I WISH each and every member of the order a most prosperous and Happy New Year. Let it be 365 days of happy thought, always working for the good of the order. The time has now arrived when all the members should do their utmost to get new members to join the order. We want to more than double our membership in the coming year. Let us show the public what with a little "Push and Vim" can be done by the youth of America.

As we look back over the past year and see what has been accomplished for the betterment of the order, through the difficulties that we had to pass it is surely shown that we are not to be put down and kept at the bottom. This is a free country supposed to be ruled by the people, and such, is what we have made our order, to be ruled by the members.

At the present time there are a few knockers trying to mislead the members by false statements but the way they are looking upon them they will not last very long and when they see what wrong they have done, or tried to do they will no doubt see the reason why the members are taking no stock in their wares.

Let us each realize that if we are to get good out of the order we must put good into it. The member who is only looking out for his own interests does not appreciate the true meaning of fraternity. If every member acted in this selfish manner the order would fail of its mission and nothing praiseworthy would be accomplished. No, brothers to get good out of the order we must all work together for the greatest good. It has made me feel good to see how some of the members have taken to the work, they are accomplishing more than they think, though they may not be able to see what they are doing, we at headquarters can see that it is taking effect.

Some of the members seem to not have learned the most important lesson taught by the order, that of Brotherly Love, I have seen letters written by brothers which are not worthy of a thought and still these persons claim to be good faithful members working for the good of the order.

The members should beware of these members who instead of a thought of brotherly love are only looking out for their own good, trying to make their gain from harm done a brother more worthy of consideration than himself.

Hoping that every member will do his utmost to promote harmony in the lodges and cultivate true brotherly feelings. I again wish you a happy New Year and remain.

Yours in "F"

Chas. R. Simon O. T. N.

Grand Secretary.

Our Grand Treasurer.



CHAS. E. ELLSWORTH.

Brother Ellsworth was born at Big Springs, Texas, April 1st, 1886, but shortly after moved to El Paso, Texas. His father occupied the position as Train Master and Dispatcher and is well known in railroad circles from coast to coast.

Brother Ellsworth first attended school at Morgan, Texas, and with the exception of one term, he finished his schooling at Huntingburg, Ind.

He has worked on the Huntingburg Independent paper; has been Yard Clerk on the Southern Railway; and now occupies the position of Chief Clerk for the Frisco Terminals at Springfield, Mo. His aim is to work himself up in the railroad service and later to make a study of law.

Brother Ellsworth joined the C. M. A. in September, 1900, and has since been

active in its interests. He has served as Secretary and Treasurer of Patoka Lodge, No. 2562 and also of Single Star Lodge No. 3408. He has taken a keen interest in the reorganization of the C. M. A. and one of the promoters of the present S. S. & H. plan.

Brother Chas. E. Petrie of Van Buren, Maine, is now at Orono, Me.

The brothers of Camp Hampton Lodge No. 5777 of Springfield, S. C., have erected a beautiful marble monument over the grave of their deceased brother, Paul Morgan, their worthy president who was accidentally killed at a ball game on July 4th, 1908. The monument is a very beautiful shaft and has the emblem of the order cut upon it.

Bestography.

Bestography is the secret cipher that is used in giving the password to the members each month. This is the most perplexing secret cipher ever originated. None except those having the key have yet been able to find it out.

Password.

The password for February is
30 23 12 73 41 17 26 25 30.

The Maine boys are beginning to fall into line we soon expect to see numerous new lodges up in the Old Bay State.

Now boys you can't get members unless you ask them to come in—you had to ask your wife or she would never have married you, (and she is probably sorry she did) but no man is ever sorry he has joined the I. O. C. M. A.

The Texas members say that the next State Convention will be one of the grandest things in the C. M. A. annals. They are beginning to make preparations for it at once and want to get in touch with all members in that state. Write to State Sec'y., Scott W. Hickey, Nevada, Texas.

And the Devil's the Tailor.

Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath.—Shakespeare.

Evils to Be Rid Of.

The only real thing is to study how to rid life of lamentation and complaint.—Epictetus.

W. Warren Harmon, 15°, O. T. N.



The above is a good picture of W. Warren Harmon, of Old Orchard, Me. Brother Harmon is one of the most influential members in the order and has always been in the front ranks in the reorganization of the order. He has worked unceasingly for the good of the order, with out any thought of an office for himself. Members such as him is what we want in the order.

McKelvie's Actions.

We are rather surprised at McKelvie's actions in the recent election. When we presented his name we were under the impression that he would accept the office and work for the betterment of the order, but have surely been mistaken in the man.

He now claims that his name was used as a drawing card to gain support for our plans, but this is an infamous lie. Had we known him as good as we do now, his name would never have appeared on the ticket and had the members in the Southwestern District known him, the outcome of the recent election would have been decidedly different in that respect.

McKelvie is now circulating a lot of false literature throughout the country stating that the election which was just he'd was illegal, as the order was not chartered, the charter ceasing at a the failure of the Hunter Publishing Co. This is not true, for the Coming Men of America and the Hunter Publishing Co. are two entirely different corporations and the failure of the former did in no manner effect the charter of the former which is as good today as the day it was taken out. We were legally elected and are lawful holders of the Grand offices of the order and if any of the members receive any more of McKelvie's literature they would do us a great favor if they would forward the same to us at once, so we can place it in the hands of our at-

torneys, in whose hands we have placed the McKelvie matter and who are taking care of it for us.

The members should pay no attention to this man and he will soon run his legs off. Above all, do not support him as he is entirely in the wrong and will gain nothing in the end.

Backbone.

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others
Walking in their castoff shoes;
Bowing low to wealth and favor
With abject and uncovered head,
Ready to retreat or waver,
Willing to be drove or led,
Walk yourself with firmer bearing
Throw your moral shoulders back;
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the thing which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone,
Than this, Backbone.

When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes,
Begging for some fat position
In the ring or at the polls
With no sterling manhood in him,
Nothing stable, broad or sound;
Destitute of pluck or ballast
Double-sided all around
Walk yourself with firmer bearing;
Throw your moral shoulders back;
Show your spine has nerve and marrow—
Just the thing which his must lack
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this, Backbone.

A modest song plainly told—
The next is worth a mine of gold;
For many men most sadly lack
A noble stiffness in the back.
L. Garrison Cline 5° O. T. N.



Roscoe W. Speer, 5°, O. T. N.

Brother Roscoe W. Speer of Medora, Indiana has been one of the members at the front in the reorganization of the order. He was elected Speaker of the Indiana State Association at their convention.

McKELVIE'S Megaphone has been received by us from one of our worthy brothers; this has been our first chance to see this sheet, and the only thing we have to say is to repeat the words as they were told us, "It is nothing except an

EMPTY sheet containing a lot of cheap advertisements and fake news; if you may call it news." It is put out for McKelvie's good and no one else's. Put before the public in a

GROVELLING manner. We have sent McKelvie a copy of the EMBLEM every month so that he could see just what we were doing and how things were going. He has never favored us with a copy of his paper and has done everything behind our back. His

VERSE paper has never found its way into our hands, and only through the hands of the third person have we been able to obtain a copy of the November issue. The

PAPER itself is nothing to be proud of as it contains little more than a batch of very cheap advertisements. It is not sent out under a publishers mailing permit, and it is a wonder to us how it gets into the mails at all

HAVING the class of advertising in it that it has, shows its long reach grasping for the Almighty dollar. The OUTLANDISH news that it contains is not very much pertaining to the order and we know that a lot of the items in the issue we seen telling of the members support for him to be untrue, which he calls

NEWS, but what the members are labeling otherwise. It is surprising to us the amount of nerve a man must have to present such a front to the members of the order and ask for their support as he does.

EXPLOSIONS are very dangerous and McKelvie surely must not have been in the clear when he set off his for he is about the only one that seems to have been harmed by it.

Right Action.

Rightness expresses of actions, what straightness does of lines; and there can no more be two kinds of right action than there can be two kinds of straight lines.—Herbert Spencer.

As to Glee Clubs.

"Seeing that they are about the saddest things on earth," observes the philosopher of folly, "I've often wondered why glee clubs' were so denominated."—Cleveland Leader.

Nomenclature.

The navigator of an airship is called an aviator. If the thing turns turtle and spills him out they gather up the fragments and call him Dennis.—Pasadena Star.

Improvements Suggested

We have been raised from a crisis of the most discouraging nature which any secret society could experience, and we are again on the move toward success. We have exhibited to the world no small amount of strength in withstanding such a failure as we have and it has certainly been vividly shown what "Young America" can do toward reconstruction. As I look over the past I can't but note the help which we have received, as an order engaged in the re-organization of itself, help from on High. I feel that God has directed our minds and aided us to maintain our existence. In view of this fact and future growth of our noble order, I think we should enact a law in our new constitution which would make it compulsory for each lodge of the C. M. A. to elect a chaplain who should open and close all meetings with prayer. This is done in all the successful secret societies. I also think that all rituals hereafter sent out should contain a suitable prayer at the beginning and at the close of the ritualistic services for regular meetings. Thus making prayer a part of the ritual and giving the office suggested a regular part.

One other suggestion: In the past each member has received full set of printed secret work to take home and I feel that seventy-five percent of these have not learned this work nor read it over more than once. Aside from this we run great risk of this secret work being found by those not belonging to the order, and are thus exposing ourselves to unnecessary dangers. My request is that here after each lodge only receive a full set of secret work and all members of the lodge receive their instruction in the work at the lodge rooms. I find that other secret societies do this way. These matters may not appeal to the rest of the brotherhood as it does to me but I trust you be inclined to favor the suggestions. We now have a Grand Lodge and should we request them to make these changes I think that they would willingly comply with our request. Now I ask each one to give these two matters their careful consideration and write the Grand Lodge asking them to make these important improvements. If you deem them as such after considering the matters.

Clyde R. Sumner, 5th O.T.N.,
New Haven, Vt.

La Fayette Star Lodge No. 5707 of La Fayette, N. J. are getting in trim for the spring term and will hold their election soon. The La Fayette boys are a nice set and we hope to see them increase their membership two-fold this coming year.

Has your lodge registered its name, time of meeting and officers for the year book? See blanks on page 8. Please fill out and send it in.

Clarence E. Wright of Hartford, Ark. has got in the "steady grind" and is stirring things up for the benefit of the order. His name is mentioned quite frequently in the letters we receive.

Kingsbury Star Lodge No. 5521 of Kingsbury, Texas is another one of Texas active lodges meeting in the W. O. W. hall the 1st and 3rd Fridays of every month. Visiting members are always welcome and assured a royal entertainment in the lodge room.

Have you reinstated? You have 15 days more to get in on our Year Book.

Twinkling Star Lodge No. 5403 of Paradise, Texas are meeting regularly every 1st. and 3rd. Friday nights, at the Pleasant Hill School house. Their new officers are as follows: E. R. Brewer, Pres; O. L. Oshields, V-Pres; O. E. Brewer, Sec'y; C. H. Klepper, Director; L. P. Oshields, Speaker, and F. W. Klepper, Sentinel. They now have a membership of 14 and are on the look-out for more, we soon expect to see them double that number.

Dont forget to reinstate.

The Active Old Wolverine.

The member of old Wolverine Lodge of Milan, Mich. on Dec. 2nd. enjoyed a chicken pie supper helped along with appetizing desert and "those pies like mother used to make". Bros. Mere Gump and Frank H. Dexter furnished amusement to the members in a three round boxing match after which various games were played. There is a list of applicants waiting to ride the goat. The Milan Lecture Course is proving a success and the members are looked up to and respected by the people of Milan.

Brother Chas. Luston of Old Wolverine Lodge No. 4697 resigned his position as treasurer and is now on a trip to Oklahoma. Emmett Pul'en is the acting treasurer. Brother Orin J. Bedford also succeeds Brother Howe as Sec'y. Brother Howe's time being taken up in other business matters.

Brother Frank H. Dexter, Jr., of Milan, Mich., Pres. of Michigan State C. M. A. would like to correspond with all Michigan members.

Brother Russell Hersh formerly of Port Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y. is now in Lakewood, N. J. working for the order the same as ever. We hope to see Brother Hersh start a lodge in that town some time in the near future.

Knights of the Mystic "F" Melita' Man., Canada are receiving new applications every meeting.

Brother Joe Staats of Stratford, Okla. is now at Wynnewood, Okla., attending college.

The Autun, S. C. members are a hustling bunch of members. They are sending in a batch of reinstatements every week.

Remember you have until the 15th of January to reinstate and get in on the Year Book.

The North State Star Lodge No 5163 of Burlington, N. C. is starting to stir itself again and are beginning to reinstate we hope to soon see them out in full force working for the order.

S. Talcott Cook of Middletown, N. Y. recently removed to Tacoma, Wash. and says he would like to meet with the brothers and start a lodge in that city for which he has a liking. We hope to see Brother Cook's wishes realized.

Have you reinstated? Remember you have until January 15th.

The Pride of Water Creek Lodge No. 5682 of Guernsey, Ark. meets the 1st and 3rd Wednesday of each month in the Public School house. They have a strong active lodge and do things up right down their way.

See the lodge blanks on page 8 to be filled out for the Ydar Book entries.

The following officers were elected at a meeting held by Metropolitan Lodge, No. 4197 of Port Arthur, Texas: A. P. McFadden, Pres; J. Wiley Harle, Vice-Pres; Emil M. Friedl, Secy. and Treas; Harry W. Baker, Director; Thurman Hicks, Speaker; and Otis A. Dickinson, Sentinel.

An Editor's Troubles — Editing a paper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-brained. If we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens. If we go we are hypocrites. If we remain in the office, we ought to go out and hustle. If we go out, then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes they say that we have a pull. Just as likely as not some one will say we stole this from an exchange. So we did.

Those improvements suggested by Brother Sumner of Vermont are alright and will be enacted in our By Laws.

Brother Eugene Herren of Cedar Park Texas, is now located at Georgetown, Texas, R. F. D. No 4.

The Lodge of Paradise, Texas, are still sending in new reinstatements, showing themselves to be active.

Brother H. R. Goodwin of Marblehead Mass., thinks our order should jump to its feet at once as matters seem very favorable now.

Comet Lodge of Cambelton, Texas, is one of the hustling Lodges of Texas and is sending in their reinstatements as soon as possible.

Oak Grove Lodge of Sanford, Fla., comes in with some new reinstatements and says things are beginning to pick up for the C. M. A. down their way.

Laurel Lodge No. 5417 Pocahontas, Va., is again getting on their feet, they are having quite a time as their secretary says most of the old members have left the city.

We hope to soon see Brother Ira S. Maures, Lake Butler, Fla., start a new lodge in that town the members are rather "leary" since Huuter failed, we are all right brothers, come.

Brother Attice Howard of Beards Creek writes and says that the members are all willing to fall into line as soon as matters are moving along nicely at headquarters—we are ready for active business now so fall in brothers and get in on the year book.

Metropolitan Lodge No 4197 of Port Arthur Texas are making things hum for the C. M. A. in their town they have already sent in a good batch of reinstatments and their secretary says he will send in just as many more before the end of the month.

The Brothers in Great Bend, N. Y., have reinstated and soon expect to start a lodge in full force in their town—we wish them all kinds of success and hope they will have as strong a lodge as in their state.

To Whom It May Concern —

The matter of admitting South Carolina to the Ga., Ala., Fla., C. M. A. is under discussion, and we would like to have the opinion of all the members in the four states. There is no doubt of the benefits of such a union, for it would bring about more unity and strength. Please let us hear from you at once, and address.

Howard J. Hicks, 15°.

Hogansville, Ga.

Y. Finck Taylor, 15° G. V-P. S. E. Dist.
Carrabelle, Fla.

How Our Brothers Can Help Organize New Lodges.

When a C. M. A. brother goes visiting to some town this coming year, (1909) and is going to visit relatives and friends, one of the first things the Grand Lodge would like to see our Brothers do, is to send to headquarters for some advertising, before he goes on this trip or visit. Then have your friends tell you the names of some boys and young men in their town or city of good character and give them one of the speaking leaves of our noble order and tell them you would like to organize a lodge in their town, so their young men could enjoy one another's Friendship and brotherly love. Another way of helping our order is for our brothers who have cousins or friends in their neighboring cities or towns to write them and tell them of our noble order and its teachings. Tell them how many young men it takes to organize a lodge and how much it costs to stay in good standing and to join our ranks.

When your lodge's ball team goes to some neighboring town this season to play base ball, our brothers ought to tell the boys of the other team what a grand lodge they belong to. When our brothers move away from the town in which their lodge is situated our order will be glad to see them organize a lodge in the town where they move their residence. Brothers, there are a great many ways for our noble lodge to build up, and these are just a few suggestions for our brothers to try and do when they can. The more lodges we organize the more interesting our order will be. The brother who sends in the applications of members to organize the new lodges will be awarded the degrees according to the applications secured. Hoping our brothers success in their work. I remain.

Your in "F"

Chas. E. Ellsworth,

Grand Treasurer of C. M. A.

Has your lodge been reinstated yet?

Mudlavia Lodge No 5833 of Kramer, Ind., hold their regular meetings every Monday night and are prospering. The following are the officers elected: Gray Ligett, Pres.; Freman Hitrick, V-Pres.; Walter I. Ruark, Sec'y and Treas.; Clate Solomon, Speaker; Raymond Laurie, Director, and Harley Hogue, Sentinel. Their secretary has has sent in a nice bunch of reinstatements.

Brother Robert Martin was married November 1, to Miss Jennie Huckabee, N. K. Foster officiating at the ceremony. We join with the brothers in congratulating the new couple.

Brother Samiel Osborne, a member of Eastern Star Lodge No. 5830 of Belva, W. Va., has joined the 8th Recruit Co. of the U. S. Army. The lodge regrets very much to lose him, as he has been a member of Star Lodge for a good while. But we hope to meet Brother Osborne in three years, when his enlistment expires and again clasp his hand in Brotherly Love. Any member wishing to write to him should address him as follows.

Samiel Osborne,
8th. Recruit Co.,
Columbus Barracks,
Ohio.

Brothers and Co-workers of the order:

I take this method of thanking one and all for the support given me in this campaign and the honor conferred upon me, and further-more, I will state, that I will take leading part in the organization of new lodges and the re-organization of old lodges, and I will take the greatest care to watch and guard the treasury in a business-like manner and see that no graft will be brought up by any members, again thanking you I remain.

Yours in "F"

Chas. E. Ellsworth.

The members of Rising Sun Lodge of Autun, South Carolina are a busy bunch and are working for the C. M. A. in their part of the country. At a special meeting, recently held, the following officers were elected; R. L. Anderson, Pres., E. G. Chapman, V-Pres., E. V. Harbin, Sec'y., S. W. Anderson, Treas., S. J. Anderson, Director, J. J. Harbin, Speaker and P. W. Anderson, Sentinel. They meet every Monday night.

Eastern Star Lodge No. 5830 C. M. A. meets in the Red School House at Belva, W. Va.

Georgia, Alabama and Florida State Meeting.

The next meeting of the Georgia, Alabama and Florida C. M. A. will be held at Atlanta, Ga., June 3, 4, and 5th 1909, all members are requested to correspond with either of the following in order that we may arrange a satisfactory program. Everybody Invited.

Howard Hicks, 15° O. T. N., Pres.,
Hogansville, Ga.
C. S. Tippetts, Sec'y.,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Wecussestgo Lodge No 5253 of Portland, Me., will soon be active again here are their officers: Henry B. Westcott, Pres.; Herbert Piston, V-Pres.; Arthur Maxfield, Sec'y. & Treas.; Everett Feckett, Speaker; Leroy Latham, Director; Louis Brown, Sentinel and Henry M. Strickland, Chaplain.

RONALD'S PUNISHMENT.

By
Julian T. Baber.

"By George; that collection of Dr. Anderson's is a peach and I am going to have it, fair means or foul. That 'Post-Office' Mauritius is what I want in particular." These words were spoken by Ronald Early, a sixteen-year old boy, as he entered his room in the boarding-house.

"I can't get the collection by myself, so I'll have to take in a partner. Sam Cummings is the boy I want to see." So getting up from beside the stove and putting on his overshoes and overcoat, he set out for Sam's house. Sam lived about a half-mile from the boarding-house, so Ronald had quite a cold walk before him. In time he arrived and was soon in consultation with Sam.

Sam agreed to Ronald's proposition, and the time for this exciting venture was set for the following night.

Sam was to sneak into the kitchen of Dr. Anderson's residence and make his way to the parlor, where the coveted album was kept. When he had procured the album he was to open the parlor window and hand it to Ronald, who would be waiting for it.

Dr. Anderson was an old bachelor, and lived to himself. It was not customary for him to come home from his office until 10 o'clock. The boys knew this, and agreed to start for the doctor's residence at 9 o'clock.

The night was cloudy, and a drizzling rain was falling.

Ronald and Sam reached the doctor's house at the appointed time, and Sam made his way into the house without any trouble. As soon as he had the album in his hands he made his way to the window and gave it to Ronald. Then closing the window through which he had entered the building, the two set out for Ronald's boarding-house. They were about half-way to the boarding-house when who should they meet but Dr. Anderson coming down the street.

Ronald became very nervous when he saw the doctor approaching him, and to cap the climax he stumbled over the water fixture in the sidewalk and down he fell, album, stamps and all directly in front of Dr. Anderson. The doctor immediately recognized his album, and demanded an explanation from Ronald.

Sam by this time had disappeared

around a corner and was running for home. Ronald was too dazed to speak. The old gentleman knew at once that they had stolen his album, so he called a policeman, and Ronald was bundled off to the station-house. He had to answer the charge of burglary, and was sentenced to four years in the reformatory. Sam escaped the vigilance of the police, and to last accounts hasn't been heard from.

Dr. Anderson, though very thankful that his collection was not confiscated, was very angry at the boys, and told the judge to give them the full extent of the law.

Later on the doctor's heart became softened, and he asked the authorities to pardon Ronald.

This they willingly did, thinking that the boy had been punished enough by the shame that was heaped upon him.

Naming Your Lodge

In giving your local lodge a name, don't give it one containing a half-dozen or more words or a word containing all the letters in the alphabet; one or two words are plenty and it will be more easily remembered and you will also find that the name of your lodge will be used a great deal more. The best way is to give it the same name as your town, it helps to identify it when spoken of without an address. This is not compulsory but it helps others to remember your lodge more easily as one word is more easily remembered and spoken than two or more. Any single word is good.

"Pity, 'Tis, 'Tis True."

All the world's a stage, and most of us are in the gallery.—Chicago Journal.

Fill Out This Coupon

Cut it out and send it in with 50 cents or \$1.00. Use P. O. or Express order or Registered Letter.

CHAS. R. SIMON, Grand Secretary,
I. O. C. M. A., Alma, Kansas.

Dear Sir:—I hereby apply for membership in the I. O. C. M. A. I solemnly affirm that I am a white male 14 years of age (or over) and I promise upon my word of honor, not to disclose any of the secrets of the order to any person not a member of the I. O. C. M. A. in good standing. This promise is made with the understanding that there is nothing in the teachings of the order that conflicts with my religion, politics, or duty to friends or parents.

Enclosed find $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} 50 \text{ cents for six months dues} \\ \$1.00 \text{ for one years dues} \\ \$1.75 \text{ for two years dues} \end{array} \right.$

Name.....

Age on last birthday..... Street, P. O. Box
or Rural Route.....

Old Cert. No..... Town..... State.....

CHAS. R. SIMON, Grand Secy.
Alma, Kansas.

DEAR BROTHER:—Place the lodge on your Year Book for the year 1909, as follows:

Name of Lodge..... No.....

Address.....

Time and Day of Meeting..... Night at..... P. M.

Number of Members.....

President..... Secretary.....

Address..... Address.....

.....1909.



CHAPTER I.

Wave-Tossed and Castaway.



THE beginning was at Cape Town, when Blake and Winthrope boarded the steamer as fellow passengers with Lady Bayrose and her party.

This was a week after Winthrope had arrived on the tramp steamer from India, and her ladyship had explained to Miss Leslie that it was as well for her not to be too hasty in accepting his attentions. To be sure, he was an Englishman, his dress and manners were irreproachable, and he was in the prime of ripened youth. Yet Lady Bayrose was too conscientious a chaperon to be fully satisfied with her countryman's bare assertion that he was engaged on a diplomatic mission requiring reticence regarding his identity. She did not see why this should prevent him from confiding in her.

Notwithstanding this, Winthrope came aboard ship virtually as a member of her ladyship's party. He was so quick, so thoughtful of her comfort, and paid so much more attention to her than to Miss Leslie, that her ladyship had decided to tolerate him, even before Blake became a factor in the situation.

From the moment he crossed the gangway the American engineer entered upon a dally routine of drinking and gambling, varied only by attempts to strike up an off-hand acquaintance with Miss Leslie. This was Winthrope's opportunity, and his clever frustration of what Lady Bayrose termed "that low bouncer's impudence" served to install him in the good graces of her ladyship as well as in the favor of the American heiress.

Such, at least, was what Winthrope intimated to the persistent engineer with a superciliousness of tone and manner that would have stung even a British lackey to resentment. To Blake it was supremely galling. He could not rejoin in kind, and the slightest attempt at physical retort would have meant irons and confine-

ment. It was a British ship. Behind Winthrope was Lady Bayrose; behind her ladyship, as a matter of course, was all the despotic authority of the captain. In the circumstances, it was not surprising that the American drank heavier after each successive goading.

Meantime the ship, having touched at Port Natal, steamed on up the east coast, into the Mozambique channel.

On the day of the cyclone, Blake had withdrawn into his stateroom with



Sleeping the Sleep of the Just and the Drunkard.

a number of bottles, and throughout that fearful afternoon was blissfully unconscious of the danger. Even when the steamer went on the reef, he was only partially roused by the shock.

He took a long pull from a quart flask of whisky, placed the flask with great care in his hip pocket, and lurched out through the open doorway. There he reeled headlong against the mate, who had rushed below with three of the crew to bring up Miss Leslie. The mate cursed him vir-

ulently, and in the same breath ordered two of the men to fetch him up on deck.

The sea was breaking over the steamer in torrents; but between waves Blake was dragged across to the side and flung over into the bottom of the one remaining boat. He served as a cushion to break the fall of Miss Leslie, who was tossed in after him. At the same time, Winthrope, frantic with fear, scrambled into the bows and cut loose. One of the sailors leaped, but fell short and went down within arm's length of Miss Leslie.

She and Winthrope saw the steamer slip from the reef and sink back into deep water, carrying down in the vortex the mate and the few remaining sailors. After that all was chaos to them. They were driven ashore before the terrific gusts of the cyclone, blinded by the stinging spindrift to all else but the hell of breakers and coral reefs in whose midst they swirled so dizzily. And through it all Blake lay huddled on the bottom boards gurgling blithely of spicy zephyrs and swaying hammocks.

There came the seemingly final moment when the boat went spinning stern over prow.

Half-sobered, Blake opened his eyes and stared solemnly about him. He was given little time to take his bearings. A smother of broken surf came seething up from one of the great breakers, to roll him over and scrape him a little farther up the muddy shore. There the flood deposited him for a moment, until it could gather force to sweep back and drag him down again toward the roaring sea that had cast him up.

Blake objected—not to the danger of being drowned, but to interference with his repose. He had reached the obstinate stage. He grunted a protest. Again the flood seethed up the shore, and rolled him away from the danger.

This was too much! He set his jaw, turned over, and staggered to his feet. Instantly one of the terrific wind-blasts struck his broad back and sent him spinning for yards. He brought up in a shallow pool, beside a hummock.

Under the lee of the knoll lay Winthrope and Miss Leslie. Though conscious, both were draggled and bruised and beaten to exhaustion. They were together because they had come ashore together. When the boat capsized, Miss Leslie had been flung against the Englishman, and they had held fast to each other with the desperate clutch of drowning persons. Neither of them ever recalled how they gained the shelter of the hummock.

Blake, sitting waist-deep in the pool, blinked at them benignly with his pale blue eyes, and produced the quart flask, still a third full of whisky.

"I shay, fren's," he observed, "ha' one on me. Won' cos' you shent—notta re' shent!"

"You fuddled lout!" shouted Winthrope. "Come out of that pool."

"Wassama'er pool? Pool's allri!"

The Englishman squinted through the driving scud at the intoxicated man with an anxious frown. In all probability he felt no commiseration for the American; but it was no light matter to be flung up barehanded on the most unhealthy and savage stretch of the Mozambique coast, and Blake might be able to help them out of their predicament. To leave him in the pool was therefore not to be thought of. So soon as he had drained his bottle, he would lie down, and that would be the end of him. As any attempt to move him forcibly was out of the question, the situation demanded that Winthrope justify his intimations of diplomatic training. After considering the problem for several minutes, he met it in a way that proved he was at least not lacking in shrewdness and tact.

"See here, Blake," he called, in another lull between the shrieking gusts. "The lady is fatigued. You're too much of a gentleman to ask her to come over there."

It required some moments for this to penetrate Blake's fuddled brain. After a futile attempt to gain his feet, he crawled out of the pool on all fours, and, with tears in his eyes, pressed his flask upon Miss Leslie. She shrank away from him, shuddering, and drew herself up in a huddle of flaccid limbs and limp garments. Winthrope, however, not only accepted the flask, but came near to draining it.

Blake squinted at the diminished contents, hesitated, and cast a glance of maudlin gallantry at Miss Leslie. She lay coiled, closer than before, in a dragged heap. Her posture suggested sleep. Blake stared at her, the flask extended waveringly before him. Then he brought it to his lips, and drained out the last drop.

"Time turn in," he mumbled, and sprawled full length in the brackish ooze. Immediately he fell into a drunken stupor.

Winthrope, invigorated by the liquor, rose to his knees, and peered around. It was impossible to face the scud and spondrift from the furious sea; but to leeward he caught a glimpse of a marsh flooded with salt water, its reedy vegetation beaten flat by the storm. He himself was beaten down by a terrific gust. Panting and trembling, he waited for the wind to lull, in hope that he might obtain a clearer view of his surroundings. Before he again dared rise to his feet, darkness swept down with tropical suddenness and blurred out everything.

The effect of the whisky soon passed, and Winthrope huddled between his companions, drenched and exhausted. Though he could hear Miss Leslie moaning, he was too miserable himself to inquire whether he could do anything for her.

Presently he became aware that the wind was falling. The center of the

(Continued on page 11, last column)



When skies are cold with wintry stars, and hills
 are white with yester-even's snow, and lie
 in ghostly state beneath the ghostly sky;
 When many a gusty blast the darkness fills
 With ever lonely, homeless sound, and chills
 The window panes with frost; when crackling
 The sparks about the hearth, and glow and die,
 While in the pause his note the cricket trills;
 Oh, then how dear is home! and what a sense
 Of ruddy warmth and peace beguiles the mind!
 And what a charm in listening while the wind
 Blows fierce outside, through winter's starry tents
 And dies away around the window-pane,
 And ever rises loud, and dies again!

—Ernest Warburton Shurtleff.

Care for Rubbers.

To prevent the heel plates of children's shoes wearing and cutting through their rubbers glue pieces of felt or thick flannel in the heels where the wear comes. The overshoes will last much longer.

Faith.

The faith that passeth understanding is the kind one has who pays one dollar for a blood purifier which is passed over the counter by a man whose face is full of blotches.

New Year's Greetings



The Newness of the Year



"DAPPY New Year!" The glad greeting rings out on every hand. A new twelve month has been ushered in with all its mystery of "the things which are to be."

We need then for ourselves and for others to put the emphasis upon the word "new" rather than upon the term "year." That another year has come is relatively unimportant. The stress is to be laid not on the quantity but on the quality of one's life. All that an earnest soul can do is to live each day of the new year by itself, as it comes in its turn, trying, if so it may be, to put a month's effort in one day, and a day's victory into a single hour. The time is short, and it remaineth that all who know Christ and partake of his gift of new life should be diligent always, watch unto prayer and boast not themselves of the morrow. Sufficient unto each day is the burden and blessing thereof.

The newness of the new year is essentially a newness of spirit. A new man will always enjoy the new year. When another January arrives it is distinctively the time to slough off the old and to put on the new. There is an old nature to be discarded, and a new spiritual manhood to be assumed. The trouble with many people, however, is that they try to remake and to reform themselves, forgetting that a few good resolutions, more or less loosely kept, can at best only touch the outside and possess no interior efficacy in the recesses of the spirit. The new man who is really worthy of the name is the new man in Christ Jesus. Where Jesus is there is always newness of experience, renovation of the moral nature, freshness of hope and a resiliency of elastic joy. It is not necessary to wait until the first of January in any approaching year to win the wisdom of such a heavenly faith or to experience the benefits of such a spiritual quickening. The promise of God is now, to every one that believeth. Each morning may be a resurrection day, each evening a time of golden promise fair, yet not as fading, as the sunset. The New Year joy is for all of life, all the time.

It is stimulating and encouraging to feel that a brand new year is offered for happy employment, and that the old records with their motley pages,

some still vacant and other marred, and, perhaps, here and there blotted with tears, may be put away, and fresh, unstained pages substituted in their place. It is helpful to remind oneself that those broken resolutions of 1908 may be renewed in 1909, and, what is better, reinforced by more of that prayer and divine grace for want of which the idealizing resolves of the past year were soon forgotten or went so sadly unfulfilled. The new year means, accordingly, a new hope, a new song, a new endeavor, a new outlook, a new inspiration, a new determination and a new grace—every new thing that is good appears to be possible in its gift. A hope like this makes any doubter optimistic, and gives to existence the character of a life worth living.

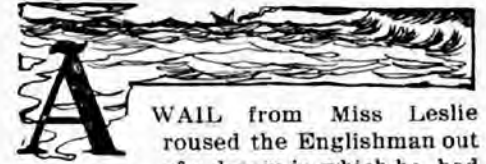
A wide chasm seems to intervene between the old and the new. Into its depths should be cast every regret, every halting doubt, and every hampering fear which belongs to the past period of our experience and which would burden and hinder our worthy efforts and spiritual progress in the new year. Let us take up our new duties and meet our fresh opportunities in free, gladsome and hopeful spirit, knowing that God, who has purposed them for our uplift, will give us grace to carry us safely through.

Happy New Year! The message is sent far and near. Let the glad greeting be heard on all sides. There is a prophecy and a promise in the New Year. Even to those who are bent with grief, or lonely by reason of bitter bereavement it is possible and timely to say, though with lowered tone and softened accent: "Happy New Year!" Every year will be a happy, or, at least, a peaceful, one in which the presence of the Lord is realized—which is spent under the protection of his wings, while its duties are discharged in his fear and its responsibilities are borne with the assistance of his grace. For the Christian every year should be an improvement on the past, and offer its additional opportunities for growing in grace and Christlikeness. The Christian is a convinced and convincing optimist for, having a heavenly hope which the world can never give or take away, he can in every condition of life find a basis for an assured happiness expressing itself in the oft-quoted dictum: "The best of all is, 'God is with us!'"

cyclone had passed before the ship struck, and they were now in the outermost circle of the vast whirlwind. With the consciousness of this change for the better, Winthrop's fear-racked nerves relaxed and he fell into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER II.

Worse Than Wilderness.



"A" WAIL from Miss Leslie roused the Englishman out of a dream in which he had been swimming for life across a sea of boiling oil. He sat up and gazed about him, half-dazed. The cyclone had been followed by a dead calm, and the sun, already well above the horizon, was blazing upon them over the glassy surfaces of the dying swells with fierce heat.

Winthrop felt about for his hat. It had been blown off when, at the striking of the steamer, he had rushed up on deck. As he remembered, he straightened, and looked at his companions. Blake lay snoring where he had first outstretched himself, sleeping the sleep of the just—and of the drunkard. The girl, however, was already awake. She sat with her hands clasped in her lap, while the tears rolled slowly down her cheeks.

"My—ah—dear Miss Genevieve, what is the matter?" exclaimed Winthrop.

"Matter? Do you ask, when we are here on this wretched coast, and may not get away for weeks? Oh, I did so count on the London season this year! Lady Bayrose promised that I should be among those presented."

"Well, I—ah—fancy, Lady Bayrose will do no more presenting—unless it may be to the heavenly choir, you know."

"Why, what do you mean, Mr. Winthrop? You told me that she and the maids had been put in the largest boat—"

"My dear Miss Genevieve, you must remember that I am a diplomat. It was all quite sufficiently harrowing, I assure you. They were, indeed, put into the largest boat—Beastly muddle!—While they waited for the mate to fetch you, the boat was crushed alongside, and all in it drowned."

"Drowned!—drowned! Oh, dear Lady Bayrose! And she'd traveled so much—oh, oh, it is horrible! Why did she persuade me to visit the Cape? It was only to be with her—And then for us to start off for India, when we might have sailed straight to England! Oh, it is horrible! horrible! And my maid, and all—It cannot be possible!"

"Pray, do not excite yourself, my dear Miss Genevieve. Their troubles are all over. Er—Gawd has taken them to Him, you know."

"But the pity of it! To be drowned—so far from home!"



"An, if that's all you're worrying about!—I must say I'd like to know how we'll get a snack for breakfast. I'm hungry as a—er—groom."

"Eating! How can you think of eating, Mr. Winthrop—and all the others drowned? This sun is becoming dreadfully hot. It is unbearable! Can you not put up some kind of an awning?"

"Well, now, I must say, I was never much of a hand at such things, and really I can't imagine what one could rig up. There might have been a bit of sail in the boat, but one can't see a sign of it. I fancy it was smashed."

Miss Leslie ventured a glance at Blake. Though still lying as he had sprawled in his drunkenness, there was a comforting suggestion of power in his broad shoulders and square jaw.

"Is he still—in that condition?"

"Must have slept it off by this time, and there's no more in the flask," answered Winthrop. Reaching over with his foot, he pushed against Blake's back.

"Huh! All right," grunted the sleeper, and sat up, as had Winthrop, half dazed. Then he stared around him, and rose to his feet. "Well, what in hell! Say, this is damn cheerful!"

"I fancy we are in a nasty fix. But I say, my man, there is a woman present, and your language, you know—"

Blake turned and fixed the Englishman with a cold stare.

"Look here, you bloomin' lud," he said, "there's just one thing you're going to understand, right here and now. I'm not your man, and we're not going to have any of that kind of blatter. Any fool can see we're in a tight hole, and we're like to keep company for a while—probably long as we last."

"What—ah—may I ask, do you mean by that?"

Blake laughed harshly, and pointed from the reef-strewn sea to the vast stretches of desolate marsh. Far inland, across miles of brackish lagoons and reedy mud-flats, could be seen groups of scrubby, half-leafless trees; ten or twelve miles to the southward a rocky headland jutted out into the water; otherwise there was nothing in sight but sea and swamp. If it could not properly be termed a sea-view, it was at least a very wet landscape.

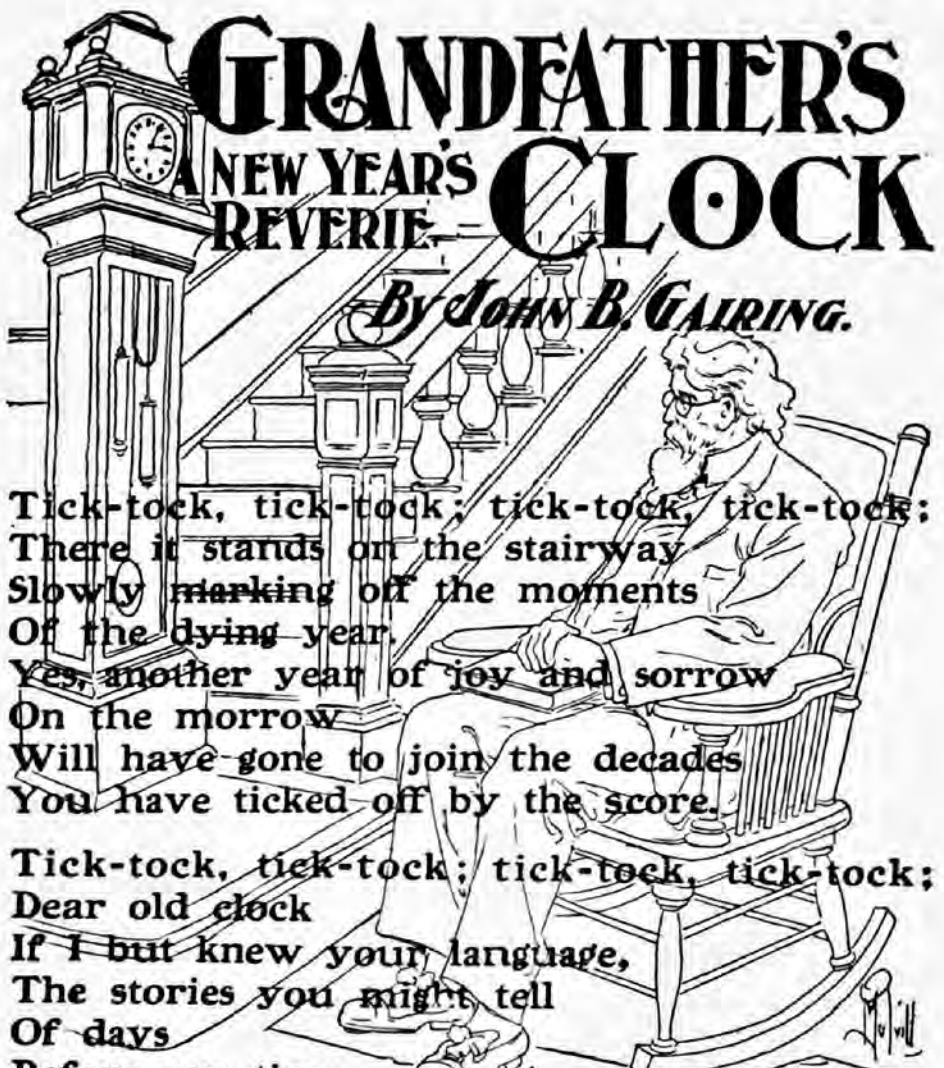
"Fine prospect," remarked Blake, dryly. "We'll be in luck if the fever don't get the last of us inside a month; and as for you two, you'd have as much show of lasting a month as a toad with a rattlesnake, if it wasn't for Tom Blake—that's my name—Tom Blake—and as long as this shindy lasts, you're welcome to call me Tom or Blake, whichever suits. But understand, we're not going to have any more of your bloody, bloomin' English condescension. Aboard ship you had the drop on me, and could pile on dog till the cows came home. Here I'm Blake and you're Winthrop."

"Believe me, Mr. Blake, I quite appreciate the—ah—situation. And now,

(Continued on page 13, last column)

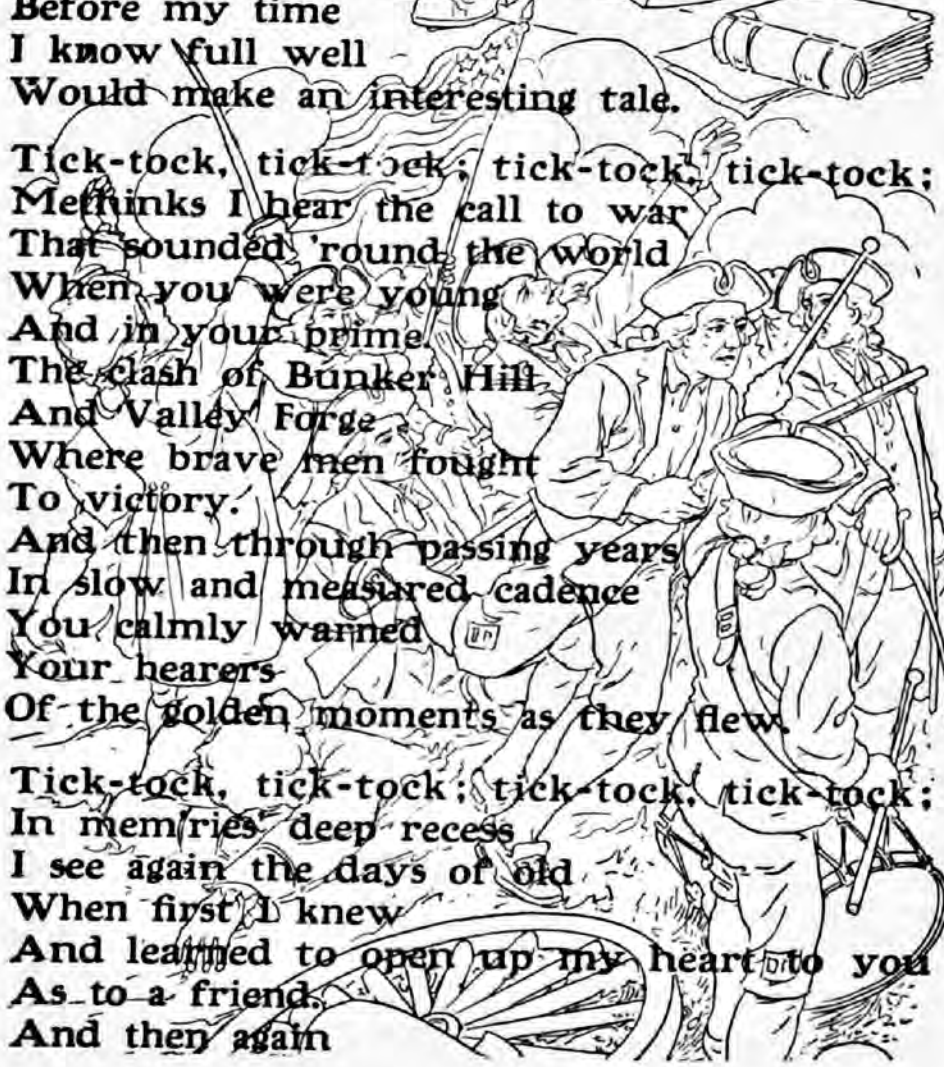
GRANDFATHER'S NEW YEAR'S REVERIE—CLOCK

By JOHN B. GAIRING.



Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
There it stands on the stairway
Slowly marking off the moments
Of the dying year.
Yes, another year of joy and sorrow
On the morrow
Will have gone to join the decades
You have ticked off by the score.

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
Dear old clock
If I but knew your language,
The stories you might tell
Of days
Before my time
I know full well
Would make an interesting tale.



Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
Methinks I hear the call to war
That sounded 'round the world
When you were young
And in your prime
The clash of Bunker Hill
And Valley Forge
Where brave men fought
To victory.
And then through passing years
In slow and measured cadence
You calmly warned
Your hearers
Of the golden moments as they flew.

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
In memories' deep recess
I see again the days of old
When first I knew
And learned to open up my heart to you
As to a friend.
And then again

I see
The loved ones of a later day;
With your protecting hands
You seemed to guard them
From all harm
As round your feet they played.

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
When Mary
Went to join the hosts above
Your deep voice seemed
To offer condolence
To the afflicted ones
And bid them cease their tears.

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
Old rascal!
Remember you the time
When John was wooing Nell
How we connived
To tell him when 'twas time to go,
How loudly you proclaimed the hour
When I did wind you
For the coming day?

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
Now we're alone.
The child of yesterday has gone to grace
Another home
For other children just as fair
As she was
When with chubby hand she'd point
At your round face and laugh
With glee
When you would toll the passing hour.

Tick-tock, tick-tock; tick-tock, tick-tock;
And now
While we are waiting here
To welcome in with loud acclaim
The new-born year,
Let's hope
That in His mercy He will be
A shield and guide
To both of us
As in the days ago.

I fancy that, instead of wasting time—"

"It's about time you introduced me to the lady," interrupted Blake, and he stared at them half defiantly, yet with a twinkle in his eyes.

Miss Leslie flushed. Winthrop swore softly, and bit his lip. Aboard ship, backed by Lady Bayrose and the captain, he had goaded the American at pleasure. Now, however, the situation was reversed. Both title and authority had been swept away by the storm, and he was left to shift for himself against the man who had every reason to hate him for his overbearing insolence. Worse still, both he and Miss Leslie were now dependent upon the American, in all probability for life itself. It was a bitter pill and hard to swallow.

Blake was not slow to observe the Englishman's hesitancy. He grinned.

"Every dog has his day, and I guess this is mine," he said. "Take your time, if it comes hard. I can imagine it's a pretty stiff dose for your ludship. But why in—why in frozen hades an American lady should object to an introduction to a countryman who's going to do his level best to save her pretty little self from the hyenas—well, it beats me."

Winthrop flushed redder than the girl.

"Miss Leslie, Mr. Blake," he murmured, hoping to put an end to the situation.

But yet Blake persisted. He bowed, openly exultant.

"You see, miss," he said, "I know the correct thing quite as much as your swells. I knew all along you were Jenny Leslie. I ran a survey for your dear papa when he was manipulating the Q. T. railroad, and he did me out of my pay."

"Oh, but Mr. Blake, I am sure it must be a mistake; I am sure that if it is explained to papa—"

"Yes; we'll cable papa to-night. Meantime, we've something else to do. Suppose you two get a hustle on yourselves, and scrape up something to eat. I'm going out to see what's left of that blamed old tub."

"Surely you'll not venture to swim out so far!" protested Winthrop. "I saw the steamer sink as we cast off."

"Looks like a mast sticking up out there. Maybe some of the rigging is loose."

"But the sharks! These waters swarm with the vile creatures. You must not risk your life!"

"'Cause why? If I do, the babes in the woods will be left without even the robins to cover them, poor things! But cheer up!—maybe the mud-hens will do it with lovely water-lilies."

"Please, Mr. Blake, do not be so cruel!" sobbed Miss Leslie, her tears starting afresh. "The sun makes my head ache dreadfully, and I have no hat or shade, and I'm becoming so thirsty!"

"And you think you've only to wait, and half a dozen stewards will come running with parasols and ice water.



Neither you nor Winthrope seem to 've got your eyes open. Just suppose you get busy and do something. Winthrope, chase yourself over the mud, and get together a mess of fish that are not too dead. Must be dozens, aft- the blow. As for you, Miss Jenny, I guess you can pick up some reeds and rig a headgear out of this handkerchief— Wait a moment. Put on my coat, if you don't want to be broiled alive through the holes of that peek-a-boo."

"But I say, Blake—" began Winthrope.

"Don't say—do!" rejoined Blake; and he started down the muddy shore.

Though the tide was at flood, there was now no cyclone to drive the sea above the beach, and Blake walked a quarter of a mile before he reached the water's edge. There was little surf, and he paused only a few moments to peer out across the low swells before he commenced to strip.

Winthrope and Miss Leslie had been watching his movements; now the girl rose in a little flurry of haste, and set to gathering reeds. Winthrope would have spoken, but, seeing her embarrassment, smiled to himself, and began strolling about in search of fish.

It was no difficult search. The marshy ground was strewn with dead sea-creatures, many of which were already shrivelling and drying in the sun. Some of the fish had a familiar look, and Winthrope turned them over with the tip of his shoe. He even went so far as to stoop to pick up a large mullet; but shrank back, repulsed by its stiffness and the unnatural shape into which the sun was warping it.

He found himself near the beach, and stood for half an hour or more watching the black dot far out in the water—all that was to be seen of Blake. The American, after wading off-shore another quarter of a mile, had reached swimming depth, and was heading out among the reefs with steady, vigorous strokes. Half a mile or so beyond him Winthrope could now make out the goal for which he was aiming—the one remaining topmast of the steamer.

"By Jove, these waters are full of sharks!" murmured Winthrope, staring at the steadily receding dot until it disappeared behind the wall of surf which spumed up over one of the outer reefs.

A call from Miss Leslie interrupted his watch, and he hastened to rejoin her. After several failures, she had contrived to knot Blake's handkerchief to three or four reeds in the form of a little sunshade. Her shoulders were protected by Blake's coat. It made a heavy wrap, but it shut out the blistering sun rays, which, as Blake had foreseen, had quickly begun to burn the girl's delicate skin through her open-work bodice.

Thus protected, she was fairly safe from the sun. But the sun was by no means the worst feature of the situation. While Winthrope was yet several

yards distant, the girl began to complain to him. "I'm so thirsty, Mr. Winthrope! Where is there any water? Please get me a drink at once, Mr. Winthrope!"

"But, my dear Miss Leslie, there is no water. These pools are all seawater. I must say, I'm deuced dry myself. I can't see why that cad should go off and leave us like this, when we need him most."

"Indeed, it is a shame—Oh, I'm so thirsty! Do you think it would help if we ate something?"

"Make it all the worse. Besides, how could we cook anything? All these reeds are green, or at least water-soaked."

"But Mr. Blake said to gather some fish. Had you not best—"

"He can pick up all he wants. I shall not touch the beastly things."

"Then I suppose there is nothing to do but wait for him."

"Yes, if the sharks do not get him."

Miss Leslie uttered a little moan, and Winthrope, seeing that she was on the verge of tears, hastened to re-



Two or Three Small Fish Lay Faintly Wriggling on the Surface.

assure her. "Don't worry about him, Miss Genevieve! He'll soon return, with nothing worse than a blistered back. Fellows of that sort are born to hang, you know."

"But if he should be—if anything should happen to him!"

Winthrope shrugged his shoulders, and drew out his silver cigarette case. It was more than half-full, and he was highly gratified to find that neither the cigarettes nor the vesta matches in the cover had been reached by the wet.

"By Jove, here's luck!" he exclaimed, and he bowed to Miss Leslie. "Pardon me, but if you have no objections—"

The girl nodded as a matter of form, and Winthrope hastened to light the cigarette already in his fingers. The smoke by no means tended to lessen the dryness of his mouth; yet it put him in a reflective mood, and in thinking over what he had read of shipwrecked parties, he remembered that a pebble held in the mouth is supposed to ease one's thirst.

To be sure, there was not a sign of a pebble within miles of where they sat; but after some reflection, it occurred to him that one of his steel keys might do as well. At first Miss Leslie was reluctant to try the experiment, and only the increasing dryness of her mouth forced her to seek the promised relief. Though it failed to quench her thirst, she was agreeably surprised to find that the little flat bar of metal eased her craving to a marked degree.

Winthrope now thought to rig a shade as Miss Leslie had done, out of reeds and his handkerchief, for the sun was scorching his unprotected head. Thus sheltered, the two crouched as comfortably as they could upon the half-dried crest of the hummock and waited impatiently for the return of Blake.

CHAPTER III.

The Worth of Fire.



THOUGH the sea within the reefs was fast smoothing to a glassy plain in the dead calm, they did not see Blake on his return until he struck shallow water and stood up to wade ashore. The tide had begun to ebb before he started landward, and though he was a powerful swimmer, the long pull against the current had so tired him that when he took to wading he moved at a tortoise-like gait.

"The bloomin' loafer!" commented Winthrope. He glanced quickly about, and at sight of Miss Leslie's arching brows, hastened to add: "Beg pardon! He—ah—reminds me so much of a navy, you know."

Miss Leslie made no reply.

At last Blake was out of the water and toiling up the muddy beach to the spot where he had left his clothes. While dressing he seemed to recover from his exertions in the water, for the moment he had finished he sprang to his feet and came forward at a brisk pace.

As he approached, Winthrope waved his fifth cigarette at him with languid enthusiasm, and called out as heartily as his dry lips would permit: "I say, Blake, deuced glad the sharks didn't get you!"

"Sharks?—bah! All you have to do is to splash a little, and they haul off."

"How about the steamer, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie, turning to face him.

"All under but the mainmast—"

curse it!—wire rigging at that! Couldn't even get a bolt."

"A bolt?"

"Not a bolt; and here we are as good as naked on this infernal—Hey, you! what you doing with that match? Light your cigarette—light it!— Damnation!"

Heedless of Blake's warning cry, Winthrope had struck his last vesta, and now, angry and bewildered, he stood staring while the little taper burned itself out. With an oath, Blake sprang to catch it as it dropped from between Winthrope's fingers. But he was too far away. It fell among the damp rushes, spluttered, and flared out.

For a moment Blake knelt, staring at the rushes as though stupefied; then he sprang up before Winthrope, his bronzed face purple with anger.

"Where's your matchbox? Got any more?" he demanded.

"Last one, I fancy—yes; last one, and there are still two cigarettes. But look here, Blake, I can't tolerate your talking so deucedly—"

"You idiot! you—you— Hell! and every one for cigarettes!"

From a growl Blake's voice burst into a roar of fury, and sprang upon Winthrope like a wild beast. His hands closed upon the Englishman's throat, and he began to shake him about, paying no heed to the blows his victim showered upon his face and body, blows which soon began to lessen in force.

Terror-stricken, Miss Leslie put her hands over her eyes, and began to scream—the piercing shriek that will unnerve the strongest man. Blake paused as though transfixed, and as the half-suffocated Englishman struggled in his grasp, he flung him on the ground and turned to the screaming girl.

"Stop that squawking!" he said. The girl cowed down. "So; that's better. Next time keep your mouth shut."

"You—you brute!"

"Good! You've got a little spunk, eh?"

"You coward—to attack a man not half your strength!"

"Steady, steady, young lady! I'm warm enough yet; I've still half a mind to wring his fool neck."

"But why should you be so angry? What has he done, that you—"

"Why—why? Lord! what hasn't he done? This coast fairly swarms with beasts. We've not the smell of a gun; and now this idiot—this dough-head—has gone and thrown away our only chance—fire—and on his measly cigarettes!" Blake choked with returning rage.

Winthrope, still panting for breath, began to creep away, at the same time unclasping a small penknife. He was white with fear; but his gray eyes—which on shipboard Blake had never seen other than offensively suspicious—now glistened in a manner that served to alter the American's mood.

"That'll do," he said. "Come here and show me that knife."

"I'll show it you where it will do the most good," muttered Winthrope, rising hastily to repel the expected attack.

"So you've got a little sand, too," said Blake, almost good-naturedly. "Say, that's not so bad. We'll call it quits on the matches. Though how you could go and throw them away—"

"Deuce take it, man! How should I know? I've never before been in a wreck."

"Neither have I—this kind. But I tell you, we've got to keep our think tanks going. It's a guess if we see tomorrow, and that's no joke. Now do you wonder I got hot?"

"Indeed, no! I've been an ass, and here's my hand to it—if you really mean it's quits."

"It's quits all right, long as you don't run out of sand," responded Blake, and he gripped the other's soft hand until the Englishman winced. "So; that's settled. I've got a hot temper, but I don't hold grudges. Now, where're your fish?"

"I—well, they were all spoiled."

"Spoiled?"

"The sun had shriveled them."

"And you call that spoiled! We're like to eat them rotten before we're through with this picnic. How about the pools?"

"Pools? Do you know, Blake, I never thought of the pools. I stopped to watch you, and then we were so anxious about you—"

Blake grunted and turned on his heel to wade into the half-drained pool in whose midst he had been deposited by the hurricane.

Two or three small fish lay faintly wriggling on the surface. As Blake splashed through the water to seize them his foot struck against a living body which floundered violently and flashed a brilliant forked tail above the muddy water. Blake sprang over the fish, which was entangled in the reeds, and with a kick flung it clear out upon the ground.

"A coryphene!" cried Winthrope, and he ran forward to stare at the gorgeously colored prize.

"Coryphene?" repeated Blake, following his example. "Good to eat?"

"Fine as salmon. This is only a small one, but—"

"Fifteen pounds if an ounce!" cried Blake, and he thrust his hand in his pocket. There was a moment's silence, and Winthrope, glancing up, saw the other staring in blank dismay.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Lost my knife."

"When?—in the pool? If we felt about—"

"No; aboard ship, or in the surf—"

"Here is my knife."

"Yes; almost big enough to whittle a match! Mine would have done us some good."

"It is the best steel."

"All right; let's see you cut up the fish."

"But you know, Blake, I shouldn't know how to go about it. I never did such a thing."

"And you, Miss Jenny? Girls are supposed to know about cooking."

"I never cooked anything in all my life, Mr. Blake, and it's alive—and—and I am very thirsty, Mr. Blake!"

"Lord!" commented Blake. "Give me that knife."

Though the blade was so small, the American's hand was strong. After some little haggling, the coryphene was killed and dressed. Blake washed both it and his hands in the pool, and began to cut slices of flesh from the fish's tail.

"We have no fire," Winthrope reminded him, flushing at the word.

"That's true," assented Blake, in a cheerful tone, and he offered Winthrope two of the pieces of raw flesh. "Here's your breakfast. The trimmed piece is for Miss Leslie."

"But it's raw! Really, I could not think of eating raw fish. Could you, Miss Leslie?"

Miss Leslie shuddered. "Oh, no!—and I'm so thirsty I could not eat anything."

"You bet you can!" replied Blake. "Both of you take that fish and go to chewing. It's the stuff to ease your thirst while we look for water. Good Lord!—in a week you'll be glad to eat raw snake. Finicky over clean fish, when you swallow canvas-back all but raw, and beef running blood, and raw oysters with their stomachs full of disintegrated animal matter, to put it politely. You couldn't tell rattlesnake broth from chicken, and dog makes first-rate veal—when you've got to eat it. I've had it straight from them that knows that over in France they eat snails and fish-worms. It's all a matter of custom or the style."

"To be sure, the Japanese eat raw fish," admitted Winthrope.

"Yes; and you'd swallow your share of it if you had an invite to a swell dinner in Tokyo. Go on now, both of you. It's no joke, I tell you. You've got to eat, if you expect to get to water before night. Understand? See that headland south? Well, it's 100 to 1 we'll not find water short of there, and if we make it by night, we'll be doing better than I figure from the looks of these bogs. Now go to chewing. That's it! That's fine, Miss Jenny!"

(To be Continued)

Training the Girls.

"How shall we train our girls?" is an important question. Train them with about 22 yards of black silk, if you want to please your girls. A velvet train would also make them happy.—London Tit-Bits.

Glid Bird Cage.

If the bird cage has tarnished or is an old painted cage just let birdie out in a closed room for awhile and give the cage a coat of gilding inside and one outside and it will look like a new brass cage. The gilt dries quicky. Do not put it on too thickly or it will be lumpy.



THE GREEK CROSS.

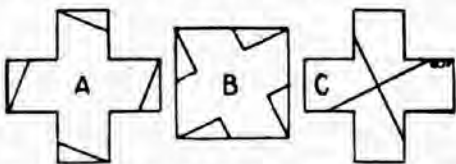
Sam Loyd Tells of Its Mysterious Possibilities.

Eminent archaeologists and antiquarians like Le Plongeon, Schliemann, Prof. Wilson and others show that prehistoric man must have hit upon the crude sign of two crossed marks to indicate a human emblem, just as we in many instances employ peculiar brands or marks for similar purposes.

My present object, however, is to give a discourse upon those ancient emblems which have evolved the geometrical proportions of the Greek or mundane cross, which for upward of 6,000 years has stood for the symbol of human intelligence, and is now recognized as representing science and mathematical exactitude. The symmetrical cross formed from five squares for thousands of years has been known as the Hindoo problem. By cutting it in five pieces, upon the principle of Euclid's forty-seventh proposition, it will form a square. Almost all puzzle books give the scientific clipping of the four corners as shown by Fig. A to form the square B.

When a puzzle, however, can be done "a shorter way," "in fewer pieces," or "in less moves," it is said to be "cooked," or, in puzzle language, "busted." Well, when I told the head of Harvard college that the symbol which was incorporated in the Harvard seal could be converted into a square by making four pieces, instead of five, I was informed that the feat was impossible.

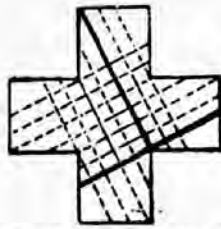
I used it as an advertising puzzle, offering \$100 for the shortest method of converting the Greek cross into a



square. Several hundred thousand answers were received employing five pieces, but not one answer that showed how to do it in four. Fig. C shows how the four pieces should be made.

I afterward discovered that there was an infinite number of answers, as the parallel cut may be made to answer on the lines shown, and the perpendicular cut at any right-angled point of intersection.

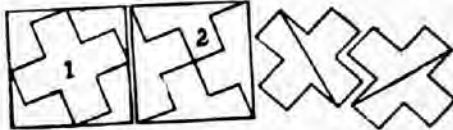
The four segments will always fit to form a perfect square, so the puzzle



makers can exercise their ingenuity by introducing conditions or stipulations which will bar out all other answers but the one intended. In the illustrations given it is asked to divide a cross in four equal parts which will form a square. In a second puzzle it was said "to divide a cross with two clips of the scissors, in four pieces, which will form a square."

There are numerous other problems connected with the symmetrical proportions of the Greek cross which make a most valuable lesson in the theory of all cutting puzzles.

A beautiful requirement is to divide a square in five pieces which will form

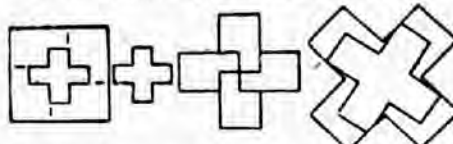


two crosses. Fig. 1 shows how to produce five pieces which will form two crosses. The center piece makes a new cross, and the four outside pieces will form another. But after the puzzle had become famous, I found a second way in one piece less, as shown in Fig. 2.

Another way to vary the stipulations so as to form a beautiful puzzle calls for the dividing of a square in five pieces which will form two crosses of different sizes.

First cut out the little cross, then divide the remainder in four parts, which will form the large cross, as shown. The fourth figure shows the puzzle of cutting a cross in five pieces which will form two crosses of equal size, and is one of the most beautiful problems of the series.

It is a most remarkable fact that a



mysterious affinity or relationship can be shown to exist between all the ancient signs and symbols, in that each one can be converted into another by some subtle change which constitutes a clever puzzle. The Swastika can be changed into a square, the square into a cross, the cross into a triangle, an oblong or several crosses, and from these we can form a star, a crescent, oval, a monad, and from that a circle, which looks very much as if the squaring of the circle was one of the mysteries pertaining to the mystic signs and symbols.—Good Literature.

Short and Sweet.

Mamma—Come, Violet, you must say your prayers.

Violet—I've said 'em, mamma.

Mamma—What did you say?

Violet—I said "Amen."—New York Herald.

EAGLE FIGHTS WITH SHARK.

Combat Between One of the "Bald" Species and a Monster of the Deep.

A haughty American eagle of the species known as "bald," is the latest acquisition of the park board of Baltimore.

This magnificent bird, measuring more than six feet from wing tip to wing tip, looks as if he might have stepped out of our national coat of arms. But in fact he was pulled out of the water—a dripping, bedraggled, humbled monarch of the air. He has been put on exhibition in the Zoological garden in Druid Hill park, the largest park in the Monument city.

The eagle's capture was unique, perhaps, in the history of eagle hunting, for he was taken while in a fierce wing-to-fin combat with a large shark in Accohannock Creek, which divides Accomac and Northampton counties, Virginia, and Littell G. McClung tells the story of its capture in the New York Herald as follows:

Several days ago, while Capt. Charles J. Henderson of the Tangler, a steamboat, was standing in the pilot house of his vessel, directing her course up Accohannock creek, he suddenly saw an eagle swooping through the air half a mile in front of the vessel. A moment afterward he saw another eagle—evidently the mate of the first—circling above, far up in the clouds.

The first eagle hovered over the water for a moment, and then plunged down into the waves like a tern. Almost at once the shiny fins of a big fish appeared above the surface. The eagle's claws were fixed in its body, and there was a furious struggle. Beating his wings, the bird tried to rise in the air with his prey, but his efforts were futile. Instead of an ordinary river fish, the eagle had sunk his talons into a shark.

Back under the surface went fish and bird. But in a moment they reappeared, the battle churning the water around them to foam and throwing spray high into the air. The shark must have caught the eagle by his feathers, for over and over they plunged and rolled, one moment on the surface and again out of sight.

The crew of the steamboat crowded to the forward deck, absorbed in the fierce battle between the lord of the air and the terror of the sea. Not for a second did the struggle slacken. Meanwhile the other eagle circled overhead watching the conflict. Both fighters seemed oblivious to the approach of the vessel.

At Capt. Henderson's orders the Tangler was steered up against a wharf just below where the eagle and the shark were struggling. As soon as the ropes were thrown out a boat was lowered and manned, and the crew pulled vigorously for the scene of the conflict.

For awhile it looked as if the shark

were getting the best of it, for he was dragging the eagle down under the water, and holding him there for several seconds at a plunge. But each time the powerful bird, using his wings as propellers, forced himself to the surface for breath.

Just as the boat came up the eagle wrenched loose from the shark, and struck out for the shore, paddling himself along with his wings. Once or twice he tried to rise from the water, but his feathers were too thoroughly soaked to be of any use for flying. When the boat was alongside one of the men reached out a paddle, and, laying it across the eagle's back, shoved him under the water. Another reached over and seized his feet and head. Then his captors, holding his wings to his sides to keep him from struggling, drew him into the boat. He still showed fight, but he was so exhausted that his efforts to free himself were ineffective.

His mate came down close, but did not venture within attacking distance of the men. Later, giving up her consort as lost, she vanished into the clouds.

The big eagle was stuffed into a large bag, the top of which was tied

put out in some previous fight with a hawk or another eagle. His head, breast and back were white, while the rest of his body was gray.

Next morning Capt. Henderson walked into the offices of the steamship company in Baltimore and asked the officers if they could supply accommodations for a "canary bird" he had caught. They replied that they could get a cage without much trouble, but when they saw that the "canary" was an immense bald eagle,

they decided that the city might be able to take better care of him. So he was given to the park board for the zoological collection.

Apologizing for the Baby.

Nellie apologized for the action of her new baby sister by saying: "You see, she hasn't got any sense yet." Her mother objected to such an idea, and Nellie replied: "Oh, of course she's got sense, but it isn't working yet."



The Eagle's Claws Were Fixed in Its Body.

about his neck. On shore a big box was procured, and, being put into this, he was taken aboard the Tangier and taken to Baltimore.

After his feathers were dried the eagle seemed willing to make the best of the situation, and ate heartily the meat given him. An examination showed that he bore no scars from his battle with the shark, but one of his eyes was gone, evidently having been

THE NIGHT JOURNEY

*To Fairy Sea and Elfin Court
And Citadel of Pearl
You may quite easily escort
My little girl.*

■

*She will explore at any time
The Land of Derring-Do,
The ladder into Dreamland climb
All day with you.*

■

*With joy she journeys forth to see
The Never-Never Land;
You'll love her best when you and she
Have Peter-Panned.*

■

*But there's one land for which you'll
find
Her feet are never shod,
One country never to her mind—
The Land of Nod.*

V. H. Friedlaender.

THE START

The Funny Things One Sees

in

Smiling Round the World

By

MARSHALL P. WILDER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Foreword—There is a compensation in everything—even to the man who was blessed (?) with a disorderly wife. No matter how much everything was at sixes and sevens in the house, and nothing in its rightful place, he could always get up in the middle of the night and put his hand on the fly-paper without ever having to strike a match. Merrily yours, Marshall P. Wilder.

There is a morbid desire latent in the breast of nine-tenths of humanity to have it out with Fate, sooner or later, and to "best" her, if we can.

If the old lady has been particularly hard on us, we feel that our grievance is just about the worst ever; and then we want to do something desperate. If we are in the neighborhood of eight years or thereabouts, we fly to the candy shop and sink our all in peppermints and gumdrops. If we are at the romantic period, when love has everything else at a discount, we get real reckless and say to our best girl, "Come! to the altar! Let us plunge! Ho! there, installment man! rag-time portieres and marble-top cradles for ours!" Then, when we have done the deed, we're not sorry—no, indeed; only, it entails responsibilities, and things; and consequences—the inevitable consequences, as Kipling puts it. So, let me give you a little suggestion: When the reckless fit overtakes you, start on a journey, if not 'round the world then 'round the back yard.

Now, that was what we thought when we started to tour the world; but, try as we would, we couldn't keep our place in the procession. We started for the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona; that was to have been our first stopping place. But we were like the Irishman who started out on a bet to shoot a certain bird; he missed the bird, but killed a frog. He picked it up, and looked at it in surprise. "Be gobs!" he said, "I knocked the feathers off it, anyway!" The Grand Canyon was our bird; we didn't hit it, but we knocked the feathers off it in the way of

divers unexpected adventures, as will be shown later.

The start was propitious, and everything progressed favorably, until Kansas City was reached. We arrived early in the morning and were requested by the conductor to get breakfast at the eating station. Yet that man had seemed to be our friend!

There was a youth at the quick-lunch counter who served coffee, and there was a maiden beside him who occasionally changed a plate.

The young man's running fire of remarks to customers, and side compliments to her, sounded something like this:

"See here! If you've finished, get a move on and give somebody else a show! Say, Mame! there's one o' them up-town girls that think so much of themselves. Why, they ain't a marker to you! I tell you, you're worth—Fifteen cents, please, and the cup



"Had They Seen Her Abigail?"

don't go with the coffee for a souvenir. Say, Mame, was you to Nellie's last night? I bet you looked out of sight. I couldn't get away from this beanery. That's the very best butter, madam! We get it five miles out in the country. What's that? No; I don't reckon it walked all the way here! Ain't she fresh?"

A stout woman hovered along the line seated by the counter, like a perturbed hen trying to find a hole in the chicken yard fence. She held a small tin pail and had evidently come from the car of excursionists attached to our train. She inquired anxiously of the Ganyমে of the coffee urn:

"Say, young feller, what's yer coffee with a cup?" But Ganyমে was too closely occupied to heed her. Finally she poked a beetle-browed old gentleman in the back with the dime she held, repeating:

"Say, mister, what's coffee with a cup, here?"

Turning fiercely, the man glared at her and snorted:

"Well, they charge ten cents, but it ain't wuth a d—m!"

"Washouts on the road!" was the word when we returned to the train, and we must be switched south at Newton, Kan. We had visions of the Grand Canyon receding into the future and darker ones of spending we knew not how many days on the train. So we looked about us to see what manner of people were to be our traveling companions. They were certainly varied.

Back of us was an old Irish woman—the pathetic sort that are peculiar to County Down. She would confide her story in a plaintive little monotone to everyone.

"To me daughter," she explained, "God knows I want some few days of sunshine before I go intirely. I'm not strong, and I ate nothin' at all, ye'd wonder what I live on. I've had nothin' the past three days but eight bottles of Kumys, four bottles of wine an' a box of crackers. Think of that, now—just nothin' at all."

She went to one of the eating houses along the way and, not knowing they would charge her for a full meal, she



George

sat at one of the tables and ordered a cup of tea and a roll. Her indignation, when charged 75 cents, was sublime. It took the cashier, four waitresses and the proprietor to explain that she should have gone to the counter. But of no avail. The blood of County Down was at white heat. She raved like a mad woman. Finally the cashier offered to take 60 cents—that was allowing 15 cents for the rest of the dinner.

Farther down the car was a would-be fashionable woman, the kind who affects an English accent and uses a

lorgnette. She was traveling with her small daughter and maid. The maid was evidently her most treasured possession, for she displayed the greatest anxiety on her account, ceaselessly asking everyone the same question: Had they seen her Abigail? The small daughter was a bright, restless child, whose every action called forth a caution or a reprimand from the mother.

"Nita, darling!" in a mincing, elegant tone, and quite piano; "my precious sweetheart"—then sforzando—crescendo fortissimo—"You little vixen—stop that, or I'll break your neck!"

An Australian couple who were returning home by way of San Francisco, after having come to America by way of England, had the next section. She had talented Leslie Carter hair—deeply, darkly, beautifully red; but, after all, good Jesuit hair—the roots justified the ends. She was not at all pleased with America.—oh, dear, no!—and constantly aired her impressions in a strident voice, and with a strong cockney accent. She thought America a "shocking plice"—and very much overrated—one she never cared to see "agine." And the railroad service—"the h'idea of dragging them all over the country and cheating them out of the G-and Canyon—why, it was downright dishonest!"

The porter was an amusing character, and had a droll way of referring to himself in the third person. I asked him if he was married. He said:

"No, sah, but I got a gal. Nicest little gal you ever saw—she's pretty dark—but George likes 'em that-away, they cain't come too black fer George. I ain't got no kind o' time fer dese yer yaller ones, they simply ornery, they got all the big feelin's o' the white folks, an' the bad qualities o' the niggers!"

Just then the lady with the lorgnette came along and, peering through it at George, asked: "Oh, George, have you seen my maid?"

"No, ma'am, I ain't!" he said, adding, when she passed on: "Seems like she has an awful hard time keepin' up with that maid—she's so feared we won't know she's got one. George has seen b'g white folks down south so po' they lidn't know whar they nex' meal was comin' fum, but, sah," impressively, "dey was quality jis' de same! Dis yer 'coonan ain' got no mo' use fo' a maid dan a hawg got fo' side pawkets!"

George's quaint remarks, and very often homely wisdom, were a great solace to us through the long days that dragged by as we meandered aimlessly over the southwestern portion of this great and glorious country of ours. Down through Oklahoma and Texas, from Fort Worth across to El Paso, and up through Arizona and Southern California, we took our devious way, dodging washouts, which seemed to multiply with alarming rapidity.

NEW YEAR'S AROUND THE GLOBE



EVER since man knew enough about astronomy to divide time into years which more or less agreed with the earth's annual revolution around the sun, he has in various characteristic ways regarded the first day of the new year as a day of rejoicing and well-wishing.

It was the great day for exchanging gifts until, in some Christian countries, Christmas day was substituted. While in America New Year's day is generally observed as a holiday and as an occasion for paying ceremonial social calls, in France, even now, New Year's presents have not entirely disappeared.

New Year's day is not observed on January 1 in every country, although most nations nowadays use the Gregorian calendar, and consequently begin their new year on that day. In Russia the Julian calendar is still in use, and as a quarter of a day in each year is lost by that system, there is now an accumulated loss of 13 days. January 1 in Russia, then, corresponds to January 14 of our calendar. The Mohammedan New Year, the Jewish New Year and the Chinese New Year, owing to the peculiar systems of keeping time by those people, are very elusive dates, or seem so to persons familiar only with the Gregorian calendar.

AS TO THE CALENDARS.

The Jewish year is solar-lunar, and may consist of as few as 353 days and as many as 385. New Year's day usually falls in September. The Mohammedan years usually consist of 354 days, being purely lunar, and the leap years, which occur in certain twelve-months of a cycle of 30 lunar years, contain 355 days. The first day of Muharrem—New Year's day—may in course of time make a whole revolution of the seasons. An instance of this may be given. The first of Muharrem, 1906, fell on February 25, while the Mohammedan New Year last year began on March 7. Inasmuch as it is purely lunar, the Mohammedan year is almost unique in the calendars of the world. While the Chinese year conforms to the eastern idea, being founded upon lunar months, a month is add-

ed to every 30, to make time conform with the solar year. Consequently, the Chinese New Year may begin any time between January 21 and February 28.

REVOLVING NEW YEAR.

The ancient Egyptians had a year more or less conforming to the Julian style, inasmuch as it contained 365 days. In course of centuries this made New Year's make a complete revolution of the seasons. This fact, only recently properly appreciated by Prof. Petrie, the Egyptologist, led to many misconceptions and retarded the solution of mysterious feasts and rites which now are perfectly well understood by archaeologists.

Anciently, in Rome, the new year began in March, in the neighborhood of the vernal equinox, which would seem to be a reasonable, if not logical, time to begin the annual cycle. March 25 was, until the latter part of the sixteenth century, the day when the new year began in most Christian countries. Numa is said to have made the Roman year begin on January 1, the day held by pagan Rome sacred in honor of Janus, who was thus supposed to turn at once back upon the old year and forward into the new, and subsequently New Year's day was, at various times and in different Christian countries, celebrated on the present Christmas, March 1, March 25 (the Feast of the Annunciation), and Easter day.

CUSTOM OF GIFTS.

Almost everywhere the custom of making presents on the first day of the new year has been observed. When it originated, or where, it would be extremely difficult, if not actually impossible, to say. It is sufficient to know that the observance has the sanction of remote antiquity. In the eighth century B. C. Tattius, king of the Sabines, according to traditions, began the custom among the Romans. At first the gifts were merely emblematic and of little price, being branches cut from the wood consecrated to Strenia, the goddess of strength. These were presented to the king as an omen of good fortune. The gifts became more pretentious as time went on, and in later centuries some of the Roman emperors demanded New Year's presents of great value from the "magnates" of those days. As the Roman rulers were gentlemen who were not to be trifled with, the pres-

ents usually appeared on time after notice to the wealthy was given.

It was in Rome, too, that the habit of masquerading at New Year's appears to have originated. The custom still observed in Italy now is confined to the celebrations at the Epiphany and at the carnival time.

FESTIVITIES OF THE DAY

In some countries, notably in Great Britain and in some cities in Canada and the United States, the new year is welcomed in by festivities on the eve of the day. In Scotland, for instance, it is customary to celebrate New Year's eve with some festivity, which is prolonged until past midnight. At the stroke of 12 every one present wishes each other a "Happy New Year." The custom is also common in many parts of Germany, where the salutation is "Prosit Neu Jehr."

Similar to this custom are the religious "watch meetings" held in some of the churches in this country on New Year's eve. In England on New Year's eve, in some houses, a curious custom, or superstition, is observed. At the stroke of 12, which ushers in the new year, the party, already waiting on the stairs, begin to ascend the stairway backward, taking a step at each stroke. Every step successfully mounted means a happy month, every stumble a reverse. Of course, it is one of those playful superstitions which are not taken seriously.



Glucose Fondant for Christmas.

Two cups sugar, one cup water, and two tablespoons glucose. Boil all until a little dropped in cold water will form a soft ball. Remove from fire and beat till creamy.

Seven ways to use the fondant:

Make into balls and dip in melted chocolate.

Roll them in cocoanut.

Roll them in chopped nuts.

Fill figs with fondant and slice thin.

Fill dates with fondant, or put the fondant around the stoned date.

Make into squares and place a nut on top.

Roll nuts in the fondant and then in sugar.

EASILY PUT RIGHT

EQUALIZING DISTANCE NO PROBLEM FOR TIM MOYNAHAN.

His Orders Were to Have Tool House Half Way Between Mile Posts, and Consequently Half Way It Was.

About ten years before the Eastern railroad was leased to the Boston & Maine, that portion of the old road between Swampscott and Salem was in charge of Section Foreman Timothy Moynahan, according to a Boston correspondent.

His strongest point was in doing just as he was told, and doing that with energy and accuracy. So when he was notified from Beverly by Roadmaster Stevens that the section lengths were to be changed, and that he was to move his tool house from the western end of the Salem yard to half way between mile posts 15 and 16, he started out with the determination to move the house half way, no more, no less.

To get this half-way point he stationed one of his men at mile post



Tim Explains.

15 and another at mile Post 16, and at a signal they started to walk toward each other until they met, and to a point opposite their meeting place the shanty was moved. This method of getting the correct distance did not quite suit Moynahan, especially when he remembered that one of the walkers was taller than the other, and the other tripped several times on the way down.

He carried this in his mind for nearly a year, when he met the engi-

neers measuring through for signals, and asked them to tell him, as they measured, if his house was just half way or not.

When the measurement was taken the house was found to be 60 feet nearer mile post 16 than 15, and Moynahan, on being told, remarked that he thought he could fix things just right.

Later in the year the engineers met Moynahan in Salem, and asked him if his tool house was now half way between the mile posts?

"It is," he replied, "it's just half way."

"Did you have much trouble moving it?"

"No trouble at all; I just let it stay as it was and moved the mile post."

New Species of Zebra.

In Portuguese East Africa an explorer has discovered a new species of zebra, resembling the ordinary zebra in shape, but the head, neck, forelegs and fore half of the body are dark brown in color, the hind part of the body, including the legs, being striped. He also discovered a peculiar style of antelope similar in size and shape to the Boer roebuck or impala, the distinctive difference being a black line down the center of the back and on either hind leg down to the foot. When the animal is startled it immediately takes to flight, the initial leap being fully ten feet through the air.

Gold Nugget in Fish's Stomach.

A gold nugget, weighing several ounces and thought to contain about two dollars' worth of gold, was found in the stomach of a yellowtail caught by Capt. Billy Graves of Long Beach, Cal., about ten miles out at sea.

The nugget is really a piece of rich ore, but how it came to be lodged in the stomach of the fish is a mystery.

The fish weighed 22 pounds and it is expected that every large fish caught here for some time to come will be examined with the greatest care by the fishermen.

Buried Under Fine Coal.

James Irving, an employe at a New York coal yard, fell into one of the big bins the other afternoon. The bin contained more than 100 tons of buckwheat coal, which is very fine. Irving sank into it so far that he couldn't get out. A few minutes later Adam Brown drove up to get a load of coal.

A trap about 14 by 17 inches in the bottom of the bin was opened and the coal began to pour out. About two tons had run into the wagon when Brown was startled to see a shovel and a man's legs dangling from the spout. Some of the workmen got busy with axes right away and Irving dropped out with a few tons of coal. He was unconscious, but at the hospital to which he was removed it was said that he had a good chance to recover.

WIGS OF SPUN GLASS.

Natural Supply Falls and Invention Comes to the Rescue.

The enormous feminine demand for artificial coils and toupées is leading to a famine in human hair. Formerly Swiss, German and Hungarian girls supplied the world of fashionable women with luxuriant tresses of all tints.

But the governments of many countries are now making it illegal for a girl to sell her hair or for an agent to buy it. The supply in consequence is running short and the prices of real hair are trebling.

A series of successful experiments point to spun glass as the most effective substitute for human hair. Wigs made from spun glass are wonderfully light and fine and the texture soft and beautiful.

It is easy to produce any shade desired, while curls and waves can be manufactured at will to suit the fashion of the moment. The imitation is so realistic that it is impossible to detect the difference between it and real hair grown on the head.—London Mail.

Florida's Cold Geyser.

Mr. W. T. Chastain has a drainage well on his place at Seffner which is quite a curiosity for Florida. At intervals it throws streams of water ten to 20 feet in the air; subsiding, spouts again.

The natives say that the well happens to be directly over the devil's furnace, and whenever the devil builds his fires to do his cooking the water in the well begins to boil and spout. This theory is exploded by the fact that the water is not hot but cold; but the natives explain this by saying that the distance is so great that the water has ample time to cool before reaching the surface of the earth.

Tie Racks for Men.

A present that will be greatly appreciated by a man is a tie rack. This may be mounted embroidered linen, burnt wood, decorated leather or painted cardboard. The only thing to be guarded against is not to make them too elaborate. The more simple the pattern is the more sure to please.

Room for Lots of Presents.

"I wish I could be a laundress," said little Dorothy.

"You would have to work very, very hard, my child," observed her mother.

"But just think, mamma, of all the stockings I could hang up."

Greeting.

Now while the surging, deep-toned bells lament
The past year, e'er fickle, they shall change
Their solemn burden for a round of joy,
Chiming the praises of the year new-crowned.

—Edith Thomas.

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

The Spirit of Christmas.

A wee little girl was ensconced comfortably in a big leather chair by the grate listening gravely as her father read Dickens' "Christmas Carol." Her great, brown eyes were open so wide that you could almost see the liquid depths of them, and on her face was a rapt expression of wonderment.



She scarcely stirred as her parent proceeded with the reading, the fitful firelight lighting up her sweet face in a rosy glow, to conceal it again in the shadow, for father's reading lamp was hanging low over his book and its rays failed to reach the child in the big arm chair, as she listened attentively to the beautiful story of the great master of sentiment.

As she sat enthralled the child was given a new point of view. She had always been prettily clothed, well cared for and protected from the rigors of life. She knew neither hunger nor a great desire for the things that sustain and shelter—and now this story of the grasping Scrooge and the pitiful Tiny Tim was making a lasting impression upon her heretofore buoyant heart. When father had finished reading, the child sat quietly, an expression of bewilderment upon her face. Thinking her asleep, the parent turned on a light that flooded the room and asked:

"Isn't that a sweet story, my dear?"

"Y—es," hesitated the child. "Yes, father."

Then she sank once more into deep thought.

"I think you are sleepy, dear," said father. "Shall we go to bed now?"

"Not just yet, father, please."

For a few moments the child continued to sit quietly by the fire. The miniature clock on the mantel ticked loudly in the quiet room. Then the little girl slipped softly from the

great chair and going over to her father, said:

"Papa, are there really and truly people like that in the world—who don't have what they want to eat or wear and who suffer like Tiny Tim?"

"Why, yes, my dear," replied the parent in some surprise, "I am afraid there are folks like that even now."

Again the child was silent. The father waited. Finally she asked:

"Papa, what did mamma pay for my new coat?"

"Oh, I don't know, dear. About \$20, I guess."

"Could she take it back, papa, and give the money to somebody that needed it like that?"

It was now the father's time to be silent. After a time he said, gently, gathering his baby-child to his breast:

"We'll see what we can do about it, dear. Perhaps not just in that way, you know, but some way that will be just as nice for the children."

And the little girl put her arms about her parent's neck and said, softly:

"Oh, thank you, papa! And now may I go to bed?"



Just Because.



While the mistletoe is hanging from every chandelier, the popular young man finds his social duties very pressing.



When Molly bakes a cake the first time, she makes almost as much fuss over it as she does over her first boy.



It must nag a rich man to know that only the poor know about the blessings of poverty.



A man who has been found out is always sorry for his crime.



There is still room at the top—of the water wagon.



Joy in the Country.

"We had a delightful time last week," said the city cousin, who was describing the joys of metropolitan life. "One evening we trolleyed out to a suburban home and ping ponged until nearly midnight, and next day we automobilized to the country club and golfed until dark." "We had a purty good time last week, too," ventured the country cousin, with a sarcastic smile. "One day we buggied over to Uncle Josiar's and us boys got out in the back lot and baseballed all afternoon, and after supper we sneaked up to the loft and lit a candle and pokored until morning."

Byron Williams



ROPE VAULTING.

A Sport Which the Boys Always Find Full of Excitement.

Of course, most of our boys know all about high jumping and pole vaulting, but have you ever heard of rope vaulting?

All you really need is a good stout rope, a tree limb to hang it to and something to jump over, but it is very much more fun to do it exactly right.

Get two boards or strips of boards, about eight feet high. On one side of each of these drive small nails a little way into the wood, about an inch apart, leaving the head and about half the nail sticking out. Leave two feet of one end of your pole or strip of wood free from nails.

With a sharp stake make two holes in the ground beneath the tree limb that is to hold your rope. Make these holes about six feet apart and about 18 inches deep. Now put your posts into the holes and drive them firmly in place with the nails pointing the same way on both poles. Get a thin lath or slender stick, long enough to reach between the posts and light enough to rest on the nails.



Enjoying the Sport.

Now climb up to the limb of the tree and tie your rope firmly in place on the bough just over the center of the posts. The rope should reach to within two feet of the ground.

Now stand a few feet away from the crosspiece, spring yourself toward it, pull yourself up the rope as high as you can, feet first, if you know how to do the trick, and swing yourself over the crosspiece as the picture shows.

It is easy enough, as you will find when you try it, but to make a vault seven or eight feet high—well, that is another matter.

The secret of high-rope vaulting, explains Good Literature, is to grasp the rope as far from the ground as pos-

sible, throw your body backward, raise your feet till they point nearly straight up, and as you swing toward the crosspiece, pull on the rope, lifting your whole body. You can pass over the cross-piece at astonishing heights by this means, and your friends will find rope vaulting an exciting and healthful sport.

WHY HE FAILED AS A LEADER.

The Many Reasons for Failure in Life's Struggle.

His mind was not trained to grasp great subjects, to generalize, to make combinations.

He was not self-reliant, did not depend upon his own judgment; leaned upon others; and was always seeking other people's opinion and advice.

He lacked courage, energy, boldness.

He was not resourceful or inventive. He could not multiply himself in others.

He did not carry the air of a conqueror. He did not radiate the power of a leader.

There was no power back of his eye to make men obey him.

He could not handle men.

He antagonized people.

He did not believe in himself.

He tried to substitute "gall" for ability.

He did not know men.

He could not use other people's brains.

He could not project himself into his lieutenants; he wanted to do everything himself.

He did not inspire confidence in others because his faith in himself was not strong enough.

He communicated his doubts and his fears to others.

He could not cover up his weak points.

He did not know that to reveal his own weakness was fatal to the confidence of others.—Success Magazine.

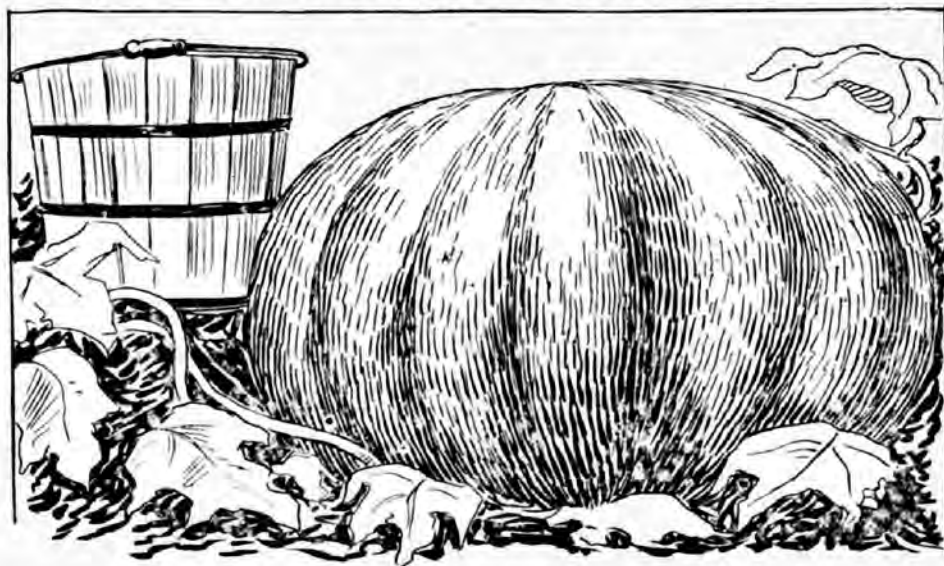
Exposition Organized.

The proposed American exposition to be held in London next year has been thoroughly organized and special efforts are being made to secure exhibits from the western part of this country.

Regulating the Fire.

Regulate your fire by the damper and not by the ash-pit doors. Never open your fire doors when it can be avoided, says Power. To keep them open longer than is absolutely necessary is injurious to the boiler and wasteful of fuel.

BOY GROWS 70-POUND SQUASH



Size of Pail Indicates the Size of the Squash.

Our illustration shows a yellow mammoth squash, which was raised by a member of the Grew School Civic league of Hyde Park, Boston.

Their exhibit of various garden products took place in the exhibition hall, which was appropriately decorated with asters and goldenrod and prizes of blue, red and yellow ribbons were given, as well as honorable mention to the successful young agriculturists, the superintendent of schools and a lady member of the school committee acting as judges.

The squash which took the first prize was raised by John D. Conant, 11 years of age. The seed was planted May 15, 1908, the squash showing form July 12. It was fed with liquid dressing quite frequently, and when picked on September 16 measured 67½ inches in circumference and weighed 70¼ pounds. A special prize of a book was also given for his efforts.

As an additional inducement to the members of the schools raising the largest squash before September 30 a prize of ten dollars was given by a local dry goods dealer, and Master Conant won that also. Master Conant considers himself quite well paid for his time and trouble, and he expects to realize still more from the sale of the squash.

SIMPLE HOME EXPERIMENT.

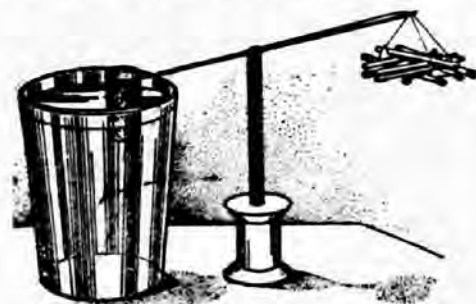
How You Can Discover the Surface Tension of a Glass of Water.

Here is a charming little experiment with which you can entertain a party of friends for a good half hour and which you will find full of interest for yourself.

All you need is a spool, a pencil, a knitting needle, some thread, a cork and a tumbler of water—things which any of our readers can easily find about the house, with the possible exception of the knitting needle, which you can replace by a hatpin, if you wish, and if your big sister is not wearing hers.

Fill the tumbler with water, nearly to the brim. Stick the pencil, point first, into the spool and stand the spool by the glass. Trim the top of the pencil with your jack knife, so that its top is a half inch higher than the rim of the tumbler.

Get a card or a bit of pasteboard, and from it cut a triangular piece with sides each two inches long. In each corner make a pin hole, and pass



Plan of Experiment.

the end of a piece of thread through each hole. Now, knot the other ends of the thread together.

Stick one end of your hatpin into the side of the cork near the top, and lay the knitting needle across the top of the pencil, with the bottom of the cork resting on the surface of the water in the glass. You would better have a tiny groove in the top of the pencil.

On the other end of the knitting needle suspend the triangular bit of pasteboard as the picture shows. Now, says Good Literature, you are ready for your experiment.

Ask each of your friends to guess how many matches can be laid on the pasteboard without overbalancing the needle and drawing the cork from the water. They will guess absurdly low numbers—two, three, four, etc., for the weight of the card alone will make the cork bob up and down and look as if it might be lifted from the water at any moment.

Now pile match after match on the cardboard and you will find that a good sized pile will be required before the cork can be lifted from the water; a pile weighing much more than the cork.

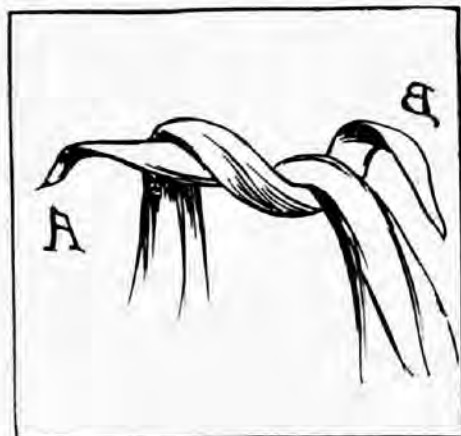
This is due to a quality of the water called "surface tension," which

holds on to things with a very real force, and by weighing first the cork and then the matches on a small scale you can find out just what is the surface tension of the water in the glass; it will be just the difference in weight between the cork and the matches.

A KNOTTY QUESTION.

How You Can Mystify Your Friends with a Handkerchief.

This is a very amusing and deceptive trick. You ask any one for a handkerchief, and tie the ends firmly



How Knot is Tied.

together in a double knot, allowing him to feel it, or pull the ends as tight as he pleases. You then throw the center of the handkerchief over the knot, and ask the person to hold it tight between his finger and thumb. You ask him if the knot is still there, to which he will answer in the affirmative. You then take hold of any part of the handkerchief, and direct the holder to drop the handkerchief at the word "three." You count: "One, two, three," at which word he loosens his hold of the handkerchief, and there is no vestige left of the knot.

The method of managing this trick is as follows: Take the handkerchief and tie the ends in a simple knot, keeping one end tight and the other end loose. We will call the tight end A and the loose one B. Keep A always in the right hand, and on the stretch horizontally, and the handkerchief will look as in the cut. Do this when you tie it the second time, and draw B tight, which will then form a double tie round A, but will not hold it firm. When you throw the handkerchief over the knot, you draw out A with the finger and thumb of the left hand, and the knot will apparently remain firm, although in reality it is nothing but a double twist of silk, which, of course, falls loose when the handkerchief is dropped.

More Seasonable.

"You have spring heels on your shoes, haven't you, dear?" said a lady to Flossie, aged four years.

"Yes," was the reply; "but I think it's time now for me to have some with winter heels on, isn't it."

A SURFEIT OF ADVICE.

I've had a cold,
And can't endure
The folks who know
A certain cure.
I've been advised
Just what to do,
To make a thing
Look good as new.
Suggestions I
Have had my share,
Just what to eat
And what to wear.
But since my baby
Came, I swear,
I get advice
From everywhere.

Some tell us
That we mustn't feed
Her more than such
A child should need.
Two hours apart,
And some say three—
And some, when'er
She cries, tell me,
Don't walk the floor.
I have been told,
In time she'll be as
Good as gold.
Don't rock her nights,
And if she cries,
To leave her quite
Alone is wise.

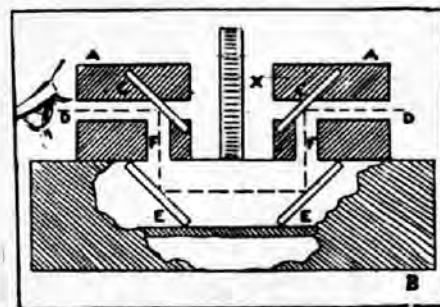
If hiccoughs come,
'Twere best, some say
To let them wear
Themselves away.
While others swear
Warm water will
Relieve her quick,
And keep her still.
I new knew,
Till baby smiled,
How many folks
Can raise a child.

—Detroit Free Press.

X-RAY INSTRUMENT.

The Handy Boy Can Make It for Himself.

Two cylinders, AA, are mounted on a base, B, and mirrors, CC, are fitted



Details of X-Ray Machine.

at an angle of 45 degrees into these cylinders. Corresponding mirrors, EE, are put in the base parallel with those in the cylinders. An opening extends downward from D of each cylinder so that light entering at one end of the cylinder is reflected down at right angles by the first mirror to the second, from the second to the third, from the third to the fourth which reflects the light to the eye. Thus the light never passes through the cylinders and the observer does not see through, but around any object inserted at X between the cylinders.

The Real Boss.

Facetious Friend (teasingly)—Well, which rules—you or you wife?

Mr. Youngwed (with hauteur)—You forgot we can afford to keep a cook.—
Baltimore American.

Joy to Come.

Mrs. Green—You have never taken me to the cemetery.

Mr. Green—No, my dear. I still have that pleasure in anticipation.—Judge.

Disputed.

Caller—Is the lady of the house in?
Waitress (who has been given notice)—She's in; but she's no lady!—
Life.

A NEW WRINKLE.

Myrtle—Grace is a girl of ideas.
Natica—Yes; she put flypaper under the sofa to catch her little brother.

LOCATED.

Mabel—So you didn't have him?
Flossie—No.
Mabel—Wasn't your father on his side?
Flossie (sadly)—No—behind him.

Expedient.

Robinson Crusoe had been scared stiff by the tracks of the savages, and felt that his end was at hand.

Naturally, his first thought was to provide himself with a coffin.

"But what about coffin-nails?" he exclaimed, looking very blank.

For a considerable time it appeared that there was nothing to be done. However, as he considered the matter further, there at length evolved the expedient of rolling up palm leaves and filling them with bits of rope, of which he possessed an abundance.

"I've smoked worse!" reflected Robinson, cheerfully.—Puck.

Truthful History.

Tourist (out west)—I presume this neighborhood is full of exciting history.

Guide—You bet. D'ye see that point o' rocks? When the sheriff's posse got after Buffalo Jim, they chased him to the top of that there peak, 300 feet high, and the only way he could escape them was by jumping.

Tourist—Goodness me! The fall killed him, of course?

Guide—No. He didn't jump.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Same Thing.

"That lawyer is a philanthropist."
"Philanthropist nothing! He's an ambulance chaser."

"Why, he told me himself he was a settlement worker."

"Well, what's the difference?"—
Baltimore American.

INS AND OUTS.

He—You see where the laugh comes in?

She—I can see where the laugh comes out.—Chicago Journal.

A Smiling Paradox.

I've squandered smiles to-day,
And, strange to say,
Although my frowns with care I've stowed away,
To-night I'm poorer far in frowns than at the start;

But in my heart,
Wherein my treasures best I store,
I find my smiles increased by several score!

—Success.

A Child's Wish.

"And does your mamma always call you 'Angel'?" asked the lady who was making the formal call.

"Oh, no," replied the sweet child; "only when we've got comp'ny. I wish we had comp'ny always. 'Cause I like 'Angel' so much better than 'Brat.'"—
Chicago Record-Herald.

His Limit.

"Orlando, mamma says you mustn't come to see me any more—"

"Gracious heaven, Dora! What have I—"

"Than four times a week hereafter. Quit that, Orlando! Let me alone!"

—Chicago Tribune.

SAVING HIS CONSCIENCE.

Prospective Buyer—Place entirely free from mosquitoes?

Hiram Wayback (thoughtfully)—Yes, if you come around at the right time of year.

A RELIEF.

Jessie—I suppose you are enjoying your vacation?

Jack—Yes. It is something of a relief to have a real excuse for not doing something.

WHY, CERTAINLY.



Harold—Who was that homely looking chap I saw you with yesterday, Percy?

Percy—Look out, now Harold; that was my twin brother.

Harold—Pardon me, old chap; I ought to have known.—Chicago Journal.

NO OBLIGATION.



The Angry Man—I won't stand it! Didn't you promise to love, honor and obey me?

The Woman—Yes, b-but that minister had known me since I was a child, and he—he knew I was just bluffing!—Cleveland Leader.

The Cause of the Quarrel.

"Why did Mabel and Agnes quarrel?"

"Didn't you hear about it? Agnes bought a hat just like Mabel's, the mean thing."—Detroit Free Press.

WHEN YOU'VE DONE YOUR BEST.

When you've done your best, having hoped and planned,
And, in spite of all, you have failed to land;
When you've done the thing that for many days
You have banked upon, and no word of praise
Brings the flush of joy to your careworn cheeks—
When you've done your best, and when no one speaks
The cheering word you have longed to hear,
And nobody seems to know or care—
When you've done your best and your rivals sneer
And the hopes are shattered that were so fair,
When the dreams are ended that were so sweet,
And the victory that had seemed so near
Has been turned, somehow, into sore defeat—
When you've done your best after planning long,
When you've had your chance and have failed to score,
When you shrink from the gaze of the passing throng
And wonder why you had hopes before—
Then—then, when your best has been done and all
The airy castles around you fall,
Be a victor yet—with a conqueror's will
Fling your challenge forth—and do better still!

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

WHY THEY STAYED.



Actor Person—Yes, my boy, they were absolutely glued to their seats!
The Depreciator—That's how you kept them there, was it?

A Smart Girl.

My love in her attire doth show her wit,
And in her conversation shows her taste;
And so no pin I fear about her waist,
And in the candy store know what to get.

—Puck.

Took Money with Him.

Easterner—I am here looking for a man named Smarth, who came here from our section some years ago.

Westerner—Look along among those palaces on New street. He has probably made a fortune by this time.

Easterner—He had money when he came here.

Westerner—Oh! Look in the poor-house.—N. Y. Weekly.

BOAKING IN PROSPECT, ANYWAY.



Guest—What! Five dollars for a room here at Mudhurst-on-the-Hogs for a single night. No, I'll go back to New York first.

Hotel Proprietor—But it is raining hard. You'll get wet.

KIND.



Artist—I shall not mind if I live till I become famous.

Friend—I shouldn't mind living a couple of centuries myself.

The Usual Hold-Up.

"Yes," said the man who had been traveling in the far west, "I saw three trains held up in one night."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the innocent bystander. "Was anyone hurt?"

"No," answered the traveler. "They were held up by women in a ball-room."—Chicago Daily News.

How to Find Out.

"I say, boy," said the city chap, who was passing a couple of weeks on the farm, "how long can a goose stand on one leg?"

"S'pose yew try it an' see," rejoined the rural youngster, with a large, open-faced grin.—Chicago Daily News.

THE STAMP COLLECTOR

Edited by Julian T. Baber, O. T. N., Pocahontas, Va.

A new set of Turkish stamps has been reported.

DeKay's Stamps Circular has been merged into The Philatelic Tribune.

The first stamp dealer that did business in America had his office in New York City.

Save your stamp papers and literature. You would like to have them some day.

The Junior Philatelic Society has issued a very unique souvenir envelope commemorating the penny postage to England.

Governor Andrew Harris of Ohio, is a "stamp crank." His name has been added to the roster of the American Philatelic Society.

Russia has become quite famous for its postal scandals. A loss of about \$3,009,000 from the revenues has been discovered. Numerous arrests have been made.

The new U. S. special delivery stamp is entirely different from all preceding issues. The stamp is about one inch square, dark green in color, and an olive branch, the leaves of which entwine a mercury hat, is pictured thereon.

Do you remember how happy you were the day your friend gave you a bunch of cheap stamps to help your collection along? Don't forget that there are other boys who would be happy if you gave them some of your duplicates. —L. Ray Starkweather.

It was predicted in these columns a few weeks ago that it would not be long before certain of the European countries would follow the example of Great Britain in effecting a two-cent postage rate with the United States, and now the announcement is made that after January 1, 1909, this rate with Germany will be effective. "Letters for Germany paid at the reduced rate of two cents will be dispatched only by steamers sailing from New York to German ports, steamers of the North German Lloyd and Hamburg American lines sailing from New York, usually on Tuesday and Thursdays, Letters for Germany dispatched via Great Britain or France must be paid at the postal union rate of five cents for the first ounce and three cents for each additional ounce."

Did you ever look over your duplicate stamps for shades? Try it some day and you will be surprised to see the number you can find of almost any stamp. This is particularly true of the red, orange, blue and green.

Many shades are hard to get, and are priced in some of the best of the foreign catalogues. By the way if you do not own a foreign catalogue better get one as it will be great help in many ways. —L. Ray Starkweather, O. T. N.

The Prize Winner

We take pleasure in awarding the packet of stamps to L. G. Cline, O. T. N., for his fine article on Commemorative Postage Stamps. We trust that there will be more competition in this contest next month. Remember, the best article will be published and the author will receive a packet of stamps. All are invited to enter this contest. —EDITOR.

Commemorative Issues.

This country was the first to issue a commemorative postage stamp—the Centennial envelope of 1876—and while it has been more than a decade since any other government followed the example, there have been many issued during the past twenty years.

The first country to copy from the U. S. was New South Wales which in 1888 issued a new set of stamps to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the Colony. Hong Kong in 1891 celebrated its Semi-Centennial as a colony by over-printing or surcharging one stamp of the issue then current. But the era of special stamps was practically ushered in with the anniversary of the discovery of America, and since 1892 the issue of the Commemorative stamps have been a popular fad with the postal authorities of the various countries.

Ten days in advance of the opening of the Jamestown Exposition the United States Government placed on sale at post offices throughout the land, a new and handsomely designed set of stamps which were sold until the close of the Exposition. Millions of these stamps were sold and used during the Exposition and soon became familiar to the general public as did the other Commemorative stamps that have been issued by this government. This country was not the only one issuing Colum-

bian stamps, for in 1892 and 1893 Argentine, Porto Rico, Salvador and Venezuela issued postal carriers in celebration of the American discovery. Trinidad brought up the rear with an issue in 1898, a little late but never-the-less, very interesting. Portugal caught the commemorative fever in 1894 and within four years issued three sets, all of which were interesting. Belgium issued stamps for the Antwerp Exposition in 1896. Greece issued special stamps in celebration of the Olympian Games in 1896, and again in 1906, when the Central American Exposition was held in 1897, Guatemala issued a series of stamps for the occasion, since then Japan, Brazil, Argentine Republic, and Canada have all issued commemorative postage stamps.

L. G. Cline, 5^o O. T. N.,
Hutchinson, Kansas.

Press Review

With this issue we will devote at least one-half a column to the review of different philatelic publications. Publishers are kindly requested to send copies for review to Julian T. Baber, Box 156, Pocahontas, Va. The receipt of stamp catalogs and circulars will be mentioned.

Philatelic Flashes, is truly an "eye-opener." Although in its infancy it is destined a bright future.

The Stamp Lover for November, 1908, one of England's best publications, describes Mr. Henry J. Cracker's famous collection of Hawaiian stamps. It is illustrated with eight plates.

The Canadian Collector and The North American Collector are at hand. Their originality is unsurpassed.

The Roll of Honor

L. G. Cline, 5^o O. T. N.

A Beautiful Stamp

The new two-cent is, in our judgment, a very beautiful and highly artistic stamp; and a happy return to saner principles of design than have been obtained at Washington for the past two decades. The "regular" U. S. stamps from 1890 to date have been the victims of a saturnalia of over-elaboration. The amount of lettering and ornamentation employed has in almost every case been too great for the size of the stamp, and

the result has been a distinct loss of artistic balance and harmony, as compared with the superb designs used by this country in the seventies and eighties. The execution of the portraits themselves has, as a rule, been admirable, but there has been too much tinsel in their framing. The inscriptions, the scroll work and "curleyqueues" in general have not been sufficiently subordinated; and the plenitude of ornament employed has invariably given the central portrait the look of being hemmed into uncomfortably cramped quarters. By some singular theory of art, the moment this nation reduced the size of its stamps, it began to amplify their inscriptions. The plain and sufficient "U. S. of all earlier issues becomes "United States" in 1890 and expands into "United States of America" on later sets. By the same token, with less room for elaboration of fame and accessories, the "gingerbread" era at once sets in. In due course of time the postage stamp endeavors to add to its other functions that of a chronological encyclopaedia. And the culmination of all has been a riot of incongruity in ornamentation whose very extravagance has brought about its own undoings. A reaction to plainer rules of design was natural and inevitable; and we hail the new issue as a praiseworthy and on the whole very successful return to the best and soundest ideals of stamp design. The new two-cent has not the serene majesty of the old three-cent Washington. The austere grandeur of the Hojdan bust shows to better advantage on the larger stamp. But considering the limit of site imposed on the present designer, he has done wonderfully well. A slight squattiness of effect is unavoidable in so slight an oval as the one which encompasses Washington's features in this instance. Barring this fault, the general effect is perfect. The background, frame lines and inscriptions are all well subordinated to the central portrait, while the wreaths of laurel on either side the vignette do not obtrude unpleasantly. The whole is, in fact, the embodiment of carefully studied harmony, and the issue, if as a whole up to this standard, can hardly fail of great and general popularity.—Redfield's Stamp Weekly.

South African Agriculture.

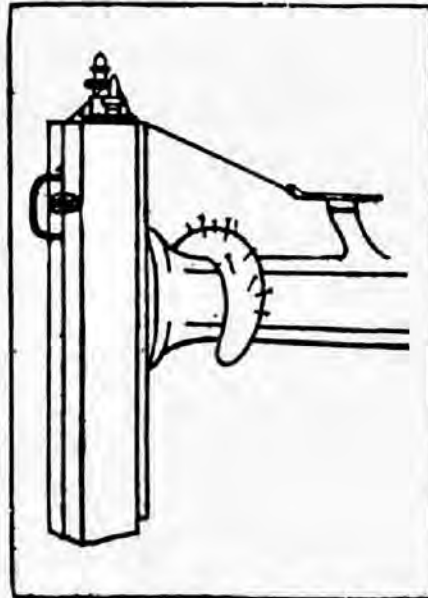
If our colonial producers were alive to their own interests, they would refuse to be carried away by the specious arguments of the high tariffists. Rather would they assist in spreading the vital truth that better methods of distribution will be far more efficacious than increased protection in putting South African agriculture on a sound footing.—Diamond Fields Advertiser.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

A USEFUL PINCUSHION.

Fastens on Sewing Machine and is at Hand When Needed.

At first glance the pincushion invented by a Tennessee man does not appear to be a very important addition to the thousands of labor and time saving devices, but second thought



No Need to Stop for Pins.

will show that it has its uses and that they are not so insignificant after all. It is a horseshoe shaped affair, with a bowed clamping spring arranged inside, and it fastens on the arm of a sewing machine wherever it is needed. The operator can thus have a cushion full of pins right at her hand, where she can get them without stopping the machine or delaying her work for an instant. Only a woman who does a great deal of sewing can appreciate the time and trouble that will be saved by this little device.

CASTS OF FOSSILS.

Nature the First One to Make Reproductions of Animals.

Commenting on Mr. Carnegie's gift of a huge reproduction of his diplodocus skeleton to the museum in Paris, La Nature remarks:

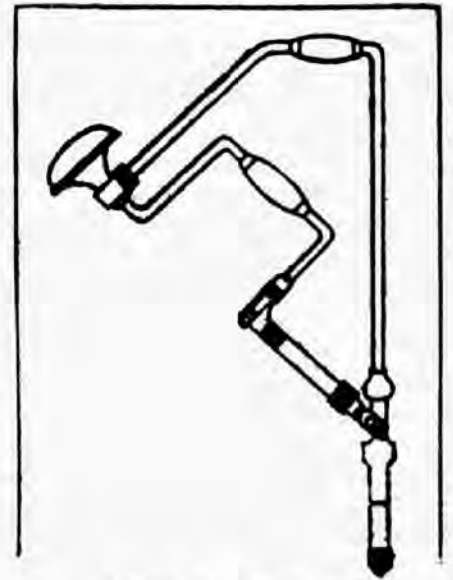
"It would seem that the public do not well understand the interest that attaches to a cast of a large fossil. We have all heard it said: "Why so much fuss over a reproduction? If it was an original, we could understand!" This way of looking at the matter has in it both truth and error. It is true that from the collector's point of view there is as much difference between a real fossil and a reproduction as be-

tween a masterpiece and its best copy. The error lies in the importance that is attached to this difference. Scientifically the study of a cast is exactly as instructive as that of an original. Again, from the point of view of instruction, the interest of a cast is of the first degree—and nothing proves it better than the feeling of stupefaction experienced, even by people well acquainted with paleontology, before this wonderful skeleton—because nothing can take the place of direct and personal sight of things in which we are interested. Finally, we must not forget that in paleontology, what is called an original is after all nothing but a cast made by nature herself slowly in the course of ages."—Translated for the Literary Digest.

BORES HOLES IN CORNERS.

New Bit Brace Enables Users to Get Different Angles.

Carpenters should erect a monument to a man in New York, for he has overcome the difficulty they have encountered for years of boring holes in corners. This man has invented a bit-brace that will bore a hole in any



Handy for Carpenters.

corner and at any angle, and the man who uses it need not be a contortionist, either. The brace has a supporting bar of angular form that holds within it the rotating driver, one end of which engages and turns the socket that holds the bit. The cut describes this tool better than the mechanism can be explained in words, for a layman. The importance of this invention can not be understood by people who have little use for tools, but it means that the corner bugaboo no longer exists for carpenters and that the change from the old methods of working in such places is almost revolutionary.

Treating a Carbon Brush.

A soft carbon brush that sparks may sometimes be cured by raising it to a red heat and then plunging into a bath of ordinary lubricating oil.

The Amateur Photographer.

Conducted by Algy Arnold, Cissna Park, Ill.

As stated in the November issue, we will take up the subject of Lenses and Shutters for this month. And we will try to make this subject as plain as we can, so that the Amateur can fully understand the value of the lens.

LENSES AND SHUTTERS

As explained in the last issue, the lens is the piece of glass in the front of the camera and is the most expensive and the important part of the outfit. The quality of work done with a camera depends entirely upon the lens and therefore, in selecting your outfit care should be exercised to secure one containing a good lens. As the quality of the lens cannot be judged by its appearance, and as a beginner in photography is entirely incapable of judging a lens, even by actual trial, it is usually necessary to take the dealer's word in regard to this point and thus the advisability of dealing with a house whose goods are known to be exactly as represented is apparent.

Photographic lenses may be divided into four different kinds, Single Lenses, Double or rapid rectilinear lenses, Wide angle lenses, and Portrait lenses.

Non Achromatic Single Lenses. The cheapest photographic lens made is a single convex lens, just like a common magnifying glass or the lenses in spectacles, such as very old people wear. Such a lens is used only in the very cheapest cameras and owing to its being poorly ground and not properly corrected, it distorts the picture, and as it is not achromatic it separates the rays of light into colors, thus blurring the pictures.

Achromatic Single Lenses. The single achromatic lenses are composed of two simple lenses, one double convex, the other, plano convex cemented together, thus apparently forming a single lens. Such a lens does not separate the rays of light into colors and will therefore form a sharp clear picture.

Rapid Rectilinear Lenses, usually spoken of as double lens, consists of two single achromatic lenses mounted in opposite ends of a brass tube. They are called, rectilinear, because they are fitted to render straight lines for a picture without distortion, the word rectilinear being derived from a Latin word or words meaning straight and

line.

Rapid Rectilinear Lenses possess greater depth of focus than any other lenses, are more rapid than any single achromatic lenses, and are much faster than the wide angle lenses; in short they are for general all around purposes, the best lenses made.

Wide Angle Lenses are much the same as rectilinear lenses in general construction, but the two achromatic lenses which form the combination are mounted more closely together and for this reason a wide angle lens is capable of including a much wider extent of view, hence the name "Wide Angle."

These lenses are not very suitable for landscape or out side view work, although in certain cases, such as photographing of buildings where it is impossible to get far enough away to include the whole of the building with a rectilinear lens, the wide angle lens becomes a necessity. Wide Angle lenses are especially desirable for photographing interiors, in fact, they are practically indispensable for this work, as a single achromatic or rapid rectilinear lens does not include a sufficiently wide angle of view to make a good interior.

Portrait Lenses are not to be recommended for anything except portrait work indoors. As before stated, all other good qualities are sacrificed in order to obtain great speed. Good portraits may be made with any of the above named lenses but they must be given a slightly longer exposure.

THE DARK ROOM

In getting ready to take up photography, the first and most important subject for consideration, aside from the selection of the outfit itself, is the dark room. And work in photography in which it is necessary to handle dry plate whether it be merely loading the holders, or developing the plates, must be done in a perfectly dark room, lighted with only a ruby lamp. Any room which can be made perfectly dark will do, but a closet with no windows and only one door will usually be found the easiest to make perfectly dark. An ordinary room, with the doors closed and the curtains down, although apparently quite dark, will not do for photographic work, as the light streaming in through cracks in the door or elsewhere, will in-

stantly ruin the plates. The room must be absolutely dark. At night an ordinary room may be made dark enough by closing the doors and drawing the curtain but even then care must be taken to see that moonlight or light from street lights does not get in, as it takes very little white light to ruin the plates.

We must have some means of lighting the dark room sufficiently to see what we are doing, and fortunately, the dry plate is only very slightly sensitive to red or yellow light, so what is known as a ruby lamp is used. This is simply a lamp or lantern provided with a dark red or ruby glass, and made perfectly tight so that no white light can get out. Some ruby lights are made to use candles, and others are made to burn oil. Many prefer candles, as they are cleaner than oil and never smoke.

If you have running water in the house, and can put a sink in your dark room by all means do so, as the work then becomes easier. In the process of developing, fixing and washing the plates, it is necessary to use plenty of water, and if you can have a sink and running water in the dark room, you can work more rapidly and to better advantage. Place a table opposite the sink to work on, and put up some shelving on which to keep trays, chemicals, bottles, etc. Have a place for everything and keep everything in its place.

PYRO DEVELOPER.

SOLUTION NO. 1

Water	16 Oz.
Sulphite of Soda' Crystals	4 Oz.
Pyro	1 Oz.
Sulphuric Acid	10 Oz.

SOLUTION NO. 2

Water	16 Oz.
Carbonate of Soda, Crystals	4 Oz.

For use take.

Solution No. 1	1 Oz.
Solution No. 2	1 Oz.
Water	1 Oz.

Members what do you say to a C.M.A. Camera Club? let me know what you think about it.

Save this table for future use.

60 Grains equals	1 Dram.
8 Drams equals	1 Ounce.
12 Ounce equals	1 Pound.

For Fluid

60 Minims equals	1 Dram.
8 Drams equals	1 Ounce.
16 ounces equals	1 Pint.
8 Pints equals	1 Gallon.

As a prize for the best pictures sent to me before Jan. 15, 1909. I will give a years subscription to the "Photographers Weekly". Send all pictures to, Algy Arnold, 5° O. T. N.,

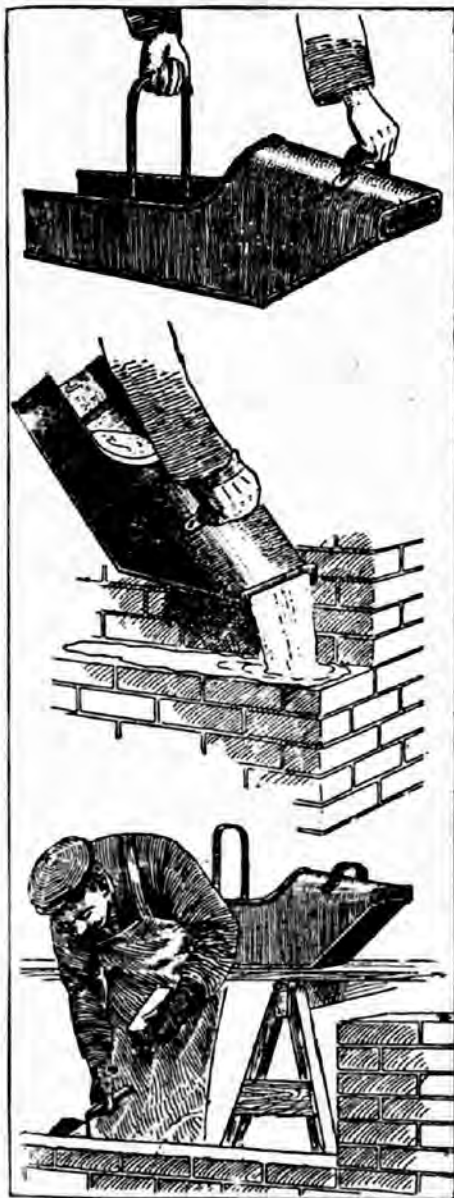
Cissna Park, Ill.

INDUSTRY AND MECHANICS

FOR LAYING BRICK.

New Labor-Saving Device Called the Fountain Trowel.

Bricklaying as an art has remained stationary for a long period of time. The methods of the past are still in vogue and present practice varies but



New Labor-Saving Device.

tar box and the toe has a long opening the entire width of the can, through which mortar is poured upon the brick. This trowel or can makes it possible to spread a far greater quantity of mortar within a given time than the ordinary trowel, and permits the bricklayer to use mortar sufficiently soft to fill the joints better, not only because it runs down into the unfilled joints of the course below, but because it permits the shoving of the joints full of mortar in the course that is being laid.

The packet is a little wooden tray, 30 inches long and the width of a brick. The bricks are placed on the packet face up, in two rows of ten each, a weight of about 90 pounds. The whole is placed upon specially constructed wheelbarrows and wheeled to the place where the men are working. The packet is then lifted from the wheelbarrow, placed on the stock platform of the scaffold, and pushed over to the bricklayer. The bricklayer lifts the packet and deposits it on the wall. The last step, that of placing the bricks in the wall, requires but the moving of the arms and hands.

Everyone who has watched a bricklayer at work, remarks the publisher of Brick, has noticed that he tosses a brick about in his hand before laying it. This is not mere play, but the necessity of grasping it in such a fashion that he can lay its best face for the face of the wall. With the packet system the best face is always upward, and the bricklayer is spared this waste of energy and time. By the ordinary methods it is necessary for the bricklayer to stoop over the scaffold on which he stands and then straighten up with no more work accomplished than lifting two bricks; another waste of time and energy that such a system as the packet makes unnecessary.

A Plea for the Goat.

A little book, called "The Care for the Goat," has recently attracted some attention in England. The writer urges that great advantage would be found by small proprietors, laborers and rural residents in keeping goats, "the poor man's cow." Goat's milk he says, often possesses twice the richness of cow's milk, is very valuable for children, and may be practically guaranteed as free from the bacillus of tuberculosis. Goats are cheap and cheaply kept, since they readily find food, and they demand little room.

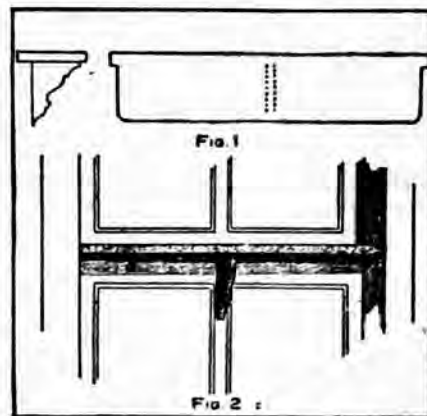
Silvering of Horn, Leather, Etc.

In practical operations, the silvering of such materials, alone or in connection with other substances, is necessary. For this purpose, the objects are first heated to 149 degrees to 176 degrees F., and painted with a hot solution of gallic acid in water, then with a solution of one part of nitrate of silver dissolved in water and the alternate paintings repeated until the silvery appearance is produced.

WINDOW SHELF FOR PLANTS.

May Be Made So as to Be Easily Changed from Window to Window.

When a few plants are kept about the house during the winter months it is necessary to provide a stand or shelf near or in a window in order to give them proper light for growing. The accompanying sketch shows how to make a shelf that may be changed from one window to another as de-



May Be Moved from Window to Window.

sired. A one-inch board is cut as shown in Fig. 1 with a projection on each end to fit into the sash grooves and a bracket fastened on the under side. If the shelf is to be used on a two-light window, one bracket placed in the center to rest on the middle piece of the sash, as shown in Fig. 2, is all that will be necessary. When used on a single-glass sash, one bracket at each end of the shelf will be needed.

Prevents Fire in Coal.

The best preventive for spontaneous ignition of coal, says Compressed Air, is a small cylinder containing compressed carbon dioxide, fitted with a fuse plug melting at 200 degrees F. A cylinder one foot long and three inches in diameter is sufficient to take care of eight tons of coal.

Had Died Together.

A pigeon was recently seen to fall into the yard of the works department at Deal barracks. On examination it was found that a snake two and one-half feet long had coiled itself round the bird's neck and one of its wings. Both bird and reptile were dead. The head of the snake was tightly held in the pigeon's beak.

David Was His Hero.

Four-year-old Joe is very fond of Bible stories and evidently follows the example of his best-loved hero as to meditation "in the night watches."

He wakened his mother one night, after midnight, with the question: "Mamma, where is David now?"

"In heaven, I guess, Joe."

"Will I go to heaven when I die?"

"I hope so, Joe."

"Mamma," the little voice was very eager now, "do you s'pose when I get there David will just let me hold his sling-shot a little while?"

little the processes by which the oldest brickwork now standing was laid. Progress in bricklaying is therefore to be more expected in the nature of improvement of existing methods than from attempting a radical change.

Two improvements recently made along this line are noted with interest.

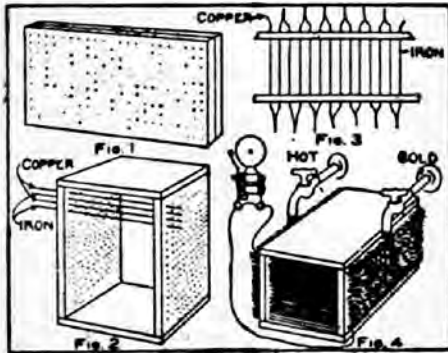
One is called the fountain trowel and the other is a packet system of handling the bricks. The trowel is a metal can, shaped something like a Dutch wooden shoe. The heel is used to scoop up mortar from the mor-

THE ELECTRICAL WORLD

THERMO-ELECTRIC BATTERY.

A Novel Way of Producing an Electric Current.

A novel way of producing an electric current by means of hot and cold water, heat from a match or alcohol lamp, is obtained from a device con-



Details of Battery.

structed as shown in the sketch, says a writer in Popular Mechanics. Take two hardwood boards, marble or slate plates about 8 by 10 inches and place them together, as shown in Fig. 1, mark and drill about 500 holes. These two pieces should be separated about eight inches and fastened with boards across the ends, as shown in Fig. 2.

Take soft copper wire, not smaller than No. 18, and cut in lengths to pass through the holes in the two boards and have sufficient end to make a tie. This will require about 70 feet of wire to fill one-half the number of holes. Also, cut the same number of lengths from the same sized galvanized iron wire to fill the remaining holes. The wires are put through the holes in the boards alternately, that is: begin with copper, the next hole with iron, the next copper, and the next iron, and so on, twisting the ends together as shown in Fig. 3. The connections when complete should be copper for the first and iron for the last wire.

When the whole apparatus is thus strung the connections, which must be twisted, can be soldered. Connect one copper wire to the bell and the other terminal, which must be an iron wire, to the other post of the bell. The apparatus is then short-circuited, yet there is no current in the instrument until a lighted match, or, better still, the flame from an alcohol lamp is placed at one end only.

Best results have been obtained by putting ice or cold water on one side and a flame on the other. The experiment did well to place the whole

apparatus under sink faucets with the hot water turned on one side and the cold water on the other. The greater the difference of temperature in the two terminals, the more current will be obtained.

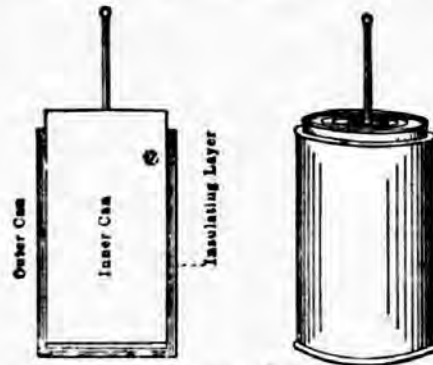
Very interesting experiments may thus be performed and these may lead to the solving of the great thermo-electric problem.

UNBREAKABLE LEYDEN JAR.

How It Can Be Made Out of Two Tin Cans.

Two ordinary tin cans may be used to make a serviceable Leyden jar, which has the advantage of being unbreakable, according to Kosmos.

Select two tins such that the diameter of the one exceeds that of the other by about one-half inch. Cover the bottom of the larger tin (inside) with a disk of rubber or varnished cardboard. To the bottom of the smaller tin (on the outside) solder a piece of iron or copper wire, bent into a hook at the tip, or else ending in a ball. Around the smaller tin wind an old rubber plate or several layers of silk rigs or well-varnished parchment, folding this insulating layer down into the tin over the edge, an inch or more. Place the smaller tin, thus insulated, with the edge down, in the larger can, and the Leyden jar is completed, ready to be



An Unbreakable Leyden Jar.

charged from a frictional machine or an electrophorus.

The inner tin should stand out an inch or so above the outer can, to prevent sparks from passing over.

Didn't Deaden Noise.

The experiment on the elevated railway lines in Chicago to eliminate noise by the use of a gravel roadbed on the structure, has recently been abandoned, as the gravel not only failed to reduce the noise, but held water, with injurious effects to the structure.

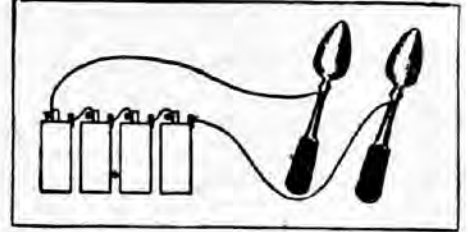
Large Load of Potatoes.

What is believed to be the record potato train ever handled in the east was pulled into Northern Maine Junction recently. The train was made up of 75 cars of potatoes picked up at different points on the Bangor & Aroostook. The train contained 38,000 bushels worth from \$28,000 to \$30,000.—Kennebec (Me.) Journal.

ELECTRIC BATTERY MASSAGE.

It Can Be Had with Two Silver Spoons and Dry Batteries.

A simple and cheap electric massage device can be made by using



Batteries and Spoons Connected Up.

three or four cells of dry battery connected to two ordinary silver table-spoons, as shown in the sketch. The handles of the spoons, says Popular Mechanics, should be insulated or the operator can wear either kid or rubber gloves.

Chinaman Improves on Wireless.

According to the Far Eastern Review, a Chinese gentleman named Hu Chuen has obtained a patent on an improved method of wireless telegraphy, simplifying the methods hitherto in use. The system has been recommended by Chinese authorities for the reason that it makes use only of domestic Chinese materials of lower cost than imported articles, and it is also simpler to operate. At the test of the equipment at Canton it was pronounced a success. Detailed information as to the workings of the new system, however, are not as yet at hand.

A Sugar Plant.

An herb, called by the natives caa ehe, but botanically Eupatorium rebaudianum, grows wild in Paraguay. It is remarkable for its sweetness. Indeed, the native name means the "sugar plant." It grows along the border of the river Arambah, and attains a height of only about five inches. The smallest bit of this plant when placed upon the tongue produces a surprisingly sweet savor, which, it is said, lasts for hours. The saccharine power is much greater than that of sugar. Recent investigation indicates that the nectareous element in this plant closely resembles that of the licorice root.

Has Big Crop of Sugar.

Louisiana's crop of sugar this year, 350,000 tons, will be a record. But beet sugar production in this country took the lead in 1905, and will amount this season to 450,000 tons.

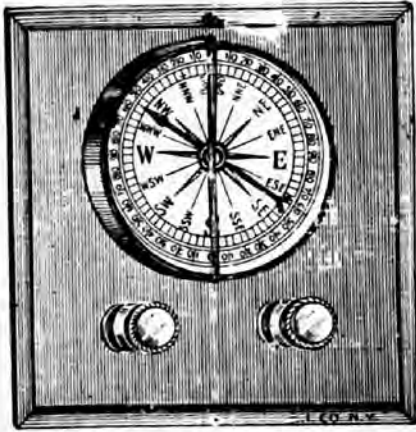
Intercepted Wireless Telegraph.

In the recent French army maneuvers a wireless telegraph station in a balloon successfully intercepted messages sent from Berlin to vessels at sea.

Old tape may be made "sticky" by applying a little heat.

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The Sunset Gun.

Life is not victory, but battle. Be patient a little longer. By and by, in our hushed and waiting chambers, each in his turn, we shall hear the sunset gun.—Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock.

A Beauty Note.

Deep frowning lines between the eyes give an expression of discontent, and the moment such lines appear a woman should begin to examine closely her eyes, and her heart, for the troubles which spring from the heart quickly find expression in the eyes.

A Beam of Divinity.

To see a man fearless in dangers, untainted with lusts, happy in adversity, composed in a tumult, and laughing at all those things which are generally either coveted or feared, all men must acknowledge that this can be nothing else but a beam of divinity that influences a mortal body.—Seneca.

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IN THIS ISSUE

You will find the opening chapters of the powerful serial story, one of the really strong productions of this decade, entitled:

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BY ROBERT AMES BENNET
Author of "For the White Christ," Etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTERS

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—*Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier*.

"With all these tremendous elements skillfully handled and the extraordinary conditions, the dramatic qualities of the tale can be easily imagined. But the elements of passion and sentiment are not by any means left out and, as the narrative proceeds, an astonishing love story is unfolded."—*Portland (Me.) Express*.

**Don't Miss the Opening
Chapters in This Issue.**

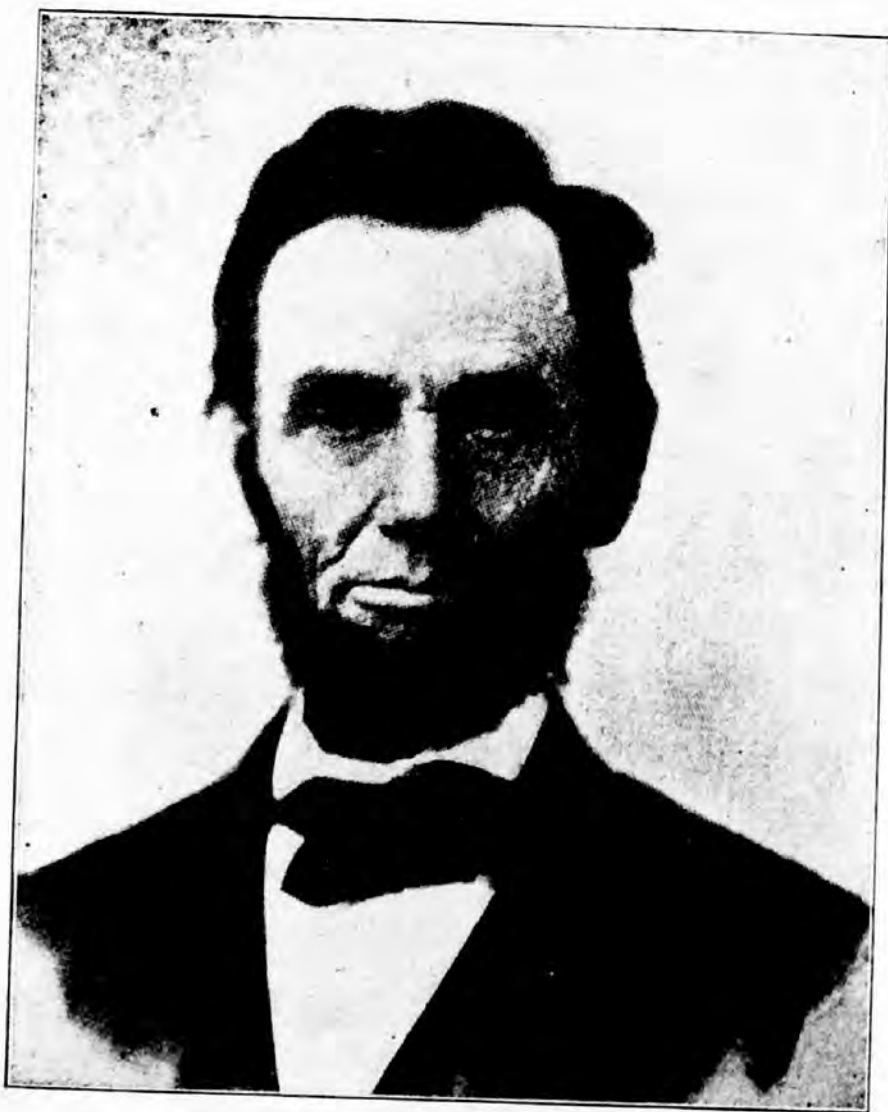
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The O. M. A. EMBLEM

Volume 1

February, 1909

Number 10



Lincoln the Emancipator.

Emblem Printing Company

Alma, Kansas.



CHARLES
ROBERT
SIMON
EDITOR &
PUBLISHER



The C. M. A. EMBLEM

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY 1909

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE I. O. C. M. A. SECRET SOCIETY

SPECIAL ARTICLES AND EDITORIALS

Abraham Lincoln	- - -	Page 3
Humorous Page	- - -	Page 8
Visits With Uncle By	- Byron Williams	Page 9
A Rare Old Volume	- - -	Page 14
Across the Desert	- Marshall P. Wilder	Page 17

FICTION

Into the Primitive	Robert Ames Bennett	Page 19
Hunting the Red Skins	Clyde B. Weaver	Page 14
A Valuable Stamp	- Julian T. Baber	Page 16

VERSE

College Life	- - Julian T. Baber	Page 5
Ambition	- L. Garrison Cline	Page 6

OUR DEPARTMENTS

Official I. O. C. M. A.	- - -	Page 4
Amateur Journalist	- Ezra D. Sargent	Page 15
The Young Collector	Julian T. Baber	Page 16



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Number Ten

Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham Lincoln, the 16th President of the United States was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His family was of Quaker and Pennsylvanian origin. In 1816 his father settled in what is now Spencer county, Indiana, and for 10 years the future president was employed in hard manual labor on his parents' farm. The whole time spent by Lincoln at school, to which he went at intervals, did not amount to more than a year. Among the few books which he read in his early life was the *Life of Washington*, in which he took a great deal of interest.

He was 6 feet 4 inches in height at the age of 19 and his physical capabilities were remarkable. In the year when his father removed to Macomb county, Illinois, he not only helped his father build the family log-hut but with a single assistant split rails enough to fence ten acres of land. In 1831 he worked his way to New Orleans on a flat-boat which he had assisted in building. He then became a clerk in the New Salem store of the owner of the boat, for a time, and in 1832 entered, and was made captain of a company of volunteers raised on the breaking out of the Black Hawk war. After a three months campaign, he was supported by the electors of his own district as a candidate for a seat in the State Legislature, but his principles being Whig, he was rejected in favor of a Democrat. Unsuccessful in the country store which he then opened, he was appointed postmaster of New Salem and—borrowing from a neighbor practitioner law books, to be returned in the morning—spent his evenings in the study of law. In 1834 he was elected a member of the state legislature, and he continued to be reelected until 1840. In 1836 he had been licensed to practice as a lawyer and in 1837 commenced business at Springfield, his residence until elected President. As a lawyer he became rapidly successful, especially in cases where a jury adjudicated;

and in politics rose to be a prominent leader of the Whig party in Illinois. In 1844 he canvassed the state, making speeches almost daily on behalf of Henry Clay, when that well known statesman was a candidate for presidency.

In the presidential election of 1856 he worked strenuously for Fremont, and his own name was mentioned in connection with Vice-Presidency. In 1858 he ran against Mr. Douglas as Republican candidate for a seat in the Senate; and after a spirited contest Lincoln secured a large majority of the popular vote. The State Legislature, however returning Douglas. The struggle with Douglas placed Lincoln in the foremost rank of his party and the Republican national convention which met in Chicago May 16, 1860, nominated him as their candidate for the presidency by a considerable majority over Mr. Seward. Lincoln was elected, having received 180 electoral votes out of 303. No soon was his election known than the insurrection which led to the Civil war burst out in the South, and nearly a month before his taking the official oath, six states had separated themselves from the Union. On March 4th, Lincoln took the oath of office, and delivered his inaugural address. In that plain straightforward talk with the nation he declared that he took the oath to support the Constitution "with no mental reservation." He argued briefly, the question of secession, averring that, in spite of all that had been done in the South, the Union was unbroken, and he should to the extent of his ability, take care that "the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the states;" that in doing this there would be no bloodshed, "unless it be forced upon national authority" but that the power of the government would be used to "hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts;" and he closed his address with an earnest appeal to all who really loved the Union, to pause

and consider "before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes." "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen," said he, "and not mine, is the momentous issue of Civil War. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to *preserve, protect and defend it.*" Lincoln was reelected in 1864, and lived just long enough to see the triumph of his policy. On the evening of April 14th, 1865, while present at Ford's theatre, in Washington, he was shot by Wilkes Booth, an actor and fanatical secessionist, who was himself shot in the act of being arrested. Lincoln died the next morning, and the tidings of it were received with deep sorrow and indignation in all civilized countries. President Lincoln was an honest man in the best and most extensive sense of the word. He had a deep sense of religion, great good nature, considerable humor and cordial, pleasant manners. Perhaps somewhat slow in arriving at conclusions, when once settled in them he was firm in their conviction. His tragic end, combined with his many virtues and patriotism, will ever render his name venerated.

North Carolina State Meeting.

The North Carolina State meeting will be held at Ashboro, N. C., March 11, 12, 13, 1909. The committee earnestly requests that every lodge send one or more delegates to this convention. All loyal brothers should attend and make this meeting a grand success. Write Brothers R. C. Hand, Pres., Chadbourn, N. C., or B. H. Long, Sec'y., Forest City, N. C.

The Master Craftsman.

If a man preach a better sermon, write a better book or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.—Emerson.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America

The New and Modern Secret Society for the Ambitious Young Men and Boys
This Department Gives News of Interest from Members and Lodges in Every State in the Union



NEW ORDER is now about ready to do business. It has been just a year that the members were at a loss to know what to do with it, but we are now established upon

as sound a fraternal business basis as any of the organizations doing business today. We have bettered the teachings of the old order, placed the ruling of the Grand Lodge in the hands of the members, and now have as our grand officers some of the best young men the country affords. It has been no easy task for the leaders to accomplish this end, and now when the clouds of discontentment have cleared away from the horizon and the blue of the summer sky again appearing the members should show their appreciation by "buckling" down to business, try and get the young men of your city interested in the order enough to join.

The new outfits will be ready for distribution some time in April. This delay is caused by an error in the issuing of the new certificates. The engravers when printing them overlooked some corrections in the proof and you can imagine our dismay when we were in receipt of them to see that after the promises to the members to have them about the first of the year, to find that we would have to wait for the reprinting of them. This delay is no fault of the grand officers and they are sorry to see a thing happen to hold the order back. We have a great deal of work in getting the new outfits together, you must remember that even though our membership may not number over the thousand mark, we must print not only the outfits for them but for the thousands to come. Every little thing used in the running of the order must be made over new and made in large quantities to meet the demands of the future new members which are already beginning to appear. You can rest assured that when we are once caught up with our word that the members will receive the best service the grand officers can give them and things will run as smooth as ever.

The year book is still on the press on account of the many names received that asked to be registered therein, but will be ready for mailing some time

soon, when the secretary of your lodge will receive them.

Hoping that we will not have to delay the issuing of the official lodge matters again and that the members will catch the I. O. C. M. A. spirit and word with a vim, I remain.

Yours in "F",

Chas. Simon

A Prominent Member.



Julian Trevilian Baber, 5th O. T. N.

Brother Julian T. Baber of Pocahontas, Va., has been one of the foremost members in the reorganization of the Independent Order of the Coming Men of America. He has also furnished the columns of the EMBLEM with many of his writings, and is the editor of the Young Stamp Collectors department; besides being a writer he is also an illustrator of no small ability, some of his work will be found in the succeeding issues of the official organ.

Our New Traveling Cards.

We are in receipt of the new traveling cards, they are very pretty, being engraved and printed in green on a good bond paper. The members will be sent their new ones in the next few days as it will be some time yet before we get the new certificates we will not hold them that long.

Bestography.

The bestography given below is the same used under the old rule. This will be changed and as soon as the new outfits are mailed all new members the new style will be used.

Password.

The word for March is 18 40 11 25
20 39 48.

Not Yet but Soon.

The new certificates have put us "up against it." In November we placed an order for 10,000 engraved certificates and the house sent us the proof or sketch for the same but overlooked some of the changes placed on the same when the corrected proof was returned to them and when we received the certificates in January we found that we were unable to use them and had to have the house reprint them. This kept us from fulfilling our promise in sending out the new outfits some time soon after the first of the year. The members should have a little patience, we know it is hard to wait but you will receive a good outfit when you do get it. The certificates will be of the same high grade as the traveling cards.

The boys of Old Wolverine lodge gave a box social on Friday evening Jan. 29. These boys are hustlers and are forging to front rapidly.

Special Dispensation.

Special dispensations will be mailed the lodges for them to do business under as it will be several months yet before our regular charters are ready. The new charters will be about four times as large as the old ones and will be filled out in a more artistic manner. The special dispensations will be about the same size as the old charters and are engraved and printed in two colors.

Friendship Lodge of Pioneer, Texas, is still taking in new members at every meeting.

The Year Book.

The delay in the getting out of the year book has been for this reason. There hasn't been a day since the first of the year but what we have received from two to twenty new reinstatements all asking to have their names placed in the year book and rather than keep them out we have been adding them as fast as received but it will be completed in about a week after the February issue of the EMBLEM is received by the members at which time your secretary will be sent enough copies for every member. This book will be for the use of the members only and should be kept intact as it will contain some very good facts in regard to the order.

I. O. C. M. A. Members Notice.

As this is the beginning of a new year and our order has reincorporated, which again gives it a legal standing with a right to protect its name, authority to enroll new members and reinstate the old ones, organize local lodges, conduct meetings and proceed with any business relative to C. M. A. progress and in behalf of the worthy brothers. Our main object in the order is to teach its members principles of patriotism, parliamentary law, good government, loyalty, brotherly love, and educate the brother in the value of obedience, integrity, honesty, perseverance, good citizenship. While denouncing wrong doings and unmanly actions by holding up as examples to its members clean types of our successful business men, historians, statesmen and others who have won distinction. A special feature is the fact that the Independent Order of the Coming Men of America is the old original C. M. A. revised and under different government and wish to inculcate any motive that will please the brothers in every possible manner which should create the I. O. C. M. A. prosperity in a tenfold sense. Harmony in all things, and the battle has been won so we can proceed with our order and organize new lodges and take in new members. If you have any suggestions to offer for the good of the order send them to the EMBLEM.

I remain yours in "F".

Clyde B. Weaver 5° O. T. N.
Ex-Pres. Lone Wolf Lodge.

NOTICE**Ye Virginians.**

At the state meeting that was held in Abingdon in 1908, it was decided that a small assessment fee of 10 cents should be charged to members residing in Virginia. This to help pay expense for stationery and postage of state officials. I as Treasurer request all Virginia members to send me their dues for 1909 now. An official receipt will be issued you.

J. Vance Jones,
State Treasurer I. O. C. M. A.,
Damascus, Va.

**Metropolitan Boys Receive
a Treat.**

On Sunday evening, January 3, Rev. H. M. Polsgrove of the Christian church Port Arthur, Texas, addressed the C. M. A. boys of that place. The address was very interesting and in it Mr. Polsgrove pointed out the good derived from such organizations for boys, and young men.

To The Brothers of The I. O. C. M. A.

Office of Grand Treasurer,
Springfield, Mo.,
Dec. 14, 1908.

Dear Brothers:—About the time that peace was reigning throughout our Noble Order, as we thought, and after our votes had been cast and our officers elected, and Brother J. M. Armstrong defeated by our Noble Brother J. E. Clayton news was received that this defeat hurt Brother Armstrong so, that he turned away from our order and, after getting Brother McKelvie our Vice-President of the Southwest, with his paper to incorporate, and now Brother McKelvie claims he has the right to be Grand Secretary of the order, owing to his paper being incorporated. He also threatens that he is going to file an injunction against our order for the use of its name. He calls his lodge the Co-operative Formula of the C. M. A., but, if Brother McKelvie will look at the difference in the names of our order and his would-be order, I think he will see that our name is different than the name he applies to his order.

Now Brothers, the quicker we get such people, (who are jealous, and could not stand defeat when they were defeated in a fair race, and then turn against our order as soon as things don't go their way,) out of our noble order and keep them out, our order will ever prosper. Right always wins, and these brothers who are turning against our order, will some day be glad to come back in our fold, when they see our teachings are the best. Will we then take them back? I say we should not,

Brothers, those who entered our ranks in the days of old, when it was in the hands of J. R. Hunter, and who are fighting for the right should stay with the right side, and that is the Independent Order of the C. M. A.

Now brothers, the Southwest will have to elect a new Vice-President for its district. We are not going to let a man like McKelvie sit in our grand lodge, and we will make them feel fine when our brothers refuse to recognize such fellows and an order which will not amount anything. Now, all brothers who favor McKelvie and his order should drop the I. O. C. M. A. and join the C. F. C. M. A. and our order will fight its own troubles and let the draw-backs fight theirs.

Brothers, the C. M. A. EMBLEM is the best paper and it will win its main. I now favor Brother Floyd Jones, President of the Texas State C. M. A. for Vice-President of the Southwest district and he will be a worthy brother to take McKelvie's place.

With best wishes, I beg to remain,
Yours in "F"

Chas. E. Ellsworth.
Grand Treasurer I. O. C. M. A.

College Life.

The silv'ry moon poured forth its rays
On a field of snowy white;
And thinking of it as I gaze,
'T was a cold December night.

The tinkle of sleigh-bells caught my ear,
A merry crowd was out,
And, as they were drawing near
I heard them sing and shout.

I rose from my seat and went to the door
As the sleigh went speeding by,
I knew at once by the colors they wore,
They were students of old Lehigh.

"Max Welton braes are bonnie" they sang
As over the snow they flew;
A tenor voice distinctly rang
"Gave me a promise true."

—Julian T. Baber.

Knights of the Mystic "F" Banquet.

On Wednesday evening the "boys of the C. M. A., entertained a number of lady and gentleman friends at a dinner in the spacious dining room of Hotel Manitoba. Guests to the number of about twenty sat down to a most excellent repast and afterwards enjoyed a feast of reason and flow of wit during the short toast list, the whole combining to contribute to a very interesting evening. The boys are forging to the front rather rapidly and if present indications can be taken as a criterion, their Lodge bids fair to become a rival to some of the older and more pretentious Lodges in town.—Melita (Man.) Progress.

She was not so Green.

Not all the young matrons so unsophisticated as the customary.

"Mrs. Newly Wed" of the newspaper funny man. One striking exception resides in Harlem.

Entering the butcher shop on the eve of a large house party to be given at her home, she saw displayed a dozen chickens.

"Please pick me out a half dozen chickens that are tough," she said "I have a special reason."

The butcher put aside seven.

"Are these all?" she added.

"Yes madam," was the reply,
"these are all tough ones,"

"Then send the other five to my house at once," said the young matron.
The butcher is still guessing.

Uncle Eben on Wisdom.

"Wisdom," said Uncle Eben, "is mighty desirable, but too many of us has de idea dat it consists in a large collection of facts dat nobody ain' interested in."

Cedarville Lodge of Damascus, Va., is still after the members and is sending in reinstatements right along.

Rising Star Lodge of Smithland, Ky., is one of the new ones to come in this month with a good reinstatement. These boys are going after it in grand shape.

We hope to soon see Sunflower lodge No. 4094 of Phillips, Wis., reinstated. The members of Sunflower lodge are all hustlers and members such as these are what we need.

The boys of Tacoma, Washington, have organized a lodge there and expect to do business proper. They say we should have a day at the Alaska-Yukon exposition at Seattle, Wash.

Loyalty Boys Lodge of Forest City, N. C., has the habit of sending in their reinstatements and will soon have a good membership to their credit. Keep it up boys and show them what you are.

Brother Emile Hampton expects to soon start a new lodge in Port, Okla.

A Canadian Hustler



Ralph W. Downie, 5° O. T. N.

Brother Downie of Melita, Man. Canada is the organizer of the Knights of the Mystic "F" lodge of that place and always has been a rustler for the order in that domaine. He was among the first members that started for the reorganization of the order.

Brother Bert Nelson, Grant, Okla., will soon reorganize Star of Oklahoma Lodge No. 5126 in that town and says we can expect a good membership from them.

Brother Okey H. Davis says that most of the old members have moved away from that part of the country, but he expects soon to start another lodge as good as the old one which had a membership of of 23.

Knights of the Mystic Circle Lodge No. 4541 of Great Bend, N. Y., have reinstated and are doing matters up in their town.

Central Star Lodge of Colorado, Texas, will soon be on the list, they are sending in their reinstatements as fast as possible.

We soon hope to see Greenbrier Lodge of Ronceverte, W. Va., again on its feet as the members are beginning to send in their reinstatements.

White Chimney Lodge of Stuart, Okla., has reinstated and elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Hillard Hal', Pres.; Claude S. Box, V-Pres.; W. O. Pratt, Sec'y and Treas.; Arthur James, Speaker; L. G. Dawkins, Director; Autery Box, Sentinel; L. S. Dawkins, Chaplain and Tommy Johnson, Courier. They have things on the jump for the order in their town and say that they will have a membership of over two-score before many weeks elapse.

Prosperous Rosewood.

Rosewood lodge of Crossett, Ark., is in with their reinstatement. President Vernon McKimmey says you can expect to see their lodge do things this season. The following officers were elected at their meeting Friday, January 29, 1909: Vernon McKimmey, Pres.; Roy Doo'ley, V-Pres.; Olen Toler, Sec'y and Treas.; Arnett Norcott, Director; Chas. Finch, Speaker and Ben Hall, Sentinel. Rosewood lodge has been one of the foremost lodges under the old rule and we expect to see them hold the same place with the I. O. C. M. A.

Ambition.

For years he trod the level plain,
Nor saw the heights above;
Ambition never stirred his brain
To sordid gain of love;
He lived a life of simple need,
A child of nature fair,
For him the pleasure of the mead,
The scent of summer air.

He saw the brook in ripples flow,
He heard the song of bird
And wandered in the after-glow,
When not a leaflet stirred;
Sweet peace, that nature gives, he won,
She led him o'er the land,
Where, deft, her fingers brightly spun
From many a golden strand.

Ambition came; he saw the heights,
Aflame with sudden glory.
He toiled through days and dismal nights
To read their hidden story.
And oft he looked with wistful gaze,
Adown the paths ascending
To where he strayed in other days,
When peace and joy were blending.

—L. Garrison Cline 5° O. T. N.

An Active Member.

We are in receipt of a letter with the reinstatement of Brother John A. Lovelady, of Prairie View, Ark. Bro. Lovelady is one of the older members in the order having joined the C. M. A. as an independent member in March, 1905. He has always been an active member in the order, organizing two lodges and helping initiate over forty members. He was president of Dublin Star Lodge No. 5828 of Dublin, Ark., when the Hunter Publishing Co. failed and still working for the good of the order. He says he is well pleased the way things are turning out and expects to start organizing new lodges in his part of the country as soon as we are in position to furnish the charters.

We are glad to receive letters like this and to see Bro. Lovelady willing to work for the good of the order as he has in the past and wish him all the success possible in his undertakings.

Rising Star Lodge of New Braunfels, Texas, are giving a Grand Masquerade Ball on the 20th of this month and are expecting to have a great time.

Mysterious Disappearance



The above is a picture of Brother Guy L. Nicholas, a member of the C. M. A. of Weston, W. Va., who disappeared on the first of last May.

He is 6 feet tall, has curly red hair, blue eyes and a scar on hand between the thumb and wrist. He is 17 years old, but appears to be 20 or 21, being rather large for his age.

Brother Nicholas started from Exposition, Pa., for Atlanta, Ga., and has not been heard of since. His mother is anxious to know his whereabouts or hear from him and if any person knowing of him or his whereabouts, or if he sees this, would do his sorrowing parent a favor if they would write, either his mother, Mrs. D. D. Nicholas, Box No. 232, Weston, W. Va., or the publisher of this paper.

Echoes From Dixie.

I have carefully perused each number of the EMBLEM, since it first appeared last May, before the many faithful members of the C. M. A. When the EMBLEM first appeared I hesitated for some time, and waited until matters developed a little more before I subscribed. I received, just a few days after I subscribed, a package of "literature" from McKelvie's establishment out west.

I have read with a great deal of interest the thoughts Bro. Clyde R. Sumner presents in the January EMBLEM. I agree with him that each lodge should have a Chaplain. For several months we, in our lodge here, had a Chaplain, and always had opening and closing prayers at each meeting. In the old rituals a Chaplain was optional with the lodge, and everyone knows that every good and prosperous lodge, should, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, does have this officer. I see no reason why it might not be made compulsory, and established in the ritual.

Furthermore, I favor new secret work, and as Brother Sumner says, that it be sent to the lodge, and not to the individual member. I have only to recall time after time, in our own lodge, where some of the members would not know certain signs, etc., if it had its name written on it, so to speak.

I think we should have a different method of getting the password. Not like the old way of having it in our paper, with a certain key each time, but to change it to some other place, so as old members (the Hunter kind) will be at a loss in trying to make it out. I never thought Bestography difficult, but there were members in our lodge that couldn't learn it individually, if it was blown into their craniums with canons. I would like to see it in our ritual, to be given and taught to the members during meetings.

Now to return to McKelvie. I received about a dozen sheets, all purely advertising, except one sheet which contained C. M. A. news taken from the Megaphone, so it said. I noticed on the envelope "Official Organ, Coming Men of America." There were so many advertisements I failed to locate clearly, his object, except that he mentioned in a personal letter something about a "prompt remittance" so I judged from that that McKelvie was merely in for the "dough."

Well I suppose some other members want to talk, and while I am on this point, let us have the EMBLEM edited in a sense, by the members. Let each member who is good at writing short

stories send them in, "poets" send in their "poultry" as country editors usually call it, and many other talented writers, too numerous to mention the different varieties, lend a helping hand. It is our paper, let us make it.

John C. Holland, 5° O. T. N.,
Searcy, Arkansas.

I hereby announce myself as candidate for President of the Alabama District C. M. A. Union, I think myself capable of handling the work.

I have organized four lodges in my state and if elected will push the work on. Boys I ask your loyal support and would be pleased to hear from all members.

J. W. Smith 10° O. T. N.
Crossville, Ala., R. No. 1.
Ex-Sec. of Howards Chapel Lodge
No. 5051. Ponites, Ala.

A GOOD TIME**Liberty Lodge Hold Annual Banquet**

Liberty Lodge, No. 2530, held their annual banquet at the Brown House on the night of Dec. 31st., at eight o'clock. The spacious hall which was prettily decorated with the red, white and blue colors was filled with guests.

Bro. Claude Borroughs who was to deliver an address, was unavoidably detained, but Bro. R. Dennis Craig made a few remarks in his stead. Bro. Almo Chapman also gave an able and interesting address on "What the C. M. A. stands for." The toastmaster then proposed a toast to the ladies which was responded to by Bro. W. C. Taylor in a serio-comic vein. After the speeches and the serving of an elaborate course the guests went to the parlors where some delightful music was rendered by artists in that line.

A dance was then given by Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Bloom under the auspices of the banquet committee and the younger set, under the influence of Terpsichore danced the old year out and the new one in.

It was in the "wee small hours of the night" when the guests left feeling that it had been unsurpassed for its pleasure and brilliancy by anything of its kind during the Christmas festivities.

The lodge at this place was organized three years ago and never at any time has the lodge gone dead. The spirit of brotherly love has ever been a living spark in our breasts. The lodge, although the youngest, is one of the most progressive organizations in our progressive town.

We feel that these banquets held annually are a great benefit to us and not only that, but also a great pleasure to us in giving pleasure to our friends.

The lodge in Sentinel, Okla., is going to reorganize and hopes to have a large membership in a short time.

The lodge at Stuart, Okla., has sent in its applications and is now ready for business and expect to have many new applications before the end of the first half year.

Brother Samuel F. Phillips of Brantley, Ala., is one of the hustling kind and we soon hope to see him reorganize the local lodge in that city with a good membership.

Brother Hall of Rhode Island expects to start things booming for the I. O. C. M. A. up in his state and says his local lodge will reinstate in a day or two.

A Hustling Lodge.

Knights of the Mystic Circle Lodge of Great Bend, N. Y., has a bunch of hustling members who are making things hum in that part of the country. They hold their regular meetings every Monday evening in the Taggerts Paper Company's office and have elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, Walter J. Zapp; V-Pres., Willie L. Clickner; Sec'y and Treas., Lyle J. Thraves; Speaker, Josiah O. Boilean; Director, Loriston J. McCombs and Sentinel, Harry W. Farr.

On Friday evening Jan. 22nd, the lodge gave a banquet to its members and friends and now have several applications on the waiting list. We expect to hear more of this lodge throughout the coming year.

The homely forms of speech used by the country people with whom little Edith boarded last summer, were frequently very puzzling to the child. One evening the farmer's wife in talking for a few minutes with Edith's mother said she was very tired that night and would "go to roost with the chickens." When Edith's bed time arrived a little later the youngster was nowhere to be found. After considerable search she was discovered sitting on a large stone near the chicken house, quietly watching the fowls as they came in one by one. Edith, called her mother, "What are you doing there? I've been looking for you everywhere, it is bed time. 'I know mother was the reply but they're nearly all in now, so she'll be here soon, I guess.'" "Who are in and who will be there? What on earth are you talking about, child?" asked the mystified mother, "Why explained Edith, rather impatiently, you know Mrs. — said she was going to roost with the chickens tonight, and I'm waiting to see how she does it."

HER POCKET.

(His View.)

She was a dainty, tiny thing,
With curly hair and dreamy eyes,
I watched her furtively, and wished
That I could draw as dear a prize.

When, suddenly, she seemed alarmed,
Began to act a trifle queer,
Poke anxiously around her waist
And in her gloves to wildly peer.

She next removed her hat a bit
And wedged a finger 'neath the brim,
I saw her grit her teeth and clench
Her pretty hands, so small and slim.

A strange squint gleamed within her
eyes;
She seemed to lose her sweet repose,
And, stretching wide her pretty mouth,
Deliberately pinched her nose!

I looked at her in true alarm,
Alas! that all my scattered wits
Could not recall a thing to do
For pretty maidens having fits!

I watched her grab each arm in turn,
And pinch it firmly every place,
Until I saw a tiny lump
Appear amid the filmy lace.

She clutched it. Were it made of gold
She could not wear a look more pleased,
A handkerchief—size two by two—
She drew—and then, at last, she sneezed!
New York Herald.

A BURNING SHAME.



Mrs. Mugins—My husband is a perfect crank.

Mrs. Bugins—All husbands are, dear.

Mrs. Mugins—But fancy a man who complains that my mustard plasters are not as strong as those his mother used to make.

Bereft.

No wonder on the sandy shore
The breakers wildly roam,
The winds come up with sullen roar;
The summer girl's gone home.
—Washington Star.

Dark Chapter.

During the witchcraft craze in Salem, Mass., from the time the mania broke out, in 1692, to its close 20 persons were executed and 55 suffered torture in a more or less violent form.
—N. Y. American.

GERMS AND MILK.

According to a recent dictum of science, the number of germs in a single teaspoon of milk, one hour after it has been hurried away from the cow on its career of death and destruction, has been reduced by modern methods from one or two millions to about 250.

These germs are not in the milk at the time it leaves the cow, but, unless something is done about it, they begin to arrive in large quantities from this moment. They come in excursion trains or on foot. The line of germs waiting to get into an ordinary bottle of milk has been extending far out into the street. Police germs have had great trouble in preserving order, and, of course, had there been a riot much damage might have been done to property.

All this, however, is now an affair of the effete past. The regulations are so strict that only a given number of germs may pass, and even these have to give the countersign.

But even 250 germs to a teaspoon seem a good deal. What is to be done about them? We are informed that they are not all unfriendly. Many of them are neutral. Many of them come in quietly, sit down, occupy themselves with domestic amusements, and do no harm. But among these there is still the likelihood that a real enemy to the system may get in.

Until not a single germ can pass the sentry, therefore, is our milk likely to be safe. All babies are hereby warned to drink it at their peril. They will be duly notified when science has barred out successfully every intruder, no matter what his age, nationality or previous condition of servitude.—Life.

By Way of Encouragement.

"May I ask how you earned your first dollar?" queried the reporter.

"I earned it, young man," said the financial magnate, "many years ago by doing just what you are doing now, as my first assignment on a newspaper. I went out to interview a man, and it may interest you to know that I got a good deal more information out of him than you're going to get out of me."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Fit for Publication.

"Isn't it scandalous about the Warrsleys?"

"What about them? I understand that Mrs. Wappsley has secured a divorce, but I haven't learned any of the particulars."

"Nobody else has. The case is such a nasty one that the records have all been hidden."—Chicago Record-Herald.

To Be Pitied.

"I feel mighty sorry for that man."
"Why?"

"He has an income of \$50,000 a year and only nine-dollar-a-week tastes."—Chicago Record-Herald.

INFORMATION WANTED.



"I understand," said the chief of police, "that you intend to give the Salome dance here."

"Yes," replied the manager of the traveling theatrical company, "we have arranged to do so, but I assure you that we have made it entirely unobjectionable. There is nothing about the dance that you would not want your wife or your daughter to see. It is artistic—nothing more."

"Then what the dickens do you want to give it for?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

At Sixteen.

At sweet sixteen, a fickle trait
Most every charming maid reveals,
And this it is, revised to date,
One beau treads on another's heels.
—Detroit Free Press.

A Definition.

"Father," said little Rollo, "what is graft?"

"Graft, my son, is any pecuniary advantage enjoyed by some one who opposes your political views."—Washington Star.

Amendatory.

Borus—Yes, I always rewrite my poems before I send them to a publisher.

Naggus—You mean, I presume, before you send them to the next publisher.—Chicago Tribune.

Following it Out.

"Hush! Miss Passy is going to sing 'I'm a Little Faded Flower.'"

"Is she? All right. Let her fade away."—Baltimore American.

Not a Bark.

Terrier—Don't you have any dog-watch on this craft?

Tabby—No. This is a cat-boat.—Life.

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

Slidin'.



Oh, you fat and pudgy sinner
With the silver in your hair—
You who have the flabby muscles
And the wrinkle marks of care—
Get your cap and scarf and mittens
And come out and take a ride
Where the boys are whooping gally
Down the old toboggan slide!

Get a sled that's long and slender
With the runners shiny bright
And a "race boss pitcher" standin'
Right out on it in the light,
And pretend, at least, you're coastin'
Where the great white way is wide
And the speed is most terrific
Down that old toboggan slide!

At the crest we stand together
With our sleds held high in air—
"Quit yer edging up, doggone ye!"
This here race is on thee square!"
Now! We run and flop together
Belly buster on our sleds
Like two catapultic tangents
Or a pair of quadrupeds!

"Here! Plague take ye, stop that nudg-
ing!
Tain't no fair t' push yer sled!
You ain't neither! No, doggone ye,
Can't you see that I'm ahead?"
Ah, come on. Let's go a coasting—
You and I. Let's take a ride
And be boys once more together
On that old toboggan slide!

On the Wing.

As yet we haven't a daily newspa-
per printed in a balloon, despite the
fact that there is such a demand for
light literature.

When a woman won't quarrel with
her husband there is only one thing
for him to do—secure a divorce and
get one that will.

How the view point changes.
Twenty years ago we longed to have

money to buy all the apple pie we
could eat. Now we have the money
and would give it all to be able to eat
the pie.

I suppose the reason the water
wagon is always pictured as a vehicle
drawn by horses, is because if the
wagon were a real automobile, some
of the passengers would want to drink
the gasoline.



A metropolitan newspaper prints
the extraordinary news that the po-
lice of New York city "arrest 112 per-
sons each day for intoxication." Why
stop at 112?

The office boy that finds \$10 on the
floor, gives it to the boss and doesn't
get a raise, may wonder how honesty
has its own reward. And yet many
a successful man owes a part of his
success to just some such trivial
thing as this. The boss may not seem
to have noticed—but he did!

When I was a boy a friendly old
banker once told me that a farm
mortgage in ten years would beat any
other investment for the same length
of time—and ever since then I have
been anxious to try it. That is the
way with a lot of good advice—a fel-
low never gets a chance to put it in
practice.

Why Hide the Light.
"This," says Fred Badger in his Neo-
desha (Kansas) Register, "beats life in-
surance all to pieces: A chemist has de-
termined by painstaking analysis that a
human body of the average size contains
three pounds and three ounces of cal-
cium. The current value of calcium is \$300
an ounce, which would give us each a
value in the retort of \$18,350, or one-fourth
our weight in gold. You save the premi-
ums while you are alive, and have your-
self made into calcium after you are dead
and it won't hurt much. Why hide your
calcium light?"

Metaphorically Speaking.
A clergyman in an English town warned
his hearers lately "not to walk in a slip-
pery path, lest they be sucked, mael-
strom-like, into its meshes!" This met-
aphor suggests that of another clergy-
man, who prayed that the word might
be as a nail driven in a sure place, send-
ing its roots downward and its branches
upward.

Congratulatory.
The Morning Post in 1812 made the fol-
lowing statement: "We congratulate our-
selves most on having torn off Corbett's
mask and revealed his cloven foot. It was
high time that this hydra head of faction
should be soundly rapped over the
knuckles."

Byron Williams

SIMPLE TRICK WITH CARDS.

Will Mystify Ordinary Spectators, and
Is Not Easy to Detect.

One of the simplest tricks to per-
form, but one not easily detected, can
be executed by using a tapered deck
of cards as shown in the figure. A
cheap deck of cards is evened up
square, fastened in a vise and planed
along the edge in such a manner that



all the pack will be tapered about
one-sixteenth inch. This taper is ex-
aggerated in the illustration, which
shows one card that has been turned
end for end.

It is evident that any card reversed
in this way can be easily separated
from the other cards in the pack,
which makes it possible to perform
the following trick: The performer
spreads the cards out, fan like, and
asks an observer to withdraw a card,
which is then replaced in any part of
the pack. After thoroughly shuffling
the cards the performer then holds
the deck in both hands behind his
back and pronouncing a few magic
words produces the card selected in
one hand and the rest of the pack in
the other. This is accomplished by
simply turning the deck end for end
while the observer is looking at his
card, thus bringing the wide end of
the selected card at the narrow end of
the pack when it is replaced. The
hands are placed behind the back for
a double purpose, as the feat then
seems more marvelous and the ob-
servers are not allowed to see how it is
done.

Russian Eggs.

France has always been a great
producer of poultry and eggs, but
lately millions of eggs have been im-
ported from other countries, espe-
cially for consumption in Paris. Of
these importations by far the largest
proportion comes from Russia. In
1907 about 9,000,000 pounds of Russian
eggs were eaten in Paris. Austria-
Hungary in the same year furnished
only about 1,200,000 pounds, and other
countries less. Among these Egypt
contributed 250,000 pounds.

Substitute for Beeswax.

A wax from the raffine palm of Mad-
agascar is being used as a substitute
for beeswax.



INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor.

CHAPTER II.—Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preservers of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left.

CHAPTER III.—Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from January number.)

Miss Leslie had forced herself to take a nibble of the raw fish. The flavor proved less repulsive than she had expected, and its moisture was so grateful to her parched mouth that she began to eat with eagerness. Not to be outdone, Winthrop promptly followed her lead. Blake had already cut himself a second slice. After he had cut more for his companions, he began to look them over with a closeness that proved embarrassing to Miss Leslie.

"Here's more of the good stuff," he said. "While you're chewing it, we'll sort of take stock. Everybody shell out everything. Here's my outfit—three shillings, half a dozen poker chips, and not another blessed—Say, what's become of that whisky flask? have you seen my flask?"

"Here it is, right beside me, Mr. Blake," answered Miss Leslie. "But it is empty."

"Might be worse! What you got?—hairpins, watch? No pocket, I suppose?"

"None; and no watch. Even most of my pins are gone," replied the girl, and she raised her hand to her loosely coiled hair.

"Well, hold on to what you've got left. They may come in for fish-hooks. Let's see your shoes."

Miss Leslie slowly thrust a slender little foot just beyond the hem of her draggled white skirt.

"Good Lord!" groaned Blake, "slippers, and high heels at that! How do you expect to walk in those things?"

"I can at least try," replied the girl, with spirit.

"Hobble! Pass 'em over here, Winnie, my boy."

The slippers were handed over. Blake took one after the other and wrenched off the heel close to its base.

"Now you've at least got a pair of slippers," he said, tossing them back to their owner. "Tie them on tight with a couple of your ribbons, if you don't want to lose them in the mud. Now Winthrop, what you got beside the knife?"

Winthrop held out a bunch of long flat keys and his cigarette case. He opened the latter and was about to throw away the two remaining cigarettes when Blake grasped his wrist.

"Hold on! even they may come in for something. We'll at least keep them until we need the case."

"And the keys?"

"Make arrow-heads, if we can get fire."

"I've heard of savages making fire by rubbing wood."

"Yes; and we're a long way from being savages—at present. All the show we have is to find some kind of quartz or flint, and the sooner we start to look the better. Got your slippers tied, Miss Jenny?"

"Yes; I think they'll do."

"Think! It's knowing the thing. Here, let me look."

The girl shrank back; but Blake stooped and examined first one slipper and then the other. The ribbons about both were tied in dainty bows. Blake jerked them loose and twisted them firmly over and under the slippers and about the girl's slender ankles before knotting the ends.

"There; that's more like. You're not going to a dance," he growled.

He thrust the empty whisky flask into his hip pocket and went back to pass a sling of reeds through the gills of the coryphene.

"All ready now," he called. "Let's get a move on. Keep my coat closer about your shoulders, Miss Jenny, and keep your shade up, if you don't want a sunstroke."

"Thank you, Blake, I'll see to that," said Winthrop. "I'm going to help Miss Leslie along. I've fastened our two shades together, so that they will answer for both of us."

"How about yourself, Mr. Blake?" inquired the girl. "Do you not find the sun fearfully hot?"

"Sure; but I wet my head in the sea, and here's another souse."

As he rose with dripping head from beside the pool he slung the coryphene on his back and started off without further words.

CHAPTER IV.

A Journey in Desolation.



MORNING was well advanced and the sun beat down upon the three with almost overpowering fierceness. The heat would have rendered their thirst unendurable had not Blake hacked off for them bit after bit of the moist coryphene flesh.

In a temperate climate ten miles over firm ground is a pleasant walk for one accustomed to the exercise. Quite a different matter is ten miles across mud-flats, covered with a tangle of reeds and rushes, and frequently dipping into salt marsh and ooze. Before they had gone a mile Miss Leslie would have lost her slippers had it not been for Blake's forethought in tying them so securely. Within a little more than three miles the girl's strength began to fail.

"Oh, Blake," called Winthrop, for the American was some yards in the lead, "pull up a bit on that knoll! We'll have to rest a while, I fancy. Miss Leslie is about pegged."

"What's that?" demanded Blake. "We're not half-way yet!"

Winthrop did not reply. It was all he could do to drag the girl up on the hummock. She sank, half fainting, upon the dry reeds, and he sat down beside her to protect her with the shade. Blake stared at the miles of swampy flats which yet lay between them and the out-jutting headland of gray rock. The base of the cliff was screened by a belt of trees; but the nearest clump of green did not look more than a mile nearer than the headland.

"Hell!" muttered Blake, despondently. "Not even a short four miles. Mush and sassiety girls!"

Though he spoke to himself the others heard him. Miss Leslie flushed and would have risen had not Winthrop put his hand on her arm.

"Could you not go on and bring back a flask of water for Miss Leslie?" he asked. "By that time she will be rested."

"No; I don't fetch back any flasks of water. She's going when I go, or you can come on to suit yourselves."

"Mr. Blake, you—you won't go and leave me here! If you have a sister—if your mother—"

"She died of drink, and both my sisters did worse."

"My God, man! do you mean to say you'll abandon a helpless young girl?"

"Not a bit more helpless than were

my sisters when you rich folks' guardians of law and order jugged me for the winter 'cause I didn't have a job and turned both girls into the street—onto the street, if you know what that means—one only 16 and the other 17. Talk about helpless young girls—Damnation!"

Miss Leslie cringed back as though she had been struck. Blake, however, seemed to have vented his anger in the curse, for when he again spoke there was nothing more than impatience in his tone. "Come on, now; get aboard. Winthrope couldn't lug you a half-mile, and long's it's the only way don't be all day about it. Here, Winthrope, look to the fish."

"But, my dear fellow, I don't quite take your idea, nor does Miss Leslie, I fancy," ventured Winthrope.

"Well, we've got to get to water or



Stopped, Utterly Spent.

die; and as the lady can't walk she's going on my back. It's a case of have-to."

"No! I am not—I am not! I'd sooner die!"

"I'm afraid you'll find that easy enough later on, Miss Jenny. Stand by, Winthrope, to help her up. Do you hear? Take the knife and fish and lend a hand."

There was a note in Blake's voice that neither Winthrope nor Miss Leslie dared disregard. Though scarlet with mortification, she permitted herself to be taken pick-a-back upon Blake's broad shoulders and meekly obeyed his command to clasp her hands about his throat. Yet even at that moment, such are the inconsistencies of human nature, she could not but admire the ease with which he rose under her weight.

Now that he no longer had the slow

pace of the girl to consider, he advanced at his natural gait, the quick, tireless stride of an American railroad surveyor. His feet, trained to swamp travel in Louisiana and Panama, seemed to find the firmest ground as by instinct, and whether on the half-dried mud of the hummocks or in the ankle-deep water of the bogs, they felt their way without slip or stumble.

Winthrope, though burdened only with the half-eaten coryphene, toiled along behind, greatly troubled by the mud and the tangled reeds, and now and then flung down by some unlucky misstep. His modish suit, already much damaged by the salt water, was soon smeared afresh with a coating of greenish slime. His one consolation was that Blake, after jeering at his first tumble, paid no more attention to him. On the other hand, he was cut by the seeming indifference of Miss Leslie. Intent on his own misery, he failed to consider that the girl might be suffering far greater discomfort and humiliation.

More than three miles had been covered before Blake stopped on a hummock. Releasing Miss Leslie, he stretched out on the dry crest of the knoll and called for a slice of the fish. At his urging the others took a few mouthfuls, although their throats were so parched that even the moist flesh afforded scant relief. Fortunately for them all, Blake had been thoroughly trained to endure thirst. He rested less than ten minutes; then taking Miss Leslie up again like a rag doll, he swung away at a good pace.

The trees were less than half a mile distant when he halted for the second time. He would have gone to them without a pause, though his muscles were quivering with exhaustion, had not Miss Leslie chanced to look around and discover that Winthrope was no longer following them. For the last mile he had been lagging farther and farther behind, and now he had suddenly disappeared. At the girl's dismayed exclamation, Blake released his hold and she found herself standing in a foot or more of mud and water. The sweat was streaming down Blake's face. As he turned around, he wiped it off with his shirt-sleeves.

"Do you—can it be, Mr. Blake, that he has had a sunstroke?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sunstroke? No; he's just laid down, that's all. I thought he had more sand—confound him!"

"But the sun is so dreadfully hot, and I have his shade."

"And he's been tumbling into every other pool. No; it's not the sun. I've half a mind to let him lie—the paper-legged swell! It would no more than square our aboard-ship accounts."

"Surely, you would not do that, Mr. Blake! It may be that he has hurt himself in falling."

"In this mud?—bah! But I guess I'm in for the pack-mule stunt all around. Now, now; don't yowl, Miss Jenny. I'm going. But you can't ex-

pect me to love the snob."

As he splashed away on the return trail, Miss Leslie dabbed at her eyes to check the starting tears.

"Oh, dear—Oh, dear!" she moaned; "what have I done to be so treated? Such a brute. Oh, dear!—and I am so thirsty!"

In her despair she would have sunk down where she stood had not the sliminess of the water repelled her. She gazed longingly at the trees, in the fore of which stood a grove of stately palms. The half-mile seemed an insuperable distance, but the ride on Blake's back had rested her and thirst goaded her forward.

Stumbling and slipping she waded on across the inundated ground, and came out upon a half-baked mud-flat, where the walking was much easier. But the sun was now almost directly overhead, and between her thirst and the heat she soon found herself faltering. She tottered on a few steps farther, and then stopped, utterly spent. As she sank upon the dried rushes she glanced around and was vaguely conscious of a strange, double-headed figure following her path across the marsh. All about her became black.

The next she knew Blake was splashing her head and face with brackish water out of the whisky flask. She raised her hand to shield her face, and sat up, sick and dizzy.

"That's it!" said Blake. He spoke in a kindly tone, though his voice was harsh and broken with thirst. "You're all right now. Pull yourself together and we'll get to the trees in a jiffy."

"Mr. Winthrope—?"

"I'm here, Miss Genevieve. It was only a wrenched ankle. If I had a stick, Blake, I fancy I could make a go of it over this drier ground."

"And lay yourself up for a month. Come, Miss Jenny, brace up for another try. It's only a quarter-mile, and I've got to pack him."

The girl was gasping with thirst; yet she made an effort, and, assisted by Blake, managed to gain her feet. She was still dizzy; but as Blake swung Winthrope upon his back, he told her to take hold of his arm. Winthrope held the shade over her head. Thus assisted, and sheltered from the direct beat of the sun-rays, she tottered along beside Blake, half-unconscious.

Fortunately the remaining distance lay across a stretch of bare dry ground, for even Blake had all but reached the limit of endurance. Step by step he labored on, staggering under the weight of the Englishman and gasping with a thirst which his exertions rendered even greater than that of his companions. But through the trees and brush which stretched away inland in a wall of verdure he had caught glimpses of a broad stream and the hope of fresh water called out every ounce of his reserve strength.

At last the nearest palm was only a few paces distant. Blake clutched Miss Leslie's arm and dragged her

forward with a rush in a final outburst of energy. A moment later all three lay gasping in the shade. But the river was yet another 100 yards distant. Blake waited only to regain his breath; then he staggered up and went on. The others, unable to rise, gazed after him in silent misery.

Soon Blake found himself rushing through the jungle along a broad trail pitted with enormous footprints; but he was so near mad with thirst that he paid no heed to the spoor other than to curse the holes for the trouble they gave him. Suddenly the trail turned to the left and sloped down a low bank into the river. Blind to all else, Blake ran down the slope and dropping upon his knees plunged his head into the water.

At first his throat was so dry that he could no more than rinse his mouth. With the first swallow his swollen tongue mocked him with the salt, bitter taste of sea-water. The tide was flowing! He rose, sputtering and choking and gasping. He stared around. There was no question that he was on the bank of a river and would be certain of fresh water with the ebb tide. But could he endure the agony of his thirst all those hours?

He thought of his companions.

"Good God!" he groaned, "they're goners, anyway!"

He stared dully up the river at the thousands of waterfowl which lined its banks. Within close view were herons and black ibises, geese, pelicans, flamingoes, and a dozen other species of birds of which he did not know the names. But he sat as though in a stupor, and did not move even when one of the driftwood logs on a mud-shoal a few yards up-stream opened an enormous mouth and displayed two rows of hooked fangs. It was otherwise when the noontime stillness was broken by a violent splashing and loud snortings down-stream. He glanced about and saw six or eight monstrous heads drifting towards him with the tide.

"What in—Whee! a whole herd of hippos!" he muttered. "That's what the holes mean."

The foremost hippopotamus was headed directly for him. He glared at the huge head with sullen resentment. For all his stupor he perceived at once that the beast intended to land; and he sat in the middle of its accustomed path. His first impulse was to spring up and yell at the creature. Then he remembered hearing that a white hunter had recently been killed by these beasts on one of the South African lakes. Instead of leaping up he sank down almost flat and crawled back around the turn in the path. Once certain that he was hidden from the beasts he rose to his feet and hastened back through the jungle.

He was almost in view of the spot where he had left Winthroppe and Miss Leslie, when he stopped and stood hesitating.

"I can't do it," he muttered; "I can't

tell her—poor girl!"

He turned and pushed into the thicket. Forcing a way through the tangle of thorny shrubs and creepers until several yards from the path he began to edge towards the face of the jungle, that he might peer out at his companions unseen by them.

There was more of the thicket before him than he had thought, and he was still fighting his way through it when he was brought to a stand by a peculiar cry that might have been the bleat of a young lamb: "Ba—ba!"

"What's that?" he croaked.

He stood listening, and in a moment he again heard the cry, this time more distinctly: "Blak!—Blak!"

There could be no mistake. It was Winthroppe calling for him, and calling with a clearness of voice that would have been physically impossible half an hour since. Blake's sunken eyes lighted with hope. He burst through the last screen of jungle and stared towards the palm under which he had left his companions. They were not there.

Another call from Winthroppe directed his gaze more seaward. The two were seated beside a fallen palm, and Miss Leslie had a large round object raised to her lips. Winthroppe was waving to him.

"Cocoanuts!" he yelled. "Come on!"

Three of the palms had been overthrown by the hurricane, and when Blake came up he found the ground strewn with nuts. He seized the first he came to; but Winthroppe held out one already opened. He snatched it from him and placed the hole to his swollen lips. Never had champagne tasted half so delicious as that coconut milk. Before he could drain the last of it through the little opening Winthroppe had the husks torn from the ends of two other nuts, and the convenient germinal spots gouged open with his penknife.

Blake emptied the third before he spoke. Even then his voice was hoarse and strained. "How'd you strike 'em?"

"I couldn't help it," explained Winthroppe. "Hardly had you disappeared when I noticed the tops of the fallen palms and thought of the nuts. There was one in the grass not 20 feet from where we lay."

"Lucky for you—and for me, too, I guess," said Blake. "We were all three down for the count. But this settles the first round in our favor. How do you like the picnic, Miss Jenny?"

"Miss Leslie, if you please," replied the girl, with hauteur.

"Oh, say, Miss Jenny!" protested Blake, genially. "We live in the same boarding house now. Why not be folksy? You're free to call me Tom. Pass me another nut, Winthroppe. Thanks! By the way, what's your front name? Saw it aboard ship—Cyril—"

"Cecil," corrected Winthroppe, in a low tone.

"Cecil—Lord Cecil, eh?—or is it only the Honorable Cecil?"

"My dear sir, I have intimated before that, for reasons of—er—state—"

"Oh, yes; you're traveling incog., in the secret service. Sort of detective—"

"Detective!" echoed Winthroppe, in a peculiar tone.

Blake grinned. "Well, it is rawther a nawsty business for your honorable ludship. But there's nothing like calling things by their right names."

"Right names—er—I don't quite take you. I have told you distinctly my name is Cecil Winthroppe!"

"O-h-h! how lovely!—See-sill! See-seal!—Bet they called you Sissy at school. English chum of mine told me your schools are corks for nick-names. What'll we make it—Sis or Sissy?"

"I prefer my patronymic, Mr. Blake," replied Winthroppe.

"All right, then; we'll make it Pat, if that's your choice. I say, Pat, this juice is the stuff for wetness, but it



Blake Pushed Out from Among the Close Thickets.

makes a fellow remember his grub. Where'd you leave that fish?"

"Really, I can't just say, but it must have been where I wrenched my ankle."

"You cawn't just say! And what are we going to eat?"

"Here are the cocoanuts."

"Bright boy! go to the head of the class! Just take some more husk off those empty ones."

Winthroppe caught up one of the nuts, and with the aid of his knife stripped it of its husk. At a gesture from Blake he laid it on the bare ground and the American burst it open with a blow of his heel. It was

an immature nut, and the meat proved to be little thicker than clotted cream. Blake divided it into three parts, handing Miss Leslie the cleanest.

Though his companions began with more restraint, they finished their shares with equal gusto. Winthrope needed no further orders to return to his husking. One after another the nuts were cracked and divided among the three, until even Blake could not swallow another mouthful of the luscious cream.

Toward the end Miss Leslie had become drowsy. At Winthrope's urging, she now lay down for a nap. Blake's coat serving as a pillow. She fell asleep while Winthrope was yet arranging it for her. Blake had turned his back on her and was staring moodily at the hippopotamus trail when Winthrope hobbled around and sat down on the palm trunk beside him.

"I say, Blake," he suggested, "I feel deuced fagged myself. Why not all take a nap?"

"And when they awoke, they were all dead men," remarked Blake.

"By Jove, that sounds like a joke," protested the Englishman. "Don't rag me now."

"Joke!" repeated Blake. "Why, that's Scripture, Pat, Scripture! Anyway, you'd think it no joke to wake up and find yourself going down the throat of a hippo."

"Hippo?"

"Dozens of them over in the river. Shouldn't wonder if they've all landed and're tracking me down by this time."

"But hippopotami are not carnivorous—they're not at all dangerous, unless one wounds them, out in the water."

"That may be; but I'm not taking chances. They've got mouths like sperm whales—I saw one take a yawn. Another thing, that bayou is chuck full of alligators, and a fellow down on the Rand told me they're like the Central American gavials for keenness to nip a swimmer."

"They will not come out on this dry land."

"Suppose they won't—there're no other animals in Africa but sheep, eh?"

"What can we do? The captain told me that there are both lions and leopards on this coast."

"Nice place for them, too, around these trees," added Blake. "Lucky for us, they're night-birds, mostly—if that Rand fellow didn't lie. He was a Boer, so I guess he ought to know."

"To be sure. It's a nasty fix we're in for to-night. Could we not build some kind of a barricade?"

"With a penknife! Guess we'll roost in a tree."

"But cannot leopards climb? It seems to me that I have heard—"

"How about lions?"

"They cannot; I'm sure of that."

"Then we'll chance the leopards. Just stretch out here and nurse that

ankle of yours. I don't want to be lugging you all year. I'm going to hunt a likely tree."

CHAPTER V.

The Re-Ascent of Man.



AFTERNOON was far advanced and Winthrope was beginning to feel anxious when at last Blake pushed out from among the close thickets. As he approached he swung an unshapely club of green wood, pausing every few paces to test its weight and balance on a bush or knob of dirt.

"By Jove!" called Winthrope; "that's not half bad! You look as if you could bowl over an ox."

Blake showed that he was flattered.

"Oh, I don't know," he responded; "the thing's blamed unhandy. Just the same, I guess we'll be ready for callers to-night."

"How's that?"

"Show you later, Pat, me b'y. Now trot out some nuts. We'll feed before we move camp."

"Miss Leslie is still sleeping."

"Time, then, to roust her out. Hey, Miss Jenny, turn out! Time to chew."

Miss Leslie sat up and gazed around in bewilderment.

"It's all right, Miss Genevieve," reassured Winthrope. "Blake has found a safe place for the night, and he wishes us to eat before we leave here."

"Save lugging the grub," added Blake. "Get busy, Pat."

As Winthrope caught up a nut the girl began to arrange her disordered hair and dress with the deft and graceful movements of a woman thoroughly trained in the art of self-adornment. There was admiration in Blake's deep eyes as he watched her daintily preening. She was not a beautiful girl—at present she could hardly be termed pretty; yet even in her draggled, muddy dress she retained all the subtle charms of culture which appeal so strongly to a man. Blake was subdued. His feelings even carried him so far as an attempt at formal politeness when they had finished their meal.

"Now, Miss Leslie," he began, "it's little more than half an hour to sundown; so, if you please, if you're ready, we'd best be starting."

"Is it far?"

"Not so very. But we've got to chase through the jungle. Are you sure you're quite ready?"

"Quite, thank you. But how about Mr. Winthrope's ankle?"

"He'll ride as far as the trees. I can't squeeze through with him, though."

"I shall walk all the way," put in Winthrope.

"No, you won't. Climb aboard," replied Blake, and catching up his club he stooped for Winthrope to mount his back. As he rose with his burden

Miss Leslie caught sight of his coat, which still lay in a roll beside the palm trunk.

"How about your coat, Mr. Blake?" she asked. "Should you not put it on?"

(To Be Continued.)

FOR THE BARBER SHOP.

Invented Clock a Boon to the "Man in the Chair."

Every barber shop has a clock which is invariably placed on the wall opposite the big mirror which faces the customer in the chair. The clock face is reversed as seen in the mirror, and it is a severe strain on the eyes to figure out the correct



time. A jeweler in Glendine, Mont., has now invented a sane clock for barber shops. The figures on the dial are reversed, and the hands move just opposite to those of ordinary clocks. The result is the reflection in the glass is so "you can understand it." To demonstrate, hold this page in front of a mirror and read the time of the clock in the illustration.

OTTER CAME HOME AGAIN.

Pet Returned to Owner After Brief Hour of Freedom.

A curious instance of animal instinct and attachment in an otter is related by a Cork correspondent of the London Field. A few months ago in that city a man caught a live otter. Bringing the animal home, after some time, he succeeded in taming it, and trained it to fish.

One day he took it to the river for a swim, and while there it killed some fish, but succeeded in getting off the strap to which it was attached. After waiting some hours in a vain endeavor to induce the animal to leave the water the owner gave up in despair and returned home.

Late that night, while in bed, this man heard a scratching at the front door of his cottage, and to his great surprise, when he opened the door, in walked the otter, which he then secured. The most remarkable feature of this story is the fact that this man lived about a mile from the river and that his cottage was one in a row.

HUNTING THE RED SKINS.

Written by
Clyde B. Weaver.

Tim Dickerson was down on the program as the star at the sixth meeting of the Concatented Order of Reformed Bad Boys. The business session of the order, which was held before the oration of the day had been given, assessed Tommy Winkers 35 cents for falling from grace to the extent of putting a ticktack on the Widow Henk's Cottage. A 50 cent fine was charged up to Jack Rogers, who had seen three boys attaching a can to Powderly's dog without raising a restraining hand, these formalities attended to, the members of the order assumed easy attitudes and gave loud calls for Tim Dickerson who blushingly made his way forward.

"Fellows," said Tim, "my career as a bad boy ended the last time I started west to kill the accursed red devils. I resolved I would not come back until I had the scalps of at least five hundred Injuns, and had found a gold mine, and rescued an heiress as the Injuns were about to burn her at the stake.

"I got my stuff all together one night and put it on a freight car that was marked San Francisco. I planned to drop off somewhere in Wyoming or anywhere away out west. I bought ten custard pies to eat on my way, and filled a little barrel with water and put it in the car." I had no sooner crawled in the little end of the car than some one came along and nailed it shut. I went to sleep for awhile, and when I woke up the train was moving.

I wanted to give three cheers but I didn't think it would be safe, so instead I ate one of my custard pies, at first I put in the time figuring how I would kill my first Indian. I decided that I would lie in ambush and fill him full of buckshot as he came over the trail. I was also kept busy at first selecting a name by which I should be known out west, I thought of Piute Pete, but that seemed common, and besides, I didn't think much of the Piutes anyway, I was going to be the scourge of the Sioux Injuns, and after considering "Little Thunder," Dick the Terrible and a lot more. I settled on "Young Sure Death, the boy Nemesis of the Sioux.

"I lost track of the days, and couldn't eat any more custard pie, which was a good thing, as I only had two left, I was afraid to go to sleep on the account

of the rats, and began to wish that the red skins would attack the train and give me a chance to fight.

"I couldn't stand it any longer, I was burning up and couldn't think of anything but water, and then it seemed that we surely must be in Wyoming or perhaps beyond, I got my hatchet and commenced to pry open the door but worked quietly for I didn't know but the car had been sidetracked in some lonely place, and I would be met with a volley from the red devils, when I was all ready I threw back the window and jumped right out, waving my gun in one hand and the hatchet in the other, and yelling to scare away the Injuns. I tumbled down to the ground, but before I could work my gun they were on me, they had me pinned to the ground and were holding me so tight that I knew it was all up and I would be burned at the stake. I looked, intending to yell defiance to the last, and wishing I had never heard of Injuns, "my father was standing over me, and so was my mother, and my big brother, and everybody that I knew in town. It took about five minutes for me to comprehend that I had not been out of town at all. That car had been switched around several times but had never gone more than a mile from where I got in. A vote of thanks was returned to brother Dickerson and the meeting adjourned.

RARE OLD VOLUME

UNIQUE COPY OF THE KORAN
OWNED IN KANSAS CITY.

All Hand Work and Must Represent
Labor of Many Years—Proof
That Moro Art Was Once
of High Grade.

A rare old book is owned by Frederick C. Butler of 1224 Harrison street, says the Kansas City Star. He found it in a deserted bamboo house in Sulu island while he was with the Fourteenth United States cavalry in the Philippines in 1903. It had been owned by a Moro Mohammedan priest.

The book is a copy of the Koran and is made wholly by hand. Even the paper is hand made. The binding is of thick, stiff caribou hide. Each folio is sewed with cord made from hemp fibers and is of an even size, showing cleverness and skill in spinning. In one place there is a little piece of smooth bamboo twisted in the cord to bring it tight when slackened from use. As for age, that cannot be denied by anyone on seeing the pages. The leaves at the beginning and end are frayed and worn and the paper throughout is yellow with

age.

The most wonderful thing about the book is that every character, it being written in Arabic, was made with a stub pen or flat reed. Each page is covered on both sides with closely written characters that appear to be printed when viewed from a little distance. Around the writing is a margin of an inch or so and in this margin are single characters, display letters or characters, and sprays of tiny flowers done in color. Dispersed through the writing at irregular intervals are little circles drawn with a compass, the center picture of the needle being plain in a majority of the circles. The circles are filled with different colors and are appropriately punctuation marks.

Two pages in particular always excite wonder and admiration. They alone, of all others, show the height that Moro art had reached at the time the book was made. These pages were executed with a pen or reed as the others were, except that the writer brought a brush and gold leaf into play. The marginal design departs radically from the rest of the book and the writer made a design distinctly oriental. It looks like the border of a Bokara or Damascus rug. It is almost impossible to describe the



The Hand Illuminated Koran.

many little painstaking curves and curly cues that he put in these two pages, the color of which is still bright and clear notwithstanding the age of it.

When the book was found it was taken to Hadji Buto, prime minister of the sultan of Sulu, and he said of it:

"This book is a Koran, written by a Moro in Arabic many years ago. There are nowadays no people in this island can write such a book. I myself can write it; it would take me about three months. I know the Koran by heart and could write out of my memory, although it is Arabic. It must have taken that writer more than a year to finish the work. We Moros don't have a Koran in the Moro language. We read it in Arabic and the priests, or hadjis, tell us what it means in our language."

THE AMATEUR JOURNALIST

By Ezra D. Sargent, - - Morgan, Ky.

With this issue of the EMBLEM we are starting a new department known as The Amateur Journalist. This department will be edited by Brother Ezra D. Sargent, Morgan, Ky.

The editor hopes there are enough members and amateur printers, publishers, writers, etc., take interest in it for us to continue this department.

Let every amateur send in samples of their work to the editor for his comment, he will help you all he can. The columns of this department are for the free use of the amateurs and we hope to see them benefit themselves by it.

Amateur Journalism.

Among all the hobbies engaged in today by the American people and particularly the younger class, Amateur Journalism stands without a peer. It has been fitfully styled the "Prince of Hobbies." Stamp collecting, photography and puzzles, all have their charms and benefits but one has only to get with the amateur fraternity to find these outclassed.

In amateur journalism the literary aspirant finds an open field for his works, and receives for his compensation the free use of its various journals, and the needed experience of "writing things that can be printed." From the ranks of the amateurs, have and are coming the prominent writers of the day. It is here that the successful men in journalism today, have received their first training. If one desires to be his own editor, printer and publisher in the ranks of amateur journalism he will find his open field. Many of proprietors of the big dailies and magazines of today was once his own printer and devil of a 5x8 hand press, and still they reflect with pride on the days when they were active in amateur journalism.

Amateur journalism might be called a training school for the noble calling of journalism. Many a lad encouraged by the present of a small card press at Christmas, never recovered from the "Paper Fever," and still continues to use more "printers ink" making a man, an honor to himself and country.

Review of Recent Issues.

That old "war horse" of amateur journalism in the south, Louis M. Starring, is still sending forth his well edited magazine, the *Reflector*, with remarkable regularity. The *Reflector*

is in its eighth volume, a record to be proud of.

We were rejoiced at receiving the December issue of *Lucky Dog* containing the usual "bunch of goodies." Tim Thrift, its editor and printer, promises with the help of the Golden Girl (his wife) to let the "dog" out regularly again. This is an example of good printing from an amateur's own print shop. The home printed amateur makes a better mark, than the "made in Germany" kind.

The National Amateur, official organ of the National Amateur Press Association, under the management of Frank Kendall, promises to be a creditable volume.

E. H. Smith's, *Boy's Herald* contains a very interesting account of the cataloguing and binding of Smith's collection of 27,000 amateur papers dating from 1845 to 1908. This collection is now in a public library in New York, a lasting monument to Amateur Journalism and the interesting work of Edwin Hadley Smith. Amateurs at large owe Smith a vote of thanks for his work.

Cleveland, Ohio, the "Athens" in amateur circles of by-gone days promises renewed activity and more frequent visits of its little magazines. Alfred V. Fingulin's *Waste Basket* is before us with the same pleasant "waste." His editorials, "With Ink and Quill" are very interesting, to one who has been familiar with the past of Cleveland amateurs.

Among other recent issues of interest are *The Literary Gem*, eighteenth volume, *The Washingtonian*, *Parson's Pet* and *Boy's Friend*.

Amateur editors and publishers send copies of your papers for review. We will send criticisms by letter if you enclose stamp. We will answer any questions referring to Amateur Journalism, or obtaining an outfit, if you enclose stamp for reply.

New Association For The Western Amateur Publishers.

We understand, L. A. Young, Paonia, Colorado, editor of *The U. S.*, has started a movement among the western publishers and writers, to form an association to be known as, Amateur Western Publishers Association. We wish him success in his undertaking.

Jumping at a Conclusion.
"What sort of play is this?" asked the man who had just come in and taken his seat.

The question was answered by a man named Olson, who happened to be sitting next to him.

"Ay tank—"

"O, it's a tank drama, is it?"—Chicago Tribune.

A FAIR PRICE.



Fred—So the pretty girls are going to sell kisses to help along the proceeds, eh? What will the kisses be worth?

Nina—Oh, I guess they'll be sold at their face value.

Very Simple.

"I understand that after Jones went west he rose rapidly in the community. What was the cause of his rapid rise?"

"I'm not quite sure, but I think it was a piece of rope."—Baltimore American.

A Neat Job.

"The thieves arrested the other day were discovered to have made a clean haul the night before."

"What was it?"

"They burglarized a soap factory."—Baltimore American.

Not a Figure of Fact.

Assistant—How could you tell that dumpy little woman she had such a fine form, madam?

Dressmaker—That, my dear, was merely a figure of speech.—Baltimore American.

Hors D'Oeuvres.

Indignant Patron—Why, this is an outrageous price for just a small plain dinner.

Bland Proprietor—You forget, sir, the number and variety of microbes you've eaten.—Puck.

Naturally.

"Did Jenks agree with the others in standing pat on that ice deal?"

"No, he was afraid. The proposition gave him cold feet."—Baltimore American.

THE YOUNG COLLECTOR

Edited by
Julian T. Baber, Pocahontas, Virginia.

This department is conducted by Julian T. Baber, Pocahontas, Va. to whom all correspondence regarding this department should be sent.

A packet of stamps will be given to the one who sends me the best article pertaining to stamp collecting, or regarding his own collection. Articles must be restricted to 300 words and must be sent to the editor of this department within ten days after receipt of the EMBLEM. The best article will be published and all contributors names will be put on the roll of honor.

New philatelic publications are slowly making their appearances.

Bavaria is thinking of issueing a new set of stamps.

In 1847, the United States first issued postage stamps.

Publishers, send us your paper for review. Editor.

We are always glad to receive interesting notes and clippings.

All Stamp Articles must be sent to the editor of this department.

When it comes to stamp forgery, Rnssia is "right there."

The new stamp from Brunei and New Guinea are very attractive.

The Stamps Journal, Denver's stamp paper, is the official organ of the U. S. Revenue Society.

If you want to collect stamps intelligently, you should have a stamp catalogue.

"The American Philatelist", the year-book of the American Philatelic society, has been issued.

Who says that the United States postage stamps are not prettier than the 1902 issue?

The old reliable Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News, comes to our desk regularly. We recommend this paper to our readers.

In Gloucestershire, England, can be seen a room papered entirely with postage stamps. The number of stamps used was over 50,000. The building in which this room is situated, belongs to Mr. Freeman.

New Zealand contemplates "penny postage" with the United States, this is the latest stamp news. It is not known when it will take effect.

Mr. C. H. Mekeel, of St. Louis, Mo. is trying to revive the Philatelic Journal of America. We wish him much success in his enterprise.

How would you like to pay \$3000 for a single stamp? Mr. Percival Parrish, of the Philadelphia Stamp Company, has sold three at that price.

We are in receipt of a valuable little stamp booklet from Messrs. Henry Abel & Company., of Whitstable, Eng. many interesting stamp topics can be obtained from this booklet. Send for a copy. Its free.

The packet of stamps we give for the best stamp story or article, isn't trash, but something any collector will be proud of. Don't delay, send in your article now.

Bro. D. P. Atlee, Linares, N. L. Mexico, states that he will send a whole set of unused Mexican stamps now current, to those sending him 55 cents in unused 1 and 2 cent U. S. stamps. Fifty five cents is the face value.

"A Penny all the way," a philatelic publication, by Fred J. Melville, is certainly popular with American philatelists.

The first American edition of 2000 copies was sold in less than two weeks.

A second edition of 8000 copies has been ordered.

NOTICE Stamp Contest for March

Write an article of not less than 250 words about your own stamp collection.

We will give a packet of stamps for the best one received. Contributor's names will be put on the roll of honor. Articles must be received not later than Feb. 12th.

Going the Limit.

"Some people," said Uncle Eben, "is so crazy 'bout money dat they takes mo' pride in false teeth an' a wooden leg dan dey does in what dey was born wif free of charge."—Washington Star.

Mekeel's News and Trade Circular is quite an interesting stamp publication. It is not sent out on subscription, but is mailed free to customers of C. H. Mekeel, the editor.

The United States has issued a new set of stamps. They are of the following denominations: 1c, 2c, 3c, 4c, 5c, 6c, 8c, 10c, 13c, 15c, 50c, and \$1.00.

The one cent stamp bears the head of Franklin, while the others have Washington's head thereon. They are said to be the most artistic ever issued by the government.

Auction Sales

Judging from the number of firms holding auction sales, it has become a handy and economical way of buying stamps that are hard to get through the regular channels of trade. Now don't think because good stamps are put up at auction, that they can be bought for almost nothing; instead, it is just the opposite. All the large dealers, and many of the advanced collectors attend these sales, and often pick up rare bargains.

Next time you receive an auction catalogue, don't throw it away, but look through it thoroughly, and pick out one or two stamps that appeal to you, and send in your bid for the most you think you can afford to pay, and the chances are that you will get what you want and at less than you expected to pay. Sometimes stamps Cataloguing from eight to twelve dollars may be had for from three to five dollars.

If you have not tried this method of buying, send in a few bids for a trial and I am sure the results will please you.

L. G. Cline, 5^o O. T. N.

What have you to exchange for good stamps? Among other things can use a good pistol, revolver, shot-gun, incubator poultry supplies etc. Send me your list.

L. Ray. Starkweather.

1225 Camp Ave.

Rockford, Ill.

Contrary.

Some men are so contrary that they like cold potatoes and sloppy ice cream.

A Valuable Stamp

Julian T. Baber, O. T. N.

Sandy Burton, owing to his secluded life, was called a hermit by all who knew him. He lived in his hut near the summit of Peter's Mountain in southwestern Virginia. His hair was white and his face care-worn. On his last birthday he was seventy seven years old.

When he was young he fell in love with a girl in Alexandria, Virginia. He loved her dearly, and was engaged to be married. Sandy had received many letters from her. All of which he carefully put away in his trunk. Later on, his fiancée, Miss Gilbert, broke the engagement, and married another. Sandy took this very hard, and it was thought he would go insane. He could not stand public life longer, so he built a comfortable little hut, and betook himself thither. Around the hut he had a garden, which he tilled very carefully. His only companion was his shepherd dog.

When Sandy needed clothing and provisions, he would send to Riverton, a nearby town, for them. He had not been to this town but twice since his retirement. Nearly every boy in this town knew Sandy, and would go up to see him whenever they had the opportunity. It was through these boys that Sandy had his supplies brought him. He would pay them well for their services and whenever the boys were short of money, they would always go to Sandy Burton, and ask him if he needed anything from town. Our hermit was fond of boys. He welcomed them when they came, and almost always gave them a trip to town for him.

Conrad Wingate was one of the boys whom Sandy was particularly fond of. He was a collector of bird-eggs, coins, stamps and in fact everything collectable, but of all his collections, he prized that of his stamps the most highly.

One day while young Wingate was hunting chestnuts on Peter's Mountain a heavy rain storm came up, and as he was near old Sandy's hut, he made his way to it. When he arrived the rain was pouring down, and knowing that he was welcome, he walked in without knocking, Sandy greeted him with a cheerful smile, and said, "Hello Conrad come right in, I'm glad to see you. What were you doing out in the rain?" Conrad told him why he was on the mountain, and the two enjoyed a pleasant talk for half an hour. While looking around the room, Conrad espied a pile of letters, on which were some

stamps that he had never seen before. Conrad immediately asked Sandy if he would sell them. Sandy hesitated awhile, and then said, "I'll tell you my boy, if you'll go down to Riverton and get me ten pounds of bacon, I'll give you these stamps".

Conrad really agreed, and after receiving the money from Sandy for the bacon, he struck out down the path for the town.

He returned in an hour with the required article.

The stamps had been removed from the envelopes, and Sandy gave them to the young collector, thinking that they were practically worthless.

Conrad knew that one of the stamps in particular, was valuable, but what its real value was, he didn't know.

After thanking Sandy for the stamps he wended his way down the mountain again, this time for home. When he got there, he sat down and wrote to a stamp firm in Philadelphia, enclosing the stamp, and asking its value. With in four days, he heard from the firm, and when he read the letter, he ran to his mother and showed her the letter. It read as follows,—

Philadelphia, Pa.,
October, 25—

Mr. Conrad Wingate,
Riverton, Va.,

Dear Sir:

After examining the stamp you sent us, we find it to be very rare. If you care to sell it, please return by next mail, and we will send you a check for \$3000 for same.

Yours truly,

The stamp was a 5c Alexandria local.

Mrs. Wingate was a widow, and was very poor. When she read the letter, she was overcome with joy. She paid off the mortgage on her home, and all her debts, and was now square with the world. She made Conrad take half of the money to Mr. Burton. He was glad that he had given the stamp to Conrad but wouldn't take a cent of the money.

Heretofore, Mrs. Wingate had regarded Conrad's stamp collection as a nuisance, but now she has changed her mind.

The Winner.

Again we award the prize to Brother L. G. Cline, for the best stamp article sent in during the month. Next month we want more competition in the contest. Sit down now and write an article about stamps, or better still about your own collection. Articles must be composed of at least 250 words, and must be original. —EDITOR.

Roll of Honor.

L. G. Cline, O. T. N.
Hutchinson, Kansas.

ACROSS THE DESERT

The Funny Things One Sees

in

Smiling Round the World

By

MARSHALL P. WILDER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

In Oklahoma we were stalled for a day in a town called Shawnee. The supply on our diner gave out and at this town we had our first experience with local restaurants. We went to the "New England Home Restaurant," so-called. We didn't dare sit down, for fear we'd never get loose again. The sandwiches were made of bread at least two and a half inches thick with a piece of cold fried beefsteak between.

We took a chance at the real thing in hot tomatoes one day. A little boy was selling them at one of the stations. Well, after the first bite, mine fell out of the window. A lean and melancholy dog made a dive for it, gave a sniff and, with a disappointed look, sneaked away, and I didn't blame him. He looked hungry, too.

At one of these little prairie towns that seem to actually leap out of space, they come so suddenly into view, we found our cow in a shed by the station. We made quite a stop here and everyone got out. Several of the passengers wished to follow our custom and buy some milk, and some adventurous ones even essayed the unaccustomed feat of milking her themselves. I was offered the chance to try, but refused, having sore recollections of my first and last attempt to milk.

It was on my uncle's farm up in New York state, and I, wishing to do everything that a real farmer should, desired to enroll milking among my accomplishments. Being of tender years, and with the confidence that usually accompanies that stage of life, I entered the barn for my first lesson, with the utmost nonchalance, and gaily humming a dairy tune. I don't remember how I came out, but I think it was by the elevated. When I first looked at the cow she was all peace and contentment, but when she saw me she looked dissatisfied, and I knew there was a kick coming. She stopped chewing her cud and let it run down the loop—then, after a few minutes,

she rang it up again, having decided upon her line of action. Later I discovered that I was on the line, and very near the transmitter.

At the aforementioned Shawnee we began to get some entertainment from our misfortunes. A young man from California, one of those serious fellows, with a face like a deacon, but a fund of humor within, wrote out telegrams containing the most airy flights of imagination, and showed them to the anxious and perspiring passengers, who spent their time pretty equally between swearing at the management of the road and making the poor conductor's life miserable.

One of these telegrams was shown to me. It stated that the herd of elephants belonging to Ringling Bros.



Wrote Telegrams Containing Airy Flights of Imagination.

circus, that was stalled 40 miles away, were to be brought over and take the passengers on their backs across the washouts, where another train would meet them.

Looking around to discover the author of this delicious fiction I was met by a preternaturally solemn glance and a comprehensive wink.

After that we pooled our energies, and when I think of what we made that trainful of passengers believe, not to mention the several other trains we were always meeting, for we were generally stalled seven and eight deep, I am astonished at the credulity of human nature.

We devised one telegram about a number of prairie schooners that were to come over the hills and take us by old Spanish trails far from the washouts. My serious friend showed the message, very secretly, to an excitable little German, who evidently belonged to the Uneceda Child company, for he had about a baker's dozen of small children, and a gentle, childlike faith that was truly touching.

We assured him that the conductor

even keel. It was so different from my first ocean trip, which was across the Atlantic. I'll never forget that. I hadn't been feeling well, and was told that the sea voyage would make another man of me. Imagine making another man of me, when there was hardly enough material for one!

Well, the minute the ship left the dock I felt better. I threw out my chest—and a lot of other things I didn't need—and prepared to enjoy life.

By the time we got to Sandy Hook the ship was having St. Vitus dance, and most of the passengers decided to go below to unpack. I started to find my stateroom, and I think I butted into every one there was. I was finally hurled into one just as the occupant, a lady, was climbing into the upper berth. She said, "Sir!" Then the ship went the other way, and I was never so completely sat on by a lady in my life!

At last I found my own stateroom, which was a locker with a couple of shelves in it.

The ship now seemed to stand on her nose and wag her tail in the air; I deliberated whether I should see the port hole and go to my berth, or close my berth and go to the port hole. On the fourth day I began to take notice of things, and crawled out on deck just as the ship was doing a buck and wing. I was shot from one end of the ship to the other, finishing with a head-on collision with a fat man's stomach. He was mad because I butted in on his breakfast. I apologized for the intrusion, and crawled into a steamer chair.

It was so rough they had a fence 'tilt 'round the table to keep the

board who was having her voice cultivated in Paris. I supposed she was going over to get it, for she certainly didn't have it with her. She consented to take part in the concert, and chose a fitting selection for a rough night—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Just as she started in to sing the ship side-stepped and threw her under the table. A friend of mine was accompanying her on the piano, so, of course, he had to follow her. I said: "For heaven's sake, is this a concert or a knockabout act?" The prima donna thought she was down for a solo—but she was down for an hour.

On the Pacific there were no such experiences for us. And it is such a great, big, lonesome ocean—only once in all the 18 days did we see a ship, a big, full-rigged ship with all sails set—but seeming to stand perfectly still, utterly becalmed, "a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

Captain Porter was a delightful raconteur and, entertained us on several occasions with stories of his sojourn in the frigid zone. His tales of Esquimaux dainties, especially a duck soup, where the bird is put in for cooking not only undressed but unplucked, made us glad there were no Esquimaux cooks on board.

The evening before our expected arrival at Honolulu the chief topics of conversation were the principal sights of the town, and the best methods of seeing them.

Every one retired with the keenest anticipations, for even six days on the water create a longing to see land, proving that man, though he go down to the sea in ships, is beyond question a land animal.

Most of us were up betimes and were rewarded by the sight of a dark, low-lying island on our port bow. This is Molokai, the leper island and the scene of Father Damien's heroic life and death. This Belgian missionary priest, who started life a simple unlettered peasant, so lived and worked and died that his name will ever be one of those who need no hall of fame to mak their memory immortal. His will go ringing down the halls of time as one that loved his fellow men.

Ahead, another island, with high, rocky promontory, stood out now quite plainly. As we came nearer we could distinguish fleets of little fishing boats, their white sails dotting the blue water like flocks of birds. A snowy sickle of sand outlined the black and beetling cliff, and around it came the little "Alameda," rolling and plunging in a swell that did not even disturb the stately calm of our giantess.

It was noon before we really warped to the wharf, alongside of which was a United States naval training ship, whose band welcomed us, accompanied by the shouts of the white-clad boys.



Arrival at Honolulu.

dishes on. I was pursuing a piece of bread when the ship did a "figure eight" and the lady opposite got my bread and I got her fish. For the rest of the meal we fed each other.

The day it was roughest the passengers asked me to get up a concert. There was a prima donna on

Routed by Snapping Turtles.

As John Patterson, a huckster, was driving into town from Darlington this morning he came upon a drove of 15 or 20 snapping turtles crossing the road, says a Beaver Falls correspondent of the Pittsburg Despatch. Thinking a few of them would meet with ready sale he attempted to catch them, whereupon the turtles showed fight, and, hissing angrily, made for him with outstretched heads and snapping jaws.

Patterson hastily got back into his wagon, turned his horse and beat a retreat. He says most of the turtles were as large as a washtub. He drove into town by another route.

Some Satisfaction in That.

Mrs. Hewligus—You say that if a burglar wants to get into the house he'll get in in spite of everything you can do to keep him out. Then what is the use of your taking so much pains to fasten all the doors and windows?

Mr. Hewligus—I want to give him all the trouble I possibly can, blame him!—Chicago Tribune.

Heartfelt Sympathy.

"It is said that Emperor William has 45 castles in Germany."

"Poor man!"

"Why do you say poor man?"

"I was thinking of the price it must cost him to heat them, if there is a coal trust in Germany."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Sure Way.

Dorothy's mother found her with an alarm clock on her foot, and the alarm set for six o'clock.

"Well, for goodness sake, Dorothy, what mischief are you up to now?"

"Why, mother, I'm not in any mischief; but my foot's asleep and I want to wake it up."—Puck.

Beating His Rival.

"What are you crowing about? Griggsby's airship showed itself superior to yours in every respect."

"Yes; but as mine was tested on a fine day the photographs turned out perfect, and Griggsby made his ascent when it was too dark even for a time exposure."—Puck.

Extenuating Circumstances.

Head of Firm—You are late this morning, sir. I call your attention to the fact that I am always here on time.

Castleton—True, sir. But you don't have to sit up nights with your own daughter.—Life.

Quite the Contrary.

Mrs. Upsome—Is your dentist one of the "painless" kind?

Mrs. Oylwell—Not at all. He's so sympathetic that he says it hurts him just as much as it does me.—Chicago Tribune.

WHAT HAVE YOU to exchange for good stamps? Among other things can use a good pistol, revolver, shot gun, incuba or, poultry supplies, etc. Send me your list.

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EZRA D. SARGENT,

R. F. D. NO. 1. MORGAN, KY.

Half of Snake Fought.

Church Barkley had a terrible battle with a monster snake a few days ago, says a Harrodsburg, Ky., dispatch. He heard a noise upstairs and went to investigate, and found a snake coiled on the bed. He fired at it with his shotgun and cut it in two. The part with the head, about three feet long, made battle and tried to bite and coil around Barkley's legs. He had to fight it out with part of the snake, and he says he never did faster kicking, but finally dispatched that part of the reptile. The entire snake measured nine feet nine inches in length, and had a horn, or some hard substance, three inches long, on the end of its tail.

Odd Place for Bird's Nest.

A thrush has built her nest at the back of the neck of the sculptured angel on the memorial to William Thomas Kine, the author, in St. Margaret's churchyard, Keddington, near Louth.

The memorial is protected by a wire cage, through which the bird managed to find its way. The cage also protects the birds, for no boys can possibly get at the nest, which now shelters the mother bird and five little thrushes.—London Evening Standard.

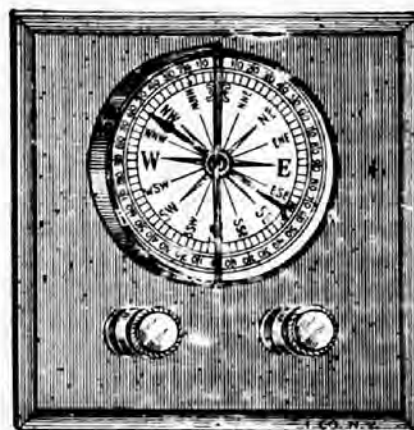
"Flat" Life Among the Birds.

A curious friendship has been observed here. A blackbird built her nest in a quiet covert in this neighborhood, and after laying four eggs she was joined by a thrush, who also laid four eggs in the same nest. Owing to the sheltered nature of their retreat, the hospitable blackbird and her friend hatched the double brood in peace.

This appears to be the earliest recorded instance of the maisonette in ornithology.—The Scotsman.

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An independent paper, printed for the information of its readers and for the C. M. A. Short interesting news items, always welcomed. 25 cents per year.

Burt Foote, Box 20,

Swanders, Ohio.

The I. O. C. M. A.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America is an entirely new order, which might be styled The Modern C. M. A. and is in no way connected with the old C. M. A. beyond the fact that the membership and the leaders are of the most prominent members of the old C. M. A. who, upon the failure of the Hunter Publishing Co., saw that no order could exist any great length of time, with the ruling of the order in the hands of a publishing house. They at once began the forming of a new order, in which, the members should be the ruling force and after a year of thought and study have formed the I. O. C. M. A.

The teachings of the I. O. C. M. A. are along the lines of the old order the aim is to teach the principles of Brotherly Love and Patriotism. But they have bettered and added a great deal more lodge teachings, which will benefit the members in their every day life. The running of the order has been placed in the hands of the members through the election of Grand Officers by the members. Their rate of assessment goes into the Grand Lodge Treasury to pay the running expenses of the order, the same as any of the other orders. This sum does not go to the publishers of the official organ as in the old order. The membership consists of some of the best young men in the country and is protected against having every person applying for membership admitted without first looking up his references as it is known to have been done before. They want only young men of good character in their order aim to see that only such are admitted.

You are invited to join the I. O. C. M. A. and become one of the band of ambitious Young Americans, in which the thought of Brotherly Love and Fraternal Protection is foremost.

Write the Grand Secretary, Alma, Kans., for particulars.

The C. M. A. EMBLEM

Volume 1

March, 1909

Number 11



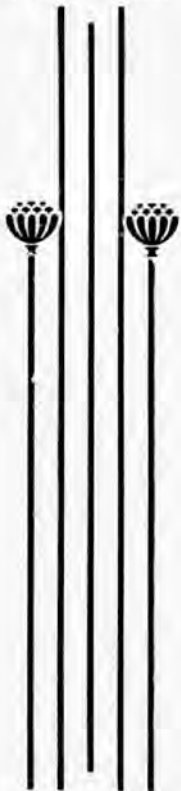
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The Emblem Printing Company

Alma, Kansas.



CHARLES
ROBERT
SIMON
EDITOR &
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The C. M. A. EMBLEM



SPECIAL ARTICLES

William Howard Taft	- -	Biography	3
Don'ts for Everyone	- -	C. R. Simon	3
For Virginia Members	- -	G. M. Keezel	8
Reasons for Great Work	-	Clyde R. Sumner	9

FICTION

Into the Primitive	-	Robert Ames Bennett	10
--------------------	---	---------------------	----

OUR DEPARTMENTS

The I. O. C. M. A.	- - -	Official	4
Corner for the Juniors	- - -		16
The Electric World	- - -		17
Amateur Journalist's	-	Ezra D. Sargent	18
Stamp Collector	- -	Julian T. Baber	19

VERSE

Under the Southern Skies	-	Julian T. Baber	7
God Bless our Native Land	-	L. Garrison Cline	8

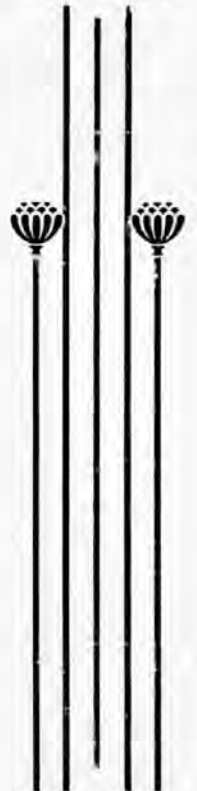
MISCELLANY

A Prayer for the New Year	-	Selected	9
Visits with Uncle By	- -	Byron Williams	15
Humorous	- - - -		22



VOLUME
I
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Volume I

MARCH, 1909.

Number 11

William Howard Taft.

William Howard Taft, son of Alphonso Taft, attorney general of the United States during the years 1876-77, was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, September 12, 1857. He was the salutatorian and class orator when he graduated from Yale College in 1878. Soon after he entered the Cincinnati Law School from which he graduated two years later. Soon after his graduation from the law school he became assistant prosecuting attorney of Hamilton County, Ohio, he then became Collector of Internal Revenue in the First district, State of Ohio until 1885. He began to practice law in Cincinnati where he was until 1887. During the last two years of his practice he was assistant County Solicitor of Hamilton County, Ohio. From 1887 until 1890 he was Judge of the supreme court of Ohio, he then became Solicitor-General of the United States and in 1892 became United States Circuit Judge which position he held until 1900. He was made professor in the law department of the University of Cincinnati in 1896. On March 13, 1900, he was appointed President of the United States Philippine Commission, holding that office until February 1, 1904. He declined an appointment as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1903, to finish his Philippine work. In 1902 he conferred with Pope Leo XIII about the property of Roman Catholic religious orders in the Philippines. He was appointed Secretary of War in 1904, holding that office until June 30, 1908. He was President of the American National Red Cross in 1905, and visited Cuba in 1906, during the insurrection, serving as provisional governor for a time. During the months of March and April in 1907, he visited Panama, Cuba and Porto Rico and in the same year visited Japan and the Philippines, opening the Filipino Assembly, and passed through Russia on his return, in September and

December. At the Republican National Convention in Chicago, June 18, 1908, he was nominated as the Republican candidate for President, and was elected in the fall by a good majority. During the months of January and February of this year he visited Panama to inspect the work being done on the canal. He was inaugurated the twenty-seventh President of the United States at Washington, D. C., on Thursday, March 4, 1909.

DON'TS FOR EVERYONE.

- DON'T be ashamed of honest work. It's better to be a good blacksmith than a bad lawyer.
- DON'T dine sumptuously on pay-day and deprive the body of energy-giving food the rest of the week.
- THE boy who fights when he shouldn't is a bully, but the one who doesn't when he should is a cad.
- DON'T consider it your mission to reform your friends. Keep your eye on your own lapses and you'll be quite busy.
- DON'T hope to do much unless you are physically allright. Labor demands health.
- DON'T fail to learn a trade if you are self-dependent. Talent may keep you; a trade is sure to.
- DON'T refuse to do a favor for your sister. She is entitled to as much courtesy as you would pay the sister of some other fellow.
- BE a gentleman at home. Don't be rude to your parents or patronizing to your younger brothers and sisters.
- DON'T be noisy. The guffaw evinces less enjoyment than the quite smile.
- DON'T place your faith in a man unable to show the goods.
- DON'T forget that the best way to success is to get down and hustle.
- DON'T forget that you belong to the I. O. C. M. A. The best on earth.

Not Yet but Soon.

The new certificates have put us "up against it." In November we placed an order for 10,000 engraved certificates and the house sent us the proof or sketch for the same but overlooked some of the changes placed on the same when the corrected proof was returned to them and when we received the certificates in January we found that we were unable to use them and had to have the house reprint them. This kept us from fulfilling our promise in sending out the new outfits some time soon after the first of the year. The members should have a little patience, we know it is hard to wait but you will receive a good outfit when you do get it. The certificates will be of the same high grade as the traveling cards.

Philatelic Exchanges.

We desire to exchange copies with every Philatelic Journal published. Such exchanges should send one copy to the home office at Alma, Kansas, and one copy to Julian T. Baber, Pocahontas, Va., the Stamp Editor of this paper.

The C. M. A. EMBLEM

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Alma, Kansas.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America

The New and Modern Secret Society for the Ambitious Young Men and Boys

This Department Gives News of Interest from Members and Lodges in Every State in the Union



It is with pleasure that I see the members of the order getting down to business and working as hard as they are to get the old members back into the new order. I want the members to keep this up and in a few years we will have as strong a membership as the old order was blessed with.

Don't forget that you are a reporter to the EMBLEM and don't fail to send in the news items of interest which happen to the members or yourself. If your lodge has some entertainment or some other social affair send in the particulars for publication with the details of the getting up of the affair so that the other lodges can see just how you do these things. It will help them and give them different ideas how to go about their entertainments and perhaps learn them another way to increase their lodge fund.

Don't forget the obligations that you should be true to and see that you lend a helping hand to the brothers not as lucky as yourself, show them the brotherly love that the order has taught you. A kind and guiding word of encouragement now and then will probably keep them in the right path toward a successful life and a noble end. You are not asked to harm yourself to help a brother but you should do all in your power to help him even though it is a little hard at times.

The future of the order is getting brighter every day and we will soon be free from the evil of the discontented brothers who have made the life of the order during the last few months a comedy for the onlookers. But, though there has been a good deal of music furnished the members during that time, we have no doubt that the "fiddler" will have to be paid yet, and we suppose that the payment will come in the form of distrust and abandonment for them. But why dig up the past which is dark, let us look to the future which promises to be bright and fruitful.

The new outfits will be sent out as soon as possible and will be something that the members will be proud of.

I also want the members to remember that they are looked upon to help fill this paper with good interesting news about the order. Don't fail me, but send in some item for the next issue.

Yours in "F"

Chas. R. Simon

Grand Secretary.

Texas State President.



Floyd Jones.

The above is a pretty fair likeness of Brother Floyd Jones of Kingsbury, Texas. He was elected the State President of Texas C. M. A. Association in 1908 and has fulfilled that position during the last year. He has been a prominent worker in the reorganization of the new order, and in the state I. O. C. M. A. work in Texas.

Brother A. M. Anderson speaker of Cedarville lodge of Damascus, Va., writes that their lodge is prospering far above expectations and that they are taking in members right along. Their meetings are full of life, with their debates on the late topics of the day and many other features presented to the members they are keeping up the interest in the order wonderfully. They expect to soon give an entertainment for the benefit of the lodge and would like to correspond with other lodges of the order, their address is Cedarville Lodge, Box 26, R. F. D. 1, Damascus, Va.

The lodge at Tacoma, Washington, is one of the hustling lodges of the Northwest. The members are some of the active kind and are making things hum for the order in their part of the country.

Brother Algy Arnold of Cissna Park, Ill., who is the Editor of the Photographers Department in the EMBLEM writes us that the lodge in that place will soon be to the front in reorganizing and expect to start with a bunch of hustlers that will keep matters in a warm condition for the benefit of the order.

Brother Burt Foote of Swanders, Ohio, editor and publisher of the C. M. A. Herald has changed his address to Anna, Selby Co., Ohio. Brother Foote has been one of the foremost members in the reorganization of the order.

North Carolina State Meeting.

The North Carolina State meeting will be held at Ashboro, N. C., March 11, 12, 13, 1909. The committee earnestly requests that every lodge send one or more delegates to this convention. All loyal brothers should attend and make this meeting a grand success. Write Brothers R. C. Hand, Pres., Chadbourn, N. C., or B. H. Long, Sec'y., Forest City, N. C.

The Year Book.

The delay in the getting out of the year book has been for this reason. There hasn't been a day since the first of the year but what we have received from two to twenty new reinstatements all asking to have their names placed in the year book and rather than keep them out we have been adding them as fast as received but it will be completed in about a week after the April issue of the EMBLEM is received by the members at which time your secretary will be sent enough copies for every member. This book will be for the use of the members only and should be kept intact as it will contain some very good facts in regard to the order.

Jas. Caffrey of Seattle, Wash., is trying to get a day at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition for the C. M. A.

Brother L. G. Cline of Hutchinson, Kansas, is one of the members who have submitted several poems for publication in the EMBLEM. There is one of his in this issue entitled "God Bless Our Native Land." Brother Cline is General Manager and Treasurer of the American Amusement Co., and recently established a booking department with that company. He has been making trips to Kansas City of late, hiring actors and actresses for different show companies.

Brother Alonzo Wise of Hope, Ark., says that he expects to start a new lodge in his part of the country and says that he knows he can get a nice bunch of members in a short time as several have asked about joining the order.

Brother C. Julius Partridge of Sterling, Ill., has written in to us for full information on the past doings of the I. O. C. M. A. He was the first member in his city and the organizer of Rock River lodge No. 4193 of that city, which at one time had a membership of 21. He held the position of Secretary and Treasurer of that lodge while it was active.

J. H. Lichtenstine of 609½ N. Bunkerhill Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., wants to start a lodge in his city and would like to correspond with the members in that vicinity with that object in view.

One of the most active members in the order today is Brother A. J. Anderson of Autun, S. C. He has started the lodge of that place which is one of the most prosperous lodges in the order. Their membership is one of the largest and strongest in action today.

The EMBLEM will have its pages graced with some of the works of Brother Jay C. Welch, the active member of Marion, Ind. He also writes that the I. O. C. M. A. is the only order for him and from the letters he has been receiving from the members in that part he says that the new order should not have any fear of not receiving the support of that part of the country.

Wanted, To Know His Whereabouts.

The whereabouts of Brother Guy L. Nicholas of Weston, W. Va., whose picture appeared in the February issue of the EMBLEM, who mysteriously disappeared on the First of May last year is still a mystery and any information of the same would be highly appreciated by the publishers of this paper or his mother, Mrs. D. D. Nicholas, Box 232, Weston, W. Va.

Boone Lodge of Salem, Ky., says that they can hardly wait until they receive their new secret work as they know it will far surpass the old in every way. Right you are brothers, and little sorry will you be of the wait when you see your new outfits and see the betterment in the same.

Bestography.

The secret cipher used by the Order in giving the members the new passwords is known as bestography. It has been used by the order for several years and has not yet been read by outsiders. There will be some changes in the new code to be issued some time soon which will add to its value as a puzzler.

Password.

The password for May is 25 46
34 45 70 9 51 27.

I. O. C. M. A. Athletics.

We would like to see the athletic members of the I. O. C. M. A. do something this summer to keep up their old records. Let us have the track meets, the baseball teams, etc., as in days of yore. It is well to build up the body physically as well as mentally, for the physical men have during the later years gained more recognition than anytime since the days of the Greek Athlete. Now is the time for the baseball teams to organize for it will soon be the opening of the baseball season, one of the best American sports in existence, a game that is recognized the world over. Get your team ready and send us a photo for publication in the EMBLEM. We have been in receipt of many letters upon this subject. We should always keep up those outdoor sports which help give us so much life. Things that will put vim in us to fight the everyday battle in life. If your lodge will conduct a hunting or fishing expedition during the summer, send us the full details for publication. We members who will not be lucky enough to get out on one of these trips will find pleasure in reading the accounts of our brothers who are whileing away their spare moments so close to nature. There is nothing more pleasant or more invigorating than to spend a few days, a week or more out in some camp where you will be able to inhale the pure air of God, free from the dust and impurities of the city's grind and turmoil. There is nothing that will renovate the nerves more than to be able to drop all cares and spend a week near to nature.

Central Star Lodge of Colorado, Texas, at their last meeting elected the following officers for this year: Nat L. Hardy, Pres.; Reece Caswell, V-Pres.; Olin Britton, Sec'y & Treas.; J. Smith, Speaker; Wood Walding, Director and Fern Caswell, Sentinel. Their lodge has a good set of active boys and hope to accomplish much during the coming year.

One of Nature's Rulings.

Whoever takes it for his law to do as he likes will not for long like what he does.—A Maclaren.

How to Make It Easy.

One who can enjoy the words of a popular song, without the music, should have little trouble in establishing a plea of insanity.

Clever New York Advertiser.

There is a shopkeeper in New York who is a firm believer in the saying "Sweet Are the Uses of Adversity," as well as in the perversion of it in which the last word is changed to "advertisement." A glass show case outside the store was broken into and despoiled the other day and now it has a sign on it which reads: "All men want our goods; when they haven't the price, they steal them."

But It's So Seldom He Deserves It.

What better way is there to foster efficiency and encourage effort than by the sign of appreciation and approval? Yet how many men there are who confine this policy to their private affairs. The public servant is just as susceptible to a word of praise for good work as the one in private life, and often more so.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Oldest Treaty.

The oldest text of a real treaty extant is that of the convention between Rameses II., king of Egypt, and the prince of Kheta, which embraces the articles of a permanent offensive and defensive alliance, with clauses providing for the extradition of emigrants, deserters, criminals and skilled workmen. This treaty was drawn up in the fourteenth century B. C., and is the earliest record that we have of any international transaction.

Parsees.

The Parsees refuse to burn or bury the bodies of their dead because they consider a dead body impure, and they will not suffer themselves to defile any of the elements. Hence, their "Towers of Silence," 50 or 60 feet in height, on which the bodies of the dead are left to be devoured by the vultures; the bones afterward being thrown into a receptacle and covered with charcoal.

Cantabrigia Lodge of Cambridge, Mass., are again one of the active lodges in the old Bay State. Their officers are Ernest W. Crozier, Pres.; G. A. Thomson, Sec'y; Frank Burns, V-Pres.; James Nugent, Sbeaker; Albert Kelly, Director and Emmett D. Cayanaugh, Sentinel. These boys are all hustlers and are working for the advancement of the order in their part of the country.

Brother John L. Bartlett of Guernsey, Ark., was recently married to Miss Corie Yocum of that place. We join hands with their friends in wishing the newly married couple a happy life.

Win A Gold Medal.

The members should not overlook the Prize Medal announcement on this page. There will be 34 other prizes given the members which will be announced at a later date but will count on the other members that you have taken from the first of the year. Get busy and win something. These prizes are given to stimulate more activity among the members and will be prizes of value. There will be five CASH IN GOLD prizes which will be the leading ones. Every member should work hard for they might get one of these cash prizes which are open to every member in the order.

A New Worker.

We are in receipt of a letter from Brother L. A. Young of Paonia, Colo., where he is now publishing the U. S. an amateur paper of merit. Brother Young used to live in Ohio and was a member of the order back in the Buckeye state, but since moving to the wilds of Colorado he lost track of the order and was rather surprised when he learned of the failure and of the difficulties the order has had during the last year. He says as soon as he learns more about the order as it now stands that his paper and himself will do all in their power to help which ever side is on the right. This is a liberal act of Brother Young and we hope to soon see him working for the good of the I. O. C. M. A.

Our Stamp Department.

The collectors are beginning to take more interest in the Stamp Department which is rather pleasing to us. Brother Baber, the editor, is well known in the collector's world and will give the members some very interesting advice in the way of stamp collecting. The news is all up-to-date and full of life for the collector. We hope to see an increase in this department soon.

Amateur Journalists.

Note the increase in the Amateur Journalist's Department in this month's issue. It is hoped that in the next issue there will be enough news in this department to give it a full two pages or even more. The amateurs are taking a great deal of interest in this which we are glad to see and hope that they will profit by it. Brother Sargent is a capable editor and hopes to have many interesting things in that department for the amateurs. He has been interested in A. J. for a great many years.

A Bay State Member.



Brother G. A. Thomson.

Brother Thomson, of Somerville, Mass. has been a prominent member for the reorganization of the order. He is the secretary of Cantabrigia Lodge of Cambridge, Mass.

Mudlavia.

Mudlavia Lodge of Kramer, Indiana, are an active bunch of boys and are making the people of their city take notice of them. They will give an entertainment on the vaudeville line some time in the first part of April. The actors will be under the management of Brother I. C. Solomon, who has had quite a bit of experience in the entertaining line. They hope to make a good bit of money which will help out the lodge treasury.

Brother E. R. Brewer of Paradise, Texas, has moved to Bridgeport, Texas. We hope to see him start a new lodge in that place some time soon.

Imperial Lodge of Bradford, Ky., has come in with a good of rein list-statements, and from their past record as an active lodge we hope to see things happen back in their state.

PRIZE GOLD MEDAL

To Be Given Some Member
On January 1st 1910.

OTHER PRIZE AWARDS

A Chance for Active Members to
Win A Prize of Value.

Brother Y. Pinck Taylor, Grand Vice-President of the Southeast District, begs us to announce that in order to create a little more action among the members in behalf of the order that he will on the 31st day of December 1909, give away TWO GOLD MEDALS as prizes to two members having the most new members to his credit on the books of the Grand Secretary.

The first is to go to any member in the order having the largest number of new members to his credit.

The second is to go to the member in the Southeast district having the largest number of new members to his credit.

In addition to the two MEDALS he will award a SOLID GOLD EMBLEM RING to the member of the Southeast district having the largest number of new members to his credit on the books of the Grand Secretary at NOON, JULY 31st, 1909.

There also will be a SOLID GOLD RING awarded to any member outside of the Southeast district who will have the largest number of new members to his credit on the 31st of July, 1909. This latter prize is awarded by the editor of this paper.

The books of the Grand Secretary will be the sole authority for the awarding of the above prizes.

This is a good chance for some member with a little activity to gain a little value. These prizes will be well worth working for and are offered to stimulate more activity among the members. Get busy and win one of these prizes.

Red Hill Lodge of Bluffton, Ark., will soon be on the active list. Brother May, their secretary says that the new order of things are just to their liking and that he expects to send in a list of reinstatements some time soon that will put their lodge up among the foremost lodges of that state.

Oklahoma Members.

Brother A. L. Emmons, of Hastings, Oklahoma, wants all members of that state to write him in regard to the holding a State Convention during the coming year. Let the members of that state get together and do some active work for the order.

Brother Alvin Cluck of Cedar Park, is now located at Austin, Texas, having the position of bookkeeper in the city offices.

Brother James A. Simpson of Lone Star Lodge of Cedar Park, Texas, has been elected president of the literary society of that place and is giving the society the best of satisfaction.

The editor desires to say a few words of praise for the C. M. A. members who have joined the Atlantic Coast Amateur Press Association with a view of developing their literary talents. Every one has been a credit to amateur journalism from Burt Foote, to Julian T. Baber, Geo. A. Thomson and others of this worthy band.—J. W. Smith in Amateurist.

Brother Russell Hersh of Lakewood, N. J., says he hopes to see the members up in their Athletic meets during the coming year, and especially hopes to hear of the meets to be held in the states of Maine and New York.

Kingsbury Star Lodge of Kingsbury, Texas, are holding their regular meetings in the W. O. W. hall, of that place, every first and third Friday nights of the month. Their officers for this term are an active bunch and are trying to boost the order all they can in that part of the country.

Brother Petie R. Fourthman, of Chrisney, Indiana, is one of the most industrious workers for the I. O. C. M. A. in that part of the state. He joined the C. M. A. in 1904, and has been in good standing ever since, though the lodge he belonged to disbanded some years ago. He says as soon as the new order is moving along nicely that he will try and get us a lodge there that will put things on the hum.

Brother Lee Patgett of Houston, Texas, expects to organize a lodge in that city and wishes all members in that locality to write to him.

Dixie Star Entertains

Dixie Star Lodge of McGaheysville, Va., held their annual banquet New Years night in the town hall. There were 100 guests present, all having an enjoyable time. Brother G. M. Keezel, the Virginia State Secretary and the organizer of that lodge acted as toast-master and Brother Lurty Landes of Dayton Lodge gave a very good talk entitled "Our Order Must Live" and brought the house down several times. The guests departed at a late hour after passing the evening at various games and amusements knowing that they had had the time of their lives.

It Pays To Advertise

Knights of Honor Lodge of Dayton, Va., have a rather new way of advertising the benefits derived from the I. O. C. M. A. They are going to publish a paper which they will distribute among the people of their community. Their object is to enlighten the people on the aims and objects of the order.

Under Southern Skies.

From a bush by the Sewanee, a whippoorwill calls,
The day has drawn to a close;
When the shades of night had settled down,
A moon on the skies arose.

The moonbeams fell on a southern home,
Tranquility reigned supreme;
The darkies were singing "Dixie Land,"
In their quarters beside this stream.

The thump of the banjo was plainly heard,
Time like the swallow flies.
O where can you be so happy and free,
As under Southern Skies.

Mid-night's hour is now at hand,
The moon is at its height;
Its silvery rays are everywhere,
This is a Southern night.

Soon the gray of dawn appears,
And soon the sun will rise;
The work of another day begins,
And under the Southern Skies.

All of this did seem to me,
Though I was a northern man,
A dream of peace and happiness
In a happy and peaceful land.

I could not help but wish that I
Had been a Southern man,
And, I wished that I had lived
Down where the Sewanee ran.

But Cupid's dart had pierced my heart
While in this southern land,
And it wasn't long before I was
No more a Northern man.

I did not know the Southland's charm,
Until my visit there,
And now I think I'll spend my days
In a Southern atmosphere.

—Julian T. Baber.

West Virginia Convention.

The West Virginia convention was held on the 22nd and 23rd of December at Abbott, W. Va., instead of at Frenchtown as first planned. There were only a few members present at this meeting and it is hoped that more will be present at their next meeting. The members present discussed all of the important topics in regard to the good of the order, besides adopting the Reorganization plan presented by the EMBLEM they also favored the enlarging of the charters with not less than eight charter members to appear thereon. Other topics of interest were talked upon and discussed to the benefit of the members present. In all it was a very active meeting and did much good for the members that were present.

The Virginian Association will soon have a state paper publishing all the state I. O. C. M. A. news and other matter of interest to the Virginian members.

Be All You Can.

Let us do all the business we can. If we can't be a lighthouse, let us be a candle. Some one has said, "I can't be anything more than a farthing rushlight." Well, if you can't be more, be that; that is well enough. Be all you can. What makes the Dead sea dead? Because it is all the time receiving and never giving out anything.—Dwight L. Moody.

What Practice Will Do.

"By gosh!" said Uncle Timson Tabballs, after he had returned from a week-end visit in the city, "It's simply wonderful what practice'll do fer people. Take this thing of eatin' with a fork, for instance. I seen lots of people at the huttel where I stopped at who could take up robs of the heavy ple without lettin' a drop of juice leak through onto the tablecloth."

Special Rate until July 1 1909 of 50c a half, \$1.00 a Year.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

CHAS. R. SIMON, Grand Secretary,
I. O. C. M. A., Alma, Kansas.

Dear Sir:—I hereby apply for membership in the I. O. C. M. A. I solemnly affirm that I am a white male 14 years of age (or over) and I promise upon my word of honor, not to disclose any of the secrets of the order to any person not a member of the I. O. C. M. A. in good standing. This promise is made with the understanding that there is nothing in the teachings of the order that conflicts with my religion, politics, or duty to friends or parents.

Enclosed please find.....for which I am to receive an official receipt entitling me to full benefits in the order for the period of.....*

Name.....
Age on last birthday..... Street, P. O. Box or Rural Route.....
Nationality..... Town..... State.....

*New members must pay 25 cents Membership Fee and 25 cents Certificate Fee besides the dues. Old members reinstating must pay dues only. The dues are 50 cents for six months; \$1.00 for one year; \$1.75 for two years.

Application must be endorsed. Read BACK carefully. Have both sides filled out.

For Virginia Members.

Brothers of the I. O. C. M. A.:—We have just passed through one of our hardest battles the order ever knew, and have come out showing the world that we are Coming Men, not only in name but in reality. Now I wish that every brother in Virginia would give all the help he can to aid us in building up our new Independent Order of Coming Men. Some of the ways you can, and ought to as a brother in the cause, help me is by sending me your name and address; the name of the lodge to which you belong; the names and addresses of all members that you may know. Ask me any question you wish and I will answer, or get you an answer, if you enclose stamp for reply.

What we need is co-operation. If I could only get the members to write me I could place their names on my list and send them much valuable information from time to time. At our last State Convention the lodges of the state were not represented, certainly if you will or cannot send a delegate to the State Convention, you could send a report from your lodge. Don't be so selfish, but loosen up and write your State Officers and let them know what you are doing. The carpenter that goes to work without any tools, will accomplish very little, and I, as your State Secretary cannot do much if you refuse to tell me your address. Come, Brothers, the time of inaction is past, do something. Show the world you are made of solid grit, your deeds will tell for themselves. I have been State Secretary for two years and have had trouble to get names of the members in this state. Don't put it off any longer but write at once. As soon as I get a complete list I will print the State By-Laws and other official papers and send them out. At our last State Convention each member was assessed 10 cents per year, to pay expense of postage of State Officers. We serve

without any salary, but the members ought to be willing to support the mail department of the State Lodge. Send your 10 cents to State Treasurer J. Vance Jones, Damascus, Va. Hoping to hear from all Virginia members at once and wishing you a prosperous year, I remain.

Yours in "F"
G. M. Keezel, 15,
State Secretary,
McGaheysville, Va.

Alabama Members.

Brother J. W. Smith, secretary of the Alabama State I. O. C. M. A. is trying to reorganize every lodge in the State of Alabama and wishes to have members in that state write him in regard to the holding of a state meeting at Atlanta, Ga., some time this next summer. The brothers of that state would do well to co-operate with Brother Smith in trying to get the old lodges of the state in action again. Write him at Crossville, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.

Some Good Advice.

Hastings, Okla., March 8, 1909.

Dear Brothers:—As we are gaining strength enough to be upon our feet again let each of us realize that our number is small and we have to work to bring our membership to the mark where it once was. Let us labor diligently to spread the teachings of our noble order throughout the entire country, strive to place the ritual of the order in every town and community of the country. Remember, when you are spreading the I. O. C. M. A. you are helping to fill our noble country with good citizens. Let the members knowing the benefits gained by its teachings, offer an explanation to those not knowing the good of the order. Let us remember when we fail to fill the EMBLEM with news about the doings of the order we are failing to comply with our duties as members. The Grand Officers would find it quite a task to fill the paper with news if the members did not send in their reports. If you are a delinquent member you are of no benefit to the noble order. I beg of you to wake up at once and help us reach the goal of achievement, leastwise don't be in the way of those who are trying to work. Hoping every member will take more interest in the EMBLEM in the future than in the past, I remain.

Yours in "F"
A. L. Emmons, 15 O. T. N.

God Bless Our Native Land.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave
Ruler of wind and wave.
Do thou our country save
By thy great might!

For her our prayers shall be,
Our rather's God, to thee.
On thee we wait!
Be her walls Holiness:
Her ruler's righteousness;
Her officers be peace:
God save the state.

Lord of all truth and right,
In whom alone is might,
In thee we call!
Give us prosperity:
Give us true liberty
May all the oppressed go free;
God save us all!

L. Garrison Cline, 50 O. T. N.

Brother Elmer Bigley, 15 O. T. N., of Scottdale, Pa., writes us and gives us some interesting history of his C. M. A. doings. He has been a member of the order for nearly eight years, having joined as an independent member on October 9, 1901, organizing Hempfield Lodge No. 2517 at New Stanton, Pa., soon after. In 1904 he moved to Scottdale and there organized Eastern Star Lodge No. 3919 which was doing nicely until the failure. He has during his time helped to initiate between 75 and 100 members.

ENDORSEMENTS Read the other side carefully, before filling out this application blank.

WE, the undersigned, endorse the applicant whose name and address appears on the other side of this form, as worthy and of good character. He is known to us-as being over 14 years of age, and of full white parentage.

Note: If endorsed by citizens use lines 1, 2 and 3. If by I. O. C. M. A. lodge officers use lines 4 and 5. If by a member only, use bottom line. If a member *induced* the application be sure and give his name and certificate number on bottom line.

1

2

3

4 President

5 Secretary

Sign below name of member to whom credit is given for getting the new member.

(over) Certificate No.

Brother Chas. E. Ellsworth our Grand Treasurer has accepted a higher position with the Frisco railroad at Chaffee, Mo., where he now is. He also writes us to state that "All brothers of the I. O. C. M. A. who have had experience as yard clerks and would like a position in this city would do well to write him and he will let you know about a position." Address him at Chaffee, Mo.

Americans Have Monopoly.
American manufacturers of well-running machinery have a practical monopoly of the business throughout the world.

Reasons For Great Work In The Future.

It is with great pride and respect that I ask the brothers of the order to consider the name of our re-established C. M. A., "The Independent Order of The Coming Men of America,"—how grand and noble this sounds to the ear and how well it becomes our present organization.

We were taught in the old days of Hunter and Phillip that we were Coming Men of America and upon us rests the duties of future citizenship of our land. Furthermore that the order prepared us for these duties. Now we are taught all this in teachings equally as impressive and beautiful but we are taught more in addition to these.

As the name implies, we are free to act, free to think and express our thoughts, and free to make advancement. We are now given to understand that the I. O. C. M. A. is for the I. O. C. M. A. even as America is for America; that taxation should only be imposed when representation is allowed; that in order to maintain a good cause we must mutually agree to bear the cost remembering that in this world something cannot be obtained for nothing; that the will of the majority must be respected and permitted to rule and that we should consider respectfully the opinions of others even though they may differ from ours; that when holding influential positions in life we must render reports of our work, thus proving our fidelity and capability along the lines which our lot in life has placed us; and last but not least, to never become defeated by discouragement but when we are sure of being in the right then press toward the mark till we have accomplished our heart's desires.

Hence you see, brothers, the extensive mission before us as an order and the place in America open for us to work in, also our superiority over any secret society now in the field, for the American youth, is quite vividly shown.

Upon first consideration of our name we would say that it is far too long, but where can the change be made without robbing the name of its present meaning? True we may omit, perhaps, the words, "Order of the", but certainly no other part can be added or detracted from. The name was first originated by President J. Elliott Clayton sometime last June after a consultation with a law firm of Ruston, La. The name is one of which to be proud and one deserving of our respect, for it indicates so much. We have learned the necessity of reorganizing the power of Almighty God and to seek his guidance in the administration of our affairs both locally and nationally. In

view of these great facts we need not fear for our future success and prosperity but should leave our adversaries to their several fates and from now on concentrate our entire attention to the advancement of our noble I. O. C. M. A. and the improvement of our order. Let us fight the fight with untiring zeal and energy, remembering that God is able and willing to give success to the righteous causes of not only our beautiful America but of the entire world.

Respectfully yours in "F",
Clyde R. Sumner, 5
State Organizer,
New Haven, Vt.

Our New Traveling Cards.

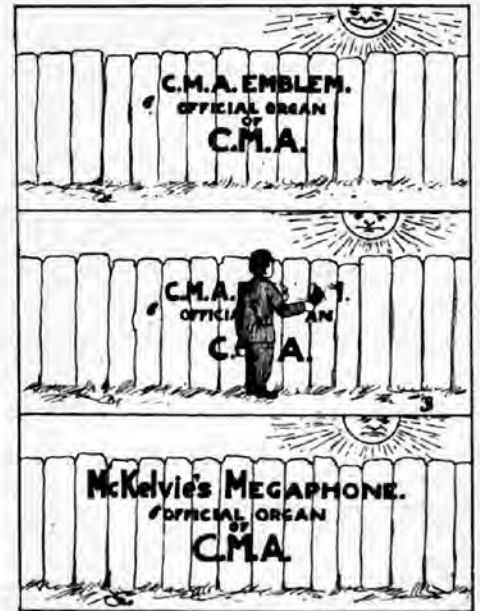
We are in receipt of the new traveling cards, they are very pretty, being engraved and printed in green on a good bond paper. The members will be sent their new ones in the next few days as it will be some time yet before we get the new certificates we will not hold them that long.

Brother N. W. Lawson formerly of Gaston, W. Va., writes us from Yukon, Okla., and says that he will try and organize a lodge at that place. He says that he is sorry not to be with his old lodge, Blue Bell Lodge of Gaston, W. Va., which had a membership of 32 when he left.

Special Dispensation.

Special dispensations will be mailed the lodges for them to do business under as it will be several months yet before our regular charters are ready. The new charters will be about four times as large as the old ones and will be filled out in a more artistic manner. The special dispensations will be about the same size as the old charters and are engraved and printed in two colors.

A Story Without Words



A Scheme That Didn't Work

A Prayer for the New Year

ALMIGHTY God, the unfailing source of light and mercy, who hast brought us to the beginning of this year, and art sparing us to love Thee and to keep Thy commandments, prepare us, we beseech Thee, for the coming days. Let Thy grace enlighten our darkness and strengthen our weakness. Help us to forget the sins and sorrows of the past, cherishing only the wisdom and the humility they may have taught us. Inspire us with new purposes and new hopes. Deepen within our hearts the love of truth and goodness. Renew in us the life of that which alone makes life worth living. Enable us to discern the solemn meaning of these earthly days, and the high and sacred purpose for which they are given. Suffer us not to be unfaithful to Thee. Thou hast richly blessed us hitherto; still lead us by Thy hand; still admonish and guide us by Thy spirit, and leave us not to ourselves, Thou Good Shepherd of the sheep. Let not the sorrow and weariness of life rob us of our faith in Thee. Whatever light may shine or shadow fall, keep us in the fellowship and in the service of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!



This interesting story began in the January Number. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from the publishers at the rate of 5c per copy.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor.

CHAPTER II.—Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left.

CHAPTER III.—Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER IV.—The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrope.

CHAPTER V.—They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree.

CHAPTER VI.—The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness.

CHAPTER VII.—Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring.

CHA

(Continued from February Number.)

"No; I'm loaded now. Have to ask you to look after it. You may need it before morning, anyway. If the dews here are like those in Central America they are d-darned liable to bring on malarial fever."

Nothing more was said until they had crossed the open space between the palms and the belt of jungle along the river. At other times Winthrope and Miss Leslie might have been interested in the towering screw-palms, festooned to the top with climbers, and in the huge ferns which

they could see beneath the mangroves in the swampy ground on their left. Now, however, they were far too concerned with the question of how they should penetrate the dense tangle of thorny brush and creepers which rose before them like a green wall. Even Blake hesitated as he released Winthrope and looked at Miss Leslie's costume. Her white skirt was of stout duck; but the flimsy material of her waist was ill-suited for rough usage.

"Better put the coat on unless you want to come out on the other side in full evening dress," he said. "There's no use kicking, but I wish you'd happened to have on some sort of a jacket when we got spilled."

"Is there no path through the thicket?" inquired Winthrope.

"Only the hippo trail, and it don't go our way. We've got to run our own line. Here's a stick for your game ankle."

Winthrope took the half-green branch which Blake broke from the nearest tree and turned to assist Miss Leslie with the coat. The garment was of such coarse cloth that as Winthrope drew the collar close about her throat Miss Leslie could not forego a little grimace of repugnance. The crease between Blake's eyes deepened, and the girl hastened to utter an explanatory exclamation: "Not so tight, Mr. Winthrope, please! It scratches my neck."

"You'd find those thorns a whole lot worse," muttered Blake.

"To be sure; and Miss Leslie fully appreciates your kindness," interposed Winthrope.

"I do indeed, Mr. Blake! I'm sure I never could go through here without your coat."

"That's all right. Got the handkerchief?"

"I put it in one of the pockets."

"It'll do to tie up your hair."

Miss Leslie took the suggestion, knotting the big square of linen over her fluffy brown hair.

Blake waited only for her to draw out the kerchief before he began to force a way through the jungle. Now and then he beat at the tangled vegetation with his club. Though he held

to the line by which he had left the thicket, yet all his efforts failed to open an easy passage for the others. Many of the thorny branches sprang back into place behind him, and as Miss Leslie, who was the first to follow, sought to thrust them aside the thorns pierced her delicate skin until her hands were covered with blood. Nor did Winthrope, stumbling and hobbling behind her, fare any better. Twice he tripped headlong into the brush, scratching his arms and face.

Blake took his own punishment as a matter of course, though his tougher and thicker skin made his injuries less painful. He advanced steadily along the line of bent and broken twigs that marked his outward passage, until the thicket opened on a strip of grassy ground beneath a wild fig-tree.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Winthrope, "a banyan!"

"Banyan? Well, if that's British for a daisy, you've hit it," responded Blake. "Just take a squint up here. How's that for a roost?"

Winthrope and Miss Leslie stared up dubiously at the edge of a bed of reeds gathered in the hollow of one of the huge flattened branches at its junction with the main trunk of the banyan, 20 feet above them.

"Will not the mosquitoes pester us here among the trees?" objected Winthrope.

"Storm must have blown 'em away. I haven't seen any yet."

"There will be millions after sunset."

"Maybe; but I bet they keep below our roost."

"But how are we to get up so high?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"I can swarm this drop roost, and I've a creeper ready for you two," explained Blake.

Suiting action to words, he climbed up the small trunk of the air root and swung over into the hollow where he had piled the reeds. Across the broad limb dangled a rope-like creeper, one end of which he had fastened to a branch higher up. He flung down the free end to Winthrope.

"Look lively, Pat," he called. "The sun's most gone, and twilight don't last all night in these parts. Get the line around Miss Leslie, and do what you can on a boost."

"I see; but, you know, the vine is too stiff to tie."

Blake stifled an oath and jerked the end of the creeper up into his hand. When he threw it down again it was looped around and fastened in a bow-line knot.

"Now, Miss Leslie, get aboard and we'll have you up in a jiffy," he said.

"Are you sure you can lift me?" asked the girl, as Winthrope slipped the loop over her shoulders.

Blake laughed down at them. "Well, I guess yes! Once hoisted a fellow out of a 50-foot prospect hole—big fat Dutchman at that. You don't weigh over 120."

He had stretched out across the broadest part of the branch. As Miss

Leslie seated herself in the loop he reached down and began to haul up on the creeper, hand over hand. Though frightened by the novel manner of ascent the girl clung tightly to the line above her head, and Blake had no difficulty in raising her until she swung directly beneath him. Here, however, he found himself in a quandary. The girl seemed as helpless as a child, and he was lying flat. How could he left her above the level of the branch?

"Take hold the other line," he said. The girl hesitated. "Do you hear? Grab it quick, and pull up hard if you don't want a tumble!"

The girl seized the part of the creeper which was fastened above and drew herself up with convulsive energy. Instantly Blake rose to his knees, and grasping the taut creeper with one hand reached down with the other to swing the girl up beside him on the branch.

"All right, Miss Jenny," he reassured her as he felt her tremble. "Sorry to scare you, but I couldn't have made it without. Now, if you'll just hold down my legs we'll soon hoist his ladsnip."

He had seated her in the broadest part of the shallow hollow, where the branch joined the main trunk of the fig. Heaped with the reeds which he had gathered during the afternoon it made such a cozy shelter that she at once forgot her dizziness and fright. Nestling among the reeds, she leaned over and pressed down on his ankles with all her strength.

The loose end of the creeper had fallen to the ground when Blake lifted her upon the branch and Winthrope was already slipping into the loop. Blake ordered him to take it off and send up the club. As the creeper was again flung down a black shadow swept over the jungle.

"Hello! Sunset!" called Blake. "Look sharp, there!"

"All ready," responded Winthrope.

Blake drew in a full breath, and began to hoist. The position was an awkward one, and Winthrope weighed 30 or 40 pounds more than Miss Leslie. But as the Englishman came within reach of the descending loop he grasped it and did what he could to ease Blake's efforts. A few moments found him as high above the ground as Blake could raise him. Without waiting for orders, he swung himself upon the upper part of the creeper and climbed the last few feet unaided. Blake grunted with satisfaction as he pulled him in upon the branch.

"You may do, after all," he said. "At any rate, we're all aboard for the night; and none too soon. Hear that?"

"What?"

"Lion, I guess— Not that yelping. Listen!"

The brief twilight was already fading; into the darkness of a moonless night, and as the three crouched together in their shallow nest they were soon made audibly aware of the savage nature of their surroundings. With the

gathering night the jungle wakened into full life. From all sides came the harsh squawking of birds, the weird cries of monkeys and other small creatures, the crash of heavy animals moving through the jungle, and above all the yelp and howl and roar of beasts of prey.

After some contention with Winthrope, Blake conceded that the roars of his lion might be nothing worse than the snorting of the hippopotami as they came out to browse for the night. In this, however, there was small comfort, since Winthrope presently reasserted his belief in the climbing ability of leopards, and expressed his opinion that, whether or not there were lions in the neighborhood, certain of the barking roars they could hear came from the throats of the spotted climbers. Even Blake's hair bristled as his imagination pictured one of the great cats creeping upon them in the darkness from the far end of their nest limb, or leaping down out of the upper branches.

The nerves of all three were at their highest tension when a dark form swept past through the air within a yard of their faces. Miss Leslie uttered a stifled scream and Blake brandished his club. But Winthrope, who had caught a glimpse of the creature's shape, broke into a nervous laugh.

"It's only a fruit bat," he explained. "They feed on the banyan figs, you know."

In the reaction from this false alarm, both men relaxed and began to yield to the effects of the tramp across the mud-flats. Arranging the reeds as best they could they stretched out on either side of Miss Leslie and fell asleep in the middle of an argument on how the prospective leopard was mostly likely to attack.

Miss Leslie remained awake for two or three hours longer. Naturally she was more nervous than her companions, and she had been refreshed by her afternoon's nap. Her nervousness was not entirely due to the wild beasts. Though Blake had taken pains to secure himself and his companions in loops of the creeper, fastened to the branch above, Winthrope moved about so restlessly in his sleep that the girl feared he would roll from the hollow.

At last her limbs became so cramped that she was compelled to change her position. She leaned back upon her elbow, determined to rise again and maintain her watch the moment she was rested. But sleep was close upon her. There was a lull in the louder noises of the jungle. Her eyes closed, and her head sank lower. In a little time it was lying upon Winthrope's shoulder and she was fast asleep.

As Blake had asserted, the mosquitoes had either been blown away by the cyclone or did not fly to such a height. None came to trouble the exhausted sleepers.

CHAPTER VI.

Man and Gentleman.



NIGHT had almost passed, and all three, soothed by the refreshing coolness which preceded the dawn, were sleeping their soundest, when a sudden fierce roar followed instantly by a piercing squeal caused even Blake to start up in panic. Miss Leslie, too terrified to scream, clung to Winthrope, who crouched on his haunches, little less overcome.



"It's Only a Beast That's Killed Something Down Below."

Blake was the first to recover and puzzle out the meaning of the crashing in the jungle and the ferocious growls directly beneath them.

"Lie still," he whispered. "We're all right. It's only a beast that killed something down below us."

All sat listening, and as the noise of the animals in the thicket died away they could hear the beast beneath them tear at the body of its victim.

"The air feels like dawn," whispered Winthrope. "We'll soon be able to see the brute."

"And he us," rejoined Blake.

In this both were mistaken. During the brief false dawn they were puzzled by the odd appearance of the ground. The sudden flood of full daylight found them staring down into a dense white fog.

"So they have that here!" muttered Blake—"fever-fog!"

"Beautifully shame!" echoed Winthrope. "I'm sure the creature has gone off."

This assertion was met by an outburst of snarls and yells that made all

start back and crouch down again in their sheltering hollow. As before Blake was the first to recover.

"Bet you're right," he said. "The big one has gone off, and a pack of these African coyotes are having a scrap over the bones."

"You mean jackals. It sounds like the nasty beasts."

"If it wasn't for that fog I'd go down and get our share of the game."

"Would it not be very dangerous, Mr. Blake?" asked Miss Leslie. "What a fearful noise!"

"I've chased coyotes off a calf with a rope; but that's not the proposition. You don't find me fooling around in that sewer gas of a fog. We'll roost right where we are till the sun does for it. We've got enough malaria in us already."

"Will it be long, Blake?" asked Winthrop.

"Huh? Getting hungry this quick? Wait till you've tramped around a week, with nothing to eat but your shoes."

"Surely, Mr. Blake, it will not be so bad!" protested Miss Leslie.

"Sorry, Miss Jenny; but coconut palms don't blow over every day, and when those nuts are gone what are we going to do for the next meal?"

"Could we not make bows?" suggested Winthrop. "There seems to be no end of game about."

"Bows—and arrows without points! Neither of us could hit a barn door, anyway."

"We could practice."

"Sure—six weeks' training on air pudding. I can do better with a handful of stones."

"Then we should go at once to the cliffs," said Miss Leslie.

"Now you're talking—and it's Pike Peak or bust for ours. Here's one night to the good; but we won't last many more if we don't get fire. It's flints we're after now."

"Could we not make fire by rubbing sticks?" said Winthrop, recalling his suggestion of the previous morning. "I've heard that natives have no trouble—"

"So've I, and what's more, I've seen 'em do it. Never could make a go of it myself, though."

"But if you remember how it is done we have at least some chance—"

"Give you ten to one odds! No; we'll scratch around for a flint good and plenty before we waste time that way."

"The mist is going," observed Miss Leslie.

"That's no lie. Now for our coyotes. Where's my club?"

"They've all left," said Winthrop, peering down. "I can see the ground clearly, and there is not a sign of the beasts."

"There are the bones—what's left of them," added Blake. "It's a small deer, I suppose. Well, here goes."

He threw down his club and dropped the loose end of the creeper after it. As the line straightened he twisted the upper part around his leg and was

about to slide to the ground when he remembered Miss Leslie.

"Think you can make it alone?" he asked.

The girl held up her hands, sore and swollen from the lacerations of the thorns. Blake looked at them, frowned, and turned to Winthrop.

"Um! you got it, too, and in the face," he grunted. "How's your ankle?"

Winthrop wriggled his foot about and felt the injured ankle.

"I fancy it is much better," he answered. "There seems to be no swelling, and there is no pain now."

"That's lucky; though it will tune up later. Take a slide, now. We've got to hustle over breakfast and find a way to get over the river."

"How wide is it?" inquired Winthrop, gazing at his swollen hands.

"About 300 yards at high tide. May be narrower at ebb."

"Could you not build a raft?" suggested Miss Leslie.

Blake smiled at her simplicity. "Why not a boat? We've got a penknife."

"Well, then, I can swim."

"Bully for you! Guess, though, we'll try something else. The river is chuck full of alligators. What you waiting for, Pat? We haven't got all day to fool around here."

Winthrop twisted the creeper about his leg and slid to the ground, doing all he could to favor his hands. He found that he could walk without pain, and at once stepped over beside Blake's club, glancing nervously around at the jungle.

Blake jerked up the end of the creeper, and passed the loop about Miss Leslie. Before she had time to become frightened he swung her over and lowered her to the ground lightly as a feather. He followed, hand under hand, and stood for a moment beside her, staring at the dew-dripping foliage of the jungle. Then the remains of the night's quarry caught his eye, and he walked over to examine them.

"Say, Pat," he called, "these don't look like deer bones. I'd say—yes; there's the feet—it's a pig."

"Any tusks?" demanded Winthrop.

Miss Leslie looked away. A heap of bones, however cleanly gnawed, is not a pleasant sight. The skull of the animal seemed to be missing; but Blake stumbled upon it in a tuft of grass and kicked it out upon the open ground. Every shred of hide and gristle had been gnawed from it by the jackals; yet if there had been any doubt as to the creature's identity there was evidence to spare in the savage tusks which projected from the jaws.

"Je-rusalem!" observed Blake; "this old boar must have been something of a scrapper his own self."

"In India they have been known to kill a tiger. Can you knock out the tusks?"

"What for?"

"Well, you said we had nothing for arrow points—"

"Good boy! We'll cinch them and ask questions later."

A few blows with the club loosened the tusks. Blake handed them over to Winthrop, together with the whisky flask, and led the way to the half-broken patch through the thicket. A free use of his club made the path a little more worthy of the name, and as there was less need of haste than on the previous evening, Winthrop and Miss Leslie came through with only a few fresh scratches. Once on open ground again, they soon gained the fallen palms.

At a word from Blake, Miss Leslie hastened to fetch nuts for Winthrop to husk and open. Blake, who had plucked three leaves from a fan palm near the edge of the jungle, began to split long shreds from one of the huge leaves of a cocoanut palm. This gave him a quantity of coarse, stiff fiber, part of which he twisted in a cord and used to tie one of the leaves of the fan palm over her head.

"How's that for a bonnet?" he demanded.

The improvised head-gear bore so grotesque a resemblance to a recent type of picture hat that Winthrop could not repress a derisive laugh. Miss Leslie, however, examined the hat and gave her opinion without a sign of amusement. "I think it is splendid, Mr. Blake. If we must go out in the sun again, it is just the thing to protect one."

"Yes. Here's two more I've filed for you. Ready yet, Winthrop?"

The Englishman nodded, and the three sat down to their third feast of coconuts. They were hungry enough at the start, and Blake added no little keenness even to his own appetite by a grim joke on the slender prospects of the next meal, to the effect that if in the meantime not eaten themselves they might possibly find their next meal within a week.

"But if we must move, could we not take some of the nuts with us?" suggested Winthrop.

Blake pondered over this as he ate and when fully satisfied he helped himself up with his club he motioned the others to remain seated.

"There are your hats and the strings," he said, "but you won't need them now. I'm going to take a prospect along the river, and while I'm gone, you can make a try at stringing nuts on some of this leaf fiber."

"But, Mr. Blake, do you think it's quite safe?" asked Miss Leslie, and she glanced from him to the jungle.

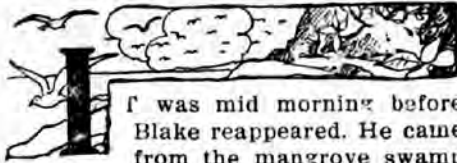
"Safe?" he repeated. "Well, nothing ate you yesterday, if that's anything to go by. It's all I know about it."

He did not wait for further protests. Swinging his club on his shoulder he started for the break in the jungle which marked the hippopotamus path. The others looked at each other, and Miss Leslie sighed. "If only he were a gentleman!" she complained.

Winthrop turned abruptly to the coconuts.

CHAPTER VII.

Around the Headland.



I was mid morning before Blake reappeared. He came from the mangrove swamp where it ran down into the sea. His trousers were smeared to the thigh with slimy mud; but as he approached the drooping brim of his palm-leaf hat failed to hide his exultant expression.

"Come on!" he called. "I've struck it. We'll be over in half an hour."

"How's that?" asked Winthrope.

"Bar," answered Blake, hurrying forward. "Sling on your hats and get into my coat again, Miss Jenny. The sun's hot as yesterday. How about the nuts?"

"Here they are. Three strings; all that I fancied we could carry," explained Winthrope.

"All right. The big one is mine, I suppose. I'll take two. We'll leave the other. Lean on me if your ankle is still weak."

"Thanks; I can make it alone. But must we go through mud like that?"

"Not on this side, at least. Come on! We don't want to miss the ebb."

Blake's impatience discouraged further inquiries. He had turned as he spoke, and the others followed him, walking close together. The pace was sharp for Winthrope, and his ankle soon began to twinge. He was compelled to accept Miss Leslie's invitation to take her arm. With her help he managed to keep within a few yards of Blake.

Instead of plunging into the mangrove wood, which here was undergrown with a thicket of giant ferns, Blake skirted around in the open until they came to the seashore. The tide was at its lowest, and he waved his club towards a long sand pit which curved out around the seaward edge of the mangroves. Whether this was part of the river's bar or had been heaped up by the cyclone would have been beyond Winthrope's knowledge had the question occurred to him. It was enough for him that the sand was smooth and hard as a race track.

Presently the party came to the end of the spit, where the river water rippled over the sand with the last feeble out-suck of the ebb. On their right they had a sweeping view of the river, around the flank of the mangrove screen. Blake halted at the edge of the water and half turned.

"Close up," he said. "It's shallow enough; but do you see those logs over on the mud-bank? Those are alligators."

"Mercy—and you expect me to wade among such creatures?" cried Miss Leslie.

"I went almost across an hour ago and they didn't bother me any. Come on! There's a wind in that cloud out seaward. Inside half an hour the

surf'll be rolling up on this bar like all Niagara."

"If we must, we must, Miss Genevieve," urged Winthrope. "Step behind me and gather up your skirts. It's best to keep one's clothes dry in the tropics."

The girl blushed, and retained his arm.

"I prefer to help you," she replied. "Come on!" called Blake, and he splashed out into the water.

The others followed within arm's-length, nervously conscious of the rows of motionless reptiles on the mud-flat, not 100 yards distant.

In the center of the bar, where the water was a trifle over knee-deep, some large creature came darting downstream beneath the surface and passed with a violent swirl between Blake and his companions. At Miss Leslie's scream, Blake whirled about and jabbed with his club at the supposed alligator.

"Where's the brute? Has he got you?" he shouted.

"No, no; he went by!" gasped Winthrope. "There he is!"

A long bony snout, fringed on either



Stopped to Survey the Coast Beyond.

side by a row of lateral teeth, was flung up into view.

"Sawfish!" said Blake, and he waded on across the bar without further comment.

Miss Leslie had been on the point of fainting. The tone of Blake's voice revived her instantly.

There were no more scares. A few minutes later they waded out upon a stretch of clean sand on the south of the river. Before them the beach lay in a flattened curve, which at the

far end hooked sharply to the left and appeared to terminate at the foot of the towering limestone cliffs of the headland. A mile or more inland the river jungle edged in close to the cliffs; but from there to the beach the forest was separated from the wall of rock by a little sandy plain, covered with creeping plants and small palms. The greatest width of the open space was hardly more than a quarter of a mile.

Blake paused for a moment at high-tide mark, and Winthrope instantly squatted down to nurse his ankle.

"I say, Blake," he said, "can't you find me some kind of a crutch? It is only a few yards around to those trees."

"Good Lord! you haven't been fool enough to overstrain that ankle—Yes, you have. Dammit! why couldn't you tell me before?"

"It did not feel so painful in the water."

"I helped the best I could," interposed Miss Leslie. "I think if you could get Mr. Winthrope a crutch—"

"Crutch!" growled Blake. "How long do you think it would take me to wade through the mud? And look at that cloud! We're in for a squall. Here!"

He handed the girl the smaller string of coconuts, flung the other up the beach and stooped for Winthrope to mount his back. He then started off along the beach at a sharp trot. Miss Leslie followed as best she could, the heavy coconuts swinging about with every step and bruising her tender body.

The wind was coming faster than Blake had calculated. Before they had run 200 paces they heard the roar of rain-lashed water, and the squall struck them with a force that almost overthrew the girl. With the wind came torrents of rain that drove through their thickest garments and drenched them to the skin within the first half-minute.

Blake slackened his pace to a walk and plodded sullenly along beneath the driving downpour. He kept to the lower edge of the beach, where the sand was firmest, for the force of the falling deluge beat down the waves and held in check the breakers which the wind sought to roll up the beach.

The rain storm was at its height when they reached the foot of the cliffs. The gray rock towered above them 30 or 40 feet high. Blake deposited Winthrope upon a wet ledge and straightened up to scan the headland. Here and there ledges ran more than half-way up the rocky wall; in other places the crest was notched by deep clefts; but nowhere within sight did either offer a continuous path to the summit. Blake grunted with disgust.

"It'd take a fire ladder to get up this side," he said. "We'll have to try the other. If we can get around the point, I'm going on ahead. You can follow, after Pat has rested his back. Keep a sharp eye out for any..."

the flint flue—quartz or agate. That means fire. Another thing, when this rain blows over, don't let your clothes dry on you. I've got my hands full enough without having to nurse you through malarial fever. Don't forget the coconuts, and if I don't show up by noon save me some."

He stooped to drink from a pool in the rock which was overflowing with the cool, pure rainwater, and started off at his sharpest pace. Winthrop and Miss Leslie, seated side by side in dripping misery, watched him swing away through the rain without energy enough to call out a parting word.

Beneath the cliff the sand beach was succeeded by a talus of rocky debris which in places sloped up from the water 10 or 15 feet. The lower part of the slope consisted of boulders and water-worn stones, over which the surf, reinforced by the rising tide, was beginning to break with an angry roar.

Blake picked his way quickly over the smaller stones near the top of the slope, now and then bending to snatch up a fragment that seemed to differ from the others. Finding nothing but limestone he soon turned his attention solely to the passage around the headland. Here he had expected to find the surf much heavier. But the shore was protected by a double line of reefs, so close in that channel between did not show a whitecap. This was fortunate, since in places the talus here sank down almost to the level of low tide. Even a moderate surf would have rendered farther progress impracticable.

Another 100 paces brought Blake to the second corner of the cliff, which jutted out in a little point. He clambered around it and stopped to survey the coast beyond. Within the last few minutes the squall had blown over and the rain began to moderate its downpour. The sun, bursting through the clouds, told that the storm was almost past, and its flood of direct light cleared the view.

Along the south side of the cliff the sea extended in twice as far as on the north. From the end of the talus the coast trended off four or five miles to the south-southwest in a shallow bight, whose southern extremity was bounded by a second limestone headland. This ridge ran inland parallel to the first, and from a point some little distance back from the shore was covered with a growth of leafless trees.

Between the two ridges lay a plain, open along the shore, but a short distance inland covered with a jungle of tall yellow grass, above which, here and there, rose the tops of scrubby, leafless trees and the graceful crests of slender-shafted palms. Blake's attention was drawn to the latter by that feeling of artificiality which their exotic appearance so often wakens in the mind of the northern-bred man even after long residence in the tropics. But in a moment he turned away with a growl. "More of

those darned feather-dusters!" He was not looking for palms.

The last ragged bit of cloud, with its showery accompaniment, drifted past before the breeze which followed the squall, and the end of the storm was proclaimed by a deafening chorus of squawks and screams along the higher ledges of the cliff. Staring upward, Blake for the first time observed that the face of the cliff swarmed with seafowl.

"That's luck!" he muttered. "Guess I haven't forgot how to rob nests. Bet our fine lady'll shy at sucking them raw! All the same, she'll have to if I don't run across other rock than this, poor girl!"

He advanced again along the talus, and did not stop until he reached the sand beach. There he halted to make a careful examination, not only of the loose debris, but of the solid rock above. Finding no sign of flint or quartz, he growled out a curse and backed off along the beach to get a view of the cliff top. From a point a little beyond him, outward to the extremity of the headland, he could see that the upper ledges and the crest of the cliff, as well, were fairly crowded with seafowl and their nests. His smile of satisfaction broadened when he glanced inland and saw, less than half a mile distant, a wooded cleft which apparently ran up to the summit of the ridge. From a point near the top a gigantic baobab tree towered up against the skyline like a Brobdingnagian cabbage.

"Say, we may have a run for our money, after all," he murmured. "Shade, and no end of grub, and, by the green of those trees, a spring—limestone water at that. Next thing, I'll find a flint!"

He slapped his leg, and both sound and feeling reminded him that his clothes were drenched.

"Guess we'll wait about that flint," he said, and he made for a clump of thorn scrub a little way inland.

As the tall grass did not grow here within a mile of the shore, there was nothing to obstruct him. The creeping plants which during the rainy season had matted over the sandy soil were now leafless and withered by the heat of the dry season. Even the thorn scrub was half bare of leaves.

Blake walked around the clump to the shadiest side, and began to strip. In quick succession one garment after another was flung across a branch where the sun would strike it. Last of all, the shoes were emptied of rain-water and set out to dry. Without a pause, he then gave himself a quick, light rub-down, just sufficient to invigorate the skin without starting the perspiration.

Physically the man was magnificent. His muscles were wiry and compact, rather than bulky, and as he moved they played beneath his white skin with the smoothness and ease of a tiger's.

After the rub-down he squatted on his heels and spent some time trying

to bend his palm-leaf hat back into shape. When he had placed this also out in the sun he found himself beginning to yawn. The dry, sultry air had made him drowsy. A touch with his bare foot showed him that the sand beneath the thorn bush had already absorbed the rain and offered a dry surface. He glanced around, drew his club nearer and stretched himself out for a nap.

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Emblem. During the coming year many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs you 50c, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

FOR LETTER BOXES.

Device Which Will Prevent the Stealing of the Mail.

The accompanying engraving illustrates a simple attachment, which may be placed in a letter box to prevent the letters from being removed through the letter slot. It is particularly adapted for boxes that are secured to doors of rooms or apartments, or in the walls of vestibules. Such boxes are not provided with any safeguards against sneak thieves, and



It is an easy matter to rob the boxes by means of long pins or nippers. The attachment consists of a plate mounted within the box, and journaled in brackets secured to the sides of the box. The plate, which for convenience is formed of two leaves, one slidable upon the other, so that it may be lengthened or reduced at will, is inclined forward and downward, and its forward serrated edge normally rests against the front wall of the box below the letter slot. A light spring serves to hold the plate in this position. When a letter is introduced into the box, explains the Scientific American, the plate yields before it, and the letter drops onto a deflector plate, immediately below. This serves to throw the letter toward the rear of the box, out of reach from the slot. The play of the swinging plate is limited by a stop pin, so that it can only move far enough to admit the letters.

Imagination's Prick.

The thing that makes the trouble is not so much what actually happens, but what we fear may happen, and it is fear and imagination that cause

**VISITS WITH
& UNCLE BY**

Prevaricators.

Just as the sun set upon the rest-
less waves, the spirit of Henry Bort,
Chicagoan, passed on to the bourne
of eternity. He had taken passage
from London with his brother, ex-
pecting to arrive home in time for
the holidays. The second day out,
he became violently ill and died.



The brother, desirous of getting
the body to the United States, bribed
the captain to permit it to remain
on board, rather than bury it at sea,
as is the custom. Several of the
first-cabin passengers learned the
truth and made vigorous protest.
The captain endeavored to pacify
them, but failed. Finally, in desper-
ation, he called a burly Irish sailor:

"Pat, there is a dead man up in
cabin 411."

"Yis, sor."

"Go up to-night and throw him
overboard!"

"Do you understand?"

"Yis, sor," replied Pat, saluting.

The next morning an angry bevy of
passengers waited upon the captain.

"We demand to know," began the
leader, "if you are going to do as we
request and bury at sea the corpse in
room 411?"

"He was buried last night," replied
the captain.

"He was not!" hotly replied the pas-
sengers in chorus.

"What's that?" cried the captain, in
surprise and anger.

"The body is still there," exclaimed
the spokesman, "subjecting us all to
danger from the contagious nature of
the disease which carried him off."

"Pat!" thundered the captain, hap-
pening to catch sight of the Irishman
as he scurried along the hall. "Did
you bury that man last night?"

"I did, sor."

"He did not!" denied a corpulent
lady in a mauve-colored gown. "He
did not! The corpse is still in room
411!"

"What's that?" cried Pat. "An' did
yez say room 411?"

"She did!" bellowed the captain.
"Wasn't that the man you pitched
overboard?"

"God be merciful," gasped Patrick,
crossing himself. "Room 411? Did
yez say room 411? The mon I
t'rowed out was in room 410!"

"But the man in room 411 wasn't
dead was he?" yelled the captain.

"Well, now," replied Pat, his face a
study—"well now, I dunno. He said
he wo-rn't—but them fellas from Chi-
cago be such dommed liars yez can't
believe 'em, nohow, an' I t'rew him
over jist th' same, b'gorry!"



Serious Thoughts.

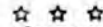
Some people seem to think that in
order to enjoy themselves properly on
Christmas, they must eat twice as
much as on other days. The ordinary
man eats too much any day, hence the
Christmas dinner is often productive
of unpleasant retrospection. This ap-
plies also to editors who were once
popularly supposed to belong in the
bread line and are now recognized as
chauffeurs of no mean ability.



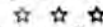
Thomas W. Lawson arraigns the
present-day life by declaring that in
ye olden tymes the ballot box was our
sanctuary and our cure all, and our
homes were our theaters, our dance
halls and our clubs. That's just the
way I felt about it, too, Thomas, the
last time I went to a dance and
couldn't do the barn dance. Darn
these new fangled dances, anyhow!



There is no real reason why a wom-
an who knows how to bake a turkey
shouldn't know something about
Turkey, too.



You cannot always tell how much
your friend likes you by the cost of
the Christmas present you receive.



Most speculators know all there is
to know about the market except
whether it is going up or down.



The turkey that isn't chicken-
hearted about now is a brave bird, in-
deed.



Comparisons.

Hamburg (Ga.) News.—We saw a team
of mules on the street the other day for
which the owner asked \$450 and we de-
cided that the next time a dissatisfied
subscriber called us a jackass we would
reflect a little before taking it as an in-
sult.

SPARROW NEST OF MONEY.

**Greenbacks Worth \$15 Recovered
from Eaves of House.**

William McGrath of Belleville, N. J.,
walked into his bedroom several days
ago and saw a sparrow fly from the
top of a clothes closet out through an
open window.

There was a green piece of paper in
the bird's bill, and McGrath at once
thought of a roll of money he had
left in the closet. He found that many
of the bills had been stripped from
the roll.

He decided to watch and see if the
bird came back. The window was left
open, and the other day McGrath saw
a sparrow fly into the room. He
waited a few minutes and it came out
again and went to a house about a
block away, flying in the eaves.

McGrath obtained a ladder and got
permission from the occupant of the
house to climb up to the eaves, and
was rewarded by finding a nest made
of greenbacks and straw. There were
\$5, \$2 and \$1 bills there, aggregating
about \$15, but in pieces.

McGrath is now trying to piece the
bills together.—N. Y. World.

SIGN OF SERVITUDE.



In Persia women are held in little
esteem and it has been said with some
truth that to wear her dress is to be
a slave.

Blessings of Cheerfulness.

Cheerfulness opens, like spring, all
the blossoms of the inward man—
Kichter

Advantages of Wit.

Man could direct his ways by plain
reason, and support his life by taste-
less food; but God has given us wit,
and flavor, and brightness, and laugh-
ter, and perfumers, to enliven the days
of man's pilgrimage, and to "charm
his pained steps over the burning
marle."—Sydney Smith.

Byron Williams

CORNER FOR THE JUNIORS

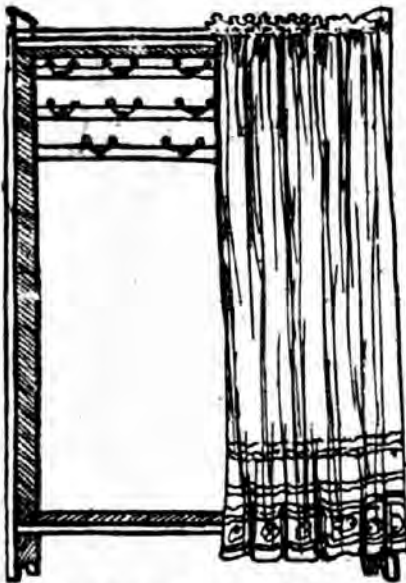
A CLOTHES CLOSET.

Convenient Article Which a Boy Can Build for Mother.

So many boys and girls are obliged to put up with small, closetless rooms, particularly those living in the city apartments and flats. And one of the most common complaints one hears from them is the lack of closet rooms. Now, it is not convenient to keep all one's wearing apparel in drawers, trunks and boxes.

There are clothes that should never be folded, but hung. Boys' coats and girls' skirts, for instance. Here are the directions for building a very serviceable and neat clothes closet at a very small expense; also a cut showing plan of closet accompanies.

Procure two boards—soft pine will answer nicely—about 14 to 16 inches wide by five feet long. Two boards the same width about four feet long. The two longer boards are to form the sides of the closet and the two shorter ones the bottom and top. After the four have been nailed together in the form of a box with two open



Home-Made Clothes Closet.

sides—narrow wood slats are to be nailed across one of the sides, placing them about five inches apart. These slats are to hold the clothes hooks. The number of slats should not be over four nor less than three, and the top one should be fitted tightly against the top board.

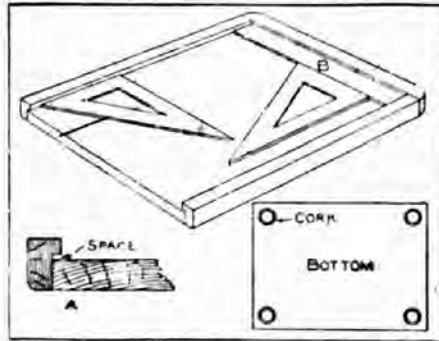
When the frame of the closet is

complete stand it in the corner of your room or against the windowless side where your trunk has taken up so much room and been of so little use—and proceed to stain it with a nice dark furniture stain. It is well to follow the color of the wood in your room; or a clear white is very good, though it soils easily. After the stain is dry put in the hooks; then across the front stretch a curtain of cretonne or some dark, soft cotton stuff striped or figured in pretty colors. If you wish to use a pole and rings for the curtain you may do so, but you will find it better to run the curtain on a wire, as it prevents a particle of dust from getting in the closet, whereas, a curtain on pole and rings hangs so loosely that dust is liable to be found annoying.

TASK FOR A BOY.

How You Can Make a Field Sketching Board.

Cut a piece of five-eighths-inch straight-grained pine board $10\frac{1}{4}$ by $15\frac{1}{4}$ inches and make it perfectly square. Fasten a piece of pine on two sides and one end of the board, as shown in the sketch. This piece of pine is rabbeted a trifle wider than the



Field Sketching Board.

board is thick, as shown in the end view at A, allowing a small space between the board and the rabbet edge, explains Popular Mechanics. Both outside and inside edges of this strip must be made straight for the T-square and triangle.

If the board is to be used for patent office drawings, it will be found handy to have a piece of old T-square, B fitted into the closed end of the board. The space on the drawing paper under this piece of T-square is the space reserved for patent office drawing sheets. Four corks or pieces of felt are fitted to the bottom of the board, as shown. Paper clips may be used to hold the piece of T-square, B, and the drawing paper. The paper or bristol board is slipped into the space left between the board and the edge of the rabbet and held in place with thumb tacks.

An Infantile Explanation.

"Ouch!"

"What's the matter, my child?"

"My teeth trod on my tongue!"—

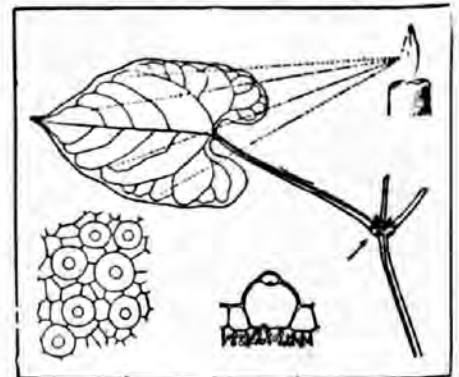
Judge.

DO PLANTS SEE?

Investigations of Scientists Seem to Prove They Do.

The answer to this question seems to depend, like so many other questions, on a definition. What degree of sensitiveness to light merits the name of vision? If to respond to light stimulation by appropriate movements is to "see," plants certainly do so; while if nothing short of the formation and apprehension of a definite image of outside objects may be dignified by the name of sight, then the plant world is still blind. The recent discovery of the part played by certain leaf-cells in plants, in concentrating and directing the rays of light, reminds us of the function of the lenses in our own eyes, and the most of this fact has been made of late in the daily press, in articles wise and otherwise, serious and jocose. The sensitiveness of plants to light, and the influence of this on their movements, have of course, been known ever since the sunflower was first seen to turn toward the sun. It may be doubted whether we are any better fitted to-day to answer the question at the head of this article than was the prehistoric witness of this common phenomenon—all would depend with him, as it does with us, on a definition. Says Dr. D. T. McDougal, director of the department of botanical research of the Carnegie Institution, writing on "The Faculties of Plants" in *The Scientific American*:

"Light is, perhaps, the most important factor in the existence of plants, since energy is absorbed directly from its rays and is used in building up complex foods from simple substances obtained from the soil and air. If the plant is to obtain energy from light, the supposition would lie near that it must present its surfaces to the rays in such a manner as to enable it to do this advantageously, for the amount of benefit to be derived from the rays would depend directly upon their intensity, and upon the angle at which they strike the surfaces. With this fact in hand one would at once suspect that the plant might



Leaves and Light.

Leaf-blade Receiving Rays of Light at a Stimulating Angle After the Signal Travels Down the Stalk to the Motor Organs. Epidermal Cells Which Con-

verge the Rays and Are Sensitive to Oblique Rays.

have developed some power of measuring the intensity and direction of the rays.

"Any group of window-plants may be seen bending toward the glass in such a manner as to present the broad upper surfaces of the leaves at right angles to the strongest illumination. The whole shoot appears to be concerned in the reaction, and we must use the blindfolding method to ascertain what parts are sensitive to light.

"If prepared sections of the blades of some of the more delicately reacting plants are placed under the microscope it will be found that the outer walls of the epidermal cells are curved outward, making lenses which converge the rays upon the inner walls, and allowing them to be transmitted to the cells beneath where they play upon the green color-bodies in which the construction of food-material takes place. Imagine one of these epidermal cells to be a room with a convex skylight roof and a glass floor. When the rays come through and fall upon the floor they pass through to the room below, and drive the chlorophyll-mills making sugar and other substances. The lateral walls of the skylighted room are lined with a living layer sensitive to light, and if the leaf or the building is moved so that the rays strike the sensitive layer a signal is sent to a distant shifting mechanism. Slowly, but with unerring precision, this gets in motion and brings the leaf to a position where the rays once more come through the condensing skylight and pass through the floor to the food-making cells below. In accordance with this action the plant moves all of its leaves into fixed positions, in which they receive the daily illumination most advantageously. In certain cases the leaf-blade performs delicately gauged movements by which it receives the rays until they become so intense as to be harmful, and then the surfaces are turned away from the source of the rays. The management of the leaf-screen in either of these cases demands an automatic mechanism capable of detecting very minute variations in the intensity of light, and one which may also accomplish rapid and accurate movements."

The exactness with which the plant can measure intensity of illumination is so great, we are told, that if a small rapidly growing shoot, such as that of a young mustard, is placed in the dark for a few hours and then two standard candles are placed on opposite sides, the leaves will feel the unequal stimulation when one candle is an inch nearer than the other, and the shoot will begin to curve toward it as toward a window. It has been found, Dr. Macdougall says, that some plants can appreciate a difference so small as one three-hundred-thousandth of the intensity of a candle at a distance of a yard.

THE ELECTRICAL WORLD

WELDING BY ELECTRIC ARC.

Powerful Current That Melts Iron and Steel in a Few Minutes.

The person in the accompanying illustration is not a character in one of Jules Verne's romances, but a workman engaged in welding iron by one of the new processes employing the electric arc. The head must be completely protected to avoid injury from the intense radiation—hence the grotesque head-gear. Mr. C. B. Auel, of the Westinghouse Company, who describes these new processes in the *American Machinist*, tells us that there are two chief types—the Benardos, which uses but a single electrode, and the Zerener, in which two are employed. He says:

"For small work and for work where a certain degree of accuracy and refinement is necessary, the Zerener process will give rather better results than the Benardos, for the reason that in the former the arc is, comparatively speaking, under close reg-



The Benardos Process in Use.

ulation, while in the latter there is only such regulation as may be obtained by hand. Nevertheless, for general work the Benardos process, on account of its simplicity, is to be preferred.

"It is necessary to conduct the welding in an inclosure, as the intense rays of the arc seriously interfere with any other work in the immediate

vicinity. For a similar reason, when the Benardos process is employed, welder should be thoroughly shielded, eyes as well as body. A head-gear of canvas or of stovepipe is readily made and fitted with a small projecting window of thick colored glass. Gloves provided with long gauntlets will answer for the hands, while the ordinary clothing, if not too thin, will suffice for the rest of the body. Exposure to the direct rays of the arc causes an irritation of the skin in effect much like sunburn; the skin reddens and subsequently peels, but with no more serious consequences. A short trial will, however, be more effective in demonstrating the desirability of care in this matter than any words of caution.

"When the Zerener process is employed, however, the welding is usually on a much smaller scale, and it is then only necessary to protect the eyes by a pair of suitable colored glasses."

The method of operation in the single-carbon process is thus described by Mr. Auel:

"Assuming now that everything is in readiness for making a weld, the operator places himself in front of the casting, holding in one hand the carbon (negative) electrode by means of an insulated handle, and having within convenient reach of the other hand the material to be used as filler, either iron rod. . . . bits of broken steel castings, or small punchings from boiler plate. He then pulls the hood down over his head, touches the carbon electrode to the casting, . . . thereby closing the circuit and thus producing the arc. As soon as the arc is sprung, the carbon electrode should be withdrawn to a distance of at least two inches, more if possible, and the arc continued until the melting temperature of the metal is reached.

"If it is not possible to maintain the arc at the proper distance, or if it is too intense, the depth of the triangular plates in the water rheostat or the number of grids in the resistance should be altered accordingly. The arc, instead of being concentrated on one spot, should be given a rotary motion in order to heat the casting thoroughly in the vicinity of the proposed weld.

"When the melting temperature is reached, either the iron rod, small bits of steel castings, or punchings of boiler plate are fed into the boiling metal. This feeding is continued, the arc meanwhile also being maintained, until the weld is completed. To make the casting conform to a particular shape, or to give it a smoother finish or closer grain, the surface of the weld may be hammered while cooling."

Vegetables Indigenous to America.

The sweet potato and the Jerusalem artichoke are supposed to be indigenous to America.

THE AMATEUR JOURNALIST'S DEPARTMENT

Edited by EZRA D. SARGENT, Morgan, Kentucky.

Bright and Up-to-Date News Items and Helpful Suggestions of Interest for the Amateurs Throughout the World.

The Editor.



Ezra D. Sargent.

The above is a fair likeness of the Editor of this department and besides being good looking he is noted as an old time amateur journalist and begs to state that with this issue of the EMBLEM the Amateur Journalist's department again makes its appearance. Let the amateurs interested in it send in their publications to the editor for comment. We want to see the amateurs take more interest in this department in the next month, it is for the free use of them and we hope to see them benefit themselves by it. Besides giving you the late news in A. J. the editor hopes to give you helpful suggestions in your work.

Selecting an Outfit.

The average amateur must select his outfit within the limits of his purse, while the more fortunate can select, with reference to his needs, for making his ideal magazine.

A very suitable size of press for amateur magazine work is the 5x8, or better with small additional cost, the 6x9 self-inking. The Excelsior or Model are good makes. If you select a 5x8 press the cost of an outfit ready for work would be about \$30.00, without a supply of paper; a 6x9 press would cost about \$20.00 additional for press and extra type.

The 7x10 and 10x15 presses, while apparently not much larger, come at a big extra cost, but if the amateur intends to do job work, we advise the purchase of a medium size foot power

press and an assortment of job type; the more the better.

The question is often asked, when selecting an amateur's outfit, can the venture be made to pay expenses. We say, yes, having learned from experience. Your friends will subscribe and advertise, and many an outsider will patronize you, if your work is neat and interesting. This is from the "money side", not considering the knowledge gained from having been your own editor, printer and devil.

If you are interested in securing an outfit, write me and I will be pleased to send you an itemized list of your needs and where to secure them.

Ezra D. Sargent.

In The Passing.

The St. Louis Amateur Journalists' Club, sends forth, to the amateur fraternity a fine "Year Book for 1909", containing nine prose productions, and two excellent poems from the pens of its members. It is also adorned by the authors' photos. Things like this show proof of a progressive local club.

The Boys Friend, of Mystic, Conn., shows up as a progressive "friend." A good section of reading matter, but, Brother Ingram write more editorials, they are the spice of every amateur publication. From the appearance of the advertising columns this magazine must pay its own way.

From the prospects now, a warm political fight, will develop in the National Amateur Press Association, before the next convention. Particular interest is centered in the Presidential race. The voters in a contest like this should invariably vote the Active ticket. Frank A. Kendall, editor of *Torpedo* is the active deserving candidate for President.

We note the renewed activity again in Dixie. Glad are we, to again extend the hand of welcome and best wishes to Hyman Blumberg, after a long period of inactivity.

Several new faces are seen among the "Southern Bundle." Just a word here, amateurs of the same states, towns or sections, take a hint from the South and mail your papers in a bundle, and thus reduce the cost of your paper nearly half—the idea is a good one.

We notice poems from Edith Minter's pen in recent issues of *McCalls Magazine*. The work of an amateur in a professional magazine speaks of the making power of amateur journalism.

Amateurs desiring manuscripts for publication can obtain same, from the editor of this department, by stating their needs and the postage. Interested persons wanting to know more of amateur journalism may obtain a booklet on A. J. and specimens of papers by sending stamps for same.

From time to time we will reprint items of interest, from the Amateur Press; be sure and send your papers for review and comment.

Reprinted from, *The Waste Basket*, A. V. Fingulin, editor, Cleveland, Ohio.

Heart Bowed Down.

Honest to the core, a hearty greeting for everyone, a hand-shake with unmistakable sincerity back of it, and a big warm heart overflowing with kindness and generosity. These are but a very few of the noble traits to be found in my friend, John Travis Nixon, he who is no more. Mr. Nixon died of blood poisoning on Monday, February the eighth. He died just about the time when a man has seen what life really is, when he sees its forces so shaping themselves as to make one feel sort of satisfied, feel that the great struggle of life is not such a great drudgery after all.

Many of us had come to place him on a high pillar of esteem merely through his papers. Far from intending to detract from them, I would say that these papers came far from giving us a true conception of his immense worth. One would have had to meet him to know how immeasurably great Amateuria's loss is. "Honest John" as Mr. Nixon was often called, was in his forty-second year when he died. Twenty-seven of those years he spent in amateur journalism. His first paper, *Our Ideas* appeared when he was fifteen years of age, and was published at Mulvane, Kansas. Since then he has edited a number of different papers probably the best known of which being his excellent "Stars and Stripes."

Our indebtedness to John Travis Nixon for his masterpiece, "A History (Concluded on page 20.)

The Young Stamp Collector's Department

Edited by JULIAN T. BABER, Pocahontas, Virginia.

Brief Bits of New and Happenings of Note among the Stamp Collectors the World over.

This department is conducted by Julian T. Baber, Pocahontas, Va. to whom all correspondence regarding this department should be sent.

A packet of stamps will be given to the one who sends me the best article pertaining to stamp collecting, or regarding his own collection. Articles must be restricted to 300 words and must be sent to the editor of this department within ten days after receipt of the EMBLEM. The best article will be published and all contributors names will be put on the roll of honor.

Items of Interest.

In the Indian Ocean is situated one of the most insignificant possessions of Great Britain, that of the island of Mauritius. Strange to say this island was the first of England's possessions to issue postage stamps. No doubt you have heard of the famous "Post Office Mauritius" stamps. Only about fifteen copies are known to exist. A single copy of this stamp has been sold for \$7250.

A compromise between the postmaster generals of the United States and Germany has been effected. The postal rate of two cents went into effect on January 1st.

The Philatelic Tribune died an early death. All unexpired subscriptions will be filled by the Stamp Journal, of Denver, Colo. The Tribune is combined with the Journal and will be edited by C. A. Nast and Dr. H. A. Davis. It will be published by Clarence DeKay who has successfully published the Tribune in Florida, N. Y., and who will be located in Denver.

A two cent stamp bearing the portrait of Lincoln was placed on sale on February 12, at all the important post-offices in this country, to commemorate the 100th anniversary of the birth of Abe Lincoln.

The J. T. Starr Stamp Co., of Coldwater, Mich., who have been doing business for twenty-three years, recently sold their entire stock, accounts, etc., to the Eben S. Martin Co., of Plano, Ill.

Of all the stamps of the British Colonies, those of the early issues of Ceylon are the most sought after.

The permission of Congress is being sought to have the postage stamps of the United States illustrated in philatelic publications.

The stamps of the Portuguese colonies are sure to advance in price, owing to the preparation of new issues.

It is rumored that a set of three commemorative stamps will be issued for the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition at Seattle this summer.

If the succeeding issues of the Collector's Journal are as good as the initial one, there is little room for a reader to grumble. A number of eminent writers will contribute to this publication.

The first issue of the stamps of Reunion, are included among the greatest rarities of all existing stamps.

The one "piastre" Turkish stamp is worth 4.4 cents.

During the year 1848, not a single country adopted the postage stamp.

The sale of the Christmas Red Cross stamps last year, was enormous.

The £5 stamps of Great Britain, which was issued in 1882, is supposed to be the largest ever issued.

The smallest stamp was issued by Bolivar, one of the United States of Colombia, (now the Colombian Republic.)

The first postage stamp was engraved by Frederick Heath.

The first postage stamp was printed by Messrs Perkins, Bacon & Co.

The new Swiss stamps are very pretty.

In the recent Bavarian prize competition for new stamp designs, over 1100 designs were submitted, and several prizes were duly awarded. Finally, the Bavarian P. O. department decided that none of the prize designs were what they wanted, so they are continuing to use the old designs. Prof. Otto Hupp, who was awarded first prize, was so enraged at the failure to use his designs that he has caused a complete set of stamps to be printed from his designs, and he is selling them through the Muenchen Philatelic Society. Of course these stamps have

no philatelic value, and cannot be used for postage.

On the Reviewer's Table.

The Stamp Lover, 44 Fleet St., London, England, is edited by Fred J. Melville. It is well worth the price of 62 cents per year. This magazine is sent free to members of the Junior Philatelic Society. Send for the J. P. S. prospectus.

The Philatelic Tribune and the *Stamp Journal* have combined and will appear as a 30 page Journal, in the future, Clarence DeKay becomes publisher and business manager, while the editing department will be in charge of Dr. H. A. Davis and C. A. Nast. The circulation of this combination will be over 7000.

The Daily Philatelic World is published by the Eben S. Martin Co., Plano, Ill., price \$1.00 per year. *The World* is our only daily stamp paper, and it is meeting with widespread approval. It deserves the support of every stamp collector. This paper is publishing in each issue, the names of dealers and firms, sending out unsolicited approval sheets. We hope that this will help in checking this practice, for it is the greatest menace to the future of stamp collecting.

The Collector's Journal, 3812 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill., is edited by H. L. Lindquist, price 50 cents per year. This monthly is a valuable addition to the circle of philatelic publications. Vol. 1, No. 1, comes to us attired in a suit of blue, with red trimmings, and is supplemented with a valuable new color chart. Its contents are of interest to the amateur as well as to the advanced collector.

The Collector's Own Magazine, Lead, South Dakota, is published by Clarence Davis. L. G. Cliné, O. T. N., is in charge of the Stamp and Coin department.

The Hobbyist, of Winnipeg, Canada, is gotten up in fine style. Although small it is full of interest, and is an excellent example of the printers art. It is published by O. Kendall, a printer philatelist. After March 1, the subscription price will be raised to 50 cents per year. Sample copy free.

Philatelic Flashes, published by L. Dolson, Geneva, Iowa, is adorned with a new cover design. It appears monthly. Price 25 cents per year. Although a good paper, its typographical errors are inexcusable.

Publishers who wish their papers reviewed, should send one copy to the publishers of the EMBLEM, and a second to the editor of this department. We will reciprocate.

The Winner.

The prize for the March contest is awarded to Rolo Cline, O. T. N. His article on the word Philately is exceptionally interesting. The Cline boys have won all the prizes offered in these contests, and are to be congratulated on their work. We must have more competition in these contests. Sit down now and write something, if only about your own collection. Make your articles contain at least 200 words. Boil them down, and skim off the dross. We must receive your contribution before the 15th of April.

—EDITOR.

Philately.

Philately is a name that is not very familiar to the general public, who are not interested in the collection of postage stamps.

The word Philately, pronounced fi-lat-e-li, is derived from the two Greek words "philos" signifying "fond of," and "atelleia", meaning "immunity from tax." The latter word was probably chosen as the best word in Greek language applicable to the idea of "franking."

A stamp adhered to a letter, means that the letter is "franked," and is thus prepaid to the addressee.

From the words "fond of franks," or "liking for postage stamps," the term Philately is thus derived.

The word was originated by M. Herpin, a Parisian collector, in 1865.

It is simply the scientific name for the study and collection of postage stamps, just as "Numismatics," is applied to the study and collection of coins.

Rolo Cline, O. T. N.,
Hutchinson, Kans.

Changes Of Stamps Effected By War.

Undoubtedly, the stamps of the British Empire have been changed more than those of any other two countries. In the late South African war, when the siege of Mafeking commenced, there was only a small stock of stamps, consisting of British Bechuanaland Protectorate, British Bechuanaland and Cape of Good Hope stamps. These were surcharged "Mafeking Besieged," and with numerals of value much higher than their former worth.

The siege of Mafeking, which lasted 216 days, will always be remembered by stamp collectors.

The Boers issued a special stamp during the early part of this war. When the Boers occupied Vryburg, Cape of Good Hope, they surcharged "Z. A. R." on the Cape stamps.

A stamp representing soldiers in khaki uniform, and inscribed, "The Empire's Call," was issued by New Zealand in 1901.

In 1902, a set of three stamps was issued by Bulgaria, to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the defense of Shipka Pass, during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877.

When the war broke out between Peru and Chile, during 1882-83, Peruvian stamps surcharged with Chilean arms, were used.

The Turks occupied the province of Thessaly, after the Graeco-Turkish war, and issued a set of stamps during the time of occupation.

At the commencement of the war with Spain, the U. S. issued a set of Revenue stamps, bearing the picture of the ill-fated battle-ship Maine, which was blown up in Havana Harbor, February, 17, 1898.

Spain issued war-tax stamps in consequence of this war. The word "Recargo" on them meaning additional tax, and "Impuesto de Guerra" meaning war tax.

When the U. S. took the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico, U. S. A. stamps were surcharged for use in these islands.

—Julian T. Baber, O. T. N.

Commemorative Postage Stamps Of The United States. "Columbian Issue."

The first purely commemorative postage stamps were two large shield envelopes brought out by the United States in 1876—in celebration of the Centenary of the Declaration of Independence, which was signed in 1776.

They bore the inscription "1776—1876," and the design showed a mail carrier on a pony, and a railway train. The mail carrier on a pony represented the "Pony Post," by which letters were carried across the continent before the railway was completed.

Seventeen years later the United States issued a set of large oblong stamps to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the Discovery of America. That event occurred in 1492, and the stamps although issued in 1893, bore the inscription, "1492—1892." The set consisted of eighteen varieties, each depicting an event in the career of Columbus.

The United States was not the only country to issue commemorative stamps in honor of the discovery of America, Venezuela, Porto Rico, Honduras, Ar-

gentine Republic and others, also issued stamps in commemoration of the discovery of America by Columbus.

(They will be treated upon in another series of articles, which will appear later.)

The design, colors and values are known to most collectors, but for the benefit of those who do not, I will give them.

- | | |
|-----|---|
| 1c | deep blue, Columbus in sight of land. |
| 2c | violet, Landing of Columbus. |
| 3c | green, Flag-ship of Columbus. |
| 4c | ultramarine, Fleet of Columbus. |
| 5c | chocolate, Columbus soliciting aid from Isabella. |
| 6c | purple, Columbus welcomed at Barcelona. |
| 8c | magnetta, Columbus restored to favor. |
| 10c | black-brown, Columbus presenting natives. |
| 15c | dark green, Columbus announcing his discovery. |
| 30c | orange-brown, Columbus at La Rapida. |
| 57c | slate-blue, Recall of Columbus. |
| \$1 | salmon, Isabella pleoing her jewels. |
| \$2 | brown-red, Columbus in chains. |
| \$3 | yellow-green, Columbus describing his third voyage. |
| \$4 | crimson lake, portrait of Columbus and Isabella. |
| \$5 | black, profile of Columbus. |

envelopes.

- | | | | |
|----|-----------|-----|--------------|
| 1c | deep blue | 5c | chocolate |
| 2c | violet | 10c | slate-brown. |

Th colors vary to a certain extent, but any catalogue will give them. There is also an error catalogued, and that is the four cent blue.

The next issue to be treated upon will be the Trans-Mississippi of 1898.

L. G. Cline, O. T. N.

AMATEUR JOURNALISTS

(Continued from Page 18.)

of the National Amateur Press Association," published in June, 1900, is inestimable. This valuable volume represents a period of over ten years of unceasing effort, and is a lasting and fitting memorial to this peerless amateur.

John T. Nixon was a man of keen perception; an unerring judge of character. His forcefulness, fearlessness, and always fighting for the right won recognition and praise for him many times. He was elected president of our own National at Nashville, Tenn., in 1901; official editor at Chicago in 1893 and appointed to fill a vacancy in that office twice, once in 1900 and again in 1904. Besides holding these positions Mr. Nixon was several times elected to the place of executive judge and other offices, he also served on a number of committees. Then too he was president of the Western A. P. A. in 1888 and official editor of that organization in 1903.

The big, congenial John T. Nixon was a busy man, but busy as he was he never lost interest in A. J. He once said to me, "I feel that that year is worthless and lost, in which I do not attend a National convention, or at least publish a paper or do something for the hobby."

When he died Mr. Nixon was manager of the Signal Printing Company, Ltd., of Crowley, La., and Secretary of the Odd fellows Home Association of Louisiana.

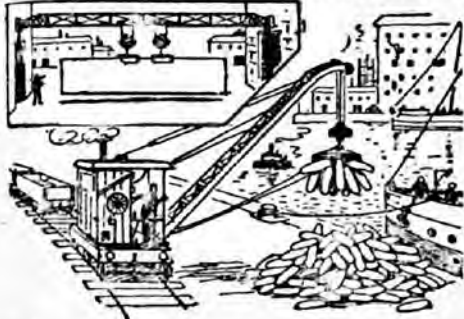
John Travis Nixon worked hard and well, the Angel of Death made and untimely call and beckoned him to come, come to a sleep which must at some time hold us all. A sleep in a night that knows no morn.

WORK OF ELECTRIC CRANE.

Immense Weights and Red-Hot Metal Are Easily Handled.

For lifting heavy masses of metal, magnets actuated by electricity are now used.

The picture shows a steam crane traveling upon rails, that is working a large electro-magnet. A pile of iron "pigs" has been unloaded from a ship on to a quay, and the electro-magnet, with the electric current switched on, is let down upon the pile. The "pigs" of iron then, six to ten at a time, adhere to the electro-magnet, just like a needle does to a child's toy horse-



shoe magnet. Away goes the crane with them, lowers them into railway trucks, and, the current being switched off, the "pigs" remain where deposited.

Weights of, say, 10,000 lbs. are thus easily carried, and a great advantage of the electro-magnet crane is that it will readily pick up and carry red-hot metal, such as castings, etc., thereby avoiding much inconvenience and danger to workmen.

FLOWERS THAT CHANGE COLOR.

Some Go Through as Many as Three Variations in a Day.

"This bed of flowers was blue this morning, and now it is pink. That one was white, and it is now rose. The one by the hedge was yellow yesterday, and to-day it is purple."

The gardener chuckled delightedly. "I call 'em my fairy flower beds, ma'am," he said. "You see, they change color. It's a grand idea, isn't it? It gives a garden such variety."

"But I didn't know that any flowers changed their color."

"Oh, yes. That bed you first mentioned is the mutable palox. At sunrise it is blue, and in the afternoon it is pink.

"The one to the right is hibiscus—hibiscus mutabilis. It goes through three changes in the day, from white in the morning to rose at noon and to red at sunset.

"The bed by the hedge is the lantala. The lantala is yellow one day, orange the next and red the third. Its changes are slow.

"There's other flowers, too, that change. There's the cheiranthus chameleo, that shifts from white to yellow and from yellow to red. There's

the gladiolus versicolor, that's brown in the morning and blue in the evening. There's the colaea scandens, that moves slowly from greenish white to a deep violet."

Outrage Due to Superstition.

One of the cemeteries near Naples has been the scene of a crime that shows a curious recrudescence of mediaeval superstition. A little girl was buried there in July, 1905, and 12 months later it was arranged to transfer the remains to a niche in the little mortuary chapel. At the exhumation suspicion was aroused by the extraordinary light weight of the coffin, which, on being opened, was found to contain only the child's skull wrapped in straw. Profs. Antonelli and Fimiani, who examined the head, declared that it had been ruthlessly torn from the trunk soon after death. The police investigations have resulted in the discovery that the girl's body was disinterred and the bones pulverized to serve for the rites of necromancy and witchcraft which are still so much in vogue among superstitious peasantry of that region.

FIRE DRILL.



The chark or fire drill consisted merely of a piece of soft, dry wood with a hole drilled in its center, into which a rod of hardwood, ash or oak, was placed, and caused to revolve with rapidity, either by the hands or by a cord passed round it and pulled or slackened at each end alternately.

Dog Calls Workers to Dinner.

Our collie dog shows a great deal of intelligence. He sits in the kitchen and watches me prepare the dinner for the farm hands. When I take the fork and try the potatoes and see if they are done, he knows that it is time that the men were called, and he immediately gets up, goes to the back porch, takes the rope in his mouth, and rings the bell for them to come in.—Chicago Tribune.

Jackdaw's Thefts.

Following the loss of numerous wooden labels attached to the plants in the city park the Turro Corporation issued numerous solemn warnings to children, says the London Daily News.

At a chapel near at hand, however, a large pile of the missing labels has just been found under a hole in the roof, having been carried there by a jackdaw.

Ostriches.

Many stories are told of the foolishness of the ostrich. Everybody has heard, for instance, how this bird will bury its head in the sand and conceive itself altogether hidden.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the species goes to great lengths of folly.

And yet, if the testimony of reliable naturalists may be taken, dark ostriches don't bleach themselves with peroxide of hydrogen in the belief that society will thereupon deem them blondes.

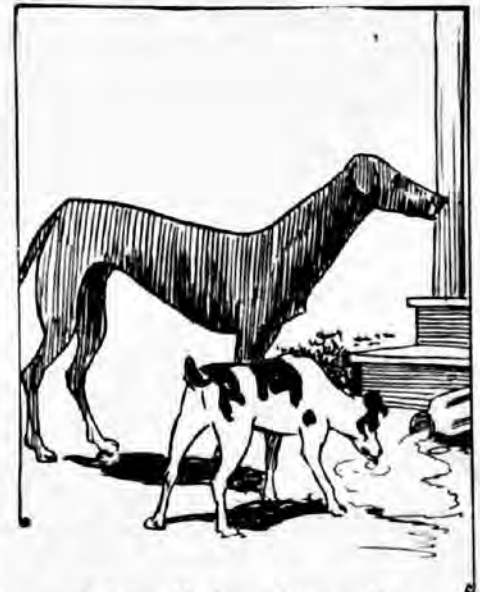
Nor do they resort to rats, expecting to create the impression that their feathers fluff naturally.—Puck.

THE TWO MILK-THIEVES.

Clever Way in Which Two Dogs Got Their Breakfast.

Our daily supply of milk was minus for two or three mornings—nothing but the bottle and a grease-spot left on the porch. We sought to catch the culprit. Did, too! It proved to be a neighbor's little fox-terrier (terror), Trixy. I call him Tricky. We caught him with the goods on—his nose, early one Sunday morning, writes a Battle Creek (Mich.) woman in Detroit Free Press.

His scheme to open the bottle was to paw and roll it over and over, caus-



Tricky Had an Accomplice.

ing the pas'board cover to loosen, and the milk to flow—then drink his fill. Tricky had an accomplice, a huge hound who seemingly stood guard while Tricky opened the bottle; then, after Tricky, lapped the leavings. Together they skirmished the neighborhood for their morning drink. Like Oliver Twist, Tricky was always wanting more. His stealing propensity was great. He and his partner in crime were wont to lunch on the neighbor's chickens.

I can vouch for the veracity of this tale, I being one of the victims of the milk-thieves!

Independent.

Biffers—Hello, Whiffers! How goes it? Still working for Harde Cash & Co.?

Whiffers—No. I'm in business for myself now.

"You don't say so!"

"Yes. I married an actress."—N. Y. Weekly.

Not Quite the Same.

"The feat of the rider in the old tournament who unhorsed his opponent in the lists was like our great modern holiday."

"In what way?"

"Wasn't it taking a knight off?"—Baltimore American.

The Force of Habit.

"Who is that man who speaks on every subject so authoritatively?"

"He? Oh, he's a dictionary expert."

"Ah! that accounts for his having such pronounced opinions."—Baltimore American.

Literal.

"Did you take your shoes to that place with the sign, 'Shoes Repaired While You Wait?'"

"Yes. They repaired six while I waited, and told me to call in three days for mine."—Judge.

More Small Competitors.

Weary Walker—I see 500 more men has been t'rown out of work.

Tired Traveler—Gee! Dere's gettin' to be too much competition in our business!—Puck.

A Lucky Star.

"In that vaudeville act are the chorus of butchers and bakers especially prominent?"

"No; they are merely feeders for the star."—Baltimore American.

Oh!

Quizzing Bess—Did you tell Tom you would be his sister?

Blushing Beatrice—No, I told him I would be his sister's.—Puck.

Unprofitable.

Kind Old Lady—Why, my dear little boy, what is the use of crying like that?

Little Boy—"Tain't no use. I've been cryin' like this all mornin' an' nobody ain't give me a penny yit.—Judge.

Observant.

A small boy, walking out with his mother, noticed a colored woman carrying a baby, and said:

"Mother, if that woman is bringing her baby up on a bottle it must be an ink bottle."—Judge.

Brass Ones.

Miss De Style—I stopped at a lovely place last summer; plenty of fellows; honest, I got four rings.

Miss Gunbusta—So? I didn't know there was a carousel out there.—Puck.

PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

I heard him in the courtroom.
His speech transfixed e crowd,
"Never," said he "should violence
Or mob rule be allowed.
Rise calm o'er passions, slow to judge;
Heed well the ancient saw,
"Obedience to authority
Is the keynote of the law." "

I saw him in the grandstand,
Hatless and out of breath,
He joined the crowd that clamored
For the helpless umpire's death.
"You robber, saphead, ruffian, thief,
You cheat! We had this clinched
Till you butt in, you dough head dolt!
Too bad you can't be lynched!"

And when the ump went down mid blow
and kick,
'Twas my friend's hand that fired the
fatal brick.

—F. D. Abrams, in Puck.

MOTOR LANGUAGE.

Dyer—What do you call your machine, an automobile or a motor car?

Hyer—I call it either when it runs. When it doesn't, I call it other things.

Who Knows.

To stop all noise is New York's cry—
A need that's purely human.
Perhaps we may—well—by and by
Produce a noiseless woman.

—Life.

Rejected.

"Your story's original, but I shall have to reject it," said the editor. "The public wouldn't believe you."

"Why not?" inquired the timid author.

"Well, in the first place, you tell about a man puging up a stove and you let him accomplish that feat without once knocking a picture off the wall, dropping the hammer on his wife's head or falling from the step ladder himself."—Detroit Free Press.

Not Much.

"I don't think much of either Mr. or Mrs. Jones."

"No?"

"No. They're not much. She actually does her own housework and he looks after the furnace himself."—Detroit Free Press.

A Libelous Omission.

"What do you mean by calling me that?" demanded the trust magnate, pointing to the offending line in the paper.

"'Soulless individual,'" read the editor. "Why, you never objected to being called a soulless individual."

"That isn't what you call me," thundered the visitor, hotly. "You have it 'sou-less individual,' which means an Individual without a sou."

Love's Labor Lost.

"Ah," said the politician after he had kissed each of the woman's six children twice around, "and now I presume you'll hand my card to your husband and tell him that I shall appreciate the favor of his vote."

"I'm sorry," said the mother, "but my husband's been dead two years."

And thus was love's labor lost.—Detroit Free Press.

Plenty of Applicants.

"Last week I decided that I needed a little training down," said the amateur athlete, "so I advertised for a coach."

"Did you get one?" queried his friend.

"No," replied the a. a., "but 57 hackmen called."—Chicago Daily News.

Business and Sentiment.

The fair girl looked at him with innocent soulful eyes.

"Won't you trust me?" she murmured.

The man to whom she was appealing looked at her coldly.

"Without security?" he retorted, crushingly. "Not on your life."—Baltimore American.

Their Golden Bond.

"How did those two ever come to marry each other?"

"Well, she was the only woman he ever knew that would listen to his anecdotes over five minutes at a time, and he was the only man she ever knew that could look at her that long without getting neuralgia."—Puck.

Consideration.

"You know," said the observant girl, "handsome men seldom achieve great success in life."

"I suppose," answered Miss Cayenne, "that is why most artists who paint campaign banners take pains to make the candidates appear cross-eyed."—Washington Star.

A Contradiction.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I have seen better days. I have never before even been threatened with arrest."

"Your second assertion," answered his honor, "contradicts the first. It shows you have never been connected with a big corporation or owned a motor car."—Washington Star.

A TRUE FRIEND.

Touching Story of a Dog That Grieved for His Dead Master.

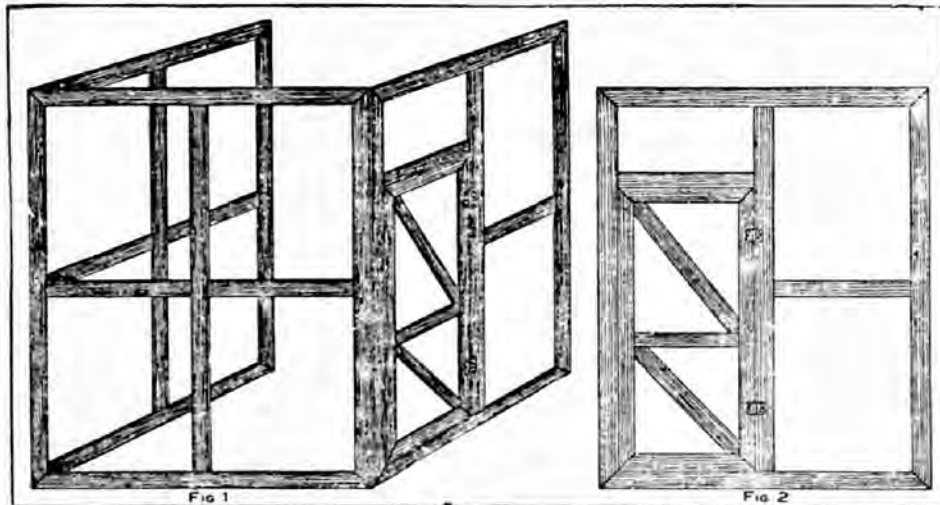
During the French revolution a very good man was thrown into prison and condemned to die. This man had a dog, a water spaniel, who was most faithful to the man while he was at home, and when the man left his home to go to prison the dog followed. Of course he was refused admittance, so he went to a neighbor's house, where he boarded and lodged, but this time was spent sitting in front of the prison door. His faithful watch at length won over the jailer, who allowed him to enter the dark place and enjoy an hour with his master. After that he was allowed his hour's pleasure until the day the master was led

to execution. The man's only true friend, the dog, walked to the burial place and never rested until he saw the man laid away and then he laid himself over the grave where he remained for three days. The neighbor at whose house the animal sought lodging enticed him home after the third day of watch and made him eat, but the dog escaped an hour later and again sought the burial place. Three months passed. Each day the dog went to the neighbor's for food, and then back to his place of watch, but each day he was more sad, more lean and more languishing. They even chained him to keep him at home, but he broke his fetters, escaped and never left it again. At the grave of his master this true friend breathed his last.

HOW TO MAKE A STORM ENTRANCE.

Where a door side of the house is exposed to the wind, a storm door or entrance is a very necessary adjunct during the winter months. The object of this article is to show how to build a storm door or entrance inclosure from cloth. This is an easy thing to

are mitred at the corners and nailed with finishing nails. The middle piece is cut to fit neatly and toe-nailed in place. The back and the sides are screwed to the floor with wood screws that pass through the frame. This allows the frame to be readily put up



The Framework.

make and presents a very good appearance when finished and painted.

The frame consists of two by seven-eighths inch white pine surface on

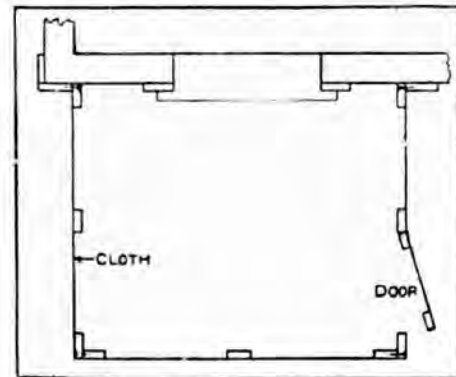


Fig. 3.—The Storm Door.

one side. The lumber can be ordered from any planing mill. Fig. 1 shows the general arrangement of the frame. The height is made to fit neatly between the porch floor and the ceiling as are also the two sides. The joints

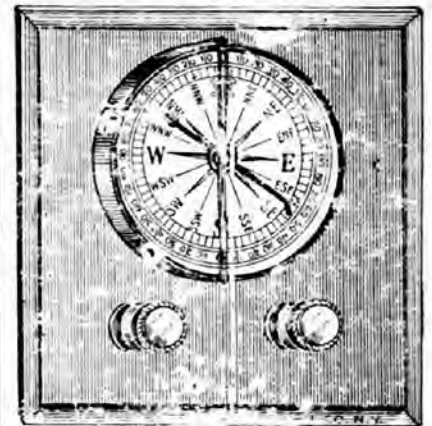
for the winter and taken down in the spring. Fig. 2 shows the construction of the door section. The door is made 30 inches wide by six feet high and swings outside on a pair of hinges. A knob is used on the outside of the door for opening. A spring pulls the door and holds it shut. A wooden turn latch locks the door from the inside.

The plan view, Fig. 3, shows how the corners are screwed together and how the sides are fastened to the house with wood screws.

The entire outside is covered with heavy unbleached muslin and is fastened to the frame with tacks. The muslin comes a yard wide and may have lapped seams which are sewed the entire length. The cloth is tacked all around the outside and over the cross pieces. The cloth is then given two coats of paint and tinted the same as the house. This storm door or entrance is nice and light inside, is easily put up and taken down and presents a neat appearance when finished.

THE TELIMCO-METER

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The C. M. A. HERALD.

An independent paper, printed for the information of its readers and for the C. M. A. Short interesting news items, always welcomed, 25 cents per year.

Burt Foote, Box 20,
Swanders, Ohio.

THE I. O. C. M. A.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America is an entirely new order, which might be styled The Modern C. M. A. and is in no way connected with the old C. M. A. beyond the fact that the membership and the leaders are of the most prominent members of the old C. M. A. who, upon the failure of the Hunter Publishing Co., saw that no order could exist any great length of time, with the ruling of the order in the hands of a publishing house. They at once began the forming of a new order, in which, the members should be the ruling force and after a year of thought and study have formed the I. O. C. M. A.

The teachings of the I. O. C. M. A. are along the lines of the old order the aim is to teach the principles of Brotherly Love and Patriotism. But they have bettered and added a great deal more lodge teachings, which will benefit the members in their every day life. The running of the order has been placed in the hands of the members through the election of Grand Officers by the members. Their rate of assessment goes into the Grand Lodge Treasury to pay the running expenses of the order, the same as any of the other orders. This sum does not go to the publishers of the official organ as in the old order. The membership consists of some of the best young men in the country and is protected against having every person applying for membership admitted without first looking up his references as it is known to have been done before. They want only young men of good character in their order aim to see that only such are admitted.

You are invited to join the I. O. C. M. A. and become one of the band of ambitious Young Americans, in which the thought of Brotherly Love and Fraternal Protection is foremost.

Write the Grand Secretary, Alma, Kans., for particulars.

CHAS. R. SIMON, Grand Secretary,
Alma, Kansas.

The O.M.A. EMBLEM

5c PER COPY.

EASTER NUMBER

APRIL, 1909.



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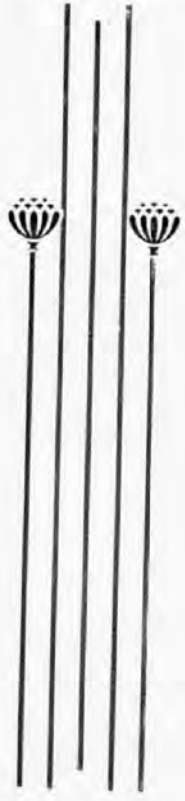
CHARLES

ROBERT

SIMON

EDITOR &

PUBLISHER



The C. M. A. EMBLEM



SPECIAL ARTICLES

Don'ts for Everyone	-	-	C. R. Simon	3
A Word From The South	-	Reswood No. 15		5
Big Four Union	-	-	-	7

FICTION

Into the Primitive	-	Robert Ames Bennett	10
Jenning of Chesterfield	-	Jay C. Welch	20

OUR DEPARTMENTS

The I. O. C. M. A.	-	-	Official	4
Stamp Collector	-	-	Julian T. Baber	18
Amateur Photographer	-	-	Algy Arnold	19
For Young People	-	-	-	22

VERSE

An Easter Song	-	-	Selected	5
Easter	-	-	Earl Marble	20
A Hopeless Wish	-	-	Herbert J. Brandon	23

MISCELLANY

Maddona Lilies	-	-	-	8
Easter in the World	-	-	-	9
An Easter Tragedy	-	-	-	15
In Hawaii	-	-	Marshall P. Wilder	16
Visits with Uncle By	-	-	Byron Williams	17



VOLUME

I

NO. 12

PUBLISHED

MONTHLY



The C. M. A. EMBLEM

Published Monthly as the Official Organ of The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America
Entered as second-class matter June 19, 1908 at the post-office at Alma, Kansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Volume I

APRIL, 1909.

Number 12

Our First Year.

This issue completes our first year in the publishing business; look at this issue and compare it with our first and notice the betterment in the work. We are proud of the advancement we have made and hope to see just as much improvement in the April issue next year over this issue as this one is over our first. There has been a great deal of improvement in the order as well as the EMBLEM, and we hope to see our membership more than double during the coming year, and to stimulate greater activity among the members we have offered a list of prizes to be given away for work done by the members between now and the first of the year. There will be 50 different prizes, the first four will be CASH IN GOLD prizes, the others are smaller but they will all be of value and worth working for. Let us all get down to business and begin to hustle for them at once as the time is none too long to let some one get a good start of you.

Among Our Departments.

We have been conducting in the EMBLEM the several different departments which are for the good of the parties interested in the different lines of work. We hope to see them take more interest in these departments. If you are an amateur journalist send in your work to Brother Ezra D. Sargent, of Berry, Ky., the editor of that department, for his comment. He will give you some pointers how to improve your work or help you. The stamp collectors should not forget to send in their stories to the stamp editor. Your chance to win a good packet of stamps is very good and you should compete, as they are valuable. Get in touch with the different editors and make these departments more interesting.

Amateur Photographer's.

With this issue the Amateur Photographer's Department again makes its appearance and we hope that the

camera artist will give some time to this department and make it interesting for the amateurs. Let us see the amateurs send in their comments and different items of interest, and get all the good they can out of this department. You can't expect to get good out of a thing unless you put good into it, so wake up brothers and get busy.

DON'TS FOR EVERYONE.

DON'T say all you think concerning your employers. In business, as in politics, silence is always golden.

DON'T fail to put your sturdy shoulder to your father's wheel occasionally. Age weakens the back and arms.

DON'T drawl. A fellow who drags his words after him is shunned by forceful men.

DON'T aim to be an "ideal" boy. Be the best type of the real boy.

DON'T giggle. For the love of decency, never giggle.

DON'T play sick. Endurance is a business qualification. Semi-invalids are not retained long.

DON'T think it necessary to be a spendthrift in order to be a "good fellow."

DON'T talk shop. Close the counting house door when the clock strikes the hour, unless you stay there to work, which if required, do cheerfully.

DON'T fail to get acquainted with yourself. You'll have a few surprises, but will never again be self-duped.

DON'T consider girls "in love" with you simply because they prefer your society. Girls are very apt to hide their strongest preferences.

Philatelic Exchanges.

We desire to exchange copies with every Philatelic Journal published. Such exchanges should send one copy to the home office at Alma, Kansas, and one copy to Julian T. Baber, Pocahontas, Va., the Stamp Editor of this paper.

The Amateur Journalists.

We are sorry to announce to the amateurs that we are unable to have the A. J. department this month on account of Brother Sargent moving from Morgan to Berry, Ky., where he has opened a job office and expects to start in the newspaper business. Brother Sargent writes us that he will have an interesting department for the amateurs in the May issue, he also says that there has been a great deal of interest shown in this department and hopes that it will continue. His new address is Berry, Ky.

It Can't Be Found.

It is an invisible line that divides foolishness from the optimism which is without effort.

With Good Reason.

A girl generally loses confidence in herself if she fails to make a fool of a man after she has met him the third time.

Grand Cabinet C. M. A., Alma, Kansas.

J. Elliott Clayton, Jr.,	Grand President.
Chas. Simon.,	Grand Secretary.
C. E. Ellsworth.,	Grand Treasurer.
J. J. Sells.,	Grand V-Pres. N. E. Sec.
Y. Pinck Taylor.,	Grand V-Pres. S. E. Sec.
Chas. Leach.,	Grand V-Pres. N. W. Sec.

The C. M. A. EMBLEM

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Alma, Kansas.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America

The New and Modern Secret Society for the Ambitious Young Men and Boys

This Department Gives News of Interest from Members and Lodges in Every State in the Union



DURING the past year the order has undergone a thorough change which we know has put us upon a sound foundation for the future business we expect to do. We have passed from the hands of a publishing house to the open sea, and from the open sea to a harbor in which we believe, the storms of failure will be unknown. After a year of drifting upon the sea of strife, we have again found a landing; a landing not upon the sands, which, though smooth are apt to wash and again tumble us into the sea; but upon the rocky shore, though it has been a little rough and hard to make our way, we have been able to build ourselves a foundation such as will withstand the numerous storms we must expect to battle against. The running of the order has been placed in the hands of the members instead of the hands of a single man, as it has been here-to-fore and we want the members to help make the order what it should be. Put your shoulder to the wheel and push it along. The order should during the coming year gain two-fold in its membership and if the members would do a little work on their part, I am sure that we would make even a better gain than that. One of the best things you can do to help your officers is to see that there is an active lodge in your city. Don't merely see that there is a bunch of boys get their cards and a charter for a lodge and let it drop at that, but attend the meetings and get the other members to do the same thing, give different entertainments during the year to advertise your lodge, and above all don't fail to send in any interesting news item you may know for publication in the EMBLEM. Do the above things and you will be surprised to see how easy it is to have a lodge that will have an "always increasing" membership.

There has been offered the members of the order a number of prizes for the getting of new members. Now let us get down to business and get one of these prizes. A little work may mean several dollars in your pocket the first of next year. Be up and doing, as there is no time to lose by putting it

off, someone else might get the lead of you. There has been a great deal of activity shown by the lodges over the country, during the last month, let us hope this will continue during the succeeding months.

Yours in "F"

Chas. R. Simon

New State Secretary of The
Texas I. O. C. M. A.



W. A. Hensarling.

Brother W. A. Hensarling of Falls City, Texas, has recently been appointed to fulfill the position of State Secretary of the Texas I. O. C. M. A. which was vacated by Brother Scott W. Hickey resigning to attend school. Brother Hensarling joined the order in 1906, organizing Comet Lodge of Campbellton, Texas, in the month of January, 1903. He was one of the active members in securing the State Convention in 1908, being on the committee of arrangements. He has been one of the hard workers for the Independent Order's cause in his state and has caused a good many members to fall into line with us.

Brothers John S. Bugg and Edward Manes are strong and energetic members of Star of Oklahoma lodge at Grant, Okla. Bro. Manes has served as Secretary and Speaker and Bro. Bugg has served as Sentinel and Director, both gave perfect satisfaction. They say they hope to soon have a strong lodge again.

Starts A New Paper.

Among the new workers which have come to the front during the last month we find Brother M. G. Watkins of Chicago. Brother Watkins has been an able member having been connected with "The International Youth" a publication which has met with good success during the last year. He recently sold his interest in this publication and is now publishing a new one "The Coming Man", a paper which will contain an I. O. C. M. A. department as well as the other interesting things which his publications are bound to contain.

Bestography.

The bestography in the March EMBLEM should have read as follows: The password for April (instead of May) is 25 46 34 45 70 9 51 27.

Password For May.

The password for the month of May is 13 16 11 21 29 10 62.

Brother J. Vance Jones of Damascus, Va., on March 16th was married to Miss Della Imgle, daughter of Rev. Antony Imgle of Greendale, Va. Bro. Jones has been one of the hardest workers for the order, and is president of Cedarville Lodge at the present time. We join the members of Cedarville lodge and their many friends in wishing the newly married couple a happy wedded life.

State Secretary Hickey Resigns.

Brother Scott Hickey, State Secretary of the Texas I. O. C. M. A. has resigned his position with the State organization to finish his college education. Brother Hensarling of Falls City, Texas, has been appointed to fulfill the position of Secretary in Hickey's absence. Brother Hickey has been a good officer and the members of that state are sorry to lose him as an officer and wish him the best of success in his undertaking.

Chicago Members Notice.

All C. M. A. members in Chicago should communicate with M. Garnette Watkins, O. T. N., 2368 Magnolia Ave., Chicago, with a view to forming a large city lodge. In this way a great many new members can be brought into the order.

Brother G. W. Dodd, Jr., of Grant, Oklahoma, is an active and industrious worker of the order. He has served as Speaker, Secretary and President of Star of Oklahoma lodge at that place and filled the offices to the satisfaction of all. Bro. Dodd is a born orator and is sure to make his mark. Through the kindness of his father the lodge has been tendered the use of a spacious upstairs room 50x100 feet for a lodge hall free of charge. It is hoped that Star of Oklahoma lodge will soon be as strong as it was before the Hunter order failed.

Brother James Elliott, of Galveston, Texas, was an industrious worker for the old C. M. A. and since it failed he is consecrating his efforts in behalf of the I. O. C. M. A. He is in the employ of the G. H. & H. Railroad and is kept pretty busy. His address is 3825 Avenue K. We hope to soon see a thriving lodge in the "City of Oleanders."

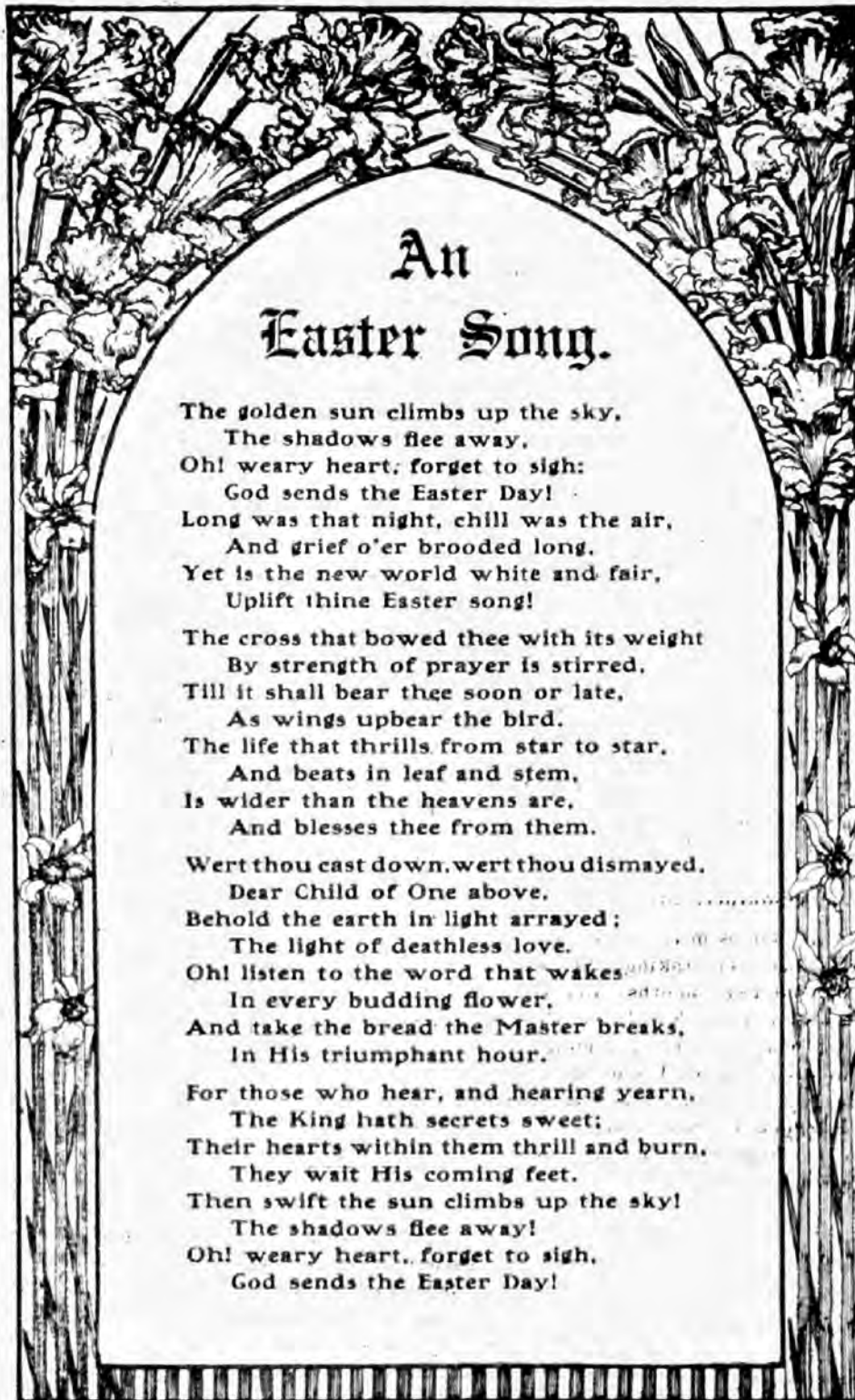
A Word From The South.

Crossett, Ark., March 30, 1909.

The C. M. A. Emblem.

Alma, Kansas.

Rosewood Lodge would like to have a little space in your pages this month. We feel that we should express our gratitude not only to the officers of the Grand Lodge, but to every member who has been instrumental in the rebuilding of our noble order. I say rebuilding for we were as a city that had been struck by a cyclone. When the news of the failure of the Hunter Publishing Co. was sounded, I feel justified in saying that it fell as a death blow up-



**An
Easter Song.**

The golden sun climbs up the sky,
The shadows flee away.

Oh! weary heart, forget to sigh:
God sends the Easter Day!

Long was that night, chill was the air,
And grief o'er brooded long.

Yet is the new world white and fair,
Uplift thine Easter song!

The cross that bowed thee with its weight
By strength of prayer is stirred.

Till it shall bear thee soon or late,
As wings upbear the bird.

The life that thrills from star to star,
And beats in leaf and stem,

Is wider than the heavens are,
And blesses thee from them.

Wert thou cast down, wert thou dismayed,
Dear Child of One above.

Behold the earth in light arrayed;
The light of deathless love.

Oh! listen to the word that wakes
In every budding flower,

And take the bread the Master breaks,
In His triumphant hour.

For those who hear, and hearing yearn,
The King hath secrets sweet;

Their hearts within them thrill and burn,
They wait His coming feet.

Then swift the sun climbs up the sky!
The shadows flee away!

Oh! weary heart, forget to sigh,
God sends the Easter Day!

on three-fourths of the lodges. I believe that if the EMBLEM had not come to our rescue when it did that Rosewood Lodge would have been a thing of the past.

Now brothers that we are organized under a systematic plan let us put our backs behind the wheel and get to work. Let every state in the Union have a state meeting, and let every brother that possibly can attend this meeting.

Thanking you for the space given us we beg to remain.

Yours in "F"

Rosewood Lodge No. 5753.

lodge has had in a long time, and it is hoped that they will entertain more frequently.

Brother Clyde Forbes, an ex-member and officer of Star of Oklahoma lodge at Grant, Oklahoma, is now located at Pampa, Gray county, Texas. Brother Forbes is a very industrious and deserving worker of the order. He is trying to organize a lodge in his town and here's hoping that he succeeds.

Brother Ben Nicholson, a former member of Star of Oklahoma lodge at Grant, Okla., recently moved to Denver, Colorado.

Brother R. Lee Brown, former member, and officer of Star of Oklahoma Lodge at Grant, Oklahoma, is at present located at Sagerton, Haskell county, Texas. Although deaf and partially dumb, Bro. Brown was a persevering and result getting member of the order. His old traveling card was to expire Dec. 30, 1911. Bro. Brown was formerly editor and publisher of the Grant Democrat and while in this position he did lots of printing and advertising for his lodge. He is now publisher of the Sagerton Sun.

On February 27 the members of Metropolitan lodge of Port Arthur, Texas, entertained a number of their young lady friends at a party. The evening was spent by indulging in various games. The prizes of the evening were awarded to Miss Helen Blackman and Brother Henry B. Shea. Refreshments were served. This was one of the most enjoyable events the Port Arthur

A New One.

A new lodge has been organized at Elkin, N. C., to be known as Elk lodge No. 35 the following officers were elected for the first term: Clyde B. Blackwell, Pres; Worth M. Gray, V-Pres.; Hal G. Bell, Sec'y & Treas.; H. Grady Nicholas, Speaker; R. Paul Edison, Director and H. Grady Harris, Sentinel. There are good prospects for a mighty strong lodge at that place and we expect to see the lodge up near the top of the rank by the first of next year.

The Grant, Okla., High School baseball team is in part composed of True Blue C. M. A. boys, there being four C. M. A. officers on the team. This is the first year that Grant has had a team and they are soon to have uniforms. The C. M. A. boys are trying to induce the other members of the team to join the order and thereby make it a C. M. A. team. In case a good record is made and nothing prevents, the EMBLEM will be presented with a picture of the team for publication. This team plays in the 14-15 and 16 year old class. Bert Nelson O. T. N. is manager and John S. Bugg, catcher and captain is also an O. T. N.

A Southern Star.

Among the lodges in the south there is one that has been taking the lead during the last two months, and that one is Rosewood lodge No. 15 of Crossett, Ark. They have been sending in new members every week and we predict that they will have one of the strongest lodges in the south. You can expect to hear much of the doings of this lodge in the columns of the EMBLEM.

The Coming Man.

When a boy reaches the age of fourteen he begins to take a pride in himself and to realize that he must prepare himself for that which is near—Manhood. He must be clean, spirited and ambitious. And, realizing these necessary things he begins to look about him, to study others, and if he is endowed with a single spark of "push" he will soon notice the strong points of his companions and thereby better himself.

Where can you find better boys and young men than there are in the C. M. A.? The answer is, "there are none better." The lodges of the I. O. C. M. A. are all built on a solid foundation; on a foundation of morality, ambition and unexcelled quality. We challenge anybody to deny this; to show us an instance where it is not true. Why? Because we know wherefore we speak.

The C. M. A. as a whole was built on a solid foundation and as each lodge sprang up they copied their works from the original as set forth by Bro. Jos. R. Hunter.

In our present work of reorganization the rapidity with which the different lodges are responding to the call shows, without a doubt, that the order is exceedingly active and is capable of accomplishing something. But to further this work we must keep in communication with our recruiting officer and give him all of the information we can procure.

As a final word, I will say, "Brother keep the good work up. Push forward and bring the wandering ones back into the fold."

— M. Garnette Watkins.



Howard Hicks.

Brother Hicks of Hogansville, Ga., recently appointed Commander-in-chief of the Uniform Rank of the I. O. C. M. A. has been one of our best workers for the new order's cause in the southern states. He is known to be one of the best educated (in military tactics) persons of his age and has received several recommendations from instructors in several southern military schools. He is an active and wide-awake member and we predict untold success for the U. R. under his command.

Brothers of The I. O. C. M. A.

We have just passed through one of the hardest battles the order ever knew, and have come out showing the world that we are the real Coming Men, not only in name but in our actions. I feel that God has guided us in this battle and without him we could not have won.

Now I wish every true brother of the I. O. C. M. A. in Texas would give all the help he can to aid us in building up our new Independent Order of The Coming Men of America. There are a lot of ways to help. One of them is to give the state officers your help; show them that you are willing to help them. Therefore when our Secretary writes you for information give it to him at once if you can. We want to make our next state convention a grand success. I earnestly ask each lodge in Texas to try some plan to raise money and send delegates to our next convention at New Braunfels, Texas. Article II, Section III of our State Constitution and By-Laws reads as follows: "Each lodge shall send to the state meeting one or more delegates."

With every member's co-operation we can make our next convention a decided success. Brothers, another important thing is our dues which should be paid at once.

Article V, Section II says: "Each lodge shall pay annually, as a contribution to the Texas State I. O. C. M. A., the sum of five cents for each member and five cents for each initiation." In regard to the initiation tax each lodge is to pay five cents for each one they have initiated since November 1, 1908.

I have sent out a letter to each lodge in Texas that I know of, asking them to donate a small sum to The Texas State I. O. C. M. A. so that we can have some printing done.

You all have heard of the resignation of Bro. Scott W. Hickey as State Secretary and the appointment of Bro. W. A. Hensarling of Falls City, Texas. Let us get to work and make our state meeting a success. We have not yet decided on what time to have this meeting. I think it should be some time in August or September. We want about a three days meeting. Let our State Secretary hear from every one about when we shall hold this convention. Ask any of the State Officers any question you wish and we will answer it if we can. Don't be backward come to the front.

We are now without a state paper but I hope it will not be long before we have one. We must make some kind of arrangements to have a state paper at our next convention.

Let us work for the Texas State I. O. C. M. A. and the only real C. M. A., the Independent Order of The Coming Men of America. Hoping the Texas members will co-operate with us and wishing you a prosperous year I remain.

Yours in "F"
Floyd Jones, 5° O. T. N.
Pres. Texas State I. O. C. M. A.

Knights of the Mystic Circle Lodge of Great Bend, N. Y., are prospering and taking in new members nearly every meeting night. They are having their meetings regularly and the debates held during the Good of the Order makes their meetings interesting and successful.

San Francisco Lodge of San Francisco, Cal., hold their meetings at 15th and Market Sts., of that city. The following officers were elected at their last meeting: Herbert A. Werle, Pres.; Raymond Woods, V-Pres.; William H. Jaenicke, Sec'y and Treas.; Oliver G. Beardslee, Director; Roy D. Switzer, Speaker and Earl R. Sewell, Sentinel. Their regular meeting nights are the last Fridays of the month. Special meetings are held at the home of the Vice-President between times.

We soon hope to see a new lodge started in Oakland, Cal., by Brother Oliver G. Beardslee of that city. He expects to start several lodges during the next couple of months.

Brother J. Vance Jones, of Damascus, Va., was married on the 16th of last month, we have not heard the name of the lucky mate to get him but wish them a happy wedded life.

White Chimney Lodge of Stuart, Oka., are on the move toward the top and are sending in a number of new applications. They gave a box snpper on the 20th of last month but we have not heard how they came out.

Women as Friends.

Women would not be liked, or admired, or loved, or considered in the smallest degree by any sane man if they were in the least like what the comic papers or the smart novelists say they are. If we had been we should have been relegated ages ago, and very rightly, too, to sanatoria and homes, where a kindly captivity would have been our lot. No, women are better than they are said to be; not least as friends.—Reader.

Ambition and Love.

Life holds two things worth while—ambition and love. For where the desire for eminence is intermingled with the heaven-sent blessing of a good woman's love there is small chance for greed to gain the mastery.—The Reader.

Dancing.

The dance seems to fulfill every requisite of an ideal exercise—the practical use of all the muscles, the acme of pleasurable emotion, and the satisfaction of the esthetic sense. I have often prescribed dancing to my patients with the most gratifying results.—Collier's.

NOTICE.

Members of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Florida. "The Big Four."

Prominent members of the above states have made arrangements for the four units to unite and form the "Big Four" C. M. A. Union, and the first meeting will be at Atlanta, Ga., July 5, 6 and 7, '09. This city besides being the most centrally located, is recognized as the largest city in that section, and is one of the most beautiful.

All members who attend are assured of a pleasant trip, and all possible courtesies will be shown the delegates from other states. The amusement end of the meeting includes a trip to White City and Ponce De Leon parks as well as a theatre party.

Governor Smith and Mayor Maddex will address the meeting at the opening session. Wake up Brothers, and let us make this, the first meeting, the most successful state meeting the C. M. A. has ever had. Let us show every one that we are still able to do something, we whose grandfathers and great grandfathers have shown so much valor and perseverance. It is an established fact that a southern state has never held a successful State Convention, with the possible exception of Virginia and North Carolina, while look what the states of Indiana, Pennsylvania, Maine, New Hampshire, New York and others have done. Shall we lag behind and be termed "a set of lazy do-nothings?" I say *never*, and call upon all who agree with me to help make this meeting a success. You owe it to your order—it is your duty, and no true Southerner will shrink from his duty.

All who are interested, please write me. The accompanying program will be used unless changed by a majority of the members. Let us have your opinion of it.

Yours Fraternally,

Howard J. Hicks, 15°,
Pres., "Big Four" I. O. C. M. A. Union
Adjutant General, U. R. I. O. C. M. A.

Program.

July 5th, P. M.

Welcome Address

Response.

General Discussion—

The I. O. C. M. A. National Election—

- 1 Merits and defects of officers.
- 2 Merits and defects of platform.
- 3 The effects in "Big Four."
- 4 Remedies for the defects.

Expansion of I. O. C. M. A. in "Big Four."

- 1 Independent members.

The State Treasury.

- 1 Annual Dues.
- 2 Commission on Regalia.
- 3 Annual Entertainment.

The Benefits of a Strong State Lodge.

- 1 Locally, Nationally.
- 2 In voting.

Miscellaneous Topics.

July 5th, 7:30 P. M.

Lodge Session.

July 6th, A. M.

Addreses On—

- A Strong State Lodge is Very Important.
- Abolish the Member's Secret Work.
- The "Big Four" Athletic League.
- Importance and Extension of the U. R.
- (Music between the above.)

July 6th, P. M.

Election of Officers.

The Next Meeting, Time and Place.
Resolutions and Suggestions by all.

Evening.

Trip to Ponce de Leon Park.

July 7th, A. M. and P. M.

Sight Seeing.

Evening.

Lodge Opening Ceremony.

- Suggestions from all Members.
- Unfinished Business.
- Report of Officers.
- Remarks by Delegates of Other States.
- State By-Laws
- Reports of all Committees.
- Adjournment.

Banquet.

All meetings will open with prayer, and close with a benediction. Music will be arranged when convenient. Any member who remains in the city after the convention is over will find ample entertainment, and will be well paid by remaining.

Every member in the "Big Four" should try to be present, but write whether you come or nor.

Remedies for Minor Accidents.

When children go barefooted accidents are almost sure to occur. If a rusty nail is run into the foot use a piece of fat salt meat, binding it to the wound. This heals the wound in a few hours. If the foot is badly injured with flesh torn, while severe, there is nothing that effects a cure more speedily than an application of arnica or turpentine, the latter for small scratches.

Harder Than Taking a City.

To enter a breach, conduct an embassy and govern a people, are actions of eclat; to reprehend, laugh, sell, pray, hate and genteelly and justly converse with a man's own family and with himself; not to relent, not to give a man's self the lie, is more rare and hard, and less remarkable.—Montaigne.

Woman Less Vain Than Man.

Personal admiration never turns a woman's head as it does a man's. She is not naturally vain like a man, and compliments after a time become too much a matter of course to disturb her equanimity. If she is pretty she is already aware of the fact, without being told it; if she is not, she has sufficient imagination to believe that she is.

Madonna Lilies

and Other Flowers

That Are Sacred



In these sunny days life grows re-orient from the dust, a latent consciousness of wings stirs in the buried seed, and as if from very gladness of heart the sap in the naked trees mounts upward, ever upward, into the golden light. The tiny leaves, close clasped together in the bud, flutter timidly apart, to grow bravely green, and flaunt their color on the passing breeze. The maple tree in the yard now hears a voice out of the unseen, calling from the blue skies, bidding it come up higher, and gladly does it make answer in the green tassels and shining leaves, telling of new growth and broader horizon.

Out on the old arbor, the rough and scraggy grapevine is sending forth little gray tendrils, reaching farther toward heaven and away from the earth that hides its foothold. How blithely does nature echo forth her yearly message to every waiting heart—her message of resurrection, joyous activity, high-mounting aspiration! Her myriad voices cry through every sense, to touch and penetrate the spirit with gladness and good cheer. New readings from the Gospel of eternal hope are seen on every side, in the growth of plant, the unfolding of leaf, the blossoming of flower. The woods are full of these shy spring darlings—violets, dandelions, adder's tongues, spring beauties, bluebells and many a nameless wildling, all hurrying gayly to deck the earth and celebrate the Eastertide.

Certain flowers and plants have always been set apart as sacred things, and from the very dawn of history we hear of flower-decked altars and wreaths of sacrifice. The heathen temples were adorned with earth's fairest blossoms, scattered on the altars, and twined around the brow of priest and acolyte. The amaranth bloomed in deathless beauty upon the Olympian heights, the myrtle was beloved of Apollo, the rose, the lily, the mistletoe were favorites of legend and myth. The flowers once sacred to Freya, the spring goddess of northern

mythology, were chosen for their spotless purity, in form and color. And when heathen myth gave place to Christian truth, these sacred treasures were transferred to the Virgin, and became symbols of the queen of heaven.

So it is that in every story of saint or madonna we find either the lily or the rose—the lily with its fragrance, its bending, bowing, waving bells, seems to whisper of purity and worship; the rose, with its faint and far-away odor, which seems to hint of eternal hope. One might almost fill a garden with flowers all named for the Virgin Mary, generally because they chance to blossom on Our Lady's days (such as the visitation, the assumption, her birth, baptism, purification). There are lady's slipper, lady's mantle, lady's fingers, lady's smock, lady's tresses. Virgin's bower, or clematis, begins to bloom in July, the feast of visitation, and is at full bloom at assumption in August.

The lily was first found in connection with the Virgin in the story of her ascension to heaven, and it originated probably in the second century. According to this legend, it was three days after the burial of our Lord's mother that the apostles visited and opened her grave and found it filled with fragrant, spotless lilies. Since then these matchless flowers have been called "Madonna lilies," or "flowers of the Virgin." The common white lily of our gardens, that blooms in July, and is the sweetest and most graceful of all flowers, might well be called "holy." No one seems to know its origin. It is never found wild in Palestine, nor can we find just where it grows without culture. But we see it in the faded pictures of old Italian masters and Netherland painters, made long before the discovery of this New World.

Nearly all of our great poets have praised this flower. Chaucer and Spenser speak of it as a mystical blossom in their far-away gardens and lady's bowers. Shakespeare it was who first said: "To gild refined gold and paint the lily," and these lines from one of his sonnets tell a truth that can never be forgotten:

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds:

Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Milton loved the lily and always spoke

of it in connection with the rose—as did also Swinburne when he talks of

The lilies and languors of virtue;
The roses and raptures of vice.

And Tennyson says of Maud's garden that it was—

Fairer than aught in the world beside,
All made up of the lily and the rose.
Dear old Herrick, that sweet singer of spring, has one lily thought that is like a sigh:

But vanished man.

Like to a lily lost, never can bloom anew
Or bring his days to see a second spring.

Shelley has the lily in his wonderful garden along with his sensitive plant. Wordsworth often praises it. Burns mentions it frequently. Tennyson has lovely lily thoughts; but our own Longfellow draws the prettiest picture of maidenhood—

Bears a lily in thy hand—

Gates of brass can not withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

James Russell Lowell always comes near to the heart of things and left us more than one sweet lily poem and allusion, and our minor poets all tell their love for this perfect specimen of nature's handiwork.

"Our Sweet Will Shakespeare" was born in April, and it was of April's flowers that he sang most frequently and most sweetly.

Dachshund Proved Innocence.

A black and tan dachshund gave evidence in a law court in New York recently. He belongs to Mrs. Fanny Henning, whose neighbors complain that he howls all night long. In support of their contention they exhibited photographs of the dog with his mouth wide open, taken from windows overlooking the Henning's back yard. One witness swore that the dog barked 234 times in seven minutes, so the judge suggested calling the dog. In he came, leisurely, walked to the witness chair and climbed into the seat, yawning lazily and blinking in the sunlight. The court ushers tickled him in the ribs, rubbed his head roughly, pinched him, and even pulled his ears. He appeared to be so well bred that not so much as a whimper was heard. The judge said that the neighbors had evidently been disturbed by another dog.

HOW BIRDS FLY.



The long feathers of a bird's wing are fastened to the bone. It is this which gives the wing the strength and surface wherewith to beat the air.

Easter in the World.



ACCORDING to an old tradition, when the Roman soldiers came to the Garden of Gethsemane Christ hid under the olive trees until the treacherous plover cried out "Buvick!" "Buvick!" "He is hiding!"

But if a Judas among the birds betrayed the Master of men in this hour of

need, other faithful feathered folk ministered to him at the darker moment of Calvary. Then it was that the voice of the pitying turtle dove grew so plaintive that never has it regained its lost happy notes. Not only did the swallow perch on the cross and twitter tender words of consolation, but also in its small, sweet way alleviated the sufferer's pain by pulling out a spine from the crown of thorns. And the stork flying over the cross loitered on the wing to call down: "Stryk!" "Stryk!" — "Strengthen!" "Strengthen!"

In certain old English gardens, there is a little spotted-leaved plant with deep blue flowers and red buds, called "Mary's Tears," for in the beginning this grew on Calvary—its flower the blue of the Mother Mary's eyes, the buds red as her eyelids swollen from weeping, and the leaves tear-stained with her grief.

And in the old English garden, too, is found the rosemary that puts forth new blossoms every Friday as though to embalm the body of the dead Christ.

Wonderful Passion Flower.

In the passion flower the reverent imagination has discovered not a cross alone, but also the pillar of scourging, the nails, the crown of thorns, and even spots to mark the five wounds of the crucified body.

The Spaniard will tell you that the aspen trembles because that was the wood of the cross. However this may be, there is a delightful old legend concerning the tree out of which the cross was made.

Aged Adam, weary of toil and sin and eager for death, sent to the angel guarding the Tree of Life to beg a boon. The messenger brought back the welcome promise that Adam should die in three days, and the added gift of three small seeds which were mysteriously to be placed under the dead man's tongue before burial.

From these seeds, the quaint narrative continues, sprang three saplings that later united, three in one, symbol of the Trinity. With this mirac-

ulous tree Moses and David each wrought many wonders. But King Solomon, his whole heart set upon the building of the temple, had the tree cut down, intending it for a magnificent beam. Strive as the workmen would, however, nowhere would the beam fit, and, cast aside, it was later used as a bridge across a near-by stream. When the queen of Sheba made her notable visit she refused to tread upon this bridge; instead, she knelt and worshiped, and having confided to Solomon a vision she had concerning it, the king at once ordered the sacred wood incased in gold and silver, and reverently hung over the door of the temple. Subsequently, Abijah, son of Rehoboam, coveting the precious setting, had it taken down, and after appropriating the metal had the wood buried deep in the earth—so deep, in fact, that a well was dug over it, the famous Pool of Bethesda, the tree of mercy at the bottom giving healing qualities to the waters. Finally, as the time appointed approached, the tree rose and floated on the surface, and the Jews took it and made it into the cross upon which the Christ was crucified.

Wood of the Cross.

As some claim the aspen was the wood of the cross, others select the weeping willow for the tree upon which Judas hanged himself.

There is an old legend as sinister as the fatalistic Dedipus myth that claims that before the birth of Judas his mother dreamed that her child would murder his father and betray his God for money. To prevent this tragedy, the babe was put in a chest and cast upon the sea, but was rescued and adopted by a king.

According to tradition, Pontius Pilate as well as Judas committed suicide, for upon his return to Rome so indignant was the emperor over the governor's actions while in Jerusalem that he cast him into prison, a humiliation too great for so weak a spirit to bear.

Weird is the legend told concerning the restless, tormented ghost of him who could wash his hands but not his conscience of offense.

The body of the suicide was first cast into the Tiber, but so turbulent were the storms that immediately followed that it was taken out of the river, carried to Gaul, and thrown into the Rhone. Tempests were the instant result. Again the body was removed, this time to Lake Geneva. The same disasters in its train. Once more an attempt was made to overcome the evil. Surely, in a far-away mountain lake locked in the center of the Alps even the spirit of a Pilate

could do no harm. Vain hope. There arose storms of wind and rain so great in fury that flocks and herds were drowned, trees torn up by the roots, and happy-hearted homes washed away to death and destruction.

Quieting Troubled Spirit.

Then at the call of the emergency came the man of the hour to answer it. Alone he went to the lake, and with the sole weapons of a scholar's knowledge and magic battled with the spirit until it signified an agreement to remain at peace if only it might have one day of freedom during the year.

The storms ceased, but long afterward whoever went to Pilate's lake on a Good Friday saw an awful specter clothed in a red toga upon a rock above the water, "the grim, ghostly figure of him who saw no ill yet permitted it."

The Difficulty.

We know we should
Be always good;
But unless we're bad
We get no "ad."

—Judge.

A Great Care.

Celia—Her hair turned perfectly white in one night from trouble.

Delia—Really? What was the nature of the trouble?

Celia—Chemical.—Judge.

Declared Off.

Said He—Darling, we have been engaged for six months. Don't you think it is about time we were getting married?

Said She—Well, I'm willing to be married just as soon as you can provide me with a home.

Said He—That being the case, I suppose I am to consider the engagement broken.—Chicago Daily News.

Not So High.

"John, dear," said the wife of his bosom, "here is the bill for my new gown."

"Great Scot," exclaimed John, as he glanced at the figures, "but it's awfully high!"

"Oh, no, it isn't," replied his better half. "It's the most décolleté gown I ever had."—Chicago Daily News.

Robin's Strange Nesting Place.

At the Crown, Cricklewood, England, the public house at which all the motor omnibuses from the Elephant and Castle and Victoria and the horse buses from Charing Cross to Cricklewood stop, a robin built in a gas lamp.

The nesting place is within the reach of anyone standing on the ground. At one corner of the lamp a very small piece of the glass is broken, and through the hole the robin gained access to its new home. A family of four young robins has been reared and can be seen in the corner of the lamp.

How It Happened.

Perhaps the physician who got intoxicated on water drank it with whisky chasers.—N. Y. American.



THIS STORY BEGAN IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

This interesting story began in the January Number. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from the publishers at the rate of 5c per copy.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor.

CHAPTER II.—Blake, shunned on the boat because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left.

CHAPTER III.—Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER IV.—The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrope.

CHAPTER V.—They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree.

CHAPTER VI.—The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness.

CHAPTER VII.—Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring.

(Continued from March Number.)

CHAPTER VIII.

The Club Age.



It was past two o'clock when the sun, striking in where Blake lay outstretched, began to scorch one of his legs. He

stirred uneasily, and sat upright. Like a sailor, he was wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. He stood up and peered around through the half leafless branches.

Over the water thousands of gulls and terns, boobies and cormorants were skimming and diving, while above them a number of graceful frigate birds—those swart, scarlet-throated pirates of the air—hung poised, ready to swoop down and rob the weaker birds of their fish. All about the headland and the surrounding water was life in fullest action. Even from where he stood Blake could hear the harsh clamor of the sea-fowl.

In marked contrast to this scene the plain was apparently lifeless. When Blake rose, a small brown lizard darted away across the sand. Otherwise there was neither sight nor sound of a living creature. Blake pondered this as he gathered his clothes into the shade and began to dress.

"Looks like the siesta is the all-round style in this God-forsaken hole," he grumbled. "Haven't seen so much as a rabbit, nor even one land bird. May be a drought—no; must be the dry season—Whee, these things are hot! I'm thirsty as a shark. Now, where's that softy and her ladyship? 'Fraid she's in for a tough time!"

He drew on his shoes with a jerk, growled at their stiffness, and, club in hand, stepped clear of the brush to look for his companions. The first glance along the foot of the cliff showed him Winthrope lying under the shade of the overhanging ledges, a few yards beyond the sand beach. Of Miss Leslie there was no sign. Half alarmed by this, Blake started for the beach with his swinging stride. Winthrope was awake, and on Blake's approach, sat up to greet him.

"Hello!" he called. "Where have you been all this time?"

"Sleep. Where's Miss Leslie?"

"She's around the point."

Blake grinned mockingly. "Indeed! But I fawncy she won't be for long."

He would have passed on, but Winthrope stepped before him.

"Don't go out there, Blake," he pro-

tested. "I—ah—think it would be better if I went."

"Why?" demanded Blake.

Winthrope hesitated; but an impatient movement by Blake forced an answer: "Well, you remember, this morning, telling us to dry our clothes."

"Yes; I remember," said Blake. "So you want to serve as lady's valet?"

Winthrope's plump face turned a sickly yellow.

"I—ah—valet?—What do you mean, sir? I protest—I do not understand you!" he stammered. But in the midst, catching sight of Blake's bewildered stare, he suddenly flushed crimson, and burst out in unrestrained anger: "You—you boulder—you beastly cad! Any man with an ounce of decency—"

Blake uttered a jeering laugh—"Wow! Hark, how the British Hon r-r-roars when his tail's twisted!"

"You beastly cad!" repeated the Englishman, now purple with rage.

Blake's unpleasant pleasantry gave place to a scowl. His jaw thrust out like a bulldog's, and he bent towards Winthrope with a menacing look. For a moment the Englishman faced him, sustained by his anger. But there was a steely light in Blake's eyes that he could not withstand. Winthrope's defiant stare wavered and fell. He shrank back, the color fast ebbing from his cheeks.

"Ugh!" growled Blake. "Guess you won't blat any more about cads! You damned hypocrite! Maybe I'm not on to how you've been hanging around Miss Leslie just because she's an heiress. Anything is fair enough for you swells. But let a fellow so much as open his mouth about your exalted set, and it's perfectly dreadful, you know!"

He paused for a reply. Winthrope only drew back a step farther and eyed him with a furtive, sidelong glance. This brought Blake back to his mocking jeer. "You'll learn, Pat, me b'y. There's lots of things'll show up different to you before we get through this picnic. For one thing, I'm boss here—president, congress and supreme court. Understand?"

"By what right, may I ask?" murmured Winthrope.

"Right!" answered Blake. "That hasn't anything to do with the question—it's might. Back in civilized parts your little crowd has the drop on my big crowd and runs things to suit themselves. But here we're sort of reverted to primitive society. This happens to be the Club Age and I'm the Man with the Big Stick. See?"

"I myself sympathize with the lower classes, Mr. Blake. Above all, I think it barbarous the way they punish one who is forced by circumstances to appropriate part of the ill-gotten gains of the rich upstarts. But do you believe, Mr. Blake, that brute strength—"

"You bet! Now shut up. Where're the coconuts?"

Winthrope picked up two nuts and handed them over.

"There were only five," he explained.

"All right. I'm no captain of industry."

"Ah, true; you said we had reverted to barbarism," rejoined Winthrope, venturing an attempt at sarcasm.

"Lucky for you!" retorted Blake. "But where's Miss Leslie all this time? Her clothes must have dried hours ago."

"They did. We had luncheon together just this side of the point."

"Oh, you did! Then why shouldn't I go for her?"

"I—I—there was a shaded pool around the point, and she thought a dip in the salt water would refresh her. She went not more than half an hour ago."

"So that's it. Well, while I eat you go and call her—and say, you keep this side the point. I'm looking out for Miss Leslie now."

Winthrope hurried away, clenching his fists and almost weeping with impotent rage. Truly, matters were now very different from what they had been aboard ship. Fortunately he had not gone a dozen steps before Miss Leslie appeared around the corner of the cliff. He was scrambling along over the loose stones of the slope without the slightest consideration for his ankle. The girl, more thoughtful, waved to him to wait for her where he was.

As she approached, Blake's frown gave place to a look that made his face positively pleasant. He had already drained the coconuts; now he proceeded to smash the shells into small bits, that he might eat the meat, and at the same time keep his gaze on the girl. The cliff foot being well shaded by the towering wall of rock, she had taken off his coat and was carrying it on her arm; so that there was nothing to mar the effect of her dainty openwork waist, with its elbow sleeves and graceful collar and the filmy veil of lace over the shoulders and bosom. Her skirt had been washed clean by the rain, and she had managed to stretch it into shape before drying.

Refreshed by a nap in the forenoon and by her salt-water dip, she showed more vivacity than at any time that Winthrope could remember during their acquaintance. Her suffering during and since the storm had left its mark in the dark circles beneath her hazel eyes, but this in no wise lessened their brightness; while the elasticity of her step showed that she had quite recovered her well-bred ease and grace of movement.

She bowed and smiled to the two men impartially. "Good-afternoon, gentlemen."

"Same to you, Miss Leslie!" responded Blake, staring at her with frank admiration. "You look fresh as a daisy."

Genial and sincere as was his tone, the familiarity jarred on her sensitive ear. She colored as she turned from him.

"Is there anything new, Mr. Win-

thrope?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not, Miss Genevieve. Like ourselves, Blake took a nap."

"Yes; but Blake first took a squint at the scenery. Just see if you've got everything, and fix your hats. We'll be in the sun for half a mile or so. Better get on the coat, Miss Leslie. It's hotter than yesterday."

"Permit me," said Winthrope.

Blake watched while the Englishman held the coat for the girl and rather fussily raised the collar about her neck and turned back the sleeves, which extended beyond the tips of her fingers. The American's face was stolid; but his glance took in every little look and act of his companions. He was not altogether unversed in the ways of good society, and it seemed to him that the Englishman was somewhat overassiduous in his attentions.

"All ready, Blake," remarked Winthrope, finally, with a last lingering touch.

"'Bout time!" grunted Blake. "You're fussy as a tailor. Got the



Crept Back Down the Trail.

flask and cigarette case and the knife?"

"All safe, sir—er—all safe, Blake."

"Then you two follow me slow enough not to worry that ankle. I don't want any more of the pack-mule in mine."

"Where are we going, Mr. Blake?" exclaimed Miss Leslie. "You will not leave us again!"

"It's only a half-mile, Miss Jenny. There's a break in the ridge. I'm going on ahead to find if it's hard to climb."

"But why should be climb?"

"Food, for one thing. You see, this end of the cliff is covered with seabirds. Another thing, I expect to strike a spring."

"Oh, I hope you do! The water in the rain pools is already warm."

"They'll be dry in a day or two. Say, Winthrope, you might fetch some of those stones—size of a ball. I used to be a fancy pitcher when I was a kid, and we might scare up a rabbit or something."

"I play cricket myself. But these stones—"

"Better'n a gun, when you haven't got the gun. Come on. We'll go in a bunch, after all, in case I need stones."

With due consideration for Winthrope's ankle—not for Winthrope—Blake set so slow a pace that the half-mile's walk consumed over half an hour. But his smouldering irritation was soon quenched when they drew near the green thicket at the foot of the cleft. In the almost deathlike stillness of mid-afternoon, the sound of trickling water came to their ears, clear and musical.

"A spring!" shouted Blake. "I guessed right. Look at those green plants and grass; there's the channel where it runs out in the sand and dries up."

The others followed him eagerly as he pushed in among the trees. They saw no running water, for the tiny rill that trickled down the ledges was matted over with vines. But at the foot of the slope lay a pool, some ten yards across, and overshadowed by the surrounding trees. There was no underbrush, and the ground was trampled bare as a floor.

"By Jove," said Winthrope; "see the tracks! There must have been a drove of sheep about."

"Deer, you mean," replied Blake, bending to examine the deeper prints at the edge of the pool. "These ain't sheep tracks. A lot of them are larger."

"Could you not uncover the brook?" asked Miss Leslie. "If animals have been drinking here, one would prefer cleaner water."

"Sure," assented Blake. "If you're game for a climb, and can wait a few minutes, we'll get it out of the spring itself. We've got to go up anyway, to get at our poultry yard!"

"Here's a place that looks like a path," called Winthrope, who had circled about the edge of the pool to the farther side.

Blake ran around beside him and stared at the tunnel-like passage which wound up the limestone ledges beneath the overarching thickets.

"Odd place, is it not?" observed Winthrope. "Looks like a fox run, only larger, you know."

"Too low for deer, though—and their hoofs would have cut up the moss and ferns more. Let's get a close look."

As he spoke, Blake stooped and climbed a few yards up the trail to an overhanging ledge, four or five feet high. Where the trail ran up over this break in the slope the stone was bare of all vegetation. Blake laid his club on the top of the ledge, and was

about to vault after it, when, directly beneath his nose, he saw the print of a great catlike paw, outlined in dried mud. At the same instant a deep growl came rumbling down the "fox run." Without waiting for a second warning, Blake drew his club to him, and crept back down the trail. His stealthy movements and furtive backward glances told his companions with vague terror. He himself was hardly less alarmed.

"Get out of these—into the open!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, and as they slipped away, white with dread of the unknown danger, he followed at their heels, looking backward, his club raised in readiness to strike.

Once clear of the trees, Winthrope caught Miss Leslie by the hand and broke into a run. In their terror they paid no heed to Blake's command to stop. They had darted off so unexpectedly that he did not overtake them short of 100 yards.

"Hold on!" he said, gripping Winthrope roughly by the shoulder. "It's safe enough here, and you'll knock out that blamed ankle."

"What is it? What did you see?" gasped Miss Leslie.

"Footprint," mumbled Blake, ashamed of his fright.

"A lion's?" cried Winthrope.

"Not so large—'bout the size of a puma's. Must be a leopard's den up there. I heard a growl, and thought it about time to clear out."

"By Jove, we'd better withdraw around the point!"

"Withdraw your aunty! There's no leopard going to tackle us out here in open ground this time of day. The sneaking tomcat! If only I had a match, I'd show him how we smoke rat holes."

"Mr. Winthrope spoke of rubbing sticks to make fire," suggested Miss Leslie.

"Make sweat, you mean. But we may as well try it now, if we're going to at all. The sun's hot enough to fry eggs. We'll go back to a shady place and pick up sticks on the way."

Though there was shade under the cliff within some 600 feet, they had to go some distance to the nearest dry wood—a dead thornbush. Here they gathered a quantity of branches, even Miss Leslie volunteering to carry a load.

All was thrown down in a heap near the cliff, and Blake squatted beside it, penknife in hand. Having selected the driest of the larger sticks, he bored a hole in one side and dropped in a pinch of powdered bark. Laying the stick in the full glare of the sun, he thrust a twig into the hole and began to twirl it between his palms. This movement he kept up for several minutes; but whether he was unable to twirl the twig fast enough or whether the right kind of wood or tinder was lacking all his efforts failed to produce a spark.

Unwilling to accept the failure, Winthrope insisted upon trying in

turn, and pride held him to the task until he was drenched with sweat. The result was the same.

"Told you so," jeered Blake from where he lay in the shade. "We'd stand more chance cracking stones together."

"But what shall we do now?" asked Miss Leslie. "I am becoming very tired of cocoanuts, and there seems to be nothing else around here. Indeed, I think this is all such a waste of time. If we had walked straight along the shore this morning we might have reached a town."

"We might, Miss Jenny, and then, again, we mightn't. I happened to overhaul the captain's chart—Quillmane, Mozambique—that's all for hundreds of miles. Towns on this coast are about as thick as hen's-teeth."

"How about native villages?" demanded Winthrope.

"Oh, yes; maybe I'm fool enough to go into a wild nigger town without a gun. Maybe I didn't talk with fellows down on the Rand."

"But what shall we do?" repeated Miss Leslie, with a little frightened catch in her voice. She was at last beginning to realize what this rude break in her sheltered, pampered life might mean. "What shall we do? It's—it's absurd to think of having to stay in this horrid country for weeks or perhaps months—unless some ship comes for us!"

"Look here, Miss Leslie," answered Blake, sharply yet not unkindly; "suppose you just sit back and use your thinker a bit. If you're your daddy's daughter, you've got brains somewhere down under the boarding-school stuff."

"What do you mean, s'r?"

"Now, don't get huffy, please! It's a question of think, not of putting on airs. Here we are, worse off than the people of the stone age. They had fire and flint axes; we've got nothing but our think tanks, and as to lions and leopards and that sort of thing, it strikes me we've got about as many on hand as they had."

"Then you and Mr. Winthrope should immediately arm yourselves."

"How?—But we'll leave that till later. What else?"

The girl gazed at the surrounding objects, her forehead wrinkled in the effort at concentration. "We must have water. Think how we suffered yesterday! Then there is shelter from wild beasts, and food, and—"

"All right here under our hands, if we had fire. Understand?"

"I understand about the water. You would frighten the leopard away with the fire; and if it would do that, it would also keep away the other animals at night. But as for food, unless we return for cocoanuts—"

"Don't give it up! Keep your thinker going on the side, while Pat tells us our next move. Now that he's got the fire sticks out of his head—"

"I say, Blake, I wish you would drop that name. It is no harder to say Winthrope."

"You're off, there," rejoined Blake. "But look here, I'll make it Win, if you figure out what we ought to do next."

"Really, Blake, that would not be half bad. They—er—they called me Win at Harrow."

"That so? My English chum went to Harrow—Jimmy Scarbridge."

"Lord James!—your chum?"

"He started in like you, sort of top-lofty. But he chummed all right—after I took out a lot of his British starch with a good walloping."

"Oh, really now, Blake, you can't expect any one with brains to believe that, you know!"

"No; I don't know, you know,—and I don't know if you've got any brains, you know. Here's your chance to show us. What's our next move?"

"Really, now, I have had no experience in this sort of thing—don't interrupt, please! It seems to me that our first concern is shelter for the night. If we should return to your tree nest, we should also be near the cocoa palms."

"That's one side. Here's the other. Bar to wade across—sharks and alligators; then swampy ground—malaria, mosquitoes, thorn jungle. Guess the hands of both of you are still sore enough, by their look."

"If only I had a pot of cold cream!" sighed Miss Leslie.

"If only I had a hunk of jerked beef!" echoed Blake.

"I say, why couldn't we chance it for the night around on the seaward face of the cliff?" asked Winthrope. "I noticed a place where the ledges overhang—almost a cave. Do you think it probable that any wild beast would venture so close to the sea?"

"Can't say. Didn't see any tracks; so we'll chance it for to-night. Next?"

"By morning I believe my ankle will be in such shape that I could go back for the string of cocoanuts which we dropped on the beach."

"I'll go myself, to-day, else we'll have no supper. Now we're getting down to bedrock. If those nuts have not been washed away by the tide, we're fixed for to-night; and for two meals, such as they are. But what next? Even the rain pools will be dried up by another day or so."

"Are not sea-birds good to eat?" inquired Miss Leslie.

"Some."

"Then, if only we could climb the cliff—might there not be another place?"

"No; I've looked at both sides. What's more, that spotted tomcat has got a monopoly on our water supply. The river may be fresh at low tide; but we've got nothing to boil water in, and such bayou stuff is just concentrated malaria."

"Then we must find water elsewhere," responded Miss Leslie. "Might we not succeed if we went on to the other ridge?"

"That's the ticket. You've got a headpiece, Miss Jenny! It's too late

to start now. But first thing to-morrow I'll take a run down that way, while you two lay around camp and see if you can twist some sort of fish-line out of cocoanut fiber. By braiding your hair, Miss Jenny, you can spare us your hair-pins for hooks."

"But, Mr. Blake, I'm afraid—I'd rather you'd take us with you. With that dreadful creature so near—"

"Well, I don't know. Let's see your feet?"

Miss Leslie glanced at him, and thrust a slender foot from beneath her skirt.

"Um-m—stocking torn; but those slippers are tougher than I thought. Most of the way will be good walking, along the beach. We'll leave the fishing to Pat—er—beg pardon—Win! With his ankle—"

"By Jove, Blake, I'll chance the ankle. Don't leave me behind. I



"Bitten? Yes, by John Barleycorn!"

give you my word, you'll not have to lug me."

"Oh, of course, Mr. Winthrope must go with us!"

"'Fraid to go alone, eh?" demanded Blake, frowning.

His tone startled and offended her; yet all he saw was a politely quizzical lifting of her brows.

"Why should I be afraid, Mr. Blake?" she asked.

Blake stared at her moodily. But when she met his gaze with a confident smile, he flushed and looked away.

"All right," he muttered; "we'll move camp together. But don't expect me to pack his ludship, if we draw a blank and have to trek back without food or water."



CHAPTER IX.

The Leopards' Den.



WHILE Blake made a successful trip for the abandoned cocoanuts, his companions leveled the stones beneath the ledges chosen by Winthrope, and gathered enough dried sea-weed along the talus to soften the hard beds.

Soothed by the monotonous wash of the sea among the rocks, even Miss Leslie slept well. Blake, who had insisted that she should retain his coat, was awakened by the chilliness preceding the dawn. Five minutes later they started on their journey.

The starlight glimmered on the waves and shed a faint radiance over the rocks. This and their knowledge of the way enabled them to pick a path along the foot of the cliff without difficulty. Once on the beach, they swung along at a smart gait, invigorated by the cool air.

Dawn found them half way to their goal. Blake called a halt when the first red streaks shot up the eastern sky. All stood waiting until the quickly following sun sprang forth from the sea. Blake's first act was to glance from one headland to the other, estimating their relative distances. His grunt of satisfaction was lost in Winthrope's exclamation: "By Jove, look at the cattle!"

Blake and Miss Leslie turned to stare at the droves of animals moving about between them and the border of the tall grass. Miss Leslie was the first to speak. "They can't be cattle, Mr. Winthrope. There are some with stripes. I do believe they're zebras!"

"Get down!" commanded Blake. "They're all wild game. Those big ox-like fellows to the left of the zebras are eland. Whee! wouldn't we be in it if we owned that water hole? I'll bet I'd have one of those fat beeves inside three days."

"How I should enjoy a juicy steak!" murmured Miss Leslie.

"Raw or jerked?" questioned Blake.

"What is 'jerked?'"

"Dried."

"Oh, no; I mean broiled—just red inside."

"I prefer mine quite rare," added Winthrope.

"The way you'll get it, damned rare—Beg your pardon, Miss Jenny! Without fire, we'll have the choice of raw or jerked."

"Horrors!"

"Jerked meat is all right. You cut your game in strips—"

"With a penknife!" laughed Miss Leslie.

Blake stared at her glumly. "That's so. You've got it back on me—Butcher a beef with a penknife! We'll have to take it raw, and dog-fashion at

that."

"Haven't I heard of bamboo knives?" said Winthrope.

"Bamboo?"

"I'm sure I can't say, but as I remember, it seems to me that the varnish-like glaze—"

"Silica? Say, that would cut meat. But where in—where in hades are the bamboos?"

"I'm sure I can't say. Only I remember that I have seen them in other tropical places, you know."

"Meantime I prefer cocoanuts, until we have a fire to broil our steaks," remarked Miss Leslie.

"Ditto, Miss Jenny, long's we have the nuts and no meat. I'm a vegetarian now—but maybe my mouth ain't watering for something else. Look at all those chops and roasts and stews running around out there!"

"They are making for the grass," observed Winthrope. "Hadn't we better start?"

"Nuts won't weigh so much without the shells. We'll eat right here."

There were only a few nuts left. They were drained and cracked and scooped out, one after another. The last chanced to break evenly across the middle.

"Hello," said Blake, "the lower part of this will do for a bowl, Miss Jenny. When you've eaten the cream, put it in your pocket. Say, Win, have you got the bottle and keys and—"

"All safe—everything."

"Are you sure, Mr. Winthrope?" asked Miss Leslie. "Men's pockets seem so open. Twice I've had to pick up Mr. Blake's locket."

"Locket?" echoed Blake.

"The ivory locket. Women may be curious, Mr. Blake, but I assure you, I did not look inside, though—"

"Let me—give it here—quick!" gasped Blake.

Startled by his tone and look, Miss Leslie caught an oval shaped object from the side pocket of the coat, and thrust it into Blake's outstretched hand. For a moment he stared at it, unable to believe his eyes; then he leaped up, with a yell that sent the droves of zebras and antelope flying into the tall grass.

"Oh! oh!" screamed Miss Leslie. "Is it a snake? Are you bitten?"

"Bitten?—Yes, by John Barleycorn! Must have been fuzzy drunk to put it in my coat. Always carry it in my fob pocket. What a blasted infernal idiot I've been! Kick me, Win,—kick me hard!"

"I say, Blake, what is it? I don't quite take you. If you would only—"

"Fire!—fire! Can't you see? We've got all hell beat! Look here."

He snapped open the slide of the supposed locket, and before either of his companions could realize what he would be about, was focusing the lens of a surveyor's magnifying-glass upon the back of Winthrope's hand. The Englishman jerked the hand away—

"Ow! That burns!"

Blake shook the glass in their be-

wildered faces.

"Look there!" he shouted, "there's fire; there's water; there's birds' eggs and beefsteaks! Here's where we trek on the back trail. We'll smoke out that leopard in short order!"

"You don't mean to say, Blake—"

"No; I mean to do! Don't worry. You can hide with Miss Jenny on the point, while I engineer the deal. Fall in."

The day was still fresh when they found themselves back at the foot of the cliff. Here arose a heated debate between the men. Winthrope, stung by Blake's jeering words, insisted upon sharing the attack, though with no great enthusiasm. Much to Blake's surprise, Miss Leslie came to the support of the Englishman.

"But, Mr. Blake," she argued, "you say it will be perfectly safe for us here. If so, it will be safe for myself alone."

"I can play this game without him."

"No doubt. Yet if, as you say, you expect to keep off the leopard with a torch, would it not be well to have Mr. Winthrope at hand with other torches, should yours burn out?"

"Yes; if I thought he'd be at hand after the first scare."

Winthrope started off almost on a run. At that moment he might have faced the leopard single-handed. Blake chuckled as he swung away after his victim. Within ten paces, however, he paused to call back over his shoulder: "Get around the point, Miss Jenny, and if you want something to do, try braiding the cocoanut fiber."

Miss Leslie made no response; but she stood for some time gazing after the two men. There was so much that was characteristic even in this rear view. For all his anger and his haste, the Englishman bore himself with an air of well-bred nicety. His trim, erect figure needed only a fresh suit to be irreproachable. On the other hand, a careless observer, at first glance, might have mistaken Blake, with his flannel shirt and shouldered club, for a hulking navvy. But there was nothing of the navvy in his swinging stride or in the resolute poise of his head as he came up with Winthrope.

Though the girl was not given to reflection, the contrast between the two could not but impress her. How well her countryman—coarse, uncultured, but full of brute strength and courage—fitted in with these primitive surroundings. Whereas Winthrope—and herself—

She fell into a kind of disquieted brown study. Her eyes had an odd look, both startled and meditative—such a look as might be expected of one who for the first time is peering beneath the surface of things, and sees the naked Realities of Life, the real values, bared of masking conventions. It may have been that she was seeking to ponder the meaning of her

This capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Emblem. Dur-

ing the coming year many great stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you send in a year's subscription. It only costs you 50, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

FESTIVAL OF THE WELLS.

Custom of Unknown Origin Observed Each Year in England.

The annual custom of decorating the wells of the village of Tissington, in the heart of the peak of Derbyshire, which for centuries has taken place on Ascension day, was duly observed.

Many visitors joined with the villagers in the thanksgiving service held in the church. There a procession was formed, and each of the five decorated wells was visited, psalms and Ascensiontide hymns being sung.

Upon the stone frontage of the wells a wooden structure covered with a layer of clay had been placed, and flowers had been wrought into exquisite mosaics, with scriptural passages interwoven.

The origin of the celebration is involved in obscurity, but the uninterrupted continuity of the observance in recent years may be due to the circumstance that during a terrible drought in Derbyshire the Tissington wells did not fail.—London Standard.

THANKS TO THE BURGLAR.

The dark lantern flashed through the flat. Then came the gleam of a revolver.

"Hands up!" hissed the head of the family. "You're a burglar!"

"Y-yes," gasped the intruder, as he faced the cold steel.

"What have you stolen?"

"Your wife's pug dog."

"H'm! Er—if that's all you may sneak out quietly."

"And your mother-in-law's parrot."

"You don't say. Well, here is some loose change."

"And your daughter's phonograph."

"Good! Here's some more loose change."

"Also your son's punching bag."

"What! Great Scot, man, come out to the library and I'll open a special bottle. There certainly will be some peace in this flat from now on."

PIN FAITH TO FROG

GERMANS AND SWISS TRUST HIM AS WEATHER PROPHET.

Kept in Bottle Half Filled with Water, He Foretells Approaching Climatic Conditions with Accuracy, It is Said.

Few animals have survived the attacks made by science upon their

reputation as weather prophets. The green tree frog is a conspicuous exception.

He is, to be sure, a croaking prophet, but plenty of people still pin their faith to him. Even so scientific a journal as Symons' Meteorological Magazine has a kind word to say of this little animal.

Here is a picture of the frog's ladder which is provided for this weather prophet in Germany and Switzerland. In many houses the frog is kept in a bottle half filled with water and provided with a ladder, and the little fellow is carefully watched as to his behavior in uncertain conditions of the atmosphere. A number of weather maxims are based upon his posture and activity.

If he remains on one of the lowest steps of the ladder it is considered



Swiss Weather Prophet.

a sure sign that bad weather is coming. If he emerges from the water and rests upon the steps above it fine weather may be expected, and the higher he sits on the steps the finer the weather is sure to be. He is also supposed to give warning of bad weather by croaking loudly before a storm.

The magazine says that there is really some reason to believe that the green tree frog is somewhat experienced as regards climatic conditions and acts accordingly. In fine weather he skips about among the branches of trees, when at liberty, catching flies. At the approach of winter he seeks the water and finds himself abed in the mud until the following spring calls him out to resume his war on the flies.

Now the frog on the ladder without doubt watches the weather conditions keenly and rises to look out for flies when the circumstances seem favorable. On the other hand, when the weather is cold and damp he is reminded of winter and instinctively retires to bury his sorrows in the imaginary mud which he seeks at the bottom of his prison.



AN EASTER TRAGEDY

IT was all right so far, anyway. Helen sat very straight, with her toes just touching the carriage floor and a seraphic smile on her chubby face. Nobody suspected, not even grandma, who was so busy smiling at all the other old ladies on their way to church. It had been difficult getting in the carriage with it under her arm, and although it was hard and seemed to have un-egglike points on it, the ride to church was not so bad after all. And what a beauty it was—all gold except the pink and blue spots, and they had tiny gold specks on them, too!

Luckily the egg arm was away from grandma, so Helen slipped the egg down into her hand and sat in comfort, though with some misgiving as to the safest way of conveying her burden of guilt into the church. One hand? No, the egg was too big. Both hands? No, that wouldn't do, for grandma's friends were always shaking hands. Now, if little girls only wore muffs at Easter time—but then they never did, so why think of that? Oh, there was Simpson opening the door! Helen made a convulsive grab at the egg and hooked it up under the pretty lace ruffles; but the stealth was unnecessary, for grandma was bowing to a very round gentleman with white hair that stuck up to thrushy fashion around his nice red face. "So here is little Helen! How do, Helen?" and he briskly shook her hand. Helen pumped it stiffly up and down from the elbow. Oh, the egg, the egg! Why hadn't she put it under the other arm? That regret quickly left her when grandma took hold of the safe arm and piloted her by it into the church.

Helen wondered why she had never noticed how many miles and miles of aisle one must travel before grandma's

pew was reached, while everywhere were people staring with knowing eyes that seemed to say, "There she is! There's the bad child that takes an egg to church!" But the journey ended, and after a little prayer Helen and the egg settled comfortably in the big pew. What a relief! Well, she was here and so was the egg, and now, when she had listened to the music and had counted all the organ pipes on each side, she could play with the egg and—Helen looked lovingly at its gorgeous glitter as it lay on the crimson cushion, not on the grandma side, but snugly between her and the dark pew wall. Just think of it! Susie had boiled it hard, and then she had painted the spots, and then she had gilded it, and now here it was in church. Who ever heard of an egg in church? A warning poke from grandma, who was becoming curious, reminded Helen that her gift must be invisible as a—handble.

The fat red-and-white man kept walking up and down the aisle showing people where to sit, and finally he sat down in the pew directly in front of Helen. "I thought he used to be a rusher, but I wasn't quite sure," Helen told the egg.

The long prayers did not seem half as long as usual, for it wasn't hard to kneel when you could put the egg down in a dark corner and see it glitter as you turned it around. The organ pipes lost their old time fascination, and Helen hardly realized that the rector had begun to talk before she heard him say: "Now to the King"—and they all jumped up.

And the egg! However in the world could it have jumped right out of her hand and into the fat man's pew? But it had, and there it shone as brightly as ever. If she could only snatch it up quickly! She leaned way over to make the attempt, but every one else was sitting down. "Sit down, Helen," whispered grandma, sharply and in the blindness of humiliating tears Helen sat. Visions of disgrace rose up and threatened to overwhelm her. To have one of the "rushers" come up after church and say: "Madame, is this your egg?" and grandma would say: "Why, no," and then she would have to say: "Please, it's mine!" and everybody would know that Helen, Gardiner

had brought an egg to church! Oh, why hadn't she been born a heathen, so she wouldn't have to go to church on Easter, but could stay at home and roll eggs without waiting until next day! But, most bitter thought of all, maybe grandma would not let her have the egg again after the rusher man gave it back, and she couldn't roll it even next day.

"Freely ye have received, freely give," the rector was saying. Give—what wouldn't she give just to get the egg back without grandma's knowledge? Perhaps when the man got up—He was getting up! Of course; he always passed the shiny gold plate and it was time to get her money out of her handkerchief. But why did grandma's figure stiffen in a sudden dazed comprehension as she gasped in dismay, and why did people titter in that disconcerting way? They must surely have seen the egg in the fat man's pew. Helen dashed the tears out of her big eyes and looked at him as he marched in blissful ignorance up the aisles with the other ushers. What was that awful glittering mass of ruin on his broad black back? Oh, it was, it was!

"Sit down!" commanded grandma, fiercely, but the tragedy was too great.

"My egg! my lovely egg!" screamed Helen. "He sat on it! He's—he's spoiled it!"

Easter in the Tyrol.

Children living in this province of Austria follow bands of musicians, who go through the streets and up the steep hillsides singing Easter carols and playing on guitars. The children carry lighted torches, and when a song is finished run up to the doors and knock on them. They open quickly and there stand the housemothers with lots of beautifully colored eggs for the young people.

BORROWING TROUBLE.



Marion (a college girl, to her roommate)—Myrtle, if you will lend me ten dollars, I shall be everlastingly indebted to you.

Myrtle (who speaks from experience)—I don't doubt it.

IN HAWAII

The Funny Things One Sees

in

Smiling Round the World

By

MARSHALL P. WILDER

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The city of Honolulu, looking from the harbor, does not seem large, though there is a population of 50,000. The houses are so embowered in luxuriant foliage it is only occasionally that a roof may be seen peeping out.

As soon as the gang-plank was out a friend welcomed us with the beautiful but rather embarrassing Hawaiian custom of throwing long wreaths about our necks. These are made of carnations, camellias or jasmine, with glossy, green leaves. Women, who make them, sit along the streets in Honolulu with baskets of flowers and completed wreaths beside them; their fingers busily engaged in weaving others. So universal is this custom of wearing these flowery adornments that every native one meets has neck and hat decorated with a fresh, dewy wreath. Time was, no doubt, when these were all of their adorning, but civilization has decreed a few additions to such an airy, though, no doubt, picturesque costume.

Our doubts as to the best method of seeing the sights were settled for us by our friend, who had an automobile waiting for us on the dock. The driver told us of his first trip in the machine through the outlying country. He came upon a Chinese coolie who had never seen anything of the kind before, and stood rooted with horror to the road until the driver tooted the horn. Then the Chinaman fled frantically to the fence, over which he plunged, shrieking, "Heap devil! heap devil!" When the driver had finished telling us of his first experience I told him of mine—not in Honolulu, but in the good old Empire state, U. S. A. As I remember it was a fine ride! The fine was a hundred and fifty. I said to my chauffeur (chauffeur is French for plumber) "Let her go!" and he let her go. We went so fast, the milestones looked like a cemetery! We simply flew through the air. When the car stopped short I was still flying. I flew 80 feet through the air, shot through a church window, and lit right in the middle of the congregation, just as

the minister was saying: "And the angel of the Lord descended!"

Well, after working four days, with eight-hour night shifts, we got the car going; and all went well till I tried to steer. I turned out for a cow, and turned into a "dago" with a fruit stand. There was a free delivery of fruit. It was hard to tell which was the fruit, and which was the "dago." We stopped long enough to remove a banana from my eye (you have to keep your eye peeled) and went on. Nothing happened until we got in the midst of a crowded thoroughfare, when the blamed thing had the blind stagers; tried to climb an electric light pole, and bit a policeman in the middle of his beat! That cost the city a copper, and me a pretty penny.

An interesting phase of life in Honolulu is the political speaker, who takes the stump—sometimes several stumps, in succession—at the noon



Heap Devil! Heap Devil!

hour. All Hawaiians take a keen interest in politics. The speech I heard was in the Hawaiian tongue, the only words I understood being "beef trust;" this the speaker said very plainly in English, there probably being no equivalent in Hawaiian. As he proceeded from stump to stump, his audience waned, perceptibly—perhaps from a native indolence of temperament which could not cling very long to one thing. At any rate, when he reached the last stump his audience reminded me of what Peter Dailey said of an audience in a New York theater where business was poor. When asked how large the audience was, "Pete" answered, "I could lick all three of them!"

From politics to Pall—a marvelous transition. This high cliff, garlanded with the softest and most luxuriant

verdure, overlooks a fertile valley where is spread, like a carpet, every varying shade of green that finally melts in the distance to the exquisite turquoise and beryl tints of the sea, making an enchanting panorama of transcendent loveliness.

I was next taken to the aquarium, where the collection of native fish is something beyond the wildest imagination to picture, and quite baffles description. Little fishes striped in bright pink-and-white, like sticks of peppermint candy, jostle those that are of a silvery and blue brocade, others of a dark color, with spots of vivid red, and bridles of golden yellow going about their heads are in the next cage to transparent fish of a delicate pink or blue—or a family of devil fish. There are fish of a beautiful somber purple, and fish of white with black horizontal stripes, looking like a company of convicts from Sing Sing. There are many many others, those with trailing fringes, or floating wings; those with eyes on little pivots that turn easily in all directions like small, conning towers; all odd or unusual, seeming like dream-fishes, or the phantoms of a disordered brain, rather than products of nature.

Kalahui is a breezy little port, with a courthouse and a klub—good fellows, too!—and a mercantile marine, and a railway, and a wreck, in the harbor, and all of 'em belonging to Kalahui.

If you speak of the thriving plantations that back the harbor, they'll be sure to ask you if you've noticed the Kalo patches? Kalo may be French for kabbages or karnations—you don't give a kontinental, either way—but you smile, and say, "Great! wouldn't mind having a korner in Kalo some day!"

If you want to go up a mountain, of course it must be Haleakala; it's only got one K in it, by the way, but it's got the biggest crater at the top of it you ever saw or heard of—20 miles in circumference, and 2,000 feet deep. It's stone dead—entirely gone out of business; but in my opinion that's an advantage of two-to-one on any live crater. If you want to go up another mountain, try Kilanea—it's only another K, and the avenue that leads out to it is a magnificent boulevard set out on either side with bread-fruit trees, mangoes and alligator pears. Kilanea is the biggest thing in the live crater business in the world—a lake of fire 1,200 feet long and 500 wide, with a surface measure of 12 acres. You hold your breath and say your prayers; and, when a gust of wind carries away the blinding steam and smoke, you look down, down 500 feet into a veritable hell-fire lake, whose waves of flame rise and fall in convulsive throes that shake the very heap out of your body—in other words, the thing has fits to beat the band, and you wish you hadn't come! But you get all over it by the next

day, and if you want to calm your mind and restore your nerves, you take a nice, quiet stroll down Kukul place and commune with nature.

Finally, if you've done anything you oughtn't to, and get arrested and taken to the lockup, you run up against the biggest bunch of ks in the whole business. The name of the "jug" is Kahleamakakaparakapili.

That got me! I was completely kerflummuxed—down and out. As far as studying the Hawaiian language goes, I'm a kwitter!

Oh, lovely island world! Where else in the universe is there a spot made up wholly of beauty and peace?



To Stand Upon the Edge of This Cliff Must Give a Thrill!

Where man—and even woman—can cease worrying about stocks, franchises, new bonnets, real estate, society, insurance, politics, and all the rest that go to make up the pandemonium of existence, and settle down in the shade of a palm tree, royal, cocoa, wine, cabbage, screw, fan or native—he has a choice of seven—unbutton his shirt-collar and smoke the pipe of forgetfulness.

Oh, happy Hawaii! that hath no poisonous reptiles, no noxious plants, no pestiferous insects!

'Tis not I that can do you justice! Let my friend Charley Stoddard, with his prose—poem—paragraphs and his mellifluous periods do the job for me. When he sits down with his pen dipped in honey, and his mouth full of guava jelly, to reel off a few reams of ecstatic English in praise of his beloved islands, he makes the rest of us feel like 30 cents. And when he declares that he has traveled the wide world over, but never, never has he seen a spot to equal this—why, what can we do but say, "Same here, old man!"

VISITS WITH UNCLE BY

Old Wine.

Margaret was in a mental quandary. There were two men! One was the playmate of youth with the rosy halo of auld lang syne about his head. The other a young man of the Busy Now—an aspiring fellow not wholly unknown to art who might paint a masterpiece—sometime.



Love is a mysterious, subtle current that bubbles undefiled from the pure fountain of the heart, after days or weeks or years of silent creeping through the forest fastnesses, under the mottled shades of the stately elms, retarded here and there, dammed now and then by the debris of circumstance, yet ever pressing onward through the mossy banks and over the resounding reed-like keys of the river's bed!

New rivulets seek to join and overpower the old, unexpected tributaries arise to sing their songs of sweetness and drown the old song—but somehow, that old song arises clear and vibrant, the sweetest song, the old, old song forever new!

And now two rivulets were singing and surging and striving each to drown the other in Margaret's heart. At least this was the music and this was the understanding that Margaret heard and had.

Love always has complications. Love puts people in the most embarrassing positions. It is a prank of Cupid, no doubt. No sooner has he sent one wooer wooing, than he dispatches the other to woo the same maid.

This time he sent them both at Christmas time—during the season when love is most sentient to the emotions and when there is only praise and thankfulness and laughter in the land.

Ah, a time to win a maid is in the Christmas time!

Thus these two men met on the

field of amours, not knowing it, and fought in Margaret's heart. There are endless torments in the heart when Love's forces are meeting in sanguinary affray. And so Margaret sat by the fireside in a brown study.

"Oh, if there were only one man, instead of two," she grieved. "I know I should be satisfied with either of them."

And then the door-bell rang and the artist came. In the shadowy light of the living-room, with the roseate glow of the coals from the fireplace blending their warmth and charm, there came near being a quiet ending, a quick submission in favor of the stalwart young man who hoped and dared to paint a masterpiece—sometime!

As he said good-night, had he taken the woman in his arms and told her his love, the victory would have been his—but, as I have said, Love is a mystery, and bowing low above her hand, he went his way—and lost!

As he passed through the gate, a messenger rang the bell.

"Telegram, miss," said the grimy boy.

"I am coming," said the message, "for my answer—Christmas Eve."

As she stood there in the doorway with the message in her shapely hands, there sprang up before Margaret's eyes the vision of a miniature valley to the west, with the blending sunset glorifying the childhood land of promise and delight. From off in the distance, the faint echo of a sleepy quail piped in. A sheep bell tinkled on the hillside, and at her feet the river babbled sweetly on the pebbles, some red, some gray, some pearly white. And from across the meadow, with the glint of the sunset in his hair, came the love of her youth.

With a cry of delight, she cried out, "Old friends and old wine are the best!"

"Say," said the kid, shivering on the porch, "is d're an answer?"

"No—not for you, my boy," was all she said, as she slipped him a coin and softly closed the door.

◎ ◎ ◎

Side Remarks.

Nightmares are seldom dapple grays.

☆☆☆

An Ohio man who tried to drown his sorrows by jumping into the cistern was saved by his mother-in-law. Talk about the perversity of fate!

☆☆☆

Few women believe what a man says when he explains—and nine times out of ten, she is on the right track.

☆☆☆

When it comes to new clothes, artists draw the line—to get 'em.

☆☆☆

A wasp will carry a stinger around for two years just to get a chance to stick somebody.

Byron Williams

The Young Stamp Collector's Department

Edited by JULIAN T. BABER, Pocahontas, Virginia.

Brief Bits of New and Happenings of Note among the Stamp Collectors the World over.



Julian T. Baber, Editor.

This department is conducted by Julian T. Baber, Pocahontas, Va. to whom all correspondence regarding this department should be sent.

A packet of stamps will be given to the one who sends me the best article pertaining to stamp collecting, or regarding his own collection. Articles must be restricted to 300 words and must be sent to the editor of this department within ten days after receipt of the EMBLEM. The best article will be published and all contributors names will be put on the roll of honor.

Items of Interest.

Henry J. Crocker, of San Francisco, is the owner of the largest and most valuable collection of Hawaiian stamps in the world. He is often called "Hawaiian" Crocker.

New issues are reported from Holland and Nyassa.

It can readily be seen that stamp collecting is becoming more popular. Can you mention an indoor hobby that can be taken up with such unflagging interest as stamp collecting?

L. T. Brodstone, editor of the *Philatelic West*, has returned from an extended trip to England.

A English paper is authority for the statement that, the set of jubilee stamps which Brazil intended to issue, to commemorate the visit of King Carlos to that country, will be put on sale in spite of the assassination of the king.

A new set of stamps will soon be issued for Maldive Islands.

The Prince of Wales is an enthusiastic stamp collector.

It is supposed that M. Phillip la Renattiere von Ferrary owns the greatest collection of postage stamps in the world.

The oldest stamp paper still being published, is the *Illustriertes Briefmarken Journal*. It is published in Germany and is 34 years old.

Would you think that 50,000 stamp catalogs are sold each year?

Errors in the printing of stamps of increase the value of stamps enormously.

The Daily Philatelic World is no more. It is with much regret that we record this. Owing to the failing health of the editor, this valuable little sheet was discontinued.

W. O. Wylie, who conducts the stamp page in the *American Boy*, has added quite an interesting feature to that department. It is a stamp study contest.

Press Review.

The Vest Pocket Philatelist, edited and published by Dr. H. A. Davis, Denver, Colo., is a cute little monthly journal. Price 25 cents per year. We have just received the February number, and have perused it with great interest.

We have received from Brother L. G. Cline, a copy of the February *Stamp Collector*. It is edited by S. L. Jones, 612 W. 2nd St., Pittsburg, Kansas. Subscription price 25 cents per year. In this publication we learn that Brother Cline will act as department editor of a New York collector's paper. We hope that he will make a success of his efforts, for we know that he is fully capable of holding such a position. He is also desirous of organizing a Kansas Philatelic Society.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of stamp catalogs and lists from the following:

Leon V. Cass, New Milford, Pa.
Attleboro Stamp Co., Attleboro, Mass.
Home Stamp Co., Baltimore, Md.
W. C. Phillips & Co., Glastonbury, Conn.

The Hartford Courier, house-organ of the Diamond Stamp Co., Hartford, Conn., is a newsy little publication. Two stamp papers are published in Hartford, *The Courier* and *Perkins Hartford Philatelist*.

The Stamp Collectors Fortnightly, published on alternate Saturdays, by Messrs Plumridge & Co., 63 and 64 Chancery Lane, London, W. C. England; edited by Percy C. Bishop; January, 23, 1909; 3s 3d, per year (26 numbers.) *The Fortnightly* is one of England's foremost philatelic publications, and is the official organ of over 12 philatelic societies. Each issue abounds with half-tone illustrations.

Reed's Stamp Circular Monthly, edited and published by J. Russell Reed, 39 Rindge Ave., Cambridge, Mass., Vol. 1, No. 10, March 1909, price 25 cents per year. *The Circular* contains many newsy items. We might add that is the only typewritten philatelic paper. Sample copy on request.

Chicago Collectors Monthly, edited and published by A. F. Boehm, 1457 S. Hamlin Ave., Chicago, Ill., February 1909; Vol. 3, No. 2, 35 cents per year. The February number contains a very interesting article by Rev. L. G. Dorpat, which is really all it does contain, with the exception of several reports of different stamp and post card societies.

Mekeel's News and Trade Circular for March, is before us as usual. It is very interesting and contains many notes and items that interest the general collector. It is published by C. H. Mekeel, R. F. D. No. 29, St. Louis, Mo.

The Stamp Journal, edited by Messrs Nast and Davis; published monthly by Clarence P. DeKay, Denver Colo., February 1909, 50 cents per year. Under the editorship of Mr. Nast, the *Stamp Journal* needs no recommendation. The ads are arranged in a most artistic manner. It is the official organ of the National Philatelic Association.

The Philatelic World, published monthly by Alexander J. Sefi, at 8 Sherriff Road, West End Lane, London, N. W., England; 2s, 6d per annum. Mr. Sefi is an experienced writer and a number of his articles can be found in the *World*. On a whole, we consider

the World as good a paper as the Stamp Lover.

The Mekeel-Sever-Wylie Co., of Boston, Mass., issued on February 27, a very interesting number of the Weekly.—The Sudan Special.

Publishers send me your papers for review.

The Winner.

The prize for the April contest is awarded to Brother Russell Hersh. He should prize such a collection, as the one he speaks of.

My Collection.

When I was about fourteen, my father helped me form my collection. He was at that time Sunday Editor of a New York newspaper, and his position was such that he received mail from all over the world, which enabled him to save quite a number of rare stamps. He brought home one day what stamps he had saved up and he made me a present of a 1901 Edition Scott's album, which I have partly filled. My collection numbers 1600 stamps, which I think is not bad for a beginner, a though many are duplicates. I put the stamps in the album, using my own paper hinges made out of small strips of paper with mucilage on one side. I have some 1c, 2c and 3c United States stamps, also some from the Treasury and the Interior departments. I have a 3c U. S. Centennial stamp in the shape of a shield in red, which I haven't put in yet, with the date 1776-1876 on, which is unused. Then comes Japan with 2c, 15c and 5c. Cuba is next with 1c, 3c, 10c, 5c and 15c unused. Denmark, 4c and 8c. Nederland, 1c and 5c. Portugal, 25c and a 5c stamp with the date 1394-1894 on, which is unused. Canada, 3c, Mexico, 10c and 5c, Guatemala, 10c which is unused, Italy, 2c and Honduras, 6c. I prize my collection and album very much, as it was my father who first started me.

Russell Hersh, O. T. N.,
R. F. D. No. 1, Box 15 A,
Lakewood, N. J.

Roll of Honor.

Russell Hersh, O. T. N.
Lloyd G. Cline, O. T. N.

Next Contest.

Tell us how you were induced to start collecting stamps, what you have learned, and how you have enjoyed this popular hobby.

—EDITOR.

Contrary.

Some men are so contrary that they like cold potatoes and sloppy ice cream.

The Amateur Photographer.

Edited by Algy Arnold, O. T. N., Cissna Park, Illinois.

This month we will take up the subject of the Dark Room, and I think if the members will all read this over carefully they will find many little hints that will help them when building their dark room or in improving their old one.

THE DARK ROOM.—Any work in photography in which it is necessary to handle dry plates, whether it be merely loading the holders, or developing the plates, must be done in a perfectly dark room, lighted only by a ruby lamp. Any room which can be made perfectly dark will answer, but a closet with no windows and only one door will usually be found the easiest to be made perfectly dark. An ordinary room with the doors closed and the curtains down, although apparently quite dark, will not do for photographic work, as the light streaming in through the cracks in the door or elsewhere, will instantly ruin the plates. The room must be absolutely dark.

At night an ordinary room may be made dark enough by closing the doors and drawing the curtains, but even then care must be taken to see that moonlight or light from street lamps does not get in, as it takes very little white light to ruin the plates.

METHOD OF LIGHTING THE DARK ROOM.—We must, however, have some means of lighting the dark room sufficiently to see what we are doing, and fortunately, the dry plate is only very slightly sensitive to red or yellow light, so what is known as the ruby lamp, or dark room lantern, is used. This is simply a lamp or lantern provided with a deep red or ruby glass, and made perfectly tight so that no white light can get out. Light which effects the dry plate is called *actinic*, and light which does not effect the dry plate is called *non-actinic*. Both red and yellow light are practically non-actinic, therefore either a red or a yellow glass is used in the dark room lantern, or sometimes both red and yellow, which is better. It must be remembered, however, that there is no such thing as light which is absolutely non-actinic. Even the red and yellow light effects the plate slightly, and therefore, care must be taken not to expose the plate even to the light of a ruby lamp more than is absolutely necessary.

Some photographers, instead of using a ruby lamp, make a small window with ruby or yellow glass, thus using daylight for the illumination of the dark room, but this is not a good plan because the progress of development is always judged by looking through the negative toward the ruby light, and as the constantly changing, it becomes difficult, almost impossible, to properly judge the negative and the result is that some negatives will be over-developed and some under developed. When using a ruby lamp, the light is always of the same strength or intensity, and you soon become so accustomed to it that the progress of development can be more accurately judged.

WATER IN THE DARK ROOM.—If you have running water in the house, and can put a sink in your dark room, by all means do so, as the work then becomes much simpler and easier, as you must have water in the dark room if you wish to turn out good pictures.

If any of the brothers have any trouble they should not fail to write to me for help, do not forget the postage for answer.

Yours in "F"

Algy M. Arnold.

Major, Uniform Rank I. O. C. M. A.

Caged Birds in Europe.

There are nearly 3,000,000 caged birds in Europe. In Paris alone there are 100,000 canaries, which cost about \$2,000 for seed every day. A special district between Suresne and Corbevoie has been set aside for the cultivation of canary seed, which is expensive.

Tolerant Orientals.

Both the Chinese and the Japanese have shown throughout their history great toleration in matters of religion. Even the persecutions of Christians in the seventeenth century had its origin purely in political reasons.

Sisters of Charity.

The order of Sisters of Charity originated with Constance, daughter of Helena, the mother of Constantine, who, devoted to works of kindness, was attended by a band of Roman maidens whom she had animated with her spirit. Such was the beginning of the "Sisters of Charity."—N. Y. American.

JENNING OF CHESTERFIELD.

By
JAY C. WELCH, O. T. N.

THE DAY of the field meet had come. It was a beautiful day, with the exception of a rather hard breeze from the north. It had rained the night before and many had thought the track would be unfit for use. But the meet was to be held on the fairground, and the horsemen were out early in the morning "working the track" so they could train their horses.

When noon came a large delegation had gathered from each of the three towns of Chesterfield, Little Brook and West Point. The meet began at 2:30 and everything went off smoothly, Chesterfield securing the most points. But everyone looked forward to the bicycle races as the big events, as the riders were said to possess great skill and speed. When the first call was made for the one-mile race, everybody stretched their necks to get a look at the rival riders. Tom Johnson first appeared on the field with his wheel. He wore several ribbons and badges, and it was said that he was the champion of that part of the state. Then "Red" Jones also from Little Brook, came out. He was even larger than Johnson and that was saying a good deal, for Johnson was one of the most muscular fellows in High School. Next came John Jones and Frank Conklin of West

Point. They were also well built athletes. The field judges made the second call for the race before the Chesterfield men appeared. At last, however, a small fellow wearing a track suit accompanied by another somewhat larger, came from the dressing room. They were Clifford Jennings and Jesse Hiatt respectfully. Each wore a large "C" on their suit and everyone knew that the Chesterfield men had at last come. The smallest one looked like a midget beside Tom Johnson and "Red" Jones and the rooters were not long in noticing it, and everyone began to call Jennings "Midget."

When Chesterfield's captain passed Jennings, Jennings was heard to say, "What did you mean to enter me on the mile? You knew I had not trained for it."

"Had to have some one" answered

the captain, "Can't you do it?"

"I will do my best" replied Jennings, "but that may not be very much."

"That's enough Clif, but don't kill yourself, remember the half-mile," and with that the captain walked away.

At last the riders started, Jennings got the highest number, and was therefore, forced to take the outside track. They held together until after they had made the first round. Then Jom Johnson began to ride harder and was soon seen to be ahead of all the riders with Jennings following closely behind. When they had passed the second quarter-pole, Jennings was a little ahead of Johnson with the rest of the riders following at about ten to twenty yards behind. Jennings was gaining nicely when his foot slipped from the peddle and nearly threw him to the ground. By the time he recovered Johnson had

gained the inside track and was about ten yards ahead of Jennings. The riders were now on the last quarter and every one was riding their best. Johnson was still in the lead and Jennings was trying to recover lost ground. The track at this point was muddy and the only fit place to ride was in the track where the horses had gone, and was only room for one to ride abreast. Jennings therefore, rode directly behind Johnson, and when he was about ten feet from the tape he turned his his wheel to the right and with an effort, which was never before seen in Chesterfield, he went around Johnson and his wheel touched the tape about a foot in the lead. The rooters went wild with amazement and Jennings was cheered for fully ten minutes at the end of which he was congratulated by Johnson over his victory.



BILL'S BRIGHT IDEA.

Written By
RUSSELL HERSH.

Bill Smith, was a bright energetic boy, who worked with his father in a big soap factory in Pennsylvania. He was fifteen years of age, and was earning \$10 per week, which his father considered very good for a boy of his age. His work was to nail on the covers of the boxes after the cakes had been counted and they were labelled and the address of the different firms who bought the soap, were printed on. Now the firm for whom he worked had to have somebody deposit a certain amount of money in the bank, which was six miles from the city where he worked. Mr. Green didn't know of anybody who could deliver the money safely. He asked Mr. Smith if he could spare Bill that night. He said he would be very glad to have him go, and so it was arranged that he should start about 6 o'clock. His father had told him to be very careful not to let anybody take the money from him, as there was a stretch of woods through which he had to go. Bill's Uncle Ned had given him as a birthday present about a dozen of carrier pigeons. Among them was one a favorite, whom he called "Rainbow," and it was a good name for him, as he had a circle of rainbow colors around his neck. He decided to take him along, because he had heard they could carry messages and he thought he would try and see if he could fly with the money in case he was held up. When the time came he took his pigeon and a small piece of cord. Having tied the money in a roll on the pigeon's leg before he came to woods, he started boldly on his way. Before he had gotten half-way through them, three men jumped out in front of him and yelled, "Hold up your hands." He did so, and the pigeon he had concealed under them was so frightened that it flew in the direction whence he had come. The men searched all through his clothes, but finding nothing but a pen-knife and a mirror and some other trifles, let him go. One of them said, "Well Jake that is the time we got stung." After he had been let go by the men, Bill started for home to see if his pigeon had arrived allright. He found him and the money safe. When Mr. Green was told the next day what he had done to save the money he made him a present of a new watch and raised his pay \$5. Bill is the happiest boy in town.

The Good In Collecting Postage Stamps.

"What good is there in collecting stamps," is a question often asked by the non-collector. Some are able to answer this query, and some are not, but the collector who studies his stamps can readily tell you. He will say that collecting stamps affords one, untold pleasure, especially on rainy days and during the long winter months. You learn certain geographical and historical facts, that were you not a collector, you would be totally ignorant of.

Money invested in a good stamp album and collection, is by no means thrown away. "Money thrown away" is the popular by-word of the "knocker." If at any time you desire to dispose of your collection, there are numerous auction specialists, who, for a small fee, will sell your stamps for you and obtain the highest possible price. Then there are stamp dealers who are always ready to buy collections.

There are very few people, who, once they get interested in this popular hobby, would care to sell their collections at any price.

You can join the philatelic societies, of which there are quite a number in the United States. When you join, you get the official paper free; you can participate in the Sales Department; you can dispose of your duplicates and become acquainted with other collectors; you can submit lots for the Auction Sales, and furthermore, you can exchange with members.

There are all these advantages and benefits, and yet there are some people who, regardless of what you tell or say to them, will call you a "stamp crank" and say that you are wasting your money on worthless bits of paper.

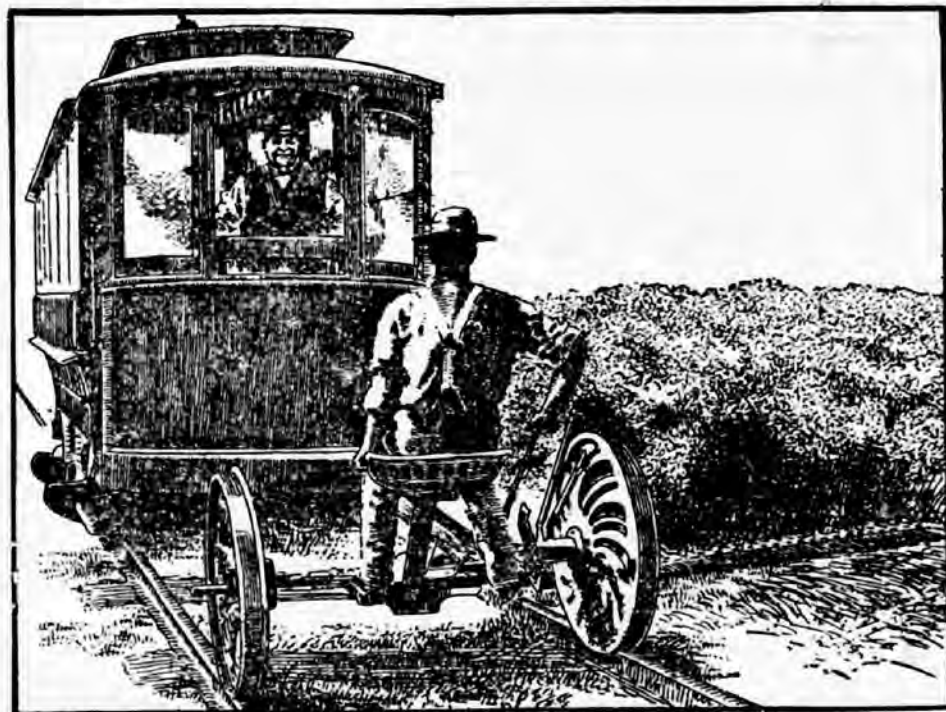
We must say that there are a large number of "stamp cranks" in this world, and a large number of other kinds also.

—Julian T. Baber.

St. Edmund.

The vacant space in the crypt of Westminster Cathedral, London, close by the spot where rest the mortal remains of Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Manning, is soon to be occupied by an altar dedicated to St. Edmund at Canterbury, the last canonized archbishop.

Farm Mower Hitched to Electric Car.



Mower for Cutting Weeds on Electric Road.

An ordinary farm mower, fitted with interurban car wheels and hitched to a motor car, is the ingenious arrangement by which one electric interurban railway company is cutting the weeds along the right-of-way, says the Electric Traction Weekly. The cutting machine was an 8-foot standard mower with an extra long shaft. The only change necessary was the substitution

of the interurban car wheels for the mower wheels. These wheels hold the mower on the tracks and are sufficiently heavy to give the necessary traction to run it.

A city street car was used to draw the mower and a swath 8 feet from the rail was cut at a rate of five miles per hour. Heavy sweet clover, burdock and thistles were cut down easily.



THE BAD CHILD.

Come, Little Badness, and climb to my knee;
Put your head down here and cry or my shoulder.
For badness in you is like badness in me,
Only my own is the older.

If you were a papa and wore a high hat,
I wonder if you would be talky and bossy,
And then when your little girl answered like that,
Would you say she was ugly and saucy?

If you were a mamma and wore a long skirt,
I wonder if you would grow weary of service,
And then when you scolded and made her feel hurt,
Would you say she was "naughty" or "nervous?"

If you were the strong one and I were the weak,
When you punished me, then would I thank you?
And when I was crying, too sobby to speak,
Wouldn't I long to spank you?
—Edmund Vance Cooke, in Appleton's.

ELEPHANT NURSE.

Wonderful Faithfulness and Fidelity of the Great Creature.

One year when my husband was at a station in Bengal, says a writer, his work kept him out nearly all day and, being ill, I used to lie for hours in a long garden chair on the veranda, too weak to read or to enjoy any more exciting amusement than my eyes supplied to me.

We had three elephants for our tents and baggage; and one used to feed from my hands every day, and seemed as gentle as any dog or cat.

One of our government chaprasis was particularly devoted to her, and invariably shared his meal of fruit or flour-cakes with his dumb friend. On a particularly hot day, the chaprasi, to my surprise, placed his little child of six months at the elephant's feet, warning her expressively that the infant was in her charge, and was to be cared for till his return.

I was an eye-witness of her wonderful sagacity. Large banana-trees and fig-trees grew around, and, to my surprise, the elephant broke off one of the former's spreading leaves, held it like a fan in her trunk, and from time to time gracefully waved it over the slumbering child, whether to temper the heat of the atmosphere or to keep off flies, I am unable to say. The gentle way in which she moved her feet over the child, and across to each

side, astonished me. I sent for a white loaf and some oranges, and calling her by name (she was never chained), tried in vain to tempt her to my side on the low veranda. Nothing would induce her to leave her charge.



Gracefully Waved It Over the Slumbering Child.

The warm air and the monotonous wave of the swinging fan overpowered me with drowsiness, to which I yielded; and, after a sleep of some duration, I was awakened by quiet, subdued snorts beside me. To my surprise, I found that the chaprasi had just returned to his offspring, and that the elephant stood near the veranda beside me, patiently waiting and gently asking for the tempting dainties so bravely withstood for more than two hours.

For a Loaf, All Right.

As the tramp looked at Mrs. Godard he felt a thrill of hope. Here was surely an easy and benevolently inclined person. "Could you gimme a dime to buy a loaf of bread?" he whined.

Mrs. Godard's guileless soul looked out at him through her near-sighted eyes, and she fingered her purse hopefully.

"I have only a quarter here," she said, "and I'm really too tired to walk home."

"Sure, I can change it for you," said the tramp, cheerfully, as he took out a dime and a nickel; and not until Mrs. Godard was half-way home on the car did it occur to her that there was anything unusual in the transaction.

The Walrus' Defenses.

A full-grown walrus will weigh as much as 2,000 pounds; a mountainous mass of muscle and blubber, says the St. Nicholas. He is armed with tusks of ivory, sometimes two feet in length, and when from his upreared bulk these formidable weapons are plunged downward upon an enemy, they are as resistless as the drop of a guillotine. Such a thick layer of blubber lies under the skin that he is practically clad in an armor impervious to teeth and claws alike. So, unless the bear is greatly favored by luck, he has little chance to overthrow his antagonist.

Americans Have Monopoly.

American manufacturers of well-drilling machinery have a practical monopoly of the business throughout the world.

To Relieve Burns.

Make a salve of powdered alum and water and bind on the burn; the pain will immediately cease.—National Magazine.

His Own Pockets.

When the awkward fellow doesn't know what to do with his hands he puts them in his pocket, which, after all, is better than putting them in other people's pockets.

The Master Craftsman.

If a man preach a better sermon, write a better book or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door.—Emerson.

And All It Implies.

"O for the men of old!" sings a lady poet in one of the current magazines. It is our impression that the men of old demanded a good deal of submission on the part of their wives.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Embarrassment of Personalities.

A Boston physician tells the American Medical association he has found six distinct personalities in one young woman. Imagine the embarrassment of an earnest young man who devotes himself to one girl and finds he has won six!

From Fish-Pook to Fireside.

Holland has set engineers to work to pump out the water of the famous Zuyder Zee and turn it into dry land. When this work is accomplished there will rise where 4,000 fishermen now sink their nets farms and homes for 50,000 Dutchmen.

St. Edmund.

The vacant space in the crypt of Westminster Cathedral, London, close by the spot where rest the mortal remains of Cardinal Wiseman and Cardinal Manning, is soon to be occupied by an altar dedicated to St. Edmund at Canterbury, the last canonized archbishop.

Marriage Age Increased.

It is generally admitted that the marriageable age of women has advanced considerably of recent years. Many a bride has long left girlhood behind her before she exchanges her vows at the altar, and there seem to be few young men nowadays who care to assume the responsibilities of married life until they are in the financial position usually associated with middle age.—Woman's Life.

SOUVENIRS

Readers of this paper can get the following Alaska - Yukon - Pacific Exposition Souvenirs By Mail post-paid, at the following prices:

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Send money order for what you want (no stamps accepted) and I will send them by return mail. Address

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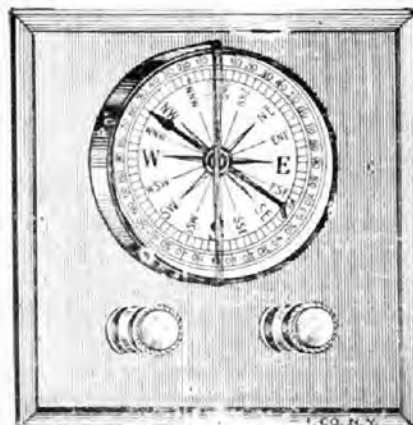
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A HOPELESS WISH.



I wish, somehow, all little boys
Their own papas could be;
I think this plan would suit them all—
I know it would suit me;
For then, what'er I had to do,
I'd do it in a trice;
For when our pa's were little boys,
They all were—oh! so nice.

Says pa, when he was young like me,
He never vexed his ma,
And never bothered her for sweets—
I'm not at all like pa.
When told 'twas time to go to bed,
He never said, "No" yet,
And when 'twas time for him to rise,
He rose without regret.

He never voted girls a bore,
Or pulled his sister's hair;
Or grumbled when he found her dolls
Were filling every chair.
He never fought with other boys,
Or smacked his brother's head;
And never quarrelled in his play,
Like me and brother Ted.

The lessons he should learn at home,
He never left unread,
When half-a-day he might have had,
He went to school instead,
I reckon pa was just a saint,
Too good for earthly fame—
But, p'raps when I've got little boys,
I'll tell them just the same.

Herbert J. Brandon.

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BERRY, KENTUCKY.

The C. M. A. HERALD.

An independent paper, printed for the information of its readers, and for the C. M. A. Short interesting news items, always welcomed, 25 cents per year.

Burt Foote.

Anna, Ohio.



THE MODERN C. M. A.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America is an entirely new order, which might be styled The Modern C. M. A. and is in no way connected with the old C. M. A. beyond the fact that the membership and the leaders are of the most prominent members of the old C. M. A. who, upon the failure of the Hunter Publishing Co., saw that no order could exist any great length of time, with the ruling of the order in the hands of a publishing house. They at once began the forming of a new order, in which, the members should be the ruling force and after a year of thought and study have formed the I. O. C. M. A.

The teachings of the I. O. C. M. A. are along the lines of the old order the aim is to teach the principles of Brotherly Love and Patriotism. But they have bettered and added a great deal more lodge teachings, which will benefit the member in their every day life. The running of the order has been placed in the hands of the members through the election of Grand Officers by the members. Their rate of assessment goes into the Grand Lodge Treasury to pay the running expenses of the order, the same as any of the other orders. This sum does not go to the publishers of the official organ as in the old order. The membership consists of some of the best young men in the country and is protected against having every person applying for membership admitted without first looking up his references as it is known to have been done before. They want only young men of good character in their order aim to see that only such are admitted.

You are invited to join the I. O. C. M. A. and become one of the band of ambitious Young Americans, in which the thought of Brotherly Love and Fraternal Protection is foremost.

Write the Grand Secretary, Alma, Kans., for particulars.

Chas. R. Simon, G. Secy., Alma, Kans.

The C. M. A. EMBLEM

Vol. II.

JULY, 1909.

No. 3



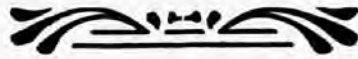
THE YELLOW FEVER-STAINED FACE OF DE VILLIERS LOOKED OVER THE HAMMOCK.

CHARLES
ROBERT
SIMON
EDITOR &
PUBLISHER

VOLUME
❖ II ❖
NO. 3
PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

The C. M. A. EMBLEM

CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1909.



❖ SPECIAL ARTICLES ❖

Don'ts for Everyone	- -	C. R. Simon	3
Special Editorials and Articles		C. R. Simon	3
The Ugly Rhinoceros		Capt. Fritz Duquesne	6

❖ FICTION ❖

Into the Primitive	-	Robert Ames Bennett	8
His Chance To Be A Man	- - -		15

❖ VERSE ❖

Our Country	- -	L. Garrison Cline	5
-------------	-----	-------------------	---

❖ OUR DEPARTMENTS ❖

The I. O. C. M. A.	- - -	Official	4
Stamp Collector	- -	Julian T. Baber	12

❖ MISCELLANY ❖

Humorous Bits	- - - -		14
---------------	---------	--	----



The C. M. A. EMBLEM

Published Monthly as the Official Organ of The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America
Entered as second-class matter June 19, 1908 at the post-office at Alma, Kansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II

JULY, 1909.

Number 3

Our Educational Number.

We are going to publish annually an Educational Number of the EMBLEM. Our first one of these numbers will be the September issue of this year. This number is for the benefit of our subscribers who are going to some college or school away from home.

It will contain a list of the most prominent schools in the country, besides this, it will contain all the happenings of interest among the members attending colleges or schools, with their intention of when and where they will go for their winter schooling.

We want the members to send in all school notes of interest they know. Tell us if you held any prominent class or Fraternity position last year, or if you are taking any special course of any note. Don't fail us in sending in some item.

One pint of "Kansas Bootlegged Whiskey" has in it more talk than any of Bryan's campaign speeches; more noise than any machine or boiler-makers' shops in the country; more music than Sousie's band; more whoops and yells than any one band of indians was ever graced with and has less good alcohol than any bottle of "Hoss Medicine" or Bitters sold in the last 20 years.

Our "Yellow Dog" Currency.

The Southern Delegation in Congress has prayed President Taft for the removal of W. T. Vernon, from the office of register of the U. S. treasury. It is our hope to see their prayer answered. But in case it is not they should pray for a change of design in the currency, change the silk fibre to one of cotton and instead of the American Eagles in the future have a "yaller" dog engraved thereon. We all have heard of "The yeller dog's love for a nigger." This design would harmonize better than the present one.

Etiquette of Letters.

When writing a letter it is not considered etiquette to begin the first sentence with "I." Should the topic require the personal pronoun the paragraph must be so constructed that the "I" comes in later than the first line.

Does Well with Frog Farm.

A frog farm is the new and interesting occupation which a California woman has found to be very profitable from a financial point of view, realizing a substantial sum every year.

Uncle Ezra Says:

"Chickens come home to roost, sure enough, but their princerpul reason fur comin' home is to git somethin' to eat."

Force of Example.

Some men are so governed by example that they can't even see a full moon without wanting to get full, too. —Philadelphia Record.

Many Parts of Moon Visible.

Dividing the moon's surface into 125 parts, 72 of them are visible from the earth.

Woman Rules.

"This is the woman's century," says a suffragette. As every century has been since the appearance of Eve.

Don'ts for Everyone.

DON'T go in too hard for sports. Overplay is as ruinous to health as overwork.

DON'T be satisfied with everything you do. The moment a boy thinks himself "all right" he deteriorates.

DON'T decide anything upon the spur of the moment. Anything worth while is worth thought.

DON'T be self-deceived. You may have more, or less, in you than you

suppose.

DON'T pride yourself upon having a talent. Unless you use it successfully you are possessed of nothing advantageous.

DON'T expect "luck" to favor you. Ability is the only thing you can depend on.

DON'T trifle with your constitution. The strongest is breakable.

DON'T forget to send in those school notes for publication in the September issue of the EMBLEM. Let us know where you expect to be this winter.

DON'T fail to keep in good standing in the order. All will be right some of these days.

DON'T think because you have not yet received your outfit that it will never be sent you. You will receive them soon enough. There is a reason for not sending them out too soon.

The C. M. A. EMBLEM

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Foreign Subscription Terms: To countries other than specified above, 10 cents a copy or 75 cents a year.

Change of Address:—When sending notice to change an address it is imperative that the old address be given as well as the new one, otherwise we cannot find the name in our list of subscribers.

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Address all communications to
The C. M. A. EMBLEM,
Alma, Kansas.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America

The New and Modern Secret Society for the Ambitious Young Men and Boys

This Department Gives News of Interest from Members and Lodges in Every State in the Union



ONE thing that I wish to impress upon the minds of the members of the I. O. C. M. A. is that each and every member of the order is a reporter to the EMBLEM. We cannot give you the amount of news and happenings of note among the members and lodges that we want to this month for the reason of not having enough sent us. When you write articles for publication write them on a separate sheet of paper and try and write them as near the way you wish them printed. This all saves considerable time, besides insuring you that it will not be mislaid to be copied and then probably overlooked and never published.

We are going to issue an Educational Number annually, our first number appearing with the September issue. It will contain all the school notes of the member for last season, also their prospects for the coming season. Let every member send in any item of interest for this issue. Tell us where you attended school the last year and where you expect to attend the coming season. Tell us what college or university that you may expect to attend and if you are following up any special course let us know what it is. Write us this item at once, do it now, not tomorrow, lest you forget and not get it in in time, as we must have these articles on or before the 20th of August.

We would like to see every member that will be away from home attending school, to try and start a local lodge among his companions. Every boy and young man away from home should carry with him a traveling card in the I. O. C. M. A. These cards insure him friends wherever he goes. What makes life a pleasure more than a host of true friends. Think Brothers of belonging to an order that not only has members in every state of the union, Canada and Mexico, but in China, India, the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska, Australia, Russia and in fact on every continent of the earth. Truly does the bond of Brotherhood encircle the globe, and think how much more potent this influence will be when all these lands not only have independent members but live active lodges, the center of influence for all that is best in American

patriotism and manhood. Then a member will never be a stranger in a strange land, for he will always find a welcome where there is a member wearing the badge with a single star.

This is not a Utopian dream, Brothers, but is well within the range of probabilities. When the C. M. A. was started he would have been a bold prophet who would have foretold of the success that the old C. M. A. had reached before the failure. We want to bring the I. O. C. M. A. up to the same round of success attained by the old order and want the loyal help of every brother in the land.

July is a hot month to kindle the flame of enthusiasm, but the cool fall months are coming and I want every member to be prepared to do his best. Each member can surely secure two new members during the coming six months. Actions, not words, are what we need and that is what I am looking for this year. Don't give up because the first friend you meet does not fall all over himself with eagerness to join the order. Keep plugging along and do not make mountains out of molehills of discouragement. When you have organized a lodge and people begin to see what fun and benefit the members are obtaining, the friend who refused you at first will clamor for admission to the order.

The boys of today are the men of tomorrow. Show that the members of the I. O. C. M. A. are not only men of tomorrow, but that they will make the big men. Remember that the future is in our hands, and let us strive to make it a great future by making the present as great as possible.

Yours in 'F',

Chas. R. Simon

A Word to Local Lodges and Members of West Virginia.

Elect your delegates early. Give them time to arrange their affairs, make plans to pay their way unless they are willing to do so themselves. They are coming to get for you the help you need and will have much pleasure as well as hard work. Do not send a boy because he has friends in Burnville he will want to visit. Do

not send a boy even though he pays his own way, because he wants to come and do shopping, unless he will remain after the convention to do it. Send a boy who will be alert for help and inspiration to take home, and who will give out the same from his store.

The Convention is not a holiday, it is a time for serious work. Great interests are involved and must have the best boys. Make sure that your delegates will remain until the close of the Convention. Friday night the last day, is as important as the first. Every boy should stand by his constituency to the last hour.

At the last meeting of the S. F. lodge No. 36, I. O. C. M. A., held at the residence of Bro. Jaenicke, the following officers were elected; Pres., Raymond Woods; Vice-Pres., Wm. Jaenicke; Secy. and Treas., F. P. Engel; Director, Herbert A. Werle; Speaker, Oliver G. Beardslee; Sentinel, Earl Robison Sewall. S. F. lodge No. 36 meets the second Friday of each month at St. Helens Hall and the fourth Friday at a member's home.

Virginia Members.

Take notice ye Virginians. Our state convention meets Aug 11 and 12 1909., the place to be decided yet. Let every lodge in this state write me in regard to this matter, we want to meet at some town where there is ten or more members. Write me if you would like to have the convention in your town and I will tell you how to entertain the delegates without much expense.

It is important that all members write me giving their names and addresses. Members do your duty as a member every one of you should at once wake up, don't lag behind other members. Give me your help let me know you are still on earth. We want to make this our third annual convention the best ever held in the south. Each lodge should elect a delegate for every ten members, if you have less than ten send one delegate and less than twenty or more than ten send two and so on.

Elect delegates and send in names so we can make out our programe. I requested that every lodge secy., and member write me a postal. I want

your name and adress. Don't wait for the other fellow to write. Do it yourself so far this year the only lodges and members to write me are Ceaderville, Damascens and Pocahontas lodges and the lodges at Covetland and Dayton and one or two others. Are not there more members than this in Virginia? Take notice Brothers, each member is expected to send our state treasurer ten cents to help pay for printing of stationery bills of state convention and postage of state officers. Don't delay send this in at once. Now brothers let me please hear from you at once so I can know who and where you are. Letters to be answered promptly if stamp is enclosed. Let me hear from you if you want the convention.

Yours for success.

G. M. Kiezel, 15°,

McGaheysville, Va.

Delegates to Convention of West Virginia.

Because we are going to hold a State Convention so soon, is is desirable that we may know definately who is to represent the lodges in West Virginia at Burnsville so that the names and addresses of such delegates may be sent at once to the president or chairman of the entertainment committee in order that their places of entertainment may be assigned to them before coming home.

BESTOGRAPHY.

The secret writing of the I. O. C. M. A. is used by members in corresponding among themselves, and also used by the Grand Secretary for special communications in the EMBLEM. By the use of Bestography a postal card communication is as private as a letter. A key to Bestography is a part of each member's outfit. Below the password for August appears in Bestography.

Password.

19 52 19 35 30 57 61 26 53 26 53 53 13
38 20 50 50 38 70 37 50 26 51 30 31.

Dear Brothers and Comrades

You will find in this issue the convention program and while it is not complete in detail it will give you an idea of the good things in store for us at Burnsville. Every lodge should be represented at our jubilee convention, marking our beginning in West Virginia of I. O. C. M. A. history. The program is planned with an eye to the needs of our members and local lodges, but in the convention every member, old as well as new should be able to find the special help he needs. It is a

good investment for a local lodge to send a delegate to the state convention, he will carry back more value in enthusiasm and experience than the actual expense incurred.

SECY. W. VA. ASSN.

Our Country.

O beautiful, our country!
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor.
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair freedom's open door!

For this our fathers suffered,
For thee they toiled and prayed;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright;
Grand memories on the shine;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingled flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country!
Round thee in love we draw;
Thine be the grace of freedom,
The majesty of law.
Be righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem;
And on thy shining forehead
Be peace, the crowning gem.

L. GARRISON CLINE, 5° O. T. N.

Program for State I. O. C. M. A. Convention at Burnsville, W. Va.

August 24 to 26, 1909.

First session begins at 1:30 p. m.,
August 24, '09.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

9:00—Conducting members to homes.
EVENING.

1:30—Athletic meet.

NIGHT.

7:30—Music, devotional exercises by
Rev. Jesse Jones.

8:00—Lodge sessions.

10:00—Adjournment and benediction.

THURSDAY MORNING.

9:30—Devotional services by Rev. Jesse
Jones. Music.

9:45—Discussion: "In what way are we benefited by lodge organizations."
10:00—Encouragement and discouragement of members by O. F. Lanham.
10:15—Power of State Association.
10:30—Round table talk: "Why does not my friend join?" By all.
11:00—"Why should I join the lodge?" By Okey Davis.
11:00—The State Grand Lodge? General discussion.
12:00—Adjournment and Benediction.

AFTERNOON.

1:30—Reports from delegates. Reports from committees. Election of officers.

2:15—"How to secure better attendance among members." Led by Okey Davis.

2:30—Miscellaneous business.

3:00—Discussion of annual entertainment. Adjournment. Benediction.

EVENING.

Merits and defects of West Virginia's members.

Remedies for same.

Expansion of the I. O. C. M. A. in West Virginia.

Independent member's miscellaneous topics.

Next meeting, time and place.

Resolutions by all.

Remarks by delegates from other states.

Unfinished bnsiness.

Adjournment and Benediction.

FRIDAY MORNING.

9:30—Public parade.

10:00—Lodge session.

Benefits of a strong state association.

Discussion on annual encampment.

Address on Brotherhood of Man by H. B. Carden.

Recitation by O. F. Lanham.

FRIDAY EVE

Sight seeing.

FRIDAY EVENING.

7:30— Song service.

Opening address.

Encouraging remarks by members.

Reports.

Addresses of farewell.

Adjournment and Benediction.

8:00—Banquet.

8:30—Show.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

CHAS. R. SIMON, Grand Secretary,
I. O. C. M. A., Alma, Kansas.

Dear Sir:—I hereby apply for membership in the I. O. C. M. A. I solemnly affirm that I am a white male 14 years of age (or over) and I promise upon my word of honor, not to disclose any of the secrets of the order to any person not a member of the I. O. C. M. A. in good standing. This promise is made with the understanding that there is nothing in the teachings of the order that conflicts with my religion, politics, or duty to friends or parents.

Enclosed please find..... for which I am to receive an official receipt entitling me to full benefits in the order for the period of.....*

Name.....
Age on last birthday..... Street, P. O. Box.....
or Rural Route.....
Nationality..... Town..... State.....

*New members must pay 25 cents Membership Fee and 25 cents Certificate Fee besides the dues. Old members reinstating must pay dues only. The dues are 50 cents for six months; \$1.00 for one year; \$1.75 for two years.

Application must be endorsed. Read BACK carefully. Have both sides filled out.

The Ugly Rhinoceros and Smaller Game

By Capt. Fritz Duquesne



In the Genius of Hell used up all his mental energy making a devil for the animal kingdom he could not have created a more uncertain, malicious and ugly brute than the rhinoceros. This animal has buried more hunters than all other big game combined. It seems to be the hired assassin of the jungle. Its success as a homicide is not due to the fact that it seeks its victim, but because its victim falls over it. If the rhino knows that there is an enemy about, it will try to get away without being seen. If, on the other hand, it thinks that by keeping still it will be passed unnoticed, it stays as silent and motionless as Gibraltar, its little hog eyes watching the direction of the noise and its nose sniffing the air. Should an enemy show up suddenly in the jungle the rhino charges like a flash, nose down and horns leveled like swords for the thrust, its huge bulk crushing through the brush like an express train. It is always a fight to the death, for a rhinoceros once in a fight wins or dies, and it mostly wins. If it is not confronted with an express rifle in the hands of a cool, good shot. It was the express in the hands of a cool shot that saved me in the encounter related here.

We had been out nearly a year and were returning to civilization, such as it is on the East African coast, with a good stock of ivory. My partner, Jappie de Villiers, a well-known Boer hunter, had fever and was expected to die at any moment. He had been carried 300 miles from the Interior in a hammock. If de Villiers had not been ill I would not be alive to-day.

We were pitching camp at the Kagera river on one of these inexplicable barren patches that are scattered like freckles over the face of the tropical forests. The sun was setting and the sky blazed like the mouth of a foundry furnace. The

smoke of the newly made camp fires rose slowly in the damp air and hung lazily about the tree tops; clouds of flies and mosquitoes followed every living thing and the lizards looked inquisitively down from their perches in the great vines that reached out like the tentacles of a mighty octopus holding everything in its grasp. The river with its waxy water flowers and gliding crocodiles was on one side of us, the tropical jungle, mysterious and fascinating in all its vivid and extravagant luxury, was on the other.

I hung our rifles on the limbs of the trees which supported my sick comrade's hammock. The porters were collecting drywood for the night fires as I watched a monster crocodile in the water making a futile effort to swallow a friend nearly as big as itself. A party of natives from a nearby village was skinning a beast we had shot for food. In another group my "boys" were opening the bundles of camping necessities. A loud grunt, followed by a Somali's cry, came from the jungle side of the camp, and the next instant the screeching Somali, followed by a huge rhinoceros, burst through the undergrowth. The Somali ran for a tree. He tripped over an ammunition box, the rhino passed him in its blind fury and charged down on the clump of porters, scattering them like chaff before the wind. One was crushed down. Another who had stumbled rose to run, the maddened beast charged and thrust its horn through his back, battered him against a tree, and then hurled him in the air.

Close Call for a Brave Hunter.

I was reaching for my rifle when the rhino caught sight of me. It was too late. I turned and ran toward the river. A dive would save me. I thought of the crocodiles. I felt the puff of the rhino's foul breath. My heart sank. I had one chance to jump aside and let the rhino pass. I jumped, and the roaring animal wiped its gore-stained cheek on me as I did. I doubled on my tracks, the demoniac brute frothing in fury after me. As I passed under the hammock where my comrade lay between life and death, there was a vivid flash, a deafening roar filled the world, and I fell. The rhinoceros rolled over, squirting a stream of hot blood on me from a wound in its neck. I looked up, dazed and breathless. I didn't know whether I was dead or alive. I felt the huge, throbbing carcass beside me. The yellow fever-stained, hollow-eyed face of De Villiers looked over the hammock and asked, "Are you hurt?"

"I think not," I answered. "What happened?"

I got no answer. De Villiers sank back with a groan. I sprang to the side of the hammock. I thought he was dead. His breast was covered with blood. I opened his shirt and saw his right collar bone broken and

protruding through the flesh. I forced some brandy down his throat and he revived. "What happened?" I asked again.

You had one chance for life, and that was the death of the rhino. I had one chance in a thousand of saving you and killing the rhino. I took it and gave the rhino both barrels of the express. Your face is singed a little from the flash. The recoil of the blunderbuss has hurt my shoulder."

He put his left hand over and felt the shattered collar bone. "I suppose it's all up with me," he said. "This, on top of the fever, is too much." He smiled and fell back unconscious.

The natives who had fled returned, and we examined the five porters who got the rhino's charge. Two were dead, three badly injured.

Through the night I sat beside my unconscious comrade in the flicker of the camp fires, listening to the dull, monotonous droning of the insects in the trees, and seeing faces in the embers, one face especially, a kind, thin face crowned with white hair weeping as I told her of Jappie, her hunter son's death. The chill before dawn struck the earth. I turned to put some wood on the fire. Glaring in the grass a few yards away I saw two green phosphorescent eyes. I seized my Luger pistol and rose. Like a flash a lion sprang away before I could shoot. A little later the forest burst into thunderous roars. It seemed to be full of lions, which were attracted by the smell of the rhino's blood.

De Villiers did not die. He came through it all. He now organizes hunting expeditions into East Africa and in all probability he will be one of the Roosevelt party.

Treed by a Rhino Birthday Party.

The next day we continued our march. We had not gone far when a native brought in news of a fresh rhino spoor. I at once set out in search of the game. We were not ten minutes on the hunt when I smelled the peculiar odor of the rhino, which sometimes is very strong. I was down the wind—that is, the wind was blowing toward me from the rhino—so I was sure of getting a pretty good shot. A few minutes later I saw a long horn sticking through the high grass. It was motionless. The animal was waiting for us to pass. I took a chance aim and fired, hoping to hit a vital spot. My calculation was bad and the rhino scampered off at a gallop. I stood there cursing my luck when a grunt behind me nearly scared me out of my wits. I took no chances, but turned and ran. I hadn't gone 20 yards when I bumped on something in the grass and down I went. I grabbed my rifle and made for the nearest tree a few yards away. When I could get my breath I surveyed the scene from my point of vantage. I could see at least ten rhinos. The

thing I fell over was a new-born baby rhino and it must have been its mother I shot at.

It is the habit of the pachydermata of Africa to collect around a female that is about to give birth to young. This is to protect the new born weakling against the attacks of its enemies, and that is the sort of christening I ran into. I hated to interrupt the birthday party, but I couldn't let sentiment interfere with business, so I opened fire on the nearest rhino. He got it right through the heart and fell. I fired at a second and that also went down. While I was reloading my express the rest took fright and scampered off.

Narrow Escape from Crocodiles.

The summer before last I was hunting on the Kagera. We had eaten antelope for some time and the camp was anxious for a change, so I shot a hippo for food. It was an easy thing to do. I waited till it showed its head, and, bang! A spurt of blood and it was all over. As the water was deep, but not running, I knew that in the morning I ought to find my victim floating. At daybreak I was down at the river with a party of natives. As I expected, the hippo's body was floating, but, unluckily for us, on the opposite side of the river, which was teeming with crocodiles. I tried to persuade some of the natives to go in with a rope and attach it so that we could draw the hippo over. No amount of persuasion would induce them to even put their feet in the river. At last, exasperated, I seized the end of the rope and jumped into the river, boots and all, and struck out for the hippo. I had gone about a hundred strokes when a cry from the bank caused me to look around. A cold shiver of horror ran through me, for 20 yards behind, gliding silently toward me through the blue water, I could distinguish the brown form of a crocodile.

"Shatt!" I cried. "Shoot!" as I put every bit of energy into my stroke. The crocodile must have been near me, for the bullets that were being fired from the bank commenced to zip, zip, around my head. I was afraid to look back, expecting every moment to be seized and dragged to the bottom.

At last I reached the dead hippo and managed to drag myself out of the water up on the slippery carcass. The exertion made my head swim. In a few minutes I was myself again. I apologized in silence to the black gentlemen on the river bank for doubting their courage. I had none left. I took my knife and cut a foothold on the carcass, and then rocked it so that it would drift to the shore. The natives told me that a well-directed bullet had hit the crocodile in the head.

The Enormous Cost of Hunting.

The cost of hunting big game in Africa is enormous. One must spend a fortune before firing the first shot.

The various European colonies "protect" their game by charging 50 pounds sterling (\$250) a year for a license which allows the hunter to kill two each of the pachydermata and from two to ten of the various species of antelopes. This does not protect the game, but it fills the local treasuries. Added to this is the price for porters, shikarees, headmen, etc., who have to accompany the hunter. The average expedition is made up of from 30 to 35 natives for each white man. The cost of equipping and maintaining an expedition is from \$400 to \$600 a month for each white hunter according to the district hunted in. One well-known concern with headquarters at Nairobi, that makes a business of hunting and expedition managing, equips and maintains an expedition on the field for \$600 a month, supplying everything excepting arms and liquor.

No Tigers in Africa.

Of course when Mr. Roosevelt hunts, his expedition will hunt for everything his licenses will allow him to shoot. It will be amateur sport, not conducted from a financial point of view; there his equipment will probably be more costly than a professional one, but no better than the average sportsman uses in Africa. For instance, he will carry a taxidermist's outfit and cure and preserve his game immediately after it is shot.

As soon as a lion or leopard is killed the skin must be removed, cleaned, and treated with a taxidermic preparation of alum. Then to protect it from beetles, it must be soaked in turpentine and put in charge of a native runner, who takes it to the nearest post for preservation. Often when a skin arrives at its destination the numerous insects that infest the country have eaten it full of holes and it is absolutely worthless.

Speaking of carnivora and the other fauna of Africa, let me say for the benefit of the American writers, lecturers and artists who wish to pretend to a knowledge of African animal life that there are no yaks, alligators, kangaroos, turkeys, boars or tigers in Africa outside of a circus or a zoological garden. There are two species of rhinoceros, the bicornis or prehensile-lipped, and the simus or square-mouthed rhino. The latter, although almost as black as its relative, is called the white rhinoceros on account of a blue slaty tinge in its skin. To be exact, there is no such thing as a white rhinoceros. Both have two horns. The Asiatic rhinoceros has but one. Crocodiles and alligators differ greatly in appearance, and the latter do not live in Africa. The Asiatic elephant is also different in appearance from its African relative.

Now about tigers, which have been treated so freely as African game in recent American articles. It all depends on one's nationality whether or not there are tigers in Africa. The

leopard is called a tiger (tiger) by the Boers, and so is the cheetah, just as a panther is called a tiger in some parts of the United States. The striped animal which is zoologically known as a tiger (*tigris regalis*) and which is the animal referred to in a number of recent stories, does not make its habitat in Africa, as the writers seem to think. So when a traveler speaks of lions, leopards and tigers seizing passengers from trains he is generally writing at long range with a misinformed imagination instead of facts. He makes a double mistake if he speaks of "tigers and leopards" in referring to African fauna, as in Africa they mean the same animal. I have never heard an Englishman or a Boer when speaking English call a leopard a tiger.

The most dangerous hunting occurs when one attempts to capture his animal alive. Many animals, harmless and timid under ordinary circumstances, become demons when captured. The mildest-looking antelope will put up a fierce fight when once over its first fright; the ostrich will kick a man to pieces, raining its blows with lightning-like rapidity. I do not know one African animal that can be called cowardly.

One has only to look at the formidable horns of all the African antelope to see that they are built to fight with, strong as iron and as sharp as a lance. I have seen an antelope attack a leopard, and even a lion, when its young is threatened. The gemsbok, or oryx, with its two sword-like horns, has dispatched many a lion. It is not uncommon to find a gemsbok and a lion dead beside each other, the mute evidence of a terrific encounter. The most dangerous animal of all to capture is the gorilla, as much on account of the country it inhabits as on account of its enormous strength, as the following incident will illustrate:

A Blood Curdling Gorilla Hunt.

I was commissioned by a German naturalist society to capture one of each species of African quadrupeds. A German professor accompanied me on my expedition, which set forth in a direct line west from Dar es Salaam. We succeeded in getting some of each species, with the exception of the gorilla. For weeks we wandered about the country. It was in the rainy season, and the veld, which under ordinary circumstances afforded excellent traveling, became a swamp. With our long line of native porters we literally waded our way over the country for weeks, the black, oozy slush soaking into our bones and the clay under foot gripping like glue.

Such was the predicament we were in; the spirit of revolt and desertion had seized the caravan. I called the men together and told them we were going into the Congo forests where there was no doubt about capturing a gorilla. A smile of satisfaction swept over the natives' faces, and at sunrise we started for a three months' tramp to the west of the Tanganyika.

CHAPTER XIII.

(Continued from June Number.)

"You're entirely welcome. It's what I'm doing— Do you understand, Miss Jenny?"

"Indeed, yes; and I wish to thank you. I have noticed how patient you have been—"

"Pa don me, Miss Leslie," rasped Winthrope. "Can you not see that for a fellow of this class to talk of fair play and patience is the height of impertinence? In England, now, such insufferable impudence—"

"That'll do," broke in Blake. "It's time for us to trot along."

"Put, Mr. Blake, if he is ill—"

"Just the reason why he should keep moving. No more of your gab, Win! Give your jaw a lay-off, and try wiggling your legs instead."

Winthrope turned away, crimson with indignation. Blake paused only for a parting word with Miss Leslie. "If you want something to do, Miss Jenny, try making yourself a pair of moccasins out of the scraps of skin. You can't stay in this gully all the time. You've got to tramp around some, and those slippers must be about done for."

"They are still serviceable. Yet if you think—"

"You'll need good tough moccasins soon enough. Singe off the hair, and make soles of the thicker pieces. If you do a fair job, maybe I'll employ you as my cobbler, soon as I get the hide off one of those skittish antelope."

Miss Leslie nodded and smiled in response to his jesting tone. But as he swung away after Winthrope, she stood for some time wondering at herself. A few days since she knew she would have taken Blake's remark as an insult. Now she was puzzled to find herself rather pleased that he should so note her ability to be of service.

When she roused herself, and began singeing the hair from the odds and ends of leopard skin, she discovered a new sensation to add to her list of unpleasant experiences. But she did not pause until the last patch of hair crisped close to the half-cured surface of the hide. Fetching the penknife and her thorn and catgut from the baobab, she gathered the pieces of skin together, and walked along the cleft to the ladder-tree. There had been time enough for Blake and Winthrope to set up the signal, and she was curious to see how it looked.

She paused at the foot of the tree, and gazed up to where the withered crown lay crushed against the edge of the cliff. The height of the rocky wall made her hesitate; yet the men, in passing up and down, had so cleared away the twigs and leaves and broken the branches on the upper side of the trunk, that it offered a means of ascent far from difficult even for a young lady.

The one difficulty was to reach the

lower branches. She could hardly touch them with her finger tips. But her barbaric costume must have inspired her. She listened for a moment, and hearing no sound to indicate the return of the men, clasped the upper side of the trunk with her hands and knees, and made an energetic attempt to climb. The posture was far from dignified, but her eyes sparkled with satisfaction as she found herself slowly mounting.

When, flushed and breathless, she gained a foothold among the branches, she looked down at the ground, and permitted herself a merry little giggle such as she had not indulged in since leaving boarding-school. She had actually climbed a tree! She would show Mr. Blake that she was not so helpless as he fancied.

At the thought, she clambered on up, finding that the branches made convenient steps. She did not look back, and the screen of treetops beneath saved her from any sense of giddiness. As her head came above the level of the cliff, she peered through the foliage, and saw the signal-flag far over near the end of the headland. The big piece of white duck stood out bravely against the blue sky, all the more conspicuous for the flocks of fringed sea-owl which wheeled above and around it.

Surprised that she did not see the men, Miss Leslie started to draw herself up over the cliff edge. She heard Winthrope's voice a few yards away to her left. A sudden realization that the Englishman might consider her exploit ill-bred caused her to sink back out of sight.

She was hesitating whether to descend or to climb on up, when Winthrope's peevish whine was cut short by a loud and angry retort from Blake. Every word came to the girl's ears with the force of a blow.

"You do, do you? Well, I'd like to know where in hell you come in. She's not your sister, nor your mother, nor your aunt, and if she's your sweet-heart, you've both been damned close-mouthed over it."

There was an irritable, rasping murmur from Winthrope, and again came Blake's loud retort. "Look here, young man, don't you forget you called me a cad once before. I can stand a good deal from a sick man; but I'll give it to you straight, you'd better cut that out. Call me a brute or a savage, if that'll let off your steam; but, understand, I'm none of your English kinds."

Again Winthrope spoke, this time in a fretful whine.

Blake replied with less anger: "That's so; and I'm going to show you that I'm the real thing when it comes to being a sport. Give you my word, I'll make no move till you're through the fever and on your legs again. What I'll do then depends on my own sweet will, and don't you forget it. I'm not after her fortune. It's the lady herself that takes my fancy. Remember

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

By

ROBERT AMES BENNET

Illustrations by

RAY WALTERS

This interesting story began in the January Number. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from the publishers at the rate of 5c per copy.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor.

CHAPTER II.—Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left.

CHAPTER III.—Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER IV.—The trio started a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrope.

CHAPTER V.—They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree.

CHAPTER VI.—The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showed a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness.

CHAPTER VII.—Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring.

CHAPTER VIII.—Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They planned their campaign.

CHAPTER IX.—Blake recovered his survivor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a large leopard and smothering several cubs.

CHAPTER X.—In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights.

CHAPTER XI.—The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal.

CHAPTER XII.—Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed.

CHAPTER XIII.—Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened.

her what I said to you when you called me a cad the other time. You had your turn aboard ship. Now I can do as I please; and that's what I'm going to do, if I have to kick you over the cliff end first, to shut off your pesky interference."

The girl crouched back into the withered foliage, dazed with terror. Again she heard Flake speak. He had dropped into a bitter sneer.

"No chance? It's no nerve, you mean. You could brain me, easy enough, any night—just walk up with a club when I'm asleep. Trouble is, you're like most other under dogs—'fraid that if you licked your boss, there'd be no soup bones. So I guess I'm slated to stay boss of this colony—grand Pee Bah and Mikado, all in one. Understand? You mind your own business, and don't go to interfering with me any more! Now, if you've stared enough at the lady's skirt—"

The threat of discovery stung the girl to instant action. With almost frantic haste, she scrambled down to the lower branches, and sprang to the ground. She had never ventured such a leap even in childhood. She struck lightly but without proper balance, and pitched over sideways. Her hands chanced to alight upon the remnants of leopard skin. Great as was her fear, she stopped to gather all together in the edge of her skirt before darting up the cleft.

At the baobab she turned and gazed back along the cliff edge. Before she had time to draw a second breath, she caught a glimpse of Blake's palm-leaf hat, near the crown of the ladder tree.

"O-o-h!—he didn't see me!" she murmured. Her frantic strength vanished, and a deathly sickness came upon her. She felt herself going, and sought to kneel to ease the fall.

She was roused from the swoon by Blake's resonant shout: "Hey, Miss Jenny! where are you? We've got your laundry on the pole in fine shape!"

The girl's flaccid limbs grew tense, and her body quivered with a shudder of dread and loathing. Yet she set her little white teeth, and forced herself to rise and go out to face the men. Both met her look with a blank stare of consternation.

"What is it, Miss Genevieve?" cried Winthrope. "You're white as chalk!"

"It's the fever!" growled Blake. "She's in the cold stage. Get a pot on. We'll—"

"No, no; it's not that! It's only—I've been frightened!"

"Frightened?"

"By a—a dreadful beast!"

"Beast!" repeated Blake, and his pale eyes flashed as he sprang across to where his bow and arrows and his club leaned against the baobab. "I'll have no beasts nosing around my dooryard! Must be that skulking lion I heard last night. I'll show him!" He caught up his weapons and stalked off down the cleft.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Winthrope; "the man really must be mad. Call him back, Miss Genevieve. If anything should happen to him—"

"If only there might!" gasped the girl.

"Why, what do you mean?"

She burst into a hysterical laugh. "Oh! oh! it's such a joke—such a joke! At least he's not a hyena—oh, no; a



"Now, Don't Get Mad. Worst Thing in the World for Malaria."

brave boast! Hear him shout! And he actually thinks it's a lion! But it isn't—it's himself! Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?"

"Miss Genevieve, what do you mean? Be calm, pray, be calm!"

"Calm!—when I heard what he said? Yes; I heard every word! In the top of the tree—"

"In the tree? Heavens! Miss—er—Miss Genevieve!" stammered Winthrope, his face paling. "Did you—did you hear all?"

"Everything—everything he said! What shall I do? I am so frightened! What shall I do?"

"Everything he said?" echoed Winthrope.

"You spoke too low for me to hear; but I'm sure you faced him like a gentleman—I must believe it of you—"

Winthrope drew in a deep breath. "Ah, yes; I did, Miss Genevieve—I assure you. The beast! Yet you see the plight I am in. It is a nasty muddle—indeed it is! But what can I do? He is strong as a gorilla. Really, there is only one way—no doubt you heard him taunt me over it. I assure you I should not be afraid—but it would be so horrid—so cold-blooded. As a gentleman, you know—"

"No; it is not that!" broke in the girl. "He is right. Neither of us has

the courage—even when he is asleep."

"My dear Miss Genevieve, this beast instinct to kill—"

"Yes; but think of him. If he is a beast, he is at least a brave one. While we—we haven't the courage of rabbits. I thought you called yourself an English gentleman. Are you going to stand by, and not lift a finger?"

"Really, now, Miss Genevieve, to murder a man—"

"Self-defense is not a crime—self-preservation. If you have a spark of manhood—"

"My dear—"

"For Heaven's sake, if you can't do anything, at least keep still! Oh, I'm sure I shall go mad! If only I had been drowned!"

"Ah, yes, to be sure. But really now, what you ask is a good deal for a man to risk. The fellow might wake up and murder me! Should I take the risk, might I—er—expect some manifestation of your gratitude, Miss Genevieve?"

"Of course! of course! I should always—"

"I—ah—refer to the—the—bestowal of your hand."

"My hand? I— Would you bargain for my esteem? I thought you a gentleman!"

"To be sure—to be sure! Who says I am not? But all is fair in love and war, you know. Your choice is quite free. I take it, you will not consider his—er—proposals. But if you do not wish my aid, you have another way of escape—that is—at least other women have done it."

The girl gazed at him, her eyes dilating with horror as she realized his meaning.

"No, no; not that!" she gasped. "I want to live—I've a right to live! Why, I'm only just 22—I—"

"Hush!" cautioned Winthrope. "He's coming back. Be calm! There will be time until I get over this vile malaria. It may be that he himself will have the fever."

"He will not have the fever," replied the girl, in a hopeless tone, and she leaned back listlessly against the baobab, as Blake swung himself up, frowning and sullen, and flung his weapons from him.

"Pah!" he grumbled. "I told you that brute was a sneak. I've chased clean down to the pool and into the open, and not a smell of him. Must have hiked off into the tall grass the minute he heard me."

"If only he had gone off for good!" murmured Miss Leslie.

"Maybe he has; though you never can count on a sneak. Even you might be able to shoo him off next time; but, like as not, he'd come along when we were all out calling, and clean out our commissary. Guess I'll set to and run up a barricade down there where the gully is narrowest. There're shoals of dead thorn-brush to the right of the pool."

"Ah, yes; I fancy the vultures will be so vexed when they find your hedge

in the way," remarked Winthrope.

"My! how smart we're getting!" retorted Blake. "Don't worry, though. We'll stow the stuff in Miss Jenny's boudoir, and I guess the birdies'll be polite enough to keep out."

"I must say, Blake, I do not see why you should wish to drag us away from here."

"There's lots of things you don't see, Win, my b'y—jokes, for instance. But what could you expect?—you're English. Now, don't get mad. Worst thing in the world for malaria."

"One would fancy you could see that I am not angry. I've a splitting headache, and my back hurts. I am ill."

Blake looked him over critically, and nodded. "That's no lie, old man. You're entitled to a hospital check all right. Miss Jenny, we'll appoint you chief nurse. Make him comfortable as you can, and give him hot broth whenever he'll take it. You can do your sewing on the side. Whenever you need help, call on me. I'm going to begin that barricade."

CHAPTER XIV.

Fever and Fire and Fear.



BY nightfall Winthrope was tossing and groaning on the bed of leaves which Miss Leslie had heaped beneath his canopy. Though not delirious, his high temperature, coupled with the pains which racked every nerve and bone in his body, rendered him light-headed. He would catch himself up in the midst of some rambling nonsense to inquire anxiously whether he had said anything silly or strange. On being reassured upon this, he would relax again, and, as freely as not, break into a babyish wail over his aches and pains.

Blake shook his head when he learned that the attack had not been preceded by a chill.

"Guess he's in for a hot time," he said. "There is more'n one kind of malarial fever. Some are a whole lot like typhus."

"Typhus? What is that?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Sort of rapid fire, double action typhoid. Not that I think Win's got it—only malaria. What gets me is that we've only been here these few days, and yet it looks like he's got the continuous, no-chill kind."

"Then you think he will be very ill?"

"Well, I guess he'll think so. It ought to run out in a week or ten days, though. We've had good water, and it usually takes time for malaria to soak in deep. Now, don't worry, Miss Jenny. It'll do him no good, and you a lot of harm. Take things easy as you can, for you've got to keep up your strength. If you don't, you'll be down yourself before Win is up."

"Ill while he is helpless and un-

able— Oh, no; that cannot be! I must not give way to the fever until—"

"Don't worry. You'll likely stave it off for a couple of weeks or so. You're lively yet, and that's a good sign. I knew Win was in for it when he began to grouch and loaf and do the baby act. I haven't much use for dudes in general, and English dudes in particular; but I'll admit that, while Win's soft enough in spots, he's not all mush and milk."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake."

"You're welcome. I couldn't say less, seeing that Win can't speak for himself. Now you tumble in and get a good sleep. I'll go on as night nurse, and work at the barricade same time. You're not going to do any night-nursing. I can gather the thorn-brush in the afternoons, and pile it up at night."

In the morning Miss Leslie found that Blake had built a substantial canopy over the invalid, in place of the first ramshackle structure.

"It's best for him to be out in the air," he explained; "so I fixed this up to keep off the dew. But whenever it rains, we'll have to tote him inside."

"Ah, yes; to be sure. How is he?" murmured the girl.

"He's about the same this morning. But he got a little sleep. Keep him dosed with all the hot broth he'll take. And say, roust me out at noon. I've had my breakfast. Now I'll have a snooze. So long!"

He nodded, and crawled under the shade of the nearest bush, too drowsy to observe her look of dismay.

At noon, having learned that Winthrope's condition showed little change, Blake ate a hearty meal, and at once set off down the cleft. He did not reappear until nightfall; though at intervals Miss Leslie had heard his step as he came up the ravine with his loads of thorn-brush.

This course of action became the routine for the following ten days. It was broken only by three incidents, all relating to the important matter of food supply. Winthrope had soon tired of broth, and showed such an insatiable craving for cocoanut milk that the stock on hand had become exhausted within the week.

The day after, Blake took the rope ladder, as he called the tangle of knotted creepers, and went off towards the north end of the cleft. When he returned, a little before dark, the lower part of his trousers was torn to shreds, and the palms of his hands were blistered and raw; but he carried a heavy load of cocoanuts. After a vain attempt to climb the giant palms on the far side of the river, he had found another grove near at hand, in the little plain, and had succeeded in reaching the tops of two of the smaller palms.

Under his directions, Miss Leslie clarified a bowl of bird fat—goose-grease, Blake called it—and dressed

his hands. Yet even with the bandages which she made of soft inner bark and the handkerchiefs, he was unable to handle the thorn-brush the following day. Unfortunately for him, he was not content to sit idle. During the night he had cut a bamboo fishing pole and lengthened Miss Leslie's line of plaited cocoanut-fiber with a long catgut leader. In the afternoon he completed his outfit with a hairpin hook and a piece of half-dried meat.

He was back an hour earlier than usual, and he brought with him a dozen or more fair-sized fish. His mouth was watering over the prospective feast, and Miss Leslie showed herself hardly less eager for a change from their monotonous diet. As the fish were already dressed, she raked up the coals and quickly contrived a grill of green bamboos.

When the odor of the broiling fish spread about in the still air, even Winthrope sniffed and turned over, while Blake watched the crisping delicacies with a ravenous look. Unable to restrain himself, he caught up the smallest fish, half cooked, and bolted it down with such haste that he burnt his mouth. He ran over to the spring for a drink, and Winthrope cackled derisively.

Miss Leslie was too absorbed in her cooking to observe the result of Blake's greediness. She had turned the fish for the last time, and was about to lift them off the fire, when Blake came running back, and sent grill and all flying with a violent kick.

"Salt!" he gasped—"where's the salt? I'm poisoned!"

"Poisoned?"

"Poison fish! Don't eat! God!—Where's the salt?"

The girl stared at him. His agony was so great that beads of sweat were rolling down his face. He writhed, and stretched out a quivering hand—"Salt, quick!—warm water—salt!"

"But there's none left! You remember, yesterday—"

"God!" groaned Blake, and for a moment he sank down, overcome by a racking convulsion. Then his jaw closed like a bulldog's, and gritting his teeth with the effort, he staggered up and rushed off down the cleft.

"Stop! stop, Mr. Blake! Where are you going?" screamed the girl.

She started to run after him, but was halted by an outburst of delirious laughter. Winthrope was sitting upright and waving his fever-blotched hands—"Hi, hi! look at 'im run! 'E's got w'at'll do for 'im! Run, you swine; you—"

There followed a torrent of cockney abuse so foul that Miss Leslie blushed scarlet with shame as she sought to quiet him. But the excitement had so heightened his fever that he was in a raving delirium. It was close upon midnight before his temperature fell, and he sank into a death-like torpor. In her ignorance, she supposed that he had fallen asleep.

Her relief was short-lived, for soon she remembered Blake. She could see him lying beside the pool or out on the bare plain, his resolute eyes cold and glassy, his powerful body contorted in the death agony. The vision filled her with dismay. With all his coarseness, the man had showed himself so resourceful, so indomitable, that when she sought to dwell upon her reasons to fear him, she found herself admiring his virile manliness. He might be a brute, but he did not belong among the jackals and hyenas. Indeed, as she called to mind his strong face and frank, blunt speech she all but disbelieved what her own ears had heard.

And anyway, without his aid, what should she do? Winthrop had already become as weak as a child. The emaciation of his jaundiced features was a mockery of their former plumpness. Blake had said that the fever might run on for another week, and that even if Winthrop recovered, he would probably be helpless for several days besides.

What was no less serious, though she had concealed the fact from Blake, she herself had been troubled the past week with the depression and lassitude which had preceded Winthrop's attack. If Blake was dead, and she should fall ill before Winthrop recovered, they would both die from lack of care. And if they did not die of the fever, what of their future, here on this desolate savage coast?

But the very keenness of her mental anguish so exhausted and numbed the girl's brain that she at last fell into a heavy sleep. The fire burned low, and shadowy forms began to creep from behind the bamboos and the trees and rocks down the gorge. There was no sound; but greedy, wolfish eyes gleamed in the starlight.

Only the day before Blake had told Miss Leslie to store the last rack of cured meat inside the baobab. The two sleepers lay between the fire and the entrance to the hollow. Slowly the embers of the fire died away into gray ashes, and slowly the night prowlers drew nearer. The boldest of the pack crept close to Miss Leslie, and, with teeth bared and back bristling, sniffed at the edge of her skirt. Whether because of her heavy breathing or the odor of the leopard skin, the beast drew away, with an uneasy whine.

There was a pause; then, backed by three others, the leader approached Winthrop. He was still lying in the death-like torpor, and he lacked the protection which, in all likelihood, the leopard skin had given Miss Leslie. The cowardly brutes took him for dead or dying. They sniffed at him from head to foot, and then, with a ferocious outburst of snarls and yells, flung themselves upon him.

Had it not chanced that Winthrop was lying upon his side, with one arm thrown up, he would have been fatally wounded by the first slashing bites of

his assailants. The two which sought to tear him were baffled by the thick folds of Blake's coat, while their leader's slash at the victim's throat was barred by the upraised arm. With a savage snap, the beast's jaws closed on the arm, biting through to the bone. At the same instant the fourth jackal tore ravenously at one of the outstretched legs.

With a shriek of agony, Winthrop started up from his torpor, and struck out frantically in a fury of pain and terror. Startled by the violence of this unexpected man's action, the jackals leaped backward to spring in



The Girl Was More Frantic.

again as the remainder of the pack made a rush to forestall them.

Winthrop was staggering to his feet, when the foremost brute leaped upon him. He fell heavily against one of the main supports of his bamboo canopy, and the entire structure came down with a crash. Two of the jackals, caught beneath the roof, howled with fear as they sought to free themselves. The others, with brute dread of an unknown danger, drew away, snarling and gnashing their teeth.

Wakened by the first ferocious yelps of Winthrop's assailants, Miss Leslie had started up and stared about in the darkness. On all sides she could see pairs of fiery eyes and dim forms like the phantom creatures of a nightmare. Winthrop's shriek, instead of spurring her to action, only confused her the more and benumbed her faculties. She thought it was his death cry, and stood trembling, transfixed with horror.

Then came the fall of the canopy. His cries as he sought to throw it off

showed that he was still alive. In a flash her bewilderment vanished. The stagnant blood surged again through her arteries in a fiery, stimulating torrent. With a cry, to which primeval instinct lent a menacing note, she groped her way to the fallen canopy, and stooped to lift up one side.

"Quick!—into the tree!" she called.

Still frantic with terror, Winthrop struggled to his feet. She thrust him towards the baobab, and followed, dragging the mass of interwoven bamboos. Emboldened by the retreat of their quarry, the snarling pack instantly began to close in. Fortunately they were too cowardly to rush at once, and fear spurred their intended victims to the utmost haste. Groping and stumbling, the two felt their way to the baobab, and Miss Leslie pushed Winthrop headlong through the entrance. As he fell, she turned to face the pack.

The foremost beasts were at the rear edge of the bamboo framework, their eyes close to the ground. Instinct told her that they were crouching to leap. With desperate strength she caught up the canopy before her like a great shield, and drew it in after her until the ends of the cross-bars were wedged fast against the sides of the opening. Though it seemed so firm, she clung to it with a convulsive grasp as she felt the pack leaders fling themselves against the outer side.

This Capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Emblem. During the remainder of the year many other interesting stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you will send in a year's subscription. It only costs you 50c, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

Must Be Healthy Village.

Residing in Bradwell, Derbyshire, England, there are over sixty septuagenarians, 13 octogenarians, and one—a fine, active old lady nonagenarian.

What He Does.

"Johnny," said the teacher, "can you give us a definition of the word speculation? Let us suppose, for example, that your father has \$500 and that he decides to buy several thousand bushels of what he never expects to really see or possess. What does he do?" "He loses his \$500."

Sure of Himself.

The opposing candidates resorted to blows. Friends rushed in to separate them. Each struggled to get at the other. Candidate No. 1, seeing the extremely violent efforts of Candidate No. 2, cried out: "More of you mer hold Swanson! One man can hold me!"—Everybody's.

The Young Stamp Collector's Department

Edited by JULIAN T. BABER, Pocahontas, Virginia.

Brief Bits of New and Happenings of Note among the Stamp Collectors the World over.

This department is conducted by Julian T. Baber, Pocahontas, Va. to whom all correspondence regarding this department should be sent.

A packet of stamps will be given to the one who sends me the best article pertaining to stamp collecting, or regarding his own collection. Articles must be restricted to 300 words and must be sent to the editor of this department within ten days after receipt of the EMBLEM. The best article will be published and all contributors names will be put on the roll of honor.

Items of Interest.

Save your 2c Lincolns. They are now worth 50c per hundred.

Ewen's Stamp Weekly, on April 24th 1909, issued its 500th number.

The rate of postage between U. S. and Newfoundland will soon be reduced to 2 cents. What country next?

Henry J. Crocker, who owns the finest collection of Hawaiian stamps, has just published a magnificent work, "Hawaiian Numerals."

Publishers who wish their papers reviewed, should send one copy to the publishers of the EMBLEM, and a second to the editor of this department. We will reciprocate.

Italy has issued a sticker serving almost the same purpose as our Red Cross label. They are selling rapidly, and the proceeds are being devoted to the relief of the children whose parents perished in the horrible Sicilian earthquake.

As editor of the Postage Stamp, one of England's leading philatelic papers, Fred J. Melville has succeeded Edward J. Nankivell. On March 18th last, Mr. Nankivell succumbed to an attack of heart-disease, while at his home. Philately sustains a great loss, in the death of Mr. Nankivell.

The famous collection of Victoria stamps owned by Henry Grey, Esq., was recently sold to Mr. C. Lathrop Pack, the prominent American philatelist, specializing in the stamps of Australia and British North America. This collection is perhaps the finest specialized collection of Victorian stamps in the world.

The Seattle Chamber having objected so much to the design of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition stamp which Post-Master General Hitchcock accepted, the post office department thought it advisable to change the design. The Seattle people did not want the public to think that all Alaska could raise was ice-bergs. The portrait of William H. Seward, who was Secretary of State when the U. S. purchased Alaska, was selected to adorn the new stamp.

On The Reviewer's Table.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of price list from C. E. Hussman Stamp Co., and C. H. McKeel of St. Louis, Mo., and of the United Stamp Co., Chicago, Ill.

Scott Stamp & Coin Co., Circular; published monthly by the Scott Stamp & Coin Co., 18 East 23rd St., N. Y. City. Nos. 28 and 29 April 15 May 15 1909. This newsy little paper is sent out in the interest of the above firm, and is well worth the subscription price asked, 12 cents a year. Subscribe you will like it.

The Philatelic Star; published by Wharer & Malmborg, 635 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill., Vol. 8, No. 5, May 1909. The Star for May is attired in a new cover, picturing the \$1.00 Selangor stamp. We suggest that the publishers retain their old cover, as it is by far the neatest. The Star improves with every issue.

The Stamp Journal; published by the Stamp Journal Publishing Co., 1328 Curtis St., Denver, Colo., Vol. 2 No. 5 May 1909. Subscription price 50c per year. In this number the Journal certainly "rubs" McKeel's Weekly in regard to the official-organism of the American Philatelic Society. We learn from the Journal, that Redfield's Weekly will enter the race for the A. P. S. official organ.

The Hobbyist; published by O. Kendall, Winnipeg, Canada; Vol 1, No. 5; May 1909; Sub. price 50c per year. In the May number will be found a good likeness of the veteran Philatelic writer Rev. L. G. Dorpat. A new feature of the Hobbyist, is the Junior Department conducted by Harry L. Perkins, in the

interest of the young collector. The Hobbyist is up to its usual standard and is a welcome visitor to our desk.

McKeel's Weekly Stamp News; published by the McKeel-Sevnr-Wylie Co., Boston, Mass., edited by Winard G. Wylie and C. E. Seven. Vol. 23 1909 price 50c per year. Very little need be said concerning McKeel's Weekly, as it is one of the oldest and best philatelic papers in America. The latest stamp news and topics will be found in McKeel's and collecting stamps without it, is like collecting in the dark.

Carter's Messenger; published by Geo. J. Carter, 265 Halsey Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Vol. 1, No. 6, issued occasionally and sent free to customers; The Messenger is another welcome visitor to our desk, Chas. A. Most, E. R. Nanderhoff, Franklin S. Smith, and Carter are contributors to the sixth number of the Messenger, and as you know, their writings are well worth your reading. Mr. Carter can supply you with anything you want in the line of Revenues match and medicine stamps.

Philatelic West; published monthly at Superior, Nebraska, by L. T. Broadstone; Vol. 44, No. 2 price 50c per annum. The West is the largest philatelic and collectors paper in the U. S. and each month contains about 100 pages of interesting reading matter. In each issue, pictures of the West's advertisers are portrayed, with an account of their histories. Being the official organ of a large number of clubs and societies the West has a very large circulation. The May number was issued as a British Special, and was adorned with an appropriate cover.

The Philatelic World; Alexander J. Sefi, Editor and business manager, 8 Sheriff Road, West End Lane, London, N. W. England, No. 5 Vol 1. April 1909. Subscription price 62 cents per year. The World is another English paper worthy of commendation. The April number contains an excellent half-tone engraving of the late Edward J. Nankivell; a complete account of the two stamp forgers in London, an article on the "Silk Thread" issues of Switzerland by the Editor; a complete description of the new Siberian Stamps, sup-

plemented with an illustration of the set. The Philatelic World is an excellent stamp paper.

The Collectors Journal; published by the Philatelic and Cartophilic Printing Co., Rotherham, England, No. 85, Vol. 8 April 1909. Subscription price 5jc per year.

The Journal is an illustrated sixty page magazine for stamp, post card, coin, curio, and natural history collectors. The number we have for review contains an interesting account of the Manchester Philatelic Exhibition, and numerous half-tone illustrations of new issues, among them the U. S. 2c Washington. Several pages are devoted to natural history, and to coins, medals and tokens. The Collector's Journal is one of the best foreign magazines that comes to our desk.

The Collector's Journal; published by Lindquist & Lauritzen, 2812 Langley Ave., Chicago Ill., Vol. 2, No. 2, March 1909. We are glad to have the third number of this magazine come to our desk, for it always a pleasure to read and review it. Dorpat's third instalment of "What appears on the faces of our stamps" is in this number. John B. Howe still tells us of the Seybold Collection of original covers. His article illustrated with two half-tone cuts, is very interesting. "Some Advice" for collectors by W. K. Moorehead is invaluable to collectors of archaeologicae specimens. The collector who does not take this paper is not loyal to his hobby. The price is 50c per year.

The Philatelic Adviser; edited by Frank H. Oliver; published by Bright & Son, 164, Strand, London, W. C. England; April 1909, No. 4, Vol. 2, subscription price 36c per annum, post free. The Adviser is another English stamp paper that comes to our desk marked for review, and of which we are pleased to make mention. This paper takes especial pains to chronicle and illustrate the new issues, and to supply its readers with choice and seasonable reading matter. The Stamps of Heligoland, an article by Mr. Oiver shows ability as an editor.

The Adviser gives a very lengthy account of the arrest of the two dealers who are charged with forging Colonial stamps. On a whole the Adviser is a very creditable paper.

T. T. Ann & Co's World, post card and stamp exchange record. Published by T. T. Ann & Co., Singapore, Straits Settlement. No. 5; March April 1909. Issued bi-monthly. Price \$1.00 per year. The Record gives a list of collectors and exchangers of post card and stamps, enlisting the names and addresses of residents in almost every

part of the globe. The Universal Standard catalogue of the postage stamp, of the world, 1903, published by Messrs Whitfield King & Co., Ipswich, England, has come to us for review. This catalogue is in its ninth addition, and shows the correction of prices, enclosing all stamps know to be issued up to November 1908. The catalogue contains about 500 pages and has about 3600 stampic cuts and engravings like the Bright catalogue which we recieved in the May EMBLEM, the King catalogue illustrates the stamp United States. This feature should appeal to the readers of the EMBLEM. The price of this catalogue is placed within the reach of all. It will be sent postpaid to any one, any where, on the receipt of 36c. The catalogue at this price is bound in board, printed in gold. A copy of the above catalogue, bound in cloth, gilt lettered on sides and back, will be sent any where for 85c. All collectors should have a King catalogue in their possession.

The Winner.

This month's winner is L. Ray Starkweather, O. T. N., Rockford, Ill., In his article "Stamp Collecting," will be found a great deal of advice.

Stamp Collecting

Buy a good catalogue, hinges and a cheap album, then get several packets of cheap mixed stamps. Look these over carefully and be sure and save the
(Continued on page 14.)

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**GENEVA,
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The Ugly Rhinoceros and Smaller Game

Continued from Page Six

Arriving at a Belgian army post, a pigmy prisoner told us where we could find a gorilla, and an hour's travel from the post brought us to the place where the animal made its home. It was an ideal retreat, rank with rotting vegetation, the accumulations of centuries, reaching up to our knees. Snakes glided, hissing, out of the way, and lizards, green, blue and every color of the spectrum, bolted in fear to the tree tops and blinked at us with their little, glistening eyes from safe perches among the limbs. Monkeys looked in wonder and then scampered in thousands through the forest, screeching like wild fiends and swinging from tree to tree for such distances that they seemed to fly.

How a Jungle Looks.

Beautifully designed ferns grew under foot and crept caressingly up the great tree trunks. Flowers of fantastic beauty, weird shape, and almost maniacal expression grew up and hung down from the smooth, black, smoke-like vines, exhaling from their hearts a hundred intoxicating odors which mixed with the sickening effluvia of decay.

Insects resembling flowers and leaves crawled over everything, twigs apparently walking up the trees and leaves apparently splitting and flying in all directions. Beetles with big, hypnotic eyes and bronze backs buzzed noisily around our heads, and beautiful birds vying with one another in brilliance of plumage sailed through the air, filling the dismal forest with their passion-laden songs. The constantly dripping sap spattered from leaf to leaf, soaking into the noxious earth. It was a scene, dread and fascinating, clamoring of life inviting one to death.

For four days we camped in this hotbed of disease. Beavers went out in all directions searching for the gorilla. At last some deep, wide scratches were found on a cluster of vines. On close examination the unmistakable hair of the gorilla was found on a broken twig. After some hours we found the tree where the gorilla lived. We could tell it by the greasy appearance of the bark, made so by the repeated rubbing of the gorilla's body. We could tell by the fresh marks, with sap still wet, that the animal had recently ascended the tree. The scratches were short and deep, showing that it had lifted itself up and not slid down, which would have made a long, shallow scratch.

We spread a strong net around the

tree in a circle sloping upward on the outer side. Around the top of the net there were drawn ropes from four directions held by half a dozen natives hidden in the bush. These were to bring the top of the net together and thus bag our game.

After waiting some hours the leaves above rustled and then opened, as a six-foot male gorilla descended unsuspectingly and entered the trap. I signaled, the four ropes were pulled at once, and we had our animal—for a moment. He roared in fury, twisting, jumping, and biting the ropes into pieces. The natives were pulled about like dolls as he tried to reach first one and then another. The professor jumped about in excitement, trying to focus a camera on the infuriated animal.

At last the mighty arms of the gorilla broke a hole through the net and he tore the rest from him as though it were a rotten rag. Most of the natives fled in dismay. The professor dropped his camera and tried to escape; in a moment the gorilla grasped him in its terrible hands.

I seized my rifle and fired in the air to frighten the animal. In my position I could not shoot at him without hitting my friend. For a moment the gorilla stood still, holding the now unconscious man as though he were a baby, the brute's lips drawn back from his glistening teeth. I thrust another cartridge in my rifle. As I did so there was a buzz in the air, and an arrow, shot by a native, pierced the gorilla's side. A roar burst from his red throat and he dropped his victim. Like a flash, before I could shoot, a native sprang from the leaves and, half-throwing, half-thrusting, drove an assagai into the gorilla's heart. With a groan the brute fell dead.

Examining the professor, I found that his right arm was broken and that some of his ribs were crushed into his lungs. We gave up the effort to get a live gorilla and, placing the injured man in a hammock, carried him back toward the East coast. He died on the road. Out on the veld beside a native village a lonely little slab marked "Carl Bloch" sticks up above the grass. It is the professor's grave. Hunting is not all exciting adventure and laughing victory. It has its tears, like other things.

(Copyright, 1909, by Benj. B. Hampton.)

The Stamp Collector.

(Continued from page 13.)

best specimens for your collection. Your next purchase should be variety packets of several dealers. By this time you will have quite a number of duplicates that you should be able to sell for as much as you have invested so far. By following this method one can make a collection of three thousand or more varieties, and at almost no expense. Keep your eyes open for col-

lections.

As to approval sheets, it is certainly the most expensive way to buy but it has the advantages of your seeing the stamps before buying and many dealers will send the stamps of the countries called for.

Some dealers and especially those that cater to the school boy trade, mark their stamps at prices over catalogue and even though they give big discounts the buyer pays almost full catalogue prices for good stamps that should sell for one-fourth to one-half of catalogue prices and still leave a good profit for the dealer. Study your catalogue carefully and you will find it will be time well spent.

L. RAY STARKWEATHER,
I. O. C. M. A. No. 60.

Contest for August.

Same subject and conditions as in July contest.

SEWARD HEAD FOR EXPOSITION STAMP

Purchaser of Alaska May Be
Substituted for Seal on
Cake of Ice

George E. Boos, secretary of the Commercial Club, received the following telegram from Senator Piles yesterday:

"Postoffice department informs me they have seen criticism in public press indicating that the design for the postoffice stamp commemorating the exposition is unsatisfactory to the exposition people. Following is description of the proposed stamp: It is rectangular in form and of the same size as that issued to commemorate the founding of Jamestown. Panels at top and bottom contain respectively the words 'U. S. Postage,' 'Two Cents.' The larger part of a circle rests in the lower panel and incloses a ribbon bearing the inscription 'Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, 1909.' The circle frames the picture of a seal standing on a cake of ice. On each side of the stamp is an ellipse containing the Arabic numeral '2,' with a lural branch as background. We might prevail upon the department to substitute the head of Seward in place of the seal. The department says the space is too small for a mining or similar design, and is inclined to drop the present plan if design is unsatisfactory. Take this up with the exposition officials, and let me know."

Mr. Boos replied to Senator Piles as follows:

"After consultation with Mr. Nadeau and other exposition officials we have decided that your Seward suggestion is quite satisfactory, but cut out the ice."—Seattle Post Intelligencer, Sunday, April 11, 1909.

HIS CHANCE TO BE A MAN

Pickert pulled his slouch hat still further down over his eyes, and looked stealthily at the store as he shuffled past. But in that glance he had seen all that he needed to finish his report. He had walked this way before.

The Captain was a strict man, and if a report did not please him, Pickert well knew that he was not the one to show any leniency in his dealings with the offender. But he was confident that his report this time could not fail to please his superior.

It was not infrequently that Pickert wished that he could leave it all. The desire to be honest again would almost master him at times, but when he had about made up his mind, the thought would come to him that there was no other place for him in life.

Who would give employment to a man wearing such rags as he was obliged to wear, and on whose face the deeds of the last two years had not failed to leave their marks?

No, it was no use to try to be decent once more. He got enough from the spoils to keep body and soul together, and though that was about all, it was better than not being able to have even a crust and shelter.

The Captain dressed well—almost elegantly. He did not take an active part in the affairs which his men carried on in the night. He only superintended the business—it was by far the safer way—yet to him fell the maximum share of the ill-gotten gains.

Once Pickert had been honored and respected, but that was before he had left his home for the west. Not finding the gold which had lured him there, he had drifted back to an eastern city, and had fallen in with bad company, and eventually, not having a cent left, he had joined the Captain's band.

Since that time he had tried to thrust all thoughts of his old home from his mind, but despite his efforts it was impossible.

Pickert hated the small, dingy room under the eaves which he was obliged to call home, and to-day he dreaded more than ever to return to it. Just now he could not help thinking of the home of his boyhood days and his mother who had loved and trusted him. He had left her with the assurance that some day he would return with gold enough to give her everything that heart could wish.

And how well he remembered her answer: "Never mind the gold, Jim. All I ask is that my boy shall be a good and an honest man." And he had told her that he would be all that she wished. And now—

Pickert's rough hand stole up to his eyes, and he murmured something un-

der his breath.

As he was passing a small church in the most disreputable part of the city—near his home—he was arrested by the sound of singing. Just now was a great revival season, and noon services were being held in most of the churches.

A feeling which he could not throw off impelled him to enter, and he sneaked into a seat by the door. He was too wicked to be here, he muttered to himself—in a minute he would be moving on—but he would wait until they had finished singing.

His eyes grew moist as he listened to the hymn. How many times in his boyhood he had heard his mother sing "The Ninety and Nine." Then he had been good, and honorable. What would she say if she could see him now? It would break her heart.

The tears fell now upon the ragged coat, and at that moment Pickert registered a vow in his heart. "I'll be a man again—it's not too late."

Then swiftly the thought came, "What will the Captain say if you back out?"

Then as quickly the answer, "It won't make no difference what he says—or what he does. I'm tired of doing wrong."

He started to leave the church, but he stopped suddenly, petrified with amazement. The Captain stood by the door! When he had recovered himself he walked up to him.

"I'm through doing your dirty work," he whispered hoarsely in his ear. "You can do what you want to me—I don't care—I'm through with this miserable kind of a life."

"Let us walk along together a little ways," was all the Captain said.

Pickert was astounded. What had happened? All the Captain's bravado was gone and his black eyes had softened.

"I watched you go in—I wanted to see what you was up to," the Captain said, after a while, "and I followed. I ain't been inside a church before for years. You heard that hymn, Pickert. She used to sing it when I was a boy—my mother, I mean, and it made me think of—when I was different. But I've been too long now in this business to turn over a new leaf, but it's not too late for you to begin now. You shall have a chance. Here's enough tin to take you out west. When you get there go to work, and start over again."

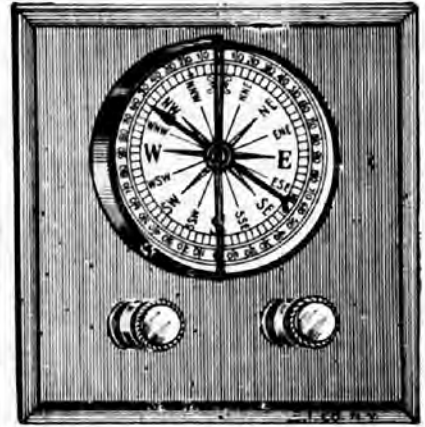
He had put his hand into his pocket, and as he finished speaking he thrust something into Pickert's hand. Before the latter had a chance to say a word, the Captain turned on his heel and walked away.

For the first time in two years Pickert raised his head and looked upward. "Thank God for this chance to begin again," he murmured, reverently. "I'll yet be the man that I promised mother I'd be."

And this time Pickert kept his word.

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THE COMING MAN.

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M. G. WATKINS & BROS, Publishers,
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Burt Foote,

Anna, Ohio.

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The O.M.A. EMBLEM

AUGUST 1909.

Vol. 2. No. 4.



NELSON W.
ALDRICH.

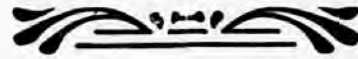
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CHARLES
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EDITOR &
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VOLUME
❧ II ❧
NO. 4
PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

The C. M. A. EMBLEM

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1909.



❧ SPECIAL ARTICLES ❧

Special Editorials and Articles C. R. Simon 3

❧ FICTION ❧

Into the Primitive - Robert Ames Bennett 8

Peck's Bad Boy - Hon. Geo. W. Peck 14

A Little Speculation - George Appleton 18

❧ VERSE ❧

Among the Mountains - - L. G. Cline 6

Humorous Bits - - - - 19

❧ OUR DEPARTMENTS ❧

The I. O. C. M. A. - - - Official 4

Stamp Collector - - Julian T. Baber 16

❧ MISCELLANY ❧

Humorous Bits - - - - 19



The C. M. A. Emblem.

Published Monthly as the Official Organ of The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America.

Entered as second-class matter June 19, 1908 at the post-office at Alma, Kansas, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Volume II

AUGUST, 1909.

Number 4

Our Educational Number.

WE are going to publish annually an Educational Number of the EMBLEM. Our first of these numbers will be the September issue. These special issues are for the benefit of our subscribers who contemplate on attending some school or college away from home.

It will contain a list of the most prominent schools in the country, besides this, it will contain all the happenings of interest among the members attending colleges or schools, with their intention of when and where they will go for their winter schooling.

We want the members to send in all school notes of interest they know. Tell us if you held any prominent class or Fraternity position last year, or if you are taking any special course of any note. Don't fail us in sending in some item.

Justice vs Politics.

ALTHOUGH not in favor of Socialism in the least, we think the conviction and the sending to prison of Fred D. Warren, the editor of the Appeal to Reason, a violent Socialistic paper, a piece of malicious persecution on the part of certain officials. The specific crime alleged is his sending a postal card through the mail offering a reward of \$1,000 for the abduction of an indicated criminal, Governor Taylor, of Kentucky, in connection with the murder of Governor Goebel.

It is not our intention to discuss the merits of Governor Taylor's case or to say whether or not Warren violated any law in the sending of these cards. But we do say that had Warren been any one other than the an Editor of a Socialist paper there never would have been a case for trial.

We do not believe in Socialism and believe the Appeal to Reason a wild, visionary sheet. But there is no law against being wild and visionary. If

there had been Editor Warren would have been convicted long ago, and a lot of others with him, now running free and unmolested.

Warren's prosecution was directed by Theodore Roosevelt to whom Socialism is as a red rag is to a mad bull. But his prosecution has only helped Socialism, for from a largely local sheet, the Appeal to Reason has grown to a national one.

Tariff Revision.

LET there be no mistake about the facts. In the Senate the tariff is not being revised downward. The people will know this a few months hence by the prices they pay. But it is important they should know it now. Not only is the revision being made upward in the sense that twenty-five per cent is greater than ten per cent, as in one of the cotton schedules; in more devious, cunning ways the figures are being raised—in ways that make it possible for Mr. Aldrich to throw smoke around the facts, and by sublime bluffing confuse even many members of the Senate. He has at his command several tariff experts, skilled in intricacies, intimately familiar with all the court decisions on tariff cases. It is these men, as Senator La Follette has repeatedly pointed out, who are really writing the tariff. They are able to so change the terminology of the Dingly bill, to so classify the schedules, to so word the law, as to get the maximum of upward effect with the least appearance of raised figures. They know just what language must be so interpreted by a court as to give the very highest protection. Finally, Mr. Aldrich proposes now, as an incident to the new bill, to take all tariff cases out of the jurisdiction of the regular United States courts, to create a special customs court, and to pack that court with the very experts who are now writing his bill for him. Mr. Aldrich is fond of

those star-chamber experts. When he was engineering the Dingly bill through the senate he had one who was secretly in the pay of the woolen manufacturers, but officially clerk to the senate finance committee.—Collier's Weekly of June 19.

From out West.

WE had hoped to avoid having anything to do with McKelvie and his gang because of certain communications with him which conclusively show that he is not to be relied upon. We will publish these if the occasion requires it. He has had his company incorporated in California, but so far he has done nothing toward the betterment of the order. He wants your remittance of a dollar or so, but refuses to tell what your dollar is getting you besides a life subscription to the Megaphone. We understand that this does not mean the life of the subscriber but the life

Continued on Page 6, Column 3.

The C. M. A. EMBLEM

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Foreign Subscription Terms: To countries other than specified above, 10 cents a copy or 75 cents a year.

Change of Address:—When sending notice to change an address it is imperative that the old address be given as well as the new one, otherwise we cannot find the name in our list of subscribers.

Philatelic Exchanges:—We desire to exchange copies with every Philatelic Journal published. Such exchanges should send one copy as below and a second to Julian T. Baber, Pocahontas, Va. We will reciprocate with two copies when desired.

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Address all communications to
The C. M. A. EMBLEM,
Alma, Kansas.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America



The New and Modern Secret Society for the Ambitious Young Men and Boys

This Department Gives News of Interest from Members and Lodges in Every State in the Union



ONE thing that I wish to impress upon the minds of the members of the I. O. C. M. A. is that each and every member of the order is a reporter to the EMBLEM. We cannot give you the amount of news and happenings of note among the members and lodges that we want to this month for the reason of not having enough sent us. When you write articles for publication write them on a separate sheet of paper and try and write them as near the way you wish them printed. This all saves considerable time, besides insuring you that it will not be mislaid to be copied and then probably overlooked and never published.

We are going to issue an Educational Number annually, our first number appearing with the September issue. It will contain all the school notes of the member for last season, also their prospects for the coming season. Let every member send in any item of interest for this issue. Tell us where you attended school the last year and where you expect to attend the coming season. Tell us what college or university that you may expect to attend and if you are following up any special course let us know what it is. Write us this item at once, do it now, not tomorrow, lest you forget and not get it in in time, as we must have these articles on or before the 20th of August.

We would like to see every member that will be away from home attending school, to try and start a local lodge among his companions. Every boy and young man away from home should carry with him a traveling card in the I. O. C. M. A. These cards insure him friends wherever he goes. What makes life a pleasure more than a host of true friends. Think Brothers of belonging to an order that not only has members in every state of the union, Canada and Mexico, but in China, India, the Philippines, Hawaii, Alaska, Australia, Russia and in fact on every continent of the earth. Truly does the bond of Brotherhood encircle the globe, and think how much more potent this influence will be when all these lands not only have independent members but live active lodges, the center of influence for all that is best in American patriotism and manhood. Then a

member will never be a stranger in a strange land, for he will always find a welcome where there is a member wearing the badge with a single star.

This is not a Utopian dream, Brothers, but is well within the range of probabilities. When the C. M. A. was started he would have been a bold prophet who would have foretold of the success that the old C. M. A. had reached before the failure. We want to bring the I. O. C. M. A. up to the same round of success attained by the old order and want the loyal help of every brother in the land.

August is a hot month to kindle the flame of enthusiasm, but the cool fall months are coming and I want every member to be prepared to do his best. Each member can surely secure two new members during the coming six months. Actions, not words, are what we need and that is what I am looking for this year. Don't give up because the first friend you meet does not fall all over himself with eagerness to join the order. Keep plugging along and do not make mountains out of molehills of discouragement. When you have organized a lodge and people begin to see what fun and benefit the members are obtaining, the friend who refused you at first will clamor for admission to the order.

The boys of today are the men of tomorrow. Show that the members of the I. O. C. M. A. are not only men of tomorrow, but that they will make the big men. Remember that the future is in our hands, and let us strive to make it a great future by making the present as great as possible.

Yours in "F",

Chas. R. Simon

Brother Howard J. Hicks writes from the U. S. Hospital corps at Ft. McPherson, Ga., for some sample copies of the EMBLEM and says he hopes to be doing something for the order sometime soon.

Brothers James H. Caffery ofATTLE, Wash., sends us in the following items of interest:

The oldest member in the order known to me is Brother W. R. Howie of Beebe Plain, Vt. He was one of

the first 3500 members having joined the order in October, 1895.

Brother C. A. Nicholas, Jr., of Chili, N. Y., is another old member in the order. He organized Friendship Lodge No. 1633 in May, 1900.

Brother Caffery states that the C. M. A. day at the Exposition has been postponed until October 5th.

Brother E. Lisle Keesling of San Jose, Cal., writes us saying that he expects to soon begin publishing a paper in the interest of the order. We wish him the best of success in his undertaking.

Brother Keesling joined the order about five years ago, receiving certificate number 67109. He organized Post Yosemite lodge No. 4729 at San Jose, California, and Golden West lodge No. 5029 at Campbell, California. He also organized the Uniform Rank at the former lodge and a Ladies Auxiliary at the later lodge.

Brother Keesling was captain of the basket ball team of Golden West lodge, losing only two games in two years of playing which is a very good record, having played Santa Clara college, University and other fast teams in that time. Their track team though not as lucky as their ball team, contested with fast company and always managed to hold third place in field meets of the Pacific Academic League and the Interurban Athletic Union. With the poor facilities for the proper training of the team they took some firsts and seconds that were surprising to their opponents. We hope to sometime see the boys even beat this record.

Special Notice.

All I. O. C. M. A. lodges in California are hereby notified to communicate with the State Secretary at the Book-lovers Library, Oakland, in relation to the State Meeting for 1909. Recommendations for place and date are requested.

OLIVER G. BEARDSLEE, 10, O. T. N.
State Secretary, I. O. C. M. A.

One of the first steps taken by the newly installed director of the San Francisco Lodge No. 36, I. O. C. M. A. was a half hour of American history during the "Good of the Order." The realization that the advancement as well as the amusement of the members

was to be considered together with the fact that the Order was founded on the above subject prompted the action.

The history of our country from discovery to the present time by Edward S. Ellis is the course of study used.

Dear Brothers and Comrades

You will find in this issue the convention program and while it is not complete in detail it will give you an idea of the good things in store for us at Burnsville. Every lodge should be represented at our jubilee convention, marking our beginning in West Virginia of I. O. C. M. A. history. The program is planned with an eye to the needs of our members and local lodges, but in the convention every member, old as well as new should be able to find the special help he needs. It is a good investment for a local lodge to send a delegate to the state convention, he will carry back more value in enthusiasm and experience than the actual expense incurred.

SECY. W. VA. ASSN.

BESTOGRAPHY.

The secret writing of the I. O. C. M. A. is used by members in corresponding among themselves, and also used by the Grand Secretary for special communications in the EMBLEM. By the use of Bestography a postal card communication is as private as a letter. A key to Bestography is a part of each member's outfit. Below the password for August appears in Bestography.

Password.

The password to be used during the month of September 50 38 40 71 50 38 74 37 33 51

Brother Frank Mitchell, of Indiana, is one of the old members to come in

with us this month. We hope to see him start the local lodge in his town, as we want to see the Indiana members make a showing this winter.

Among the Mountains.

Gray heavens, gray earth, gray sea, gray sky,
Yet rifted with strange gleams of gold,
Downward, all's dark, but up on high
Walk our white angels—dear of old.
Strong faith in God and trust in man,
In patience we possess our souls;
Eastward, gray ghost may linger wan,
But westward, back the shadow rolls.
Life's broken urns with moss are clad,
And grass grows greenest on graves;
The shipwrecked sailor reckons glad,
Not what he lost but what he saves.
Our sun has set but in his ray
The hilltops shine like saints new-born;
His afterglow of night makes day,
And when we wake it will be morn.
L. G. Cline, O. T. N.

Maine State Convention.

The 4th annual state convention of the Maine State C. M. A. will be held in Portland Thursday and Friday, September 2nd and 3rd. The meeting will be called to order at 10:00 A. M. Thursday, Sept. 2nd.

All brothers are requested to meet at the home of Brother Wescott, 1008 Congress St., Portland (two minutes walk from Union station.) From here delegates and visiting brothers will proceed to place of meeting.

PROGRAMME.

THURSDAY SEPT. 2nd.

10:00 a. m.—Convention called to order. Session to continue until officers are elected and business completed.

EVENING—Attend Keith's theater.

FRIDAY SEPT. 3rd.

FORENOON—Trolley trips to points of interest including Riverton, Deer-

ing Oaks, Fort Allen Park, Longfellow's Home, Lincoln Park and Western Promenade.

AFTERNOON—Sail down harbor to Peak's Island and attend Gem Theater.

EVENING—Trolley ride to Cape Cottage and attend Cape Theater.

Hoping you will be able to be with us at the convention, I am

Yours in "F"

HENRY B. WESCOTT,
Acting Pres., M. S. I. O. C. M. A.

Texas Lodges—Notice.

I have been appointed by our State President, Floyd Jones to fill the vacancy of the State Secretaryship made by the resignation of Brother W. A. Hensarling.

I think this is a great honor, to be appointed to such a responsible position when there were so many more boys of the good old C. M. A. who could have filled the office fully as well as I could and I wish to state that I will do my best to fill the office responsibility.

I wish to hear from all the lodges and also independent members in the state. I would like to hear from all our state officers, and especially the Brothers interested in the welfare of the order in this state.

If you would like to ask any questions concerning the order, please feel free to write, and I will answer to the best of my ability. If any C. M. A. member visits Sour Lake I would be glad to have him look me up.

Address all communications to P. O. box 206.

LYNN P. MERWIN, O. T. N.

Sec'y. Tex. I. O. C. M. A., Sour Lake, Tex.

The following State I. O. C. M. A. officers for the state of Oklahoma were elected at their recent election: Clyde B. Weaver, Purcell, Okla., State Pres.; J. F. Latham, Canute, State Vice Pres.; Bert Nelson, Grant, Secy. and A. L. Emmons, Hastings, State Treas. With the above hustling members as state officers we expect to see Oklahoma take the lead in the order.

Continued from Page 3.

of the paper. We wonder if its insured.—The Star Weekly.

This also is the Editor of not only the opinion of the EMBLEM but the majority of our members, and it is for this reason that the consolidation movement now on foot will not find favor with our membership.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

CHAS. R. SIMON, Grand Secretary, I. O. C. M. A., Alma, Kansas.

Dear Sir:—I hereby apply for membership in the I. O. C. M. A. I solemnly affirm that I am a white male 14 years of age (or over) and I promise upon my word of honor, not to disclose any of the secrets of the order to any person not a member of the I. O. C. M. A. in good standing. This promise is made with the understanding that there is nothing in the teachings of the order that conflicts with my religion, politics, or duty to friends or parents.

Enclosed please find.....for which I am to receive an official receipt entitling me to full benefits in the order for the period of.....*

Name.....
Age on last birthday..... Street, P. O. Box or Rural Route.....
Nationality..... Town..... State.....

*New members must pay 25 cents Membership Fee and 25 cents Certificate Fee besides the dues. Old members reinstating must pay dues only. The dues are 50 cents for six months; \$1.00 for one year; \$1.75 for two years.

Application must be endorsed. Read BACK carefully. Have both sides filled out.

Virginia Members.

Take notice ye Virginians. Our state convention meets Aug 11 and 12 1909., the place to be decided yet. Let every lodge in this state write me in regard to this matter, we want to meet at some town where there is ten or more members. Write me if you would like to have the convention in your town and I will tell you how to entertain the delegates without much expense.

It is important that all members write me giving their names and addresses. Members do your duty as a member every one of you should at once wake up, don't lag behind other members. Give me your help let me know you are still on earth. We want to make this our third annual convention the best ever held in the south. Each lodge should elect a delegate for every ten members, if you have less than ten send one delegate and less than twenty or more than ten send two and so on.

Elect delegates and send in names so we can make out our programe. I requested that every lodge secy., and member write me a postal. I want your name and adress. Don't wait for the other fellow to write. Do it yourself so far this year the only lodges and members to write me are Ceaderville, Damascns and Pocahontas lodges and the lodges at Covetland and Dayton and one or two others. Are not there more members than this in Virginia? Take notice Brothers, each member is expected to send our state treasurer ten cents to help pay for printing of stationery bills of state convention and postage of state officers. Don't delay send this in at once. Now brothers let me please hear from you at once so I can know who and where you are. Letters to be answered promptly if stamp is enclosed. Let me hear from you if you want the convention.

Yours for success.

G. M. Kiezel, 15,
McGaheysville, Va.

A Word to Local Lodges and Members of West Virginia.

Elect your delegates early. Give them time to arrange their affairs, make plans to pay their way unless they are willing to do so themselves. They are coming to get for you the help you need and will have much pleasure as well as hard work. Do not send a boy because he has friends in Burnville he will want to visit. Do not send a boy even though he pays his own way, because he wants to come and do shopping, unless he will remain after the convention to do it. Send a

boy who will be alert for help and inspiration to take home, and who will give out the same from his store.

The Convention is not a holiday, it is a time for serious work. Great interests are involved and must have the best boys. Make sure that your delegates will remain until the close of the Convention. Friday night the last day, is as important as the first. Every boy should stand by his constituency to the last hour.

Program for State I. O. C. M. A. Convention at Burnsville, W. Va.

August 24 to 26, 1909.

First session begins at 1:30 p. m., August 24, '09.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

9:00—Conducting members to homes.

EVENING.

1:30—Athletic meet.

NIGHT.

7:30—Music, devotional exercises by Rev. Jesse Jones.

8:00—Lodge sessions.

10:00—Adjournment and benediction.

THURSDAY MORNING.

9:30—Devotional services by Rev. Jesse Jones. Music.

9:45—Discussion: "In what way are we benefited by lodge organizations."

10:00—Encouragement and discouragement of members by O. F. Lanham.

10:15—Power of State Association.

10:30—Round table talk: "Why does not my friend join?" By all.

11:00—"Why should I join the lodge?" By Okey Davis.

11:00—The State Grand Lodge? General discussion.

12:00—Adjournment and Benediction.

AFTERNOON.

1:30—Reports from delegates. Reports from committees. Election of officers.

2:15—"How to secure better attendance among members." Led by Okey Davis.

2:30—Miscellaneous business.

3:00—Discussion of annual entertainment. Adjournment. Benediction.

EVENING.

Merits and defects of West Virginia's members.

Remedies for same.

Expansion of the I. O. C. M. A. in West Virginia.

Independent member's miscellaneous topics.

Next meeting, time and place.

Resolutions by all.

Remarks by delegates from other states.

Unfinished business.

Adjournment and Benediction.

FRIDAY MORNING.

9:30—Public parade.

10:00—Lodge session.

Benefits of a strong state association.

Discussion on annual encampment.

Address on Brotherhood of Man by H. B. Carden.

Recitation by O. F. Lanham.

FRIDAY EVE

Sight seeing.

FRIDAY EVENING.

7:30—Song service.

Opening address.

Encouraging remarks by members.

Reports.

Addresses of farewell.

Adjournment and Benediction.

8:00—Banquet.

8:30—Show.

Delegates to Convention of West Virginia.

Because we are going to hold a State Convention so soon, it is desirable that we may know definitely who is to represent the lodges in West Virginia at Burnsville so that the names and addresses of such delegates may be sent at once to the president or chairman of the entertainment committee in order that their places of entertainment may be assigned to them before coming home.

ENDORSEMENTS

Read the other side carefully, before filling out this application blank.

WE, the undersigned, endorse the applicant whose name and address appears on the other side of this form, as worthy and of good character. He is known to us as being over 14 years of age, and of full white parentage.

Note: If endorsed by citizens use lines 1, 2 and 3. If by I. O. C. M. A. lodge officers use lines 4 and 5. If by a member only, use bottom line. If a member induced the application be sure and give his name and certificate number on bottom line.

- 1
2
3
4 President.....
5 Secretary.....

Sign below name of member to whom credit is given for getting the new member.

(over)..... Certificate No.

HER TALE OF WOE



IF I were a benighted heathen," said the girl who likes to talk, "I know where I'd burn conciliatory incense. I would not scatter it about—I'd bunch it, pounds of it, and have a regular bonfire before the god of malign fate. Oh! there must be one, you know!

"Now, there was the other night when we were to meet Genevieve downtown for dinner. Genevieve is our dearest friend

from out of town and is visiting in a north shore suburb. Her trip to Chicago was mainly to shop. From her first waking moment to the instant when she closed her eyes at night she was going to do nothing but tear madly about from store to store, buying, matching, comparing, ordering, charging and sending home. She was to have no thought of anything else. This she had beaten in upon our brains through letters and telephone messages. Even taking time to dine with us downtown was for her a great concession.

"I found my sister the afternoon of the dinner, regretfully putting aside her new hand-embroidered shantung frock that I knew she was absolutely dying to wear somewhere. Also she replaced her hat with the willow plumes amid its tussie paper wrappings and resolutely kept her eyes away from the fluffy evening wrap.

"We can't wear 'em," she told me dolefully, though firmly. How she knew I had been holding similar rites over my pink broadcloth and rose hat I don't know. "We can't wear 'em! Genevieve will have been shopping all day of course, and be in her street clothes and we don't want to make her feel uncomfortable. It wouldn't do!"

"No!" I agreed, sadly, "it wouldn't. Isn't it a shame? I suppose it means taller suits!"

"Yes," said my sister with the light of martyrdom in her eyes. "And not even lace waists. No human being can wear a lace waist to shop in, so Genevieve probably will have on just a billowed one. I shall wear my plainest wash waist and you do the same and of course we'll wear our street hats."

So we robed ourselves for the sac-

rifice. It was a real sacrifice, because if there is anything which is a joy on earth to me it is to get into my best clothes and dine downtown in a fashionable restaurant and know I look as well as the rest of 'em!

"Maybe," my sister said as we slunk into the most exclusive cafe in town where Genevieve and my sister's husband and his brother were to join us severally, "maybe strangers seeing us will think we've just got into town from off the train and of course our trunks haven't come. We've got to trust to luck that we don't run across anybody we know! Horrors! There are the Plankingtons and that's a real lace frock or I'll eat my hat! I'd like to, anyhow! Hide behind this pillar!"

"We did so, occupying the idle moments in dusting soot from each other's noses. You see, being in shopping garb, we didn't have any excuse for ordering a taxicab to bring us down and had taken the train from Hyde Park. The lake wind besides peppering us with soot had blown our hair endwise. We weren't happy. Far from it.

"The two men arrived next. Of course, they weren't in evening clothes either, in concession to the spirit of the occasion.

"While we sat surveying one another grumpily we saw a huge touring car spin up to the entrance and a French fashion plate descend therefrom. Oh, it is Genevieve, of course. She had dutifully gone out to the north shore suburb after her shopping to prepare for the gala occasion! Maybe the prince of India's wife or daughter might have rivaled her, but I doubt it.

"From the point of view of an innocent nonparticipant in the occasion Genevieve was a lifetime's expensive dream, but from the infinitesimal spot on earth which my sister and I occupied at that instant she was a finger of scorn pointed at our cowering, tailor-garbed forms; The men—oh, what do men care whether they have on low-cut waistcoats or not? They just beamed on Genevieve and forgot themselves.

"I must say that Genevieve behaved beautifully to us. Everybody in the cafe looked at her so intently that I don't think anybody noticed us. Probably the general impression was that we were her maids or secretaries.

"That isn't all. What do you suppose those benighted men had done? Something had been said about going to a vaudeville after dinner. That gave the god of malign fate another chance to get in his work!

"I suppose," said the girl, gloomily, "that if we had togged ourselves out as we wanted to Genevieve would have met us in a raincoat, a bicycle cap and an injured expression! That's why I say if I were a heathen I'd buy the most efficient incense burner I could find and keep it working overtime!"—Chicago Daily News.

AESOP UP TO DATE.

Thinking it was a cinch, the jungle sports decided to repeat the rabbit-tortoise race where they could get a good audience.

So they rematched it, giving a large purse to the winner and a slightly smaller one to the loser. The hare did better this time and the result was reversed.

And so both got vaudeville engagements, for both were champions. And nobody took much interest in either one of them after that.

Moral—The race is not always to the swift, but the boodle goes to the professionals.

WHY HE SMILED.



Young Lady (with music case)—Yes, I've just bought a few of the latest pieces. All rovel and strong in composition. (And no wonder her friend smiled. She didn't know one end of her case was broken and that those "sassingers" were peeping out.)

Communication.

"Of course you know that germs communicate sickness?"

"Yes," answered the man who is apprehensive about his health, "and the worst of it is that they get right down to business in their communications. Instead of employing the scientific circumlocution of the medical profession."

Sightseeing Simplified.

"What a splendid device the camera is for the convenience of tourists!"

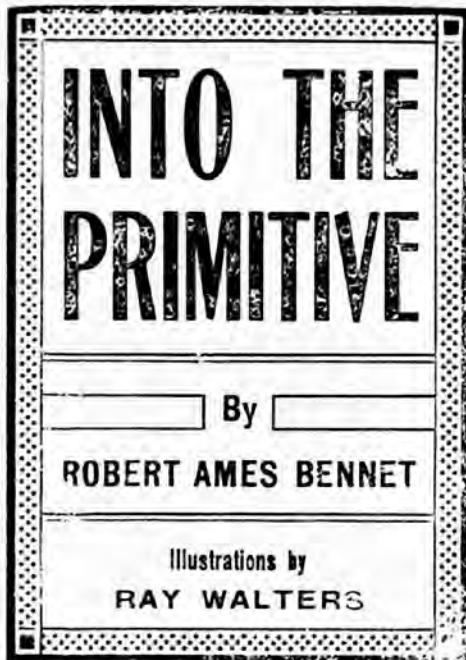
"Yes," answered Mr. Cumrox; "the next time I go abroad I'm going to anchor in Paris or Vienna and send a hired man around the continents to take snap shots."

The Wily Press Agent.

"He makes strong claims for his show."

"Yes?"

"Says all the chorus girls are pullets."



This interesting story began in the January Number. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from the publishers at the rate of 5c per copy.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor.

CHAPTER II.—Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left.

CHAPTER III.—Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER IV.—The trio started on a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrope.

CHAPTER V.—They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree.

CHAPTER VI.—The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showing a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness.

CHAPTER VII.—Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring.

CHAPTER VIII.—Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They plan their campaign.

CHAPTER IX.—Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a leopard and smothering several cubs.

CHAPTER X.—In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the top of the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights.

CHAPTER XI.—The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal.

CHAPTER XII.—Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed.

CHAPTER XIII.—Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened.

CHAPTER XIV.—Blake was poisoned by a fish. Jackals attacked the camp that night, but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake returned, after nearly dying.

CHAPTER XV.—Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena.

CHAPTER XVI.—On a tour the trio discovered honey and oysters.

CHAPTER XVII.—Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game.

CHAPTER XIV.

(Continued from July Number.)

But Blake had lashed the bamboos securely together, and none of the beasts was heavy enough to snap the supple bars. Finding that they could not break down the barrier, they began to scratch and tear at the thatch which covered the frame. Soon a pair of lean jaws thrust in and snapped at the girl's skirt. She sprang back, with a cry: "Help! Quick, Mr. Winthrope! They're breaking through!"

Winthrope made no response. She stooped, and found him lying inert where he had fallen. She had only herself to depend upon. A screen of sharp sticks which she had made for the entrance was leaning against the inner wall, within easy reach. To grasp it and thrust it against the other framework was the work of an instant.

Still she trembled, for the eager beasts had ripped the thatch from the canopy, and their intrust jaws made short work of the few leaves on her screen. Unaware that even a lion or a tiger is quickly discouraged by the knife-like splinters of broken bamboo, she expected every moment that the jackals would bite their way through her frail barrier.

She remembered the sharpened stakes of her screen, hidden under the leaves and grass of her bed. She groped her way across the hollow, and uncovered one of the stakes. In her haste she cut her hand on its razor-like edge. All unheeding, she sprang back towards the entrance. She was none too soon. One of the smaller jackals had forced its head and one leg between the bars, and was struggling to enlarge the opening.

Fearful that the whole pack was about to burst in upon her, the girl grasped the bamboo stake in both hands, and began stabbing and lunging at the beast with all her strength. The jackal squirmed and snarled and snapped viciously. But the girl was now frantic. She pressed nearer, and though the white teeth grazed her wrist, she drove home a thrust that changed the beast's snarls into a howl of pain. Before she could strike again, it had struggled back out of the hole, beyond reach.

Tense and panting with excitement, she leaned forward, ready to stab at the next beast. None appeared, and

presently she became aware that the pack had been daunted by the experience of their unlucky fellow. Their snarls and yells had subsided to whines, which seemed to be coming from a greater distance. Still she waited, with the bamboo stake upraised ready to strike, every nerve and muscle of her body tense with the strain.

So great was the stress of her fear and excitement that she had not heeded the first gray lessening of the night. But now the glorious tropical dawn came streaming out of the east in all its red effulgence. Above and through the bamboo barrier glowed a light such as might have come from a great fire on the cliff top. Still tense and immovable, the girl stared out up the cleft. There was not a jackal in sight. She leaned forward and peered around, unable to believe such good fortune. But the night prowlers had slunk off in the first gray dawn.

The girl drew in a deep, shuddering sigh, and sank back. Her hand struck against Winthrope's foot. She turned about quickly and looked at him. He was lying upon his face. She hastened to turn him upon his side, and to feel his forehead. It was cool and moist. He was fast asleep and drenched with sweat. The great shock of his pain and fear and excitement had broken his fever.

With the relief and joy of this discovery, the girl completely relaxed. Not observing Winthrope's wounds, which had bled little, she sought to force a way out through the entrance. It was by no means an easy task to free the wedged framework, and when, after much pulling and pushing, she at last tore the mass loose, she found herself perspiring no less freely than Winthrope.

She was far too preoccupied, however, to consider what this might mean. Her first thought was of a fire. She ran to her rude stone fireplace and raked over the ashes. They were still warm, but there was not a live ember among them. Yet she realized that Winthrope must have hot food when he awakened, and Blake had carried with him the magnifying glass. For a little she stood hesitating. But the defeat of the jackals had given her courage and resolution such as she had never before known. She returned into the cave, and chose the sharpest of her stakes. Having made certain that Winthrope was still asleep, she set off boldly down the cleft.

At the first turn she came upon Blake's thorn barricade. It stretched across the narrowest part of the cleft in an impenetrable wall, 12 feet high. Only in the center was a gap, which could have been filled by Blake in less than two hours' work. The girl's eyes brightened. She herself could gather the thorn-brush and fill the gap before night. They no longer need fear the jackals or even the larger beasts of

prey. None the less, they must have fire.

Spurred on by the thought, she was about to spring through the barricade when she heard the tread of feet on the path beyond. She crouched down, and peered through the tangle of brush in the edge of the gap. Less than ten paces away Blake was plodding heavily up the trail. She stepped out before him.

"You—you! Are you alive?" she gasped.

"Live? You bet your boots!" came back the grim response. "You bet I'm alive—though I had to go Jonah the better to do it. The whale heaved him up; I heaved up the whale—and it took about a barrel of sea-water to do it."

"Sea-water?"

"Sure . . . I tumbled over twice on the way. But I made the beach. Lord! how I pumped in the briny deep! Guess I won't go into details—but if you think you know anything about seasickness—Whew! Lucky for yours truly, the tide was just starting out, and the wind off shore. I'd fallen in the water, and the Jonah business laid me out cold. Didn't know anything until the tide came up again and soused me."

"I am very glad you're not dead. But how you must have suffered! You are still white, and your face is all creased."

Blake attempted a careless laugh. "Don't worry about me. I'm here, O. K., all that's left,—a little wobbly on my pins, but hungry as a shark. But say, what's up with you? You're sweating like a— Good thing, though. It'll stave off your spell of fever a while. How'd you happen to be coming down here so early?"

"I was starting to find you."

"Me!"

"Not you—that is, I thought you were dead. I was going to make certain, and to—to get the burning-glass."

"Um-m. I see. Let the fire go out, eh?"

"Do not blame me, Mr. Blake! I was so ill and worn out, and I've paid for it twice over, really I have. Didn't those awful beasts attack you?"

"Beasts? How's that?" he demanded.

"Oh, but you must have heard them! The horrid things tried to kill us!" she cried, and she poured out a half incoherent account of all that had happened since he left.

Blake listened intently, his jaw thrust out, his eyes glowing upon her with a look which she had never before seen in any man's eyes. But his first comment had nothing to do with her conduct.

"How's that?—sorry Win got roused out of his nice little snooze—Why, don't you know, we'd been all alone in our glory by to-night if it hadn't been for those brutes. He was by the stupor, and that would have been the end of him if the beasts hadn't stirred him up so lively. I've

heard of such a thing before, but I always thought it was a fake. Here you are sweating, too."

"I feel much better than yesterday. I did not tell you, but I have felt ill for nearly a week."

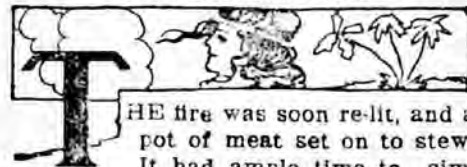
"Fraid to tell, eh?—and you were so scared over the beasts— Scared! By Jiminy, you've got grit, little woman! There's two kinds of scaredness. You've got the Stonewall Jackson kind. If anybody asks you, just refer them to Tommy Blake."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake. But should we not hasten back now to prepare something for Mr. Winthrope?"

"Ditto for yours truly. I'm like that sepulchre you read about—white outside, and within nothing but bare bones and emptiness."

CHAPTER XV.

With Bow and Club.



THE fire was soon re-lit, and a pot of meat set on to stew. It had ample time to simmer.

Winthrope was wrapped in a life-giving sleep, out of which he did not awaken until evening, while Blake, unable to wait for the pot to boil, and nauseated by the fishy odor of the dried sea-fowl, hunted out the jerked leopard meat, and having devoured enough to satisfy a native, fell asleep under a bush.

The sun was half down the sky when he sat up and looked around, wide awake the moment he opened his eyes. Miss Leslie was quietly placing an armful of sticks on the fuel heap beside the paobab.

"Hello, Miss Jenny! Hard at it, I see," he called cheerfully.

"Hush!" she cautioned. "Mr. Winthrope is still asleep."

"Good thing for him. He'll need all of that he can get."

"Then you think—"

"Well, between you and me, I don't believe Win was built for the tropics. This fever of his, coming on so soon, wouldn't have hit nine men in ten half so hard. He's bound to have another spell in a month or two, and—"

"But cannot we possibly get away from here before then? Is there no way? Surely, you are so resourceful—"

"Nothing doing, Miss Jenny! Give me tools, and I'd engage to turn out a seagoing boat. But as it is, the only thing I could do would be to fire-burn a log. That would take two or three months, and in the end we'd have a lop-sided canoe that'd live about half a second in one of these tropic squalls."

"Do not the natives sail in canoes?"

"Maybe they do—and they make fire by rubbing sticks. We don't."

"But what can we do?"

"Take our medicine, and wait for a ship to show up."

"But we have no medicine."

"Have no— Say, Miss Jenny, you really ought to have stayed home from boarding-school and England long enough to learn your own language. I meant, we've got to take what's coming to us, without laying down or grouching. Both are the worst things out for malaria."

"You mean that we must resign ourselves to this intolerable situation—that we must calmly sit here and wait until the fever—"

"No; I'll take care we don't sit around very much. We'll go on the hike, soon as Win can wobble. Which reminds me, I've got a little hike on hand now. I'm going to close up that barricade before dark. Me for a quiet night!"

Without waiting for a reply, he took his weapons, and swung briskly away down the cleft.

He returned a few minutes before sunset, with what appeared to be a large fur bag upon his back. Miss Leslie was pouring a bowl of broth from the stew-pot, and did not notice him until he sang out to her: "Hey, Miss Jenny, spill over that stuff! No more of that in ours!"

"It's for Mr. Winthrope. He has just awakened," she replied, still intent on her pouring.

"And you'd kill him with that slop! Heave it over. He's going to have beef juice."

"Oh! what's that on your back? You've killed an antelope!"

"Sure! Bushbuck, I guess they call him. Sneaked up when he was drinking, and stuck an arrow into his side. He jumped off a little way, and turned to see what'd bit him. I hauled off and put the second arrow right through his eye, into his brain. Neatest thing you ever saw."

"You surely are becoming a splendid archer!"

"Yes; Jim dandy! I could do it again about once in 10,000 shots. All the same, I've raked in this peacherino. Trot out your grill and we'll have something fit to eat."

"You spoke of beef juice."

"I've a dozen steaks ready to broil. Blap 'em on the fire, and I'll squeeze out enough juice with my fist to do Win for to-night."

He made good his assertion, using several of the steaks, which, having lost less than half their juices in the process, were eaten with great relish by Miss Leslie and himself.

Winthrope, after drinking the stimulating beef juice and a quantity of hot water, turned over and fell asleep again while Blake was dressing his wounds. None of these was serious of itself; but Blake knew the danger of infection in the tropics, and carefully washed out the gashes before applying the tallow salve which Miss Leslie had tried out from the antelope fat.

The dressing was completed by torchlight. Blake then rolled the sleeper into a comfortable position, took the torch from Miss Leslie, and left the cave, pausing at the entrance to mutter a gruff good-night. The girl

murmured a response, but watched him anxiously as he passed out. A step beyond the entrance he paused and turned again. In the red glare of the torch, his face took on an expression that filled her with fright. Shrouded by the gloom of the hollow, she drew back to her bed, and without turning her eyes away from him, groped for one of her bamboo stakes.

But before she could arm herself, she saw Blake stoop over and grasp with his free hand the mass of interwoven bamboos. He straightened himself, and the framework swung lightly up and over, until it stood on end across the cave entrance. The girl stole around and peered out at him. He had spread open the antelope skin, and was beginning to slice the meat for drying. Though his forehead was furrowed, his expression was by no means sinister. Relieved at the thought that the light must have deceived her, she returned to her bed and was soon sleeping as soundly as Winthrope.

Blake strung the greater part of the meat on the drying racks, built a smudge fire beneath, and stretched the antelope skin on a frame. This done, he took his club and a small piece of bloody meat, and walked stealthily down the cleft to the barricade. Quiet as was his approach, it was met by a warning yelp on the farther side of the thorny wall, and he could hear the scurry of fleeing animals.

He kept on until the barricade loomed up before him in the starlight. From cliff to cliff the wall now stretched across the gorge without hole or gap. But Blake grasped the trunk of a young date-palm which projected from the barricade near the bottom, and pushed it out. The displacement of the spiky fronds disclosed the low passage which he had made in the center of the barricade. He placed the piece of meat on one side, two or three feet from the hole, and squatted down across from it, with his club balanced on his shoulder.

Half an hour passed—an hour; and still he waited, silent and motionless as a statue. At last stealthy footsteps sounded on the outer side of the thorn wall, and an animal began to creep through the wall, sniffing for the bait. Blake waited with the immobility of an Eskimo. The delay was brief.

With a boldness for which Blake had not been prepared, the beast leaped through and seized the meat. Even in the dim light, Blake could see that he had lured an animal larger than any jackal. But this only served to lend greater force to his blow. As he struck, he leaped to his feet. The brute fell as though struck by lightning and lay still.

Blake prodded the inert form warily; then knelt and passed his hands over it. The beast had whirled about just in time to meet the descending club, and the blow had crushed in its skull. Chuckling at the success of his ruse, he drew the palm back into the open-

ing, and swung his prize over his shoulder. When he came to the fire, a glance showed him that he had killed a full-grown spotted hyena.

In the morning, when Miss Leslie appeared, there were two hides stretched on bamboo frames, and the air was dark with vultures streaming down into the cleft near the barricade. Blake was sleeping the sleep of the just, and did not waken until she had built the fire and begun to broil the steaks which he had saved.

Again they had a feast of the fresh antelope meat. But with repletion came more of faded guiness, and Blake agreed with Miss Leslie when she remarked that salt would have added to the flavor. He set off presently, and spent half a day on the talus of the headland, gathering salt from the rock crannies.



Uncertain Whether She Should Feel Relieved or Anxious.

For the next three days he left the cleft only to gather eggs. The greater part of his time was spent in tanning the hyena and antelope skins. Meantime Miss Leslie continued to nurse Winthrope and to gather firewood. Under Blake's directions, she also purified the salt by dissolving it in a pot of water, and allowing the dirt to settle, when the clarified solution was poured off and evaporated over the fire in one of the earthenware pans.

At first Winthrope had been too weak to sit up. But treated to a liberal diet of antelope broth, raw eggs, hot water, and coconut milk, he gained strength faster than Blake had expected. On the fourth day Blake set him to work on the final rubbing of the new skins; on the fifth, he ordered him to go for eggs.

Much to Miss Leslie's surprise, Winthrope started off without a word of protest. All his peevish irritability had gone with the fever, and the girl was gratified to see the quiet manner in which he set about a task which seemed an imposition upon his half-gained strength. But the very motive which, seemingly, prevented him from protesting, impelled her to speak for him.

"Mr. Blake!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Winthrope is going off without a word; but I can't endure it! You have no right to send him on such an errand. It will kill him!"

Blake met her indignant look with a sober stare.

"What if it does?" he said. "Better for him to die in the gallant service of his fellows, than to sit here and rot. Eh, Win?"

"Do not trouble yourself, Miss Genevieve. I hope I shall pull through all right. If not—"

"No, you shall not! I'll go myself!"

"See here, Miss Leslie," said Blake, somewhat sternly; "who's got the responsibility of keeping you two alive for the next month or so? I've been in the tropics before, and I know something of the way people have to live to get out again. I'm trying to do my best, and I tell you straight, if you won't mind me, I'm going to make you, no matter how much it hurts your feelings. You see how nice and meek Win takes his orders. I explained matters to him last night—"

"I assure you, Blake, you shall have no cause for complaint as to my conduct," muttered Winthrope. "I should like to observe, however, that in speaking to Miss Leslie—"

"There you are again, with your everlasting talk. Cut it out, and get busy. To-morrow we all go on a hike to the river."

As Winthrope started off, Blake turned to Miss Leslie, with a good-natured grin.

"You see, it's this way, Miss Jenny—" he began. He caught her look of disdain, and his face darkened. "Mad, eh? So that's the racket!"

"Mr. Blake, I will not have you talk to me in that way. Mr. Winthrope is a gentleman, but nothing more to me than a friend such as any young woman—"

"That settles it! I'll take your word for it, Miss Jenny," broke in Blake, and springing up, he set about his work, whistling.

The girl gazed at his broad back and erect head, uncertain whether she should feel relieved or anxious. The more she thought the matter over, the more uncertain she became, and the more she wondered at her uncertainty. Could it be possible that she was becoming interested in a man who, if her ears had not deceived her— but no! That could not be possible!

Yet what a ring there was to his voice!—so clear and tonic after Winthrope's precise, modulated drivel. And her countryman's firmness! He could be rude if need be; but he

would make her do what he thought was best for her health. Was it not possible that she had misunderstood his words on the cliff, and so misjudged—wronged—him?—that Winthrop, so eager to stipulate for her hand—But then Winthrop had more than confirmed her dreadful conclusions taken from Blake's words, and Winthrop was an English gentleman—

She ended in a state of utter bewilderment.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Savage Manifest.



AS WINTHROPE had succeeded in dragging himself to and from the headland without a collapse, the following morning, as soon as the dew was dry, Blake called out all hands for the expedition. He was in the best of humors, and showed unexpected consideration by presenting Winthrop with a cane, which he had cut and trimmed during the night.

Having sent Miss Leslie to fill the whisky flask with spring water, he dropped three cocoanut shell bowls, a piece of meat and a lump of salt into one of the earthenware pots, and slung all over his shoulder in the antelope skin. With his bow hung over the other shoulder, knife and arrows in his belt, and his big club in his hand, he looked ready for any contingency.

"We'll hit first for the mouth of the river," he said. "I'm going on ahead. If I'm not in sight when you come up, pick a tree where the ground is dry, and wait."

"But I say, Blake," replied Winthrop, "I see animals over in the coppices, and you should know that I am physically unable—"

"Nothing but antelope," interrupted Blake. "I've seen them enough now to know them twice as far off. And you can bet on it they'd not be there if any dangerous beast was in smelling distance."

"That is so clever of you, Mr. Blake," remarked Miss Leslie.

"Simple enough when you happen to think of it," responded Blake. "Yes; the only thing you've got to look out for's the ticks in the grass. They'll keep you interested. They bit me up in great shape."

He scowled at the recollection, needed by way of emphasis, and was off like a shot. The edge of the plain beneath the cliff was strewn with rocks, among which, even with Miss Leslie's help, Winthrop could pick his way but slowly. Before they were clear of the rough ground, they saw Blake disappear among the mangroves.

The ticks proved less annoying than they had apprehended after Blake's warning. But when they approached

the mouth of the river, they were alarmed to hear, above the roar of the surf, loud snorting, such as could only be made by large animals. Fearful lest Blake had roused and angered some forest beast, they veered to the right and ran to hide behind a clump of thorns. Winthrop sank down exhausted the moment they reached cover; but Miss Leslie crept to the far end of the thicket and peered around.

"Oh, look here!" she cried. "It's a whole herd of elephants trying to cross the river mouth where we did, and they're being drowned, poor things!"

"Elephants?" panted Winthrop, and he dragged himself forward beside her. "Why, so there are; quite a drove of the beasts. Yet, I must say, they appear smaller—ah, yes; see their heads. They must be the hippos Blake saw."

"Those ugly creatures? I once saw some at the zoo. Just the same, they will be drowned. Some are right in the surf!"

"I can't say, I'm sure, Miss Genevieve, but I have an idea that the beasts are quite at home in the water. I fancy they enjoy surf bathing as keenly as ourselves."

"I do believe you are right. There is one going in from the quiet water. But look at those funny little ones on the backs of the others!"

"Must be the baby hippos," replied Winthrop, indifferently. "If you please, I'll take a pull at the flask. I am very dry."

When he had half emptied the flask, he stretched out in the shade to doze. But Miss Leslie continued to watch the movements of the snorting hippos, amused by the ponderous antics of the grown ones in the surf, and the comic appearance of the barrel-like infants as they mounted the backs of their obese mothers.

Presently Blake came out from among the mangroves, and walked across to the beach, a few yards away from the huge bathers. To all appearances, they paid as little attention to him as he to them. Miss Leslie glanced about at Winthrop. He was fast asleep. She waited a few moments to see if the hippopotami would attack Blake. They continued to ignore him, and gaining courage from their indifference, she stepped out from behind the thicket, and advanced to where Blake was crouched on the beach. When she came up, she saw beside him a heap of oysters, which he was opening in rapid succession.

"Hello! You're just in time to help," he called. "Where's Win?"

"Asleep behind those bushes."

"Worst thing he could do. But lend a hand, and we'll shuck these oysters before rousing him out. You can rinse those I've opened. Fill the pot with water, and put them in to soak."

"They look very tempting. How did you chance to find them?"

"Saw 'em on the mangrove roots at low tide, first time I nosed around

here. Tide was well up to-day; but I managed to get these all right with a little diving. Only trouble, the skeets most ate me alive."

Miss Leslie glanced at her companion's dry clothing, and came back to the oysters themselves. "These look very tempting. Do you like them raw?"

"Can't say I like them much any way, as a rule. But if I did, I wouldn't eat this mess raw."

"Yes?"

"This must be the dry season here, and the river is running mighty clear. Just the same it's nothing more than liquid malaria. We'll not eat these oysters till they've been pasteurized."

"If the water is so dangerous, I fear we will suffer before we can return," replied Miss Leslie, and she held up the flask.

"What!" exclaimed Blake. "Half gone already? That was Winthrop."

"He was very thirsty. Could we not boil a potful of the river water?"

"Yes, when the ebb gets strong, if we run too dry. First, though, we'll make a try for cocoanuts. Let's hit out for the nearest grove now. The main thing is to keep moving."

As he spoke, Blake caught up the pot and his club and started for the thorn clump, leaving the skin, together with the meat and the salt, for Miss Leslie to carry. Winthrop was awakened by a touch of Blake's foot, and all three were soon walking away from the seashore, just within the shady border of the mangrove wood.

At the first fan-palm Blake stopped to gather a number of leaves, for their palm-leaf hats were now cracked and broken. A little farther on a ruddy antelope, with lyrate horns, leaped out of the bush before them and dashed off toward the river before Blake could string his bow. As if in mockery of his lack of readiness, a troupe of large green monkeys set up a wild chattering in a tree above the party.

"I say, Miss Jenny, do you think you can lug the pot, if we go slow? It isn't far now."

"Good for you, little woman! That'll give me a chance to shoot quick."

They moved on again for a hundred yards or more; but though Blake kept a sharp lookout both above and below, he saw no game other than a few small birds and a pair of blue wood-pigeons. When he sought to creep up on the latter, they flew into the next tree. In following them, he came upon a conical mound of hard clay, nearly four feet high.

"Hello; this must be one of those white ant-hills," he said, and he gave the mound a kick.

Instantly a tiny object whirred up and struck him in the face.

"Whee!" he exclaimed springing back and striking out, "A hornet! No; it's a bee!"

"Did it sting you?" cried Miss Leslie

"Sting? Keep back; there's a lot more of 'em. Sting? Oh, no; he only

hypodermicked me with a red hot darning needle! Shy around here. There's a whole swarm of the little devils, and they're hopping mad. Hear 'em buzz!"

"But where is their hive?" asked Winthrope, as all three drew back behind the nearest bushes.

"Guess they've borrowed that ant-hill," replied Blake, gingerly fingering the white lump which marked the spot where the bee had struck him.

"Wouldn't it be delightful if we had some honey?" exclaimed Miss Leslie.

"By Jove, that really wouldn't be half bad!" chimed in Winthrope.

"Maybe we can, Miss Jenny; only we'll need a fire to tackle those buzzers. Guess it'll be as well to let them cool off a bit also. The cocoanuts are only a little way ahead now. Here; give me the pot."

They soon came to a small grove of cocoanut palms, where Blake threw down his club and bow and handed his burning-glass to Miss Leslie.

"Here," he said; "you and Win start a fire. It's early yet, but I'm thinking we'll all be ready enough for oyster stew."

"How about the meat?" asked Miss Leslie.

"Keep that till later. Here goes for our dessert."

Selecting one of the smaller palms, Blake spat on his hands, and began to climb the slender trunk. Aided by previous experiences, he mounted steadily to the top. The descent was made with even more care and steadiness, for he did not wish to tear the skin from his hands again.

"Now, Win," he said, as he neared the bottom and sprang down, "leave the cooking to Miss Leslie, and husk some of those nuts. You won't more'n have time to do it before the stew is ready."

Winthrope's response was to draw out his penknife. Blake stretched himself at ease in the shade, but kept a critical eye on his companions. Although Winthrope's fingers trembled with weakness, he worked with a precision and rapidity that drew a grunt of approval from Blake. Presently Miss Leslie, who had been stirring the stew with a twig, threw in a little salt, and drew the pot from the fire.

"En avant, gentlemen! Dinner is served," she called gayly.

"What's that?" demanded Blake. "Oh; sure. Hold on, Miss Jenny. You'll dump it all."

He wrapped a wisp of grass about the pot, and filled the three cocoanut bowls. The stew was boiling hot; but they fished up the oysters with the bamboo forks that Blake had carved some days since. By the time the oysters were eaten, the liquor in the bowl was cool enough to drink. The process was repeated until the pot had been emptied of its contents.

"Say, but that was something like," murmured Blake. "If only we'd had pretzels and beer to go with it! But these nuts won't be bad."

When they finished the cocoanuts,

Winthrope asked for a drink of water.

"Would it not be best to keep it until later?" replied Miss Leslie.

"Sure," put in Blake. "We've had enough liquid refreshments to do any one. If I don't look out, you'll both be drinking river water. Just bear in mind the work I'd have to carve a pair of gravestones. No; that flask has got to do you till we get home. I don't shin up any more telegraph poles to-day."

"Would it not be best for Mr. Winthrope to rest during the noon hours?"

"'Fraid not, Miss Jenny. We're not on t'other side of Jordan yet, and there's no rest for the weary this side."

"What odd expressions you use, Mr. Blake!"

"Just giving you the reverse application of one of those songs they jolly us with in the mission churches—"

"I'm sure, Mr. Blake—"

"Me, too, Miss Jenny! So, as that's settled, we'll be moving. Chuck some live coals in the pot, and come on."

He started off, weapons in hand. Winthrope made a languid effort to take possession of the pot. But Miss Leslie pushed him aside, and wrapping all in the antelope skin, slung it upon her back.

"The brute!" exclaimed Winthrope. "To leave such a load for you, when he knew that I can do so little!"

The girl met his outburst with a brave attempt at a smile. "Please try to look at the bright side, Mr. Winthrope. Really, I believe he thinks it is best for us to exert ourselves."

"He has other opinions with which we of the cultured class would hardly agree, Miss Leslie. Consider his command that we shall go thirsty until he permits us to return to the cliffs. The man's impertinence is intolerable. I shall go to the river and drink when I choose."

"Oh, but the danger of malaria!"

"Nonsense. Malaria, like yellow fever, comes only from the bite of certain species of mosquitoes. If we have the fever, it will be entirely his fault. We have been bitten repeatedly this morning, and all because he must compel us to come with him to this infected lowland."

"Still, I think we should do what Mr. Blake says."

"My dear Miss Genevieve, for your sake I will endeavor not to break with the fellow. Only, you know, it is deuced hard to keep one's temper when one considers what a bounder—what an unmitigated cad—"

"Stop! I will not listen to another word!" exclaimed the girl, and she hurried after Blake, leaving Winthrope staring in astonishment.

"My word!" he muttered; "can it be, after all I've done—and him, of all the low fellows—"

He stood for several moments in deep thought. The look on his sallow face was from pleasant.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Serpent Strikes.



WINthrope came up with the others, they were gathering green leaves to throw on the fire which was blazing close beside the ant-hill.

"Get a move on you!" called Blake. "You're slow. Grab a bunch of leaves, and get into the smoke, if you don't want to be stung."

Winthrope neither gathered any leaves nor hurried himself, until he was visited by a highly irritated bee. Then he obeyed with alacrity. Blake was far too intent on other matters to heed the Englishman. Leaping in and out of the thick of the smoke, he pounded the ant-hill with his club, until he had broken a gaping hole into the cavity. The smoke, pouring into the hive, made short work of the bees that had not already been suffocated.

Although the antelope skin was drawn into the shape of a sack, both it and the pot were filled to overflowing with honey, and there were still more combs left than the three could eat.

Blake caught Winthrope smiling with satisfaction as he licked his fingers.

"What's the matter with my expedition now, old man?" he demanded.

"I—ah—must admit, Blake, we have had a most enjoyable change of food."

"If you are sure it will agree with you," remarked Miss Leslie.

"But I am sure of that, Miss Genevieve. I could digest anything to-day. I'm fairly ravenous."

"All the more reason to be careful," rejoined Blake. "I guess, though, what we've had'll do no harm. We'll let it settle a bit, here in the shade, and then hit the home trail."

"Could we not first go to the river, Mr. Blake? My hands are dreadfully sticky."

"Win will take you. It's only a little way to the bank here and there's not much underbrush."

"If you think it's quite safe—" remarked Winthrope.

"It's safe enough. Go on. You'll see the river in half a minute. Only thing, you'd better watch out for alligators."

"I believe that—er—properly speaking, these are crocodiles."

"You don't say! Heap of difference it will make if one gets you."

Miss Leslie caught Winthrope's eye. He turned on his heel, and led the way for her through the first thicket. Beyond this they came to a little glade which ran through to the river. When they reached the bank, they stepped cautiously down the muddy slope, and bathed their hands in the clear water. As Miss Leslie rose, Winthrope bent over and began to drink.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrope!" she exclaimed; "please don't! In your weak

condition, I'm so afraid—"

"Do not alarm yourself. I am perfectly well, and I am quite as competent to judge what is good for me as your—ah—countryman."

"Mr. Winthrope, I am thinking only of your own good."

Winthrope took another deep draught, rinsed his fingers fastidiously and arose.

"My dear Miss Genevieve," he observed, "a woman looks at these mat-



"Told You So! See Him Wriggle!"

ters in such a different light from a man. But you should know that there are some things a gentleman cannot tolerate."

"You were welcome to all the water in the flask. Surely with that you could have waited, if only to please me."

"Ah, if you put it that way, I must beg pardon. Anything to please you, I'm sure! Pray forgive me, and forget the incident. It is now past."

"I hope so!" she murmured; but her heart sank as she glanced at his sallow face, and she recalled his languid, feeble movements.

Piqued by her look, Winthrope started back through the glade. Miss Leslie was turning to follow, when she caught sight of a gorgeous crimson blossom under the nearest tree. It was the first flower she had seen since being shipwrecked. She uttered a little cry of delight, and ran to pluck the blossom.

Winthrope, glancing about at her exclamation, saw her stoop over the flower—and in the same instant he saw a huge, vivid coil, all black and green and yellow, flash up out of the bedded leaves and strike against the girl. She staggered back, screaming with horror, yet seemed unable to run.

Winthrope swung up his stick, and dashed across the glade toward her. "What is it—a snake?" he cried.

The girl did not seem to hear him. She had ceased screaming, and stood rigid with fright, glaring down at the ground before her. In a moment Winthrope was near enough to make out the brilliant glistening body, now extended full length in the grass. It was nearly five feet long and thick as his thigh. Another step, and he saw the hideous triangular head, lifted a few inches on the thick neck. The cold eyes were fixed upon the girl in a malignant, deadly stare.

"Snake! snake!" he yelled, and thrust his cane at the reptile's tail.

Again came a flashing leap of the beautiful ornate coil, and the stick was struck from Winthrope's hand. He danced backward, wild with excitement.

"Snake!—Hi, Blake! monster!—Run, Miss Leslie! I'll hold him—I'll get another stick!"

He darted aside to catch up a branch, and then ran in and struck boldly at the adder, which reared hissing to meet him. But the blow fell short, and the rotten wood shattered on the ground. Again Winthrope ran aside for a stick. There was none near, and as he paused to glance about, Blake came sprinting down the glade.

"Where?" he shouted.

"There—Hi! look out! You'll be on him!"

Blake stopped short, barely beyond striking distance of the hissing reptile.

"Wow!" he yelled. "Puff adder! I'll fix him."

He leaped back, and thrust his bow at the snake. The challenge was met by a vicious lunge. Even where he stood Winthrope heard the thud of the reptile's head upon the ground.

"Now, once more, tootsie!" mocked Blake, swinging up his club.

Again the adder struck at the bow tip, more viciously than before. With the flash of the stroke, Blake's right foot thrust forward, and his club came down with all the drive of his sinewy arm behind it. The blow fell across the thickest part of the adder's outstretched body.

"Told you so! See him wiggle!" shouted Blake. "Broke his back, first lick—What's the matter, Miss Jenny? He can't do anything now."

Miss Leslie did not answer. She stood rigid, her face ashy-gray, her dilated eyes fixed upon the writhing, hissing adder.

"I think the snake struck her!" gasped Winthrope, suddenly overcome with horror.

"God!" cried Blake. He dropped his club, and rushed to the girl. In a moment he had knelt before and flung up her leopard-skin skirt. Her stockings ripped to shreds in his frantic grasp. There, a little below her right knee, was a tiny, red wound. Blake put his lips to it, and sucked with fierce energy.

Then the girl found her voice.

"Go away—go away! How dare you!" she cried, as her face flushed scarlet.

Blake turned, spat, and burst out with a loud demand of Winthrope: "Quick! the little knife—I'll have to slash it! Ten times worse than a rattlesnake—Lord! you're slow—I'll use mine!"

"Let go of me—let go! What do you mean, sir?" cried the girl, struggling to free herself.

"Hold still, you little fool!" he shouted. "It's death—sure death, if I don't get the poison from that bite!"

"I'm not bitten—Let go, I say! It struck in the fold of my skirt."

"For God's sake, Jenny, don't lie! It's certain death! I saw the mark—"

"That was a thorn. I drew it out an hour ago."

Blake looked up into her hazel eyes. They were blazing with indignant scorn. He freed her, and rose with clumsy slowness. Again he glanced at her quivering, scarlet face, only to look away with a sheepish expression.

"I guess you think I'm just a damned meddling idiot," he mumbled.

This Capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Emblem. During the remainder of the year many other interesting stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you will send in a year's subscription. It only costs you 50c, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

It is anticipated that the anti-opium crusade in China will be the means of opening up a new market for American tobacco.

Staying Healthy.

It has been demonstrated that the strength and health of every part of the body depend on good blood and that the stomach is supplied with unhealthful food, or if it is loaded with more than the body requires, the blood becomes impure, and consequently all other parts suffer more or less from the cause. If the air you breathe is loaded with effluvia from the lungs and skin, or is diluted by being over-heated, the system suffers for want of oxygen.

Doesn't Now.

"I used to worry a good deal," said the boarding house philosopher, "over the national deficit. Often I've laid awake till midnight thinking about it. But one night when I was asleep I dreamed that George Washington, looking just as he does on the two-cent postage stamp, came and touched me on the shoulder and said: 'My son, don't fret your gizzard about that deficit. You don't have to pay it.' And, by George, I haven't done any worrying over it since!"

PECK'S BAD BOY IN AN AIRSHIP

By HON. GEO. W. PECK

Travels in Side-Door Pullman

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(Copyright in Great Britain.)

There is not much fun in being an orphan until you escape from the orphan asylum and I want to say that my chum and myself have had two red letter days in the town where we seemed to drop out of a balloon into the hearts of the country people.

They took up a subscription to buy clothes for us, and dressed us up, and we looked as though we had been clothing dummies in front of a clothing store, and then the people got into a quarrel as to who should adopt us.

A farmer drew my chum and wanted him to get acquainted with some mules and drive six mules to haul fertilizer on the farm. My chum had to sit on a saddle on one mule, and drive the other five mules by using one line, which he pulled and hauled to make them gee round grand right and left.

The fat woman adopted me because I was such a dear little thing. She was one of those hay widows, whose husband got plenty of her sauce, and took to the tall timber, and all she wanted to do was to hug me, and tell me that if I had not dropped into her life, out of that balloon, she would have kicked the bucket, and I thought of how any bucket I ever saw would have collapsed, for she had a foot like a fiddle box.

She made me tell her the story of my past life, and when she found I was Peck's Bad Boy, and I thought I had made my story so sanguinary that she would want me to go away, so she could have a quiet life, she just froze to me and said she could see that she had been selected by Providence to take the badness out of me, and she went to work hypnotizing me, and giving me absent treatment on my meals, to take my strength for wickedness away, and then she got me so weak I could not hug back when she squeezed me, and you can imagine the condition a growing boy would be in who could not do his share of the hugging.

The second day of my sentence to be her adopted son, with all my crimes on my head, she let me go out on the farm to visit my chum, and there is where my whole new life

changed.

My chum was driving his mules around the farm, and I was riding behind him on the wheel mule, when a balloon from St. Louis came over, and the men in the balloon yelled at us to grab hold of the ropes as they wanted to land in the field. The mules began to act up and my chum couldn't control them, and I jumped off the mule and grabbed the rope and gave it a hitch around the pole of the wagon, and that settled it with the mules. They rolled their fawn like eyes around at the great gas bag that was swaying over the wagon, with the two men yelling, and the mules started to run, with the wagon and the balloon, around that field, the balloon striking the fence occasionally, and a tree once in a while, the men yelling for us to cut the rope, and the mules braying and saying mule prayers, and me chasing along to try and cut the rope, and my chum hanging on to the ears of the wheel mule, and the farmers rushing into the field from every direction to stop the mules, and the men in the balloons using the worst language.

The mules had run around the field several times, and the balloon was doing its best to keep up, when I yelled to the men in the balloon: "Why don't you throw out your anchor?" and they then seemed to recollect about an anchor, and they threw it out, and when it caught fast in the ground the mules pulled loose from the wagon and went through a fence, and started for Texas, and I guess they are going yet. My chum got off all right, except he was so scared he could not stand up. Well, we had a time straightening things out, the farmers wanted to lynch the balloon men, and make them pay for the mules, but in rolling up the balloon to take to the station, to ship to St. Louis, I found a mail bag, and I told the farmers these balloonists were carrying the United States mail, and any man that laid hands on the government mail could be imprisoned for life for treason, and I scared the farmers so they gave the balloonists their dinner, and hauled the balloon to the station with the whole bunch

of us, and when the balloonists went away on the train they told my chum and me that if we would come to St. Louis they would give us jobs carrying off balloons, and they would teach us how to fly. Gee, but that was nuts for us. To rise, at once, from being mule drivers and adopted boys, to a place in balloon society, was what we wanted, and my chum and I deserted our more or less happy homes and began to plan to jump a freight train bound for St. Louis.

We laid down on the platform of the station that night and went to sleep and I dreamed that I sailed across the ocean in a balloon, and landed in a park in Paris, and when the populace came to welcome us to dear old France, pa was one of the first to see me, and he fell upon my neck, and when the people were going to give me a reception and a cross of the Legion of Honor, for being the first to cross the ocean in a balloon, pa told them I was his boy and pa wanted to take all the credit for my grand achievement, and when I woke up a watchman at the station kicked us off the platform like we were tramps, and we walked down the tracks and were so mad we wanted to throw stones at the switch lights, and my chum wanted to put a tie on the track to wreck a train, but I persuaded him that it was that kind of revenge that caused the enmity between tramps and the richer class. Then he wanted to set fire to a tank car of kerosene, and if I hadn't been a pretty good citizen there would have been a bon-fire sure, but I showed my chum that we were only temporary tramps, and that in a few days we would achieve success, and own railroads, and that we should show an example of patience, and strive to become members of the four hundred. So we refrained from getting even, and Rockefeller was not kept awake by hearing that another tank car of oil had gone skyward.

We were pretty hungry, but tightened up our belts and pretty soon a freight car stopped on a side track and a brakeman came along with a lantern and I gave him the last half dollar I had and told him we wanted to land in St. Louis, and he looked over us and pointed to a car, and we hustled in and he locked the side door of the car, and we were alone in the dark, hungry and thirsty.

We found a part of a bale of hay, and scattered some on the floor and went to sleep, and I never slept better on a spring mattress, but I dreamed of home, and all the fun I had ever had, making it hot for other people, playing tricks on them, but now all was changed, and I felt that I was on my own resources, making my own way in the world, handicapped by always having an easy life.

Along towards daylight in the morning some horses began to paw and

whisper and a collie dog began to bark in the car, and some sheep bleated in the car, and as morning came, and a little light came in the car, which was hitting the high places, running at high speed, so it shook us out of our hay bed, we looked around starved and stiff, and sick at heart.

When the train stopped I walked through the car, over bags of oats, and looked at the horses, and wished I was a horse. The dog was a watch dog, and when I got near him he snarled and grabbed a mouthful of my new pants and held on and shook me, and I yelled and got away.

As it grew lighter I saw a box near the dog, and in it were some square things that my practiced eye, as the son of an old hunter, told me were dog biscuit, a sort of petrified dough and meat scraps made for high class dogs that are not allowed to eat scraps from the table, and I told my chum we would have breakfast. It took me half an hour to steal a few dog biscuit away from that dog, and all the time he was trying to make his breakfast off of me, but I finally poked out enough for breakfast, and I called my chum to partake of the re-

past. He said he always had to have some kind of breakfast food before he ate meat, so I cut into a bag of oats, and gave him a handful, and there we sat and chewed away, trying to imagine that we were happy, and thinking of coffee and pancakes and sausage, and waffles, and biscuit and honey.

It was probably the worst breakfast ever eaten by anybody. The dog biscuits were so hard we had to pound them on the floor with a curry comb, and that did not help the flavor much.

After breakfast we laid down on the hay with a horse blanket over us, and slept till noon, when we heard water being poured into the tin trough for the horses, and we quenched our thirst, and ate more dog biscuit, and I hoped that other boys would hear of our distress, and that no boys would ever run away from a happy home again.

My chum and I talked over the depression in the money market, and the panic in Wall street, and tried to think we were better off than millionaires who did not know where the next meal was coming from, and with our stomachs full, and no care on our minds, we wished we could give

some of our dog biscuit to the hungry rich.

While we were thinking of the good one can do with a few dog biscuit there was a terrible crash, the car jumped on the ties and reared up, and finally rolled over and down a bank and all was still as death, except that the boiler of the engine was blowing off steam, and the horses were groaning, and the confounded dog that chewed me was dead.

Men ran over the cars, and chopped with axes, and finally a fire engine began to throw water on the burning cars, my chum and I were wedged under bales of hay, one of my legs was asleep, and we both yelled murder, and finally the fire was out, the side was chopped out of the car, and they took us out and put us in an ambulance and the brakeman who had let us into the car said: "Tickets, please," and the ambulance was driven to a hospital at East St. Louis, and they wanted to amputate us, just for practice. One of the hospital attendants asked me who I was, and when I told him I was "Peck's Bad Boy," traveling for my health, he said: "Well, you are certainly getting what is coming to you," and I guess that is no lie.



"Any Man That Lays Hands on the Government Mail Can Be Imprisoned for Life for Treason."

Was Consistent.

A customer in a Boston market bought a quarter peck of apples. She watched the dealer closely as he picked out the fruit.

"Either put in another apple or take one out," she said when he had emptied the apples into a bag. "There are 13 there, and I am not going to invite bad luck by carrying home that unlucky number."

The dealer looked up shrewdly.

"I can't very well throw in another one for that price," he said. "Apples are high."

"Very well, then, take one out," said the woman. "I make it a point when buying anything in small quantities this way to count the pieces, and never under any circumstances will I accept 13 of anything."

According to instructions the dealer abstracted one of the finest apples in the bag and the woman went away apparently satisfied.

Supersition.

"This is a fine place to study the superstitions of the crowd," said the elevated ticket chopper. "Two-thirds of the couples who pass through the gate are brimming over with superstition. It shows itself in their fear of separating and walking on different sides of the post. Good looking, educated people are afraid of that."

"We'll quarrel," says one—usually it is the woman who says it, or if two women are together they both say it at the same time. "We let that post get between us."

"Then, if they are badly bitten by the bug, one goes back and passes through on the other side, so as to obviate the danger of a flare-up."

The Stamp Collectors' Department

Edited by JULIAN T. BABER, Pocahontas, Virginia.

Brief Bits of New and Happenings of Note among the Stamp Collectors the World over.

This department is conducted by Julian T. Baber, Pocahontas, Va. to whom all correspondence regarding this department should be sent.

A packet of stamps will be given to the one who sends me the best article pertaining to stamp collecting, or regarding his own collection. Articles must be restricted to 300 words and must be sent to the editor of this department within ten days after receipt of the EMBLEM. The best article will be published and all contributors names will be put on the roll of honor.

Items of Interest.

Reports are that stamp firms charging the highest prices do the most business.

Some say that the oldest king's head on any stamp was the head of Henry VII on one of the Newfoundland stamps.

In King Edward Seventh Land, in the Anartic region, a post-office will be established, and for use there a special stamp will be issued.

It was first announced that the new \$1.00 stamp would be issued in pink, but later the department concluded that dark slate was the best color and it was issued so.

The B. L. Fuller Co., Washington, D. C. have just issued the 20th Century Philatelic Directory, a publication containing the names and addresses of over 7000 stamp dealers and collectors.

The Alaska-Yukon stamps were received everywhere with general satisfaction. The stamp is rectangular in shape; 49-64 by 1 and 3-64 inches in size; red in color and in 2 cent denomination only.

Quite a number of new post-offices have been established in Alaska recently. They are: McKinley, Neulara, Miller House, Kotsira, Mid Knight, Scarritarium and Hower. The Glacier post office was discontinued.

A gentleman while visiting in a West Virginia town, in order to encourage stamp collecting among the boys and girls, offered several prizes for the best essay or composition on "The U. S. Mail." The first prize which was an imperial album containing 600 varieties, was won by a 14 year old boy

and the second was awarded to a girl of 14.

As was predicted the new special delivery stamp gave marked dissatisfaction and has now been withdrawn. Its predecessor, the oblong blue stamp will be used in its stead. Altho very attractive both in color, style and design, the new stamp resembled the current one cent stamp, and was often mistaken for it, hence causing much delay in delivering the letter bearing the delivery sticker.

A most beautiful series of stamps has just been issued for Liberia. They are printed from steel plates, and both in design, engraving and execution, are perfect works of art. The colors also have been chosen with much care, and the whole series makes one of the most handsome additions to stamp collections that it is possible to imagine. Each design differs as the following list will show. The 1 cent presents a view of a coffee plantation in Liberia, with palm trees in the foreground and hills in the distance. The 2 cents a realistic portrait of President Barclay. The 5 cents, a Liberian gunboat, "The Lark." The stamp is printed in blue to suit its naval character, and the border frame is composed of cordage, and the numerals of value are encircled by life-buoys. The 10 cent is one of the most interesting of the set, and is triangular in shape, with a seated allegorical figure representing commerce. This stamp is very reminiscent of the old triangular cape of Good Hope. The 15 cents, depicts a native woman engaged in making cotton thread, with a bowl of carded cotton by her side. She is holding the spool in her left hand, while the thread is drawn off by the right. The 20 cents, shows a Malagueta Pepper plant with its leaves and flowers. The 52 cents, gives us a little view of Liberia native hut with its strange comical roof, surrounded by palm trees. In the 30 cents, we have a larger portrait of President Barclay in a square frame. This is the best engraved of the whole series. The 50 cents, gives us a typical native scene on the river, with four natives in a "dugout" canoe. Three are rowing and one is steering. The 75 cents shows an interesting view of a native village, the background be-

ing in form of a closed book with the picture on its cover, the designer's idea conveying that the whole series is an album of views of a very interesting country.

On The Reviewer's Table.

The very latest stamp news and stamps at bargain prices can be found in the Circular of the Scott Stamp and Coin Co. The Circular is issued monthly, a subscription price of 12 cents a year being charged to cover postage.

The Philatelic Star; published monthly by Wahrer & Malmberg, Vol. 7, No. 6, June, 1909. Again the Star appears in a new cover-design. Altho a small paper, the Star is up to date in every respect and is a creditable philatelic publication. The latest happenings and notes can be found in its columns.

McKeel's Weekly Stamp News, published every Saturday by the McKeel, Severn, Wylie Co. We consider McKeel's Weekly the most reliable stamp paper now being published. It is known everywhere and too much cannot be said of its merits. It has done a great deal toward recruiting for the American Philatelic Society.

Carter's Monthly Record, published by Carter Publishing Co., Formby, Liverpool, England. Vol. 1, No. 5, June, 1909. While not up to its usual standard, Carter's Record maintains its reputation as an excellent advertising medium and an instructive philatelic paper. The Record is an invaluable paper for the post card exchanger. Send for a sample copy.

The Philatelic World, published monthly by Alexander J. Sefi & Sheriff Road, West End Lane, London, N. W. England, May, 1909, No. 6, Vol. 1. The world is a very commendable English paper, full of illustrations, breezy notes and articles by capable writers. To say that the World is one of the world's leading philatelic papers is a universal opinion. It circulates among 5000 active stamp collectors. "Nuff ced."

The Philatelic Adviser and Stamp Market Journal, edited by Frank H. Oliver, published in London, No. 5, Vol. 2. In the Adviser, another fine paper from over the pond, comes to our

des). Full information regarding the forged colonial stamps, covering five pages, is given in the May Adviser. The whole set of the new Liberian stamps is illustrated on page 64. The Adviser is the official organ of many stamp societies and clubs.

The Stamp Journal of Denver, edited by C. A. Nost. Vol. 2, No. 6, June, 1909. This number of the stamp Journal is the best yet. The cover design is very appropriate and is well executed. The Journal is in the grandstand rooting for Redfield's Weekly for the official organ of the American Philatelic Society, and is rooting hard. The cry "Vote for Redfield's" is about all the June Journal contains. The Journal is an interesting and well printed publication.

The Philatelic West; published monthly by L. T. Brodstone, Nebraska; Vol. 44, No. 2, May, 1909. The West is one of America's oldest philatelic publications, and aside from its regular typographical errors, it is a valuable paper. Each issue contains four pages of half tone illustrations, which greatly add to its attractiveness. Many philatelic writers of prominence, contribute to the West. The Philatelic West is perhaps the largest stamp paper published, each issue containing over one hundred pages.

The Boy, published at Columbus, O., Vol. 1, No. 2, July, 1909. The Boy is an illustrated high class 16 page monthly magazine for "The Boy as a Boy." The Boy for July has a very tasty cover design, rendered in three colors, and is made the more attractive by having the picture of President Taft thereon. Several pages are devoted to stamps. The departments, Boats and Boating, The Amateur Printer, Baseball Notes and News, will earnestly appeal to the American boy. The Junior Stamp Society has the Boy for its official organ and an excellent one it makes. The writer is a member of this progressive society. More regarding it will be mentioned in a late issue of the EMBLEM. The Boy is truly a boy's paper.

The Hobbyist, edited by J. J. Hooper and published by C. Kendall, Winnipeg, Canada, June, 1909, Vol. 1, No. 6. We are in receipt of the sixth number of the Hobbyist and are much pleased with it. The frontispiece is a comic half-tone engraving of the famous philatelist, Henry J. Crocker, who owns the finest collection of Hawaiian stamps in the world. The authors of the leading articles are H. N. Nudge and Henry J. Crocker. The Hobbyist has taken over the subscription list of the North American Collector, a Canadian collectors' magazine. Reports of the Hobby

Club, Winnipeg Philatelic Assn. and the Indiana Stamp Collectors' Exchange are found in the columns of the Hobbyist.

The Collectors' Journal by Lindquist & Lauritzen, Chicago, Vol. 1, No. 4, April, 1909. The Collectors' Journal is an illustrated monthly magazine of pleasure and profit for the man or woman with a hobby. The April number is sent out in a pink cover and is quaintly gotten up. Howe's article, The Seybold Collection of Original Covers, is concluded in this issue. Also Simpson's article, Notes from a Collecting Trip in Cuba. The writings of Howe and Simpson in the Collectors' Journal have been illustrated with entertaining engravings, which have added considerably to their interest. In this issue of the Journal Messrs Clark and Linquist illustrate and explain the use of the stamp mailing and stamp vending machines. The Collectors' Journal is the newest collectors' magazine that we have seen.

The Winner.

G. A. Thomson carries off the prize for this month with his article, Spice of Life. More interest is being shown in these contests now, and I must say I am glad to see it.

PRIZE ARTICLE.

Spice of Life.

In a certain local paper there is a column of miscellaneous notes and news items and from the saying "variety is the spice of life" the editor has chosen the title for his column. Thinking that the same title is appropriate for what follows, I have taken the liberty to use it also.

While I am not now actively interested in collecting stamps, I have a book of about 350 stamps representing the following countries and provinces. United States, Austria, Belgium Bavaria, Canada, Cuba, England, Egypt, France, Finland, Germany, Helvetia, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Japan, Netherland, Norway, Portugal, Prussia, Rumania, Spain, Sweeden, Turkey and Wurtemberg.

Amongst my coins may be found a couple of Chinese cents, a large American cent, three white cents including one with an eagle, half dime, three cent piece, a few two cent pieces, Columbian half dollar, Dutch pfennig, German cent, Italian two cent coin, English penny and 'alf penny and a coin from India.

In my last post card accumulation I keep a separate book for cards received from members of the C. M. A. and

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welcome especially any cards or letters from the brothers.

If I were to display on a board the relics, souvenirs and curios in my wonder box, it would remind you of the fakir at the fair or celebration with his show board glittering in the bright sunshine. A colonial pistol, an old bayonet, brass spurs, a number of silk badges, some society emblems, curios consisting of small models of various articles and a collection of celluloid buttons which are the most noticeable in the group.

As I am just entering the portals of amateur journalism I look forward to a pleasant time in making up a volume of amateur papers to add to my library.

GEORGE A. THOMSON, 5^o, O. T. N.
272 Beacon St., Somerville, Mass.

Roll of Honor.

G. A. Thomson, O. T. N.
Lloyd G. Cline, O. T. N.

Next Contest.

Same conditions as last.

SONG OF AN OFF DAY.

Strange that when the sun is shining,
And the skies are fair and blue,
Days may bring so much of sorrow,
Hearts may hold so much of rue.

After all, 'tis not the weather,
But ourselves we ought to blame;
If we're brave, in storm and sunshine,
Smiles will ripple just the same.

Every bloom by breezes shattered
Shall yet have successors sweet,
Ways of weariness and weeping
Shall grow light to troubled feet;

Eyes cast down shall be uplifted,
Shadows haunt the soul no more,
Life is always worth the living
And the best still lies before!

The Lesson.

Prof. Charles Zueblin of the University of Chicago was discussing at a dinner the Easter myths and legends of the world.

"The legends that are beautiful and immoral," he said, "have in them truths that we all, according to our kind, take home. This is true in like-wise of immortal works of art—pictures, poems, songs. For different people they have different messages."

"For instance?" said a young girl.

"For instance," smiled Prof. Zueblin, "in my native Pendleton some of the mothers used to cut the children's hair. They did it with shears and a bowl. The operation was often painful, and the result was never elegant.

"In Sunday school a Pendleton teacher once told her pupils the tragic story of a Samson and Delilah. Then she turned to a little boy.

"'What do you learn, Joe,' she said, 'from the Samson story?'

"'It don't never pay,' piped Joe, 'to have a woman cut a feller's hair.'"

A LITTLE SPECULATION

By GEORGE APPLETON

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Two men drove into the yard of Farmer Spence and offered to pay for the privilege of painting this sign on the barn:

BLUFF'S BITTERS WILL CURE QUICKLY, PERMANENTLY, THE WORST CASE OF DYSPEPSIA. SHUN ALL QUACK STUFF. THE GREATEST FAMILY MEDICINE ON EARTH. CURES ALL. NEVER FAILS.

The farmer was ready to go to market, and was in haste to depart. He told the painters that they must consult his wife; if she were willing, they could paint the sign, and he drove away. The farmer supposed that his wife was in the house, but she had gone to her daughter's home—a short distance away across the fields.

The sign-painters, finding no one in the house, put up their ladders and began to make black letters on the board side of the long, white barn. Probably they had had experience. If the farmer's wife were willing; so much time were gained; if she were not willing, and the sign were up when she appeared, they must arbitrate.

Mrs. Spence, looking from the window of her daughter's house, saw the painters at work. Calling to her son-in-law and Major, the farm dog that had accompanied her, she hastened to interview the painters. The black daubers had planned, evidently, to paint the sign in sections to save time and labor. When Mrs. Spence arrived she read:

BLUFF'S BITTERS
THE WORST
QUACK STUFF
ON EARTH.

"What's goin' on here?" demanded Mrs. Spence.

"Putting up a sign."

"I see ye be! Who give ye leave?"

"Man we met in the front yard just's he was driving off."

"Don't b'lieve he said ye could do it 'thout askin' me! No sech thing!"

Mrs. Spence now discovered the import of the sign on the barn and bent nearly double as she laughed. "Wust on earth! Wal, ef that ain't ther livin' truth! We hed some o' that stuff, an' it near killed us. I was 'traid ter throw inter ther field there rest on't, fer ther chickens might git it. I just burried it!"

"When we paint the rest of it it'll be an ornament to the barn."

"Don't talk! Not ernother dab."

"Of course we expect to pay—"

"Not ernother dab."

"We'll blot it out, then," said the boss painter, who saw that it was useless to argue, and he raised a ladder and started to get a pot of paint.

"Frank," said Mrs. Spence, sharp as a file, to her son-in-law, "take down

that ladder an' drag it off. Here, Major! Stand Guard! We'll see who's runnin' this 'ere barn! Ye won't put no more blackin' on ther barn, an' ye won't take none off! Ye can go about yer business!"

"But, ma'am, we can't leave it that way."

"Ye'll hevter! What ye gotter say 'bout our barn? What's on it b'longs ter us! Ef ye covered it with diamond's stuns 'twould be our barn, includin' ther dimon's. Fe can—"

"But, ma'am—"

"Don't ye 'ma'am' me! I don't see why we'd orter pervide a barn fer ye tell ther truth on, but them 'ere letters'll look better'n er black smudge, an' I kinder like ter hev ther neighbors know 'bout that 'ere Bluff 'em stuff."

"We'll paint over with white—"

"Ye can't! 'Twon't be dry till ter-morrer."

"We'll rub off the black and—"

"Ye jest pack right off! That's our sign! I like it! Fust time I ever knowed anybody ter tell ther truth 'bout ther stuff."

"We'll rub out, paint over white, and give you two dollars."

"Git off'n ther place!"

"Give you five dollars."

"Be er-movin'."

"Give you ten dollars."

"Frank, ye harncess ther colt an' go fer ther sheriff! I'll see—"

"Give you fifteen dollars."

"Hurry, Frank."

"Give you twenty dollars."

"Frank, ye tell ther sheriff ter bring his deputy! Sech men's these be's likely ter be upstrep'rous."

"Give you twenty-five dollars."

"Wa—! let's see ther money!"

A True Sport.

Small Boy (to his pale-faced aunt in field)—What, auntie, afraid of that cow? All you have to do is to act the way they do in a bull fight. Just wave your red parazol at him, and when he dashes up jump lightly aside. It's dead easy.—Life.

He Had.

"Excuse me," said the new barber, when Mr. McGargle was seated in the chair, "but have you a mug here?" "O! hev," replied McGargle. "Ye'll find it at the top av me neck, fer'ninst th' back av me head."

Said Uncle Silas:

"Why, in thunder is it that a down-pour of rain which would flood a feller out on prayer meetin' night is counted only a little sprinkle on theater-goin' night?"—Los Angeles Express.

Discouragement.

"So you have bought a horse?" "Yes. The doctor said riding would give me an appetite." "Does it?" "Certainly. But what's the use? By the time I get through feeding the horse I can't afford to eat."

Exceptional Grip Case.

He had the grip, yet merrily
His way he tracked;
He had the grip—in it, you see,
His clothes were packed.

"Reprint."

There's many a newspaper knocking Rockefeller on its first page for taking things from his competitors, whose editorial page is simply bulging with things cribbed from the New York Mail, the Cleveland Leader, the Houston Post—to say nothing of this humble column.—Buffalo News.

We take pleasure in informing the Cleveland stickler for form that it is impossible to spell Houston in such a way as to meet the peculiarities of the New York pronunciation. We have at this moment a letter inquiring whether the correct pronunciation is Hoiston or Who-is-tcn. We can not hope to aid any save those who are accustomed to the English language.

An Awful Jolt.

It was 11 p. m. and the conversation had begun to lag. Finally the spirit moved young Staylate and he said:

"Those night riders are a bad lot, aren't they?"

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined Miss Wearion, as she tried in vain to strangle a yawn. "They might be worse."

"Why, how could they?" he asked. "They might be night sitters," she replied.

Whereupon the young man in the parlor scene suddenly remembered that his mother might be uneasy about him and proceeded to fade away.

Windowless.

Sandy Pikes—Dis paper states dat in de automobile race down in Savannah some of de cars went so fast you couldn't see de scenery along de route.

Gritty George—Dat's nuttin', pard. De last time I took a ride I couldn't see de scenery, either.

Sandy Pikes—And were you in a racing automobile?

Gritty George—No; de Black Maria.

Appropriate.

"Yes," said the amateur inventor, I am thinking about building an air-ship of the dirigible balloon type. What do you think would be an appropriate name?"

"Call it 'Theory,'" laughed the facetious friend.

"And why 'Theory?'"

"Because a theory is so easily exploded."

His Opportunity.

"The weather man has only one chance to redeem himself for the awful weather he turned loose on inauguration day."

"What's that?"

"To deliver good weather for the opening of the baseball season. If he does that, all else will be forgiven."

The Difficulty.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish is an anti-suffragette. She has joined the National League for the Civic Education of Women. At a luncheon the other day she said:

"It isn't possible for women to do the same work as men, day in and day out in good weather and in foul. For instance, what woman could be a postman, out in all kinds of weather and at all hours, walking miles daily?"

She smiled.

"A woman postman would compare with a male one as the beggar compares with the millionaire.

"You've got no ground to envy me," said the millionaire to the beggar. 'I've got just as many troubles as you have.'

"No doubt yer right, boss," said the beggar, humbly, 'but the difficulty with me is, I ain't got nothin' else.'"

Fellow Sufferers.

"Yes, I was at the play last night. I could hear well enough, but I could not see."

"Hat?"

"No."

"Post?"

"No. Broken eyeglasses."

"That's nothing. I was at the play myself. I could see well enough, but I couldn't hear anything."

"Too far away?"

"No."

"Cold in the head?"

"No. Box party."

As Amended.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God," remarked the party with the quotation habit.

"Yes," rejoined the student of human nature, "and also the rarest."

CRUEL

Landlady—Wasn't that a good chicken, Mr. Jinks?

Jinks—It may have been a good chicken morally speaking, but physically it was a wreck.

A Tip.

Song writers, if you would not fail,
Take this from me:
Your song should have for its locale
A cherry tree.

OUTDOORS IN OCTOBER.

Oh, the leaves, they keep on turning
Same as in the days of old,
The gum tree's gally burning
And the maple turns to gold,
The river sparkles with delight
As sunbeams swiftly play;
Now, honor bright,
This world's all right,
What e'er the cynics say!

There's a hurry and a flurry
Mid the city blocks so high,
For man is bound to worry
If you shut him from the sky.
But breezes sound the message sweet,
Through autumn's splendid bowers;
"For joy complete,
It's hard to beat
This good old world of ours!"

Encouragement.

"Why don't you offer her your heart and hand?"

"I fear she would turn me down."

"I don't believe it, she has given you enough encouragement."

"Why, she never gave me the slightest encouragement!"

"Get out; I heard her telling you yesterday that her mother did not allow her to accept anything of value from young men."

Then There Was Trouble.

"I hate to travel," said the heavy tragedian, as he gazed at the moth holes in his overcoat. "I always contract a cold from the open windows."

"That's queer," laughed the low comedian, as he screwed on his green wig.

"What's queer?"

"I didn't know box cars had windows."

Commercially Explained.

"Why do so many stage productions originate in New York?"

"That's easily explained," answered the cynical business man. "Any manufacturing enterprise can be conducted more economically by locating near the supply of raw material. And New York has the world's greatest collection of theatrical boarding houses."

Up to Date.

"Here's an article from the syndicate entitled 'India's Intellectual March.'"

"Go over it and bring it up to date and run it in the Sunday number."

"Bring it up to date?"

"Sure, bring it up to date. March is gone; make it 'India's Intellectual May.'"

Carelessness.

"I'm afraid your colleague is in difficulty."

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "and all through a little carelessness. He wrote letters to a Standard Oil man instead of calling him up on the telephone."

In Spots.

Cautious Investor—How is the mortgage market now?

Dealer—Well, it's-er-forging ahead.

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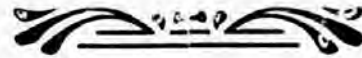
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**The I. O. C. M. A.
EMBLEM**

Contents for October.

Emperor Francis Joseph	By Frey	-	Cover
Index	-	-	2
Fear of Enthusiasm for Studies	-	Editorial	3
The I. O. C. M. A.	-	Official	4
The Emblem Never Fails	-	-	5
Our Principles	-	-	6
Into the Primitive	Robert Ames Bennett	-	7
Stamp Collector	-	Julian T. Baber	14
The Highwayman Unmasked	Stuart B. Stone	-	18
The Onlooker	-	Wilbur D. Nesbit	18
Percival Was Clever	-	-	19



In A. to Terms.

"Why does courtship run so much more smoothly than marriage?"
"The sparkler is newer."

Rubber from South America.

Of the world's supply of India rubber 63 per cent. is estimated to be furnished by South America.

Suffrage in West Indies.

The latest part of the world to be reported as making a commotion in favor of giving women the ballot is the British West Indies.

Not Really an Aeronaut.

"Pa, have you been up much in airships?"
"No, never! Why do you ask?"
"I heard ma tell auntie you were once quite a high flyer."

Another "Get Rich" Failure.

The case of the Louisville man who had a scheme for working off \$1,000,000 in counterfeit Mexican pesos is a very simple one. He admits that he merely wanted to get rich.

From England to Canada.

In the last ten years 32,000 persons have emigrated from England to the farms of Canada.

The C. M. A. EMBLEM

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Volume II

OCTOBER, 1909.

Number 6

FEAR OF ENTHUSIASM FOR STUDIES



COLLEGE athleticism has long been the goat to bear the stigma of our deprest state of scholarship. But the new president of Dartmouth, while not offering a brief for athletics, makes a new diagnosis of our ailment. He thinks that the somewhat cavalier attitude of our undergraduates toward the culture of the mind is but a symptom of far deeper changes in society and our national life. It has become a fashion, he thinks, to reverse *Hamlet's* advice to "assume a virtue if you have it not," and assume an indifference to mask a real interest. Even of the "much discust decline in scholarship," says Dr. Ernest Fox Nicholas in his inaugural address on October 14, "it may be justly questioned whether it is not apparent rather than real." It is to his mind the "outspoken scholarly enthusiasm rather than the getting of lessons" that seems to have suffered. "The average student acquires more and wider knowledge in college now than he did thirty years ago." But—

Many students appear to have relaxed a little in the seriousness of purpose with which they approach their work. They certainly show more reserve in the way they speak of it. Here it must be remembered, however, that fashions the country over have changed and the expression of interest and enthusiasm in some subjects is more stintingly measured than a generation ago. If anything we now often get a scant portion in expression where we used to get an overweight. Nowhere is this change more striking than in the gentle art of public speaking. Yet fashions react on men, and our time may have lost something in forcefulness from its often assumed attitude of intellectual weariness, from a painstaking effort at restraint and simplicity of utterance. Our present tendency is to speak on the lighter aspects of even grave matters—possibly a kind of revolt against a flowery sentimentalism, a unctuous cant, or a long face. It is not considered in the best of taste just now to get into heated discussions and controversies over man's vital intellectual and spiritual concerns.

"The habit of suppression has come into the college from without. I do not think it began there. Science in the university may have misled the thoughtless to some extent by an emotionless discussion of facts, but facts should be discust without emotion; it is the lifeless statement of purpose from which we suffer. The driving power of intellect is enthusiasm, and there is no lack of it in that passionate devotion to research which so painstakingly and properly excludes all warmth from its calm statement of results. Yet it is nothing short of a divine zeal, an irresistible force, which urges the true investigator on to those great achievements,

which are so profoundly changing the habits of our daily life and thought. For any mental indifference, therefore, be it real or assumed, science is in no wise responsible. Science takes herself very seriously and is always in deadly earnest.

"In only one phase of college life to-day may a student other than shamefacedly show a full measure of pleasurable excitement, and that is in athletics. What might not happen to him who threw up his hat and cheered himself hoarse over a theorem of algebra, or over the scholarly achievements of the faculty! Some young men appear to have grown shy and to feel that a show of enthusiasm over ideals reveals either doubtful breeding, a lack of balance, or small experience with the world. They would be like Solomon in saying 'there is no new thing under the sun,' and profoundly unlike him in everything else—an easy apathy to things of the mind and spirit so often passes for poise and wisdom with the young! Thus some indifference in college and out of it is undoubtedly more assumed than genuine. But again we are in danger of utterance and manner reacting on thought and effort. Signs of such a reaction are already apparent. Thus the college atmosphere has seemingly lost, for the initially weak in character, some of its vigorous and wholesome mental incentive.

"May we not henceforth live our college life on a somewhat higher plane, where real simplicity, naturalness, and downright sincerity replace all traces of sophistication and wrong ideals. Let genuine enthusiasm find freer and more fearless expression, that we may become more manly, strong, and free. Why can't some college men stop masquerading in assumed mental apathy and be spontaneously honest?"—Literary Digest.

BEFORE a distinguished gathering of educators Ernest Fox Nicholas, aged forty, was inaugurated as president of Dartmouth College. Aged forty! Well, if we tell you that he is a Westerner, mayhay you'll understand. He was born at Leavenworth, Kan., June 1st, 1869. Kansas Agricultural College gave him a bachelor of science degree in 1888, master of science in 1893; Cornell gave him doctor of science in 1897. After Kansas and Cornell he went to the University of Berlin, Germany. That was from 1889 to 1892. Then he went to Cambridge from 1904 to 1905. Cornell made him a fellow of physics. He was professor of the same subject at Colgate a little later. He was at Dartmouth from 1898 to 1903, when he left there to become professor of experimental physics at Columbia. He occupied that chair until this year, when Dartmouth got him back, this time as its chief. Dr. Nicholas has won numerous coveted prizes in the academic world. He is a member of many noted scientific and philosophical societies. His contributions to technical literature are authoritative.—Leslie's.

The Official Department of the



DURING the past month there has been a decided increase in the number of reinstatements and applications received. Let us hope that this will continue for the remainder of winter, so we will have a stronger force of workers in the field this next year. We want to turn things

to the betterment of the order, and expect, with the help of the members, work wonders. The Grand Officers have contracted for 10,000 new member's outfits to be delivered to the Grand Secretary at the Grand Lodge Headquarters, sometime before the first of the year. This means, that all in good standing will have outfits by the first of the year, it also means that the new applicants will receive their outfits as soon as they are admitted to the local lodge.

The Grand Officers are going to put out every one of these 10,000 new outfits during the year 1910. This is rather a broad assertion, but shows that the officers believe the members will more than do their part in the field of work. Already the publishers are preparing for this increase, and bought a larger press for this paper. They expect to make it a larger and better paper than ever.

There still are a few members back, in the payment of their dues. Those members should pay up at once, as the books are corrected and revised for the sending out of the membership outfits. Only the members paid in advance will receive outfits, those behind in their dues will be dropped from the roll. Are you one of those who will be dropped? Better pay up and show the officers your support.

Yours in "F",

Chas. R. Simon

"Alleluia" Scared the Heathen.

Alleluia or hallelujah victory was a victory by the Saxons under St. Germanus over the Picts and Britons. The Christians all shouted "Alleluia!" and so terrified the heathen that they took to flight.

Brief Bits of News and Happenings of Note Among The Lodges and Members at large.

Japanese Trade Decreases.

In 1908 purchases of Japanese porcelain, lacquers and bronzes by England, France, Germany and the United States decreased by \$1,000,000. Exports to China fell off \$12,500,000 generally, owing to the reduced value of silver and the Tatsu Maru boycott. All exports decreased except mat-floors, matted and reed-sugar.

- Utah
- Nebraska
- California
- Hawaiian Islands
- Guam
- Philippine Islands
- Washington

Boston to Have World's Fair.

Boston has launched a project on a great world's fair in 1923, to commemorate the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims and the founding of New England.

New Massachusetts Officers.

At a recent conference, vice-president H. R. Goodwin, of Marblehead, Mass., assumed the presidency of the Mass. state I. O. C. M. A., and appointed treasurer, G. A. Thomson, of W. Medford, Mass., as state secretary. This action was taken to fill existing vacancies, and to revive the state association.

Brother Chas. Palenske, of Amla Lodge No. 1, is attending the Western Dental College, at Kansas City, Mo.

Brother Russell Hersh, has moved from Lakewood, N. J. to Allaire, N. J.

—Judging from the names of the places in which brother Hersh stops, he must be trying to live close to Nature—perhaps 'tis his C. M. A. vivacity he is looking out for, that which he does not want to expire.

What We Know To Be True.

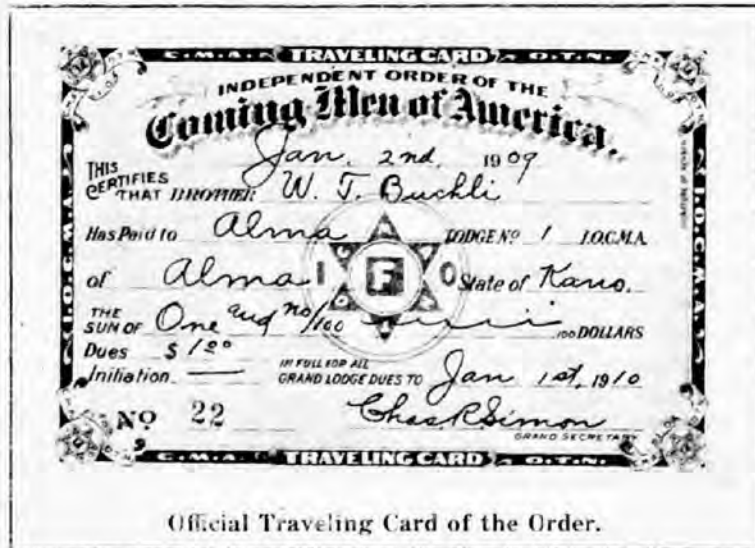
"If we can get but a small percentage of those to whom our principles would appeal, it would be the strongest, as it is the most enthusiastic fraternal organization on the continent of America". — *Buchli*.

Coeducation in America.

In elementary schools 96 per cent. of the children of the United States are in coeducational schools; in secondary schools the proportion for co-educational is 95 per cent.; of colleges and universities attended by men 68 per cent. admit women.

Those Big Hats.

The hats worn by the women during the first half of the year 1909 been enough to frighten Satan, but you will note that the marriage rate has not fallen off any. — *Galveston News*.



Official Traveling Card of the Order.

A Thing Every Young Man Should Possess.

THE FOUR NATIONAL DISTRICTS.

The following is the official division by states.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>NORTH EAST SECTION</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Maine New Hampshire Vermont Massachusetts Rhode Island Connecticut New York New Jersey Pennsylvania Delaware Ohio Indiana Illinois Wisconsin Michigan | <p>SOUTH EAST SECTION</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> District of Columbia Virginia West Virginia Kentucky Tennessee North Carolina South Carolina Georgia Florida Alabama Mississippi West Indies Islands Panama Canal Zone |
| <p>SOUTH WEST SECTION</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Missouri Arkansas Louisiana Texas Oklahoma Kansas Colorado New Mexico Arizona | <p>NORTH WEST SECTION</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Iowa Minnesota North Dakota South Dakota Nebraska Wyoming Montana Idaho Oregon |

Independent Order of the C.M.A.

California state meeting, I. O. C. M. A. will be held on Monday, October 18 at San Francisco, California. Reception committee will be at Mission street entrance of post-office building to receive delegates from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Take Mission street cars at Ferry to Seventh street. Those intending to be present will notify State Secretary at Booklovers library, Oakland, Cal., by postal.

OLIVER G. BEARDSLEE,
State Sec., I. O. C. M. A.

Fine Trains in China.

All the luxuries of railroading have been introduced into China. The trains are fitted with upholstered leathered compartments, electric lights and elegant lavatories. A push button for food or refreshments brings immediate answer and the usual good service of competent Chinese boys. Every five minutes the hot-towel coolie offers you this means of refreshing the hands and face, the towels being perfumed with eau de cologne and steaming hot.

Our Desires.

"Our desire and object is to elevate the poor in spirit to the level of the highest, to humble the proud and arrogant and raise them to the same fraternal level." — *Buchli.*

Dangers of Dangerous Passes.

One of the old time comedians of the Louisville & Nashville passed a few suspicious of a paper presented regularly by one of his passengers, and took it up. He carried it to the office of President Guthrie and said: "A farmer has been riding on this pass for about a year. Do you want him to continue to use it?" President Guthrie put on his glasses, looked the paper over, and said: "Why, this is not a pass. It is a receipt I gave a fellow for a load of wood about a year ago."

Our Habits.

"Let us be to the world what we are to ourselves—just, kind and considerate; meet censure, criticism and opposition with such conduct as will rob venom of its sting, and by so doing we turn the dart aimed at us against the ones that cast it." — *Buchli.*

Oyster Beds Neglected.

New Jersey gets \$8,000,000 a year from its oyster beds, but could get \$40,000,000 from the same source if the available tide land was properly seeded and cultivated.



C. M. A. SONG.

Words by Clarence P. Keene, O. T. N., Dexter, Me.

Brothers of the C. M. A., weather here,
Loyal to the order we all love so dear;
Climbing upward day by day,
Walking in the narrow way,
We will reach the longed-for goal with brave!
[hearts full of cheer.]

CHORUS.

"Onward working" be our victory song,
Ever minding our watchword, "One Million"
[strong.]
OUR TURN NEXT will come, soon come
And we'll improve it too,
Loyal to our colors, the red, white and blue.

2

Upward in the heavens is the "Single Star"
Piercing through the darkness though!
[tis off afar:]
Shining with a brilliant light,
Ever pointing toward the right,
Piercing through each cloud that seeks its sil-
[v'ry light to bar.]

3

Brother true in word and deed, we always say,
The thought of OUR TURN NEXT will help to
[win the day:]
Square and true with every man,
Helping others when we can,
Then we all shall gain a place above to live for!
[aye.]

4

Onward, then, with courage will we take our
[way.]
Working for our country, grand old U. S. A.:
For her honor, with our life
Will we battle in the strife;
When for righteousness she battles, Right will
[win the day.]

The Lesson of Leprosy.
The main lesson of leprosy is somewhat philosophic. All Europe for centuries was covered with it, but the quick, strong reactive blood of the white race strangled the germs of death, so it is doubtful if whites could ever be pestered much again. Yellow races, of slower, weaker blood, are still slowly stewing with it.

The Emblem Never Fails.
Although adrift upon the sea
The order broods regretfully;
From the far, lovely spaces slow
Withdraws the Star's afterglow,
So out of life the order dies;
And darkens all its happy skies;
Though twilight gathers cold and stern;
Overhead a lonely EMBLEM burns.
And in another day
Shall chase the bittered dark away;
What, though our eyes with tears
[be wet?]
The EMBLEM has never failed us yet,
The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more,
Sad brother, take comfort, now forget,
The EMBLEM has never failed us yet!
U. C. B.

A Nice Jail.

The governor of the central prison in Madrid was deposed some time ago for his excessive leniency. He allowed the prisoners to have almost anything they wanted, including a weekly newspaper written and printed by themselves. One of them sold liquors.

Forest Area of the South.

The south, with 27 per cent. of the total area of the United States, contains about 42 per cent. of the total forest area of the country.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

CHAS. R. SIMON, Grand Secretary,
I. O. C. M. A., Alma, Kansas.

Dear Sir:—I hereby apply for membership in the I. O. C. M. A. I solemnly affirm that I am a white male 14 years of age (or over) and I promise upon my word of honor, not to disclose any of the secrets of the order to any person not a member of the I. O. C. M. A. in good standing. This promise is made with the understanding that there is nothing in the teachings of the order that conflicts with my religion, politics, or duty to friends or parents.

Enclosed please find.....for which I am to receive an official receipt entitling me to full benefits in the order for the period of.....*

Name.....
Age on last birthday..... Street, P. O. Box.....
or Rural Route.....
Nationality..... Town..... State.....

*New members must pay 25 cents Membership Fee and 25 cents Certificate Fee besides the dues. Old members reinstating must pay dues only. The dues are 50 cents for six months; \$1.00 for one year; \$1.75 for two years.

Application must be endorsed. Read BACK carefully. Have both sides filled out.

OUR PRINCIPLES

IRVY informs us that the sanctity of an oath was more binding upon the Meads and Persians than the fear of the immutable laws.

Even in the remote ages there was wholesome regard for those fraternal obligations which have proved to mankind the blessing which now arises from associations in orders whose purpose is the good of mankind, and whose principals are so broad and so true as to build high the temple of morality.

As an order, a compact entity, the Ancients did not know the Order of the C. M. A. The name, the massing of the young men who have associated themselves under the fraternal warmth of our society, was not of the earth. The spirit that inspires us now as it inspired the founders of our beloved order—the spirit that has given to mankind breath of intelligence where was once bigotry and assumption—that spirit has endured since time began, and from it has been evolved our society.

'Tis the spirit that led the march of advancement from the east coast of the Mediterranean to the shores of Greece, there to be taken up by the Helenes, who made the first real advances toward a freedom of thought and action. 'Tis the spirit that followed the march of advancement, even when the purple and the gold of the Roman Empire offered sports in answer for the cry for bread, and smothered hope beneath a crafty and a conscienceless oligarchy. 'Tis the spirit that endured, and comes to us a blessed bequest from the ages, bearing its admonition that we persist in the onward march in the fight for the advancement of man's well-being.

No organization can succeed unless built upon sound principles. There must be that enthusiasm of the mem-

bership which comes from the satisfaction in well doing. Increased membership comes, not from intermittent or even continuous solicitation on the part of deputies, but as the consequence of a rejoicing and spirited membership—a membership which shows its fraternal love, its charity, its loyalty to truth.

There is a magnetism about such a fraternal order. It draws men. And an increase occasioned thereby is beneficial because it comes from appeal to the nobler impulses.

And so, in recounting the achievements and noting the growth of the C. M. A., we should not fail to give credit where credit is due—to the principles upon which we have builded.

No one more fully realized this fact than did William Tell Buchli, Past Worthy President of Alma lodge No. 1. In his writings and his talks he has laid particular stress on the fact that we have grown in membership because our principles have appealed to the young men.

Said brother Buchli:

"Our order can never become weak with age, for the necessity that gave it birth will always exist so long as conditions exist that created the necessity.

"Its democracy assures its growth, its quality insures its popularity, and its social benefits give universal satisfaction.

"Each member of this order has, by his obligations, taken upon himself a voluntary and individual duty to perform. His future advancement in this order, and the growth of the order as well, is dependent upon the fulfillment of these obligations.

"The I. O. C. M. A. has passed the experimental stage and is now a recognized entity in the affairs of man, the result of which should justify the most

sanguine expectations of our most zealous members.

"If we can get but a small percentage of those to whom our principles would appeal, it would be the strongest, as it is the most enthusiastic fraternal organization on the continent of America.

"Let us be to the world what we are to ourselves just, kind and considerate; meet censure, criticism and opposition with such conduct as will rob venom of its sting, and by so doing we turn the dart aimed at us against the ones that cast it."

What truth, what satisfying truth, we find in the above expressions. Brother Buchli must have seen into the very recess of our hearts, and to have revealed to the world the story. And what a story it is.

Is it wonderful that we have grown till the world stands agast at the strides we have taken?

Let us again quote from brother Buchli:

"We place no restriction for qualification for membership upon a man's manner of earning a livelihood, so long as the means are honest. We welcome into our fold the Prince, Peer or the Peasant—all find a fraternal level in this truest democracy of fraternal man.

"Our desire and object is to elevate the poor in spirit to the level of the highest, to humble the proud and arrogant and raise them to the same fraternal level."

Is there not something in this which appeals to the fairness of men? Is not one honest man as good as another honest man? And, too, it is not right that we should see, in every lodge that men meet this standard before we make them of our brotherhood? A man who cannot meet such requirements should not expect fellowship with us. And we should see that our portals are closed to the undesirable, remembering that the spirit that gave us our growth demands that we keep ourselves clean and pure. Our order is known by its membership. People judge us by the men whom we call brother. Let us, then, exercise due care that none but desirable men, pure of heart, honest and upright, are invited to fraternize with us.

Here again does an expression of brother Buchli, delivered in a talk along these lines, shed light. He said:

"'Tis a sacred duty to guide the footsteps of our erring brother by example, and direct their thought with goodly precept. To those who err our rebuke will be found most severe, that it may cleanse them; for the alloy of evil, like

(Continued on Page 17.)

ENDORSEMENTS

Read the other side carefully, before filling out this application blank.

WE, the undersigned, endorse the applicant whose name and address appears on the other side of this form, as worthy and of good character. He is known to us as being over 14 years of age, and of full white parentage.

Note: If endorsed by citizens use lines 1, 2 and 3. If by I. O. C. M. A. lodge officers use lines 4 and 5. If by a member only, use bottom line. If a member induced the application be sure and give his name and certificate number on bottom line.

- 1
- 2
- 3
- 4 President
- 5 Secretary

Sign below name of member to whom credit is given for getting the new member.

(over) Certificate No.

New California State Officers

The California I. O. C. M. A. State Meeting and Annual Dinner for 1909 was held at the Cosmos, San Francisco, California, Monday evening, October 18th, 1909. The following state officers were elected for the coming year: State President, Raymond Woods, 4278 23rd St., San Francisco; State Vice-president, Earl Switzer, 421 Castro St., San Francisco; State Secretary, Clarence E. Fay, R. F. D. 2, Visalia; State Speaker, Herbert A. Werle, 2217 Ellsworth St., Berkeley;

The delegates were the guests of San Francisco Lodge No. 36, I. O. C. M. A. OLIVER G. BEARDSLEE, 10, O. T. N. Ex-State Secretary, I. O. C. M. A.

Notice to Texas Members.

On account of there having been several of the state committeeman appointed, who were not in good standing with the National, and also with the state lodge, the state convention has been postponed indefinitely. The convention was announced in a recent issue of the EMBLEM to meet at San Antonio, on November 10, 11 and 12, but this article declares that announcement to be null and void. As soon as the state officers set a date, every member of the state lodge will be given due notice.

Yours in "F"

LYNN P. MERWIN, O. T. N.
Secretary Texas State I. O. C. M. A.

Up In Iowa.

Brother Walter H. Blum of Robins, Ia., writes us from Toddville, Ia., where he is now located, saying he wants to start something in this man's land for the I. O. C. M. A. We are with him and would like to see him set off a boomshell or two in that state as we are not well represented there as yet, but, with pushers such as brother Blum in the field, we know it will not be long before matters are better in that state.

"In Old Kentuck."

G. B. Lancaster, of Williamstown, Ky., is in hopes of starting a local lodge of the I. O. C. M. A. in that place before long. It is the hustlers like Brother Lancaster that are accomplishing things for the betterment of the order. There should be several more lodges in that state and we are going to try and get the old boys in the circle again.

C. M. A. Fraternity.

The C. M. A. Fraternity of Newark, Ohio, has been among the active par-

ties this summer. Their membership consists of the cream of the youths in that city and are an active bunch. Their strong hold is one of the best equipped clubs in the state. Their baseball team finished the season with a high percentage. In all, the Fraternity is an ideal lodge.

To Iowa Members.

I would like to have all members reinstated in the Otter Creek Star Lodge of Alburnett, Iowa, and the I. O. C. M. A. lodge of Robins, Iowa, write me as I want to organize a new lodge and start things moving for the I. O. C. M. A. in this part of the country. I think the Iowa members should get busy and show their colors. Good luck to the southern boys; just keep the stone a rolling.

Yours for prosperity,
WALTER H. BLUM,
Toddville, Iowa.

Do It Now.

If you have a kind word, say it.
Throbbing hearts soon sink to rest;
If you owe a kindness pay it,
Life's sun hurries to the west.
Can you do a kind deed, do it,
From despair a soul to save;
Bless each day as you pass through it,
Marching onward to the grave.
If some grand thing for to-morrow
You are dreaming, do it now;
From the future do not borrow,
Frost soon gathers on the brow.
Days for deeds are few, my brother,
Then to-day fulfill thy vow;
If you mean to help another,
Do not dream it, do it now.

L. GARRISON CLINE, 5^o O. T. N.

Brother Wm. L. Lightfoot of Dallas, Texas, writes us saying that he is going to try and get the Dallas lodge in action. Brother Loomis is a man not to be baffled by any obstructions and we expect to see Dallas boasting of a strong a local lodge as there is in that state.

BESTOGRAPHY.

The secret writing of the I. O. C. M. A. is used by members in corresponding among themselves, and also used by the Grand Secretary for special communications in the EMBLEM. By the use of Bestography a postal card communication is as private as a letter. A key to Bestography is a part of each member's outfit. Below the password for November appears in Bestography.

Password.

The password for the month of November is 54 23 4 10 26 27 41 41

A Correction.

Perdone, V.

In the last issue of the EMBLEM, brother D. P. Atlee was referred to as a "resident and citizen of Mexico," but he wants it understood that this is a mistake, although he lives in old Mexico, he is still an American citizen, having found no better country than the good old U. S. A. We publish below his letter to us which only shows what Americans, though in other lands for years, think of "The Land of Uncle Sam," or better known as "Gods Own Country."

Linares, N. L., Mexico,
October 19, 1909.

Mr. Chas. R. Simon,
Alma, Kansas.

Dear Brother:—

Please correct as soon as possible the statement made in regard to my nationality by brother Baber in the September number of the EMBLEM.

While this country has been my home for the past nineteen years or more I beg to say that I am still a "Gringo" as the Mexicans call the Americans. I am registered at the American Consulate General in the city of Monterrey, this state. I beg also to state that the mistake on brother Baber's part was to the fact that he probably thought I was a citizen of Mexico per fact of having resided here so long a time. I was born in grand old Texas.

Mexico is a fine country indeed, for business, pleasure and everything, but still the United States of America are considered by every American here or elsewhere to be God's country. A great feeling of patriotism surges through ones veins when crossing the border, after having remained here for several months. That "Shouty" feeling which is hard to hold back comes over one. At the border it is common to hear the remark by travelers; "back in God's country again."

The political situation here has caused much business losses, but now that everything is about settled, it is thought that before the end of the year business interests will cease to suffer. The stories of revolution which were published in the papers of the United States were in most instances most cleverly manufactured, as there have been absolutely no uprisings here.

Trusting you will get in the above correction in the October issue I beg to remain, as ever,

Your most sincere friend in "F."
D. P. Atlee, D. D. S. 5^o O. T. N.

No Rest for the Boss.

"What, haven't you had your vacation yet?"
"No, I'm the boss here."



This interesting story began in the January Number. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from the publishers at the rate of 5c per copy.

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrop, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor.

CHAPTER II.—Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left.

CHAPTER III.—Blake returned safely. Winthrop wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scored by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER IV.—The trio started on a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrop.

CHAPTER V.—They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree.

CHAPTER VI.—The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showing a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness.

CHAPTER VII.—Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring.

CHAPTER VIII.—Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They plan their campaign.

CHAPTER IX.—Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a leopard and smothering several cubs.

CHAPTER X.—In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the top of the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights.

CHAPTER XI.—The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal.

CHAPTER XII.—Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed.

CHAPTER XIII.—Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrop, Miss Leslie became frightened.

CHAPTER XIV.—Blake was poisoned by a fish. Jackals attacked the camp that night but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake returned, after nearly dying.

CHAPTER XV.—Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena.

CHAPTER XVI.—On a tour the trio discover honey and oysters.

CHAPTER XVII.—Miss Leslie was attacked

by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game.

CHAPTER XVIII.—For the second time Winthrop was attacked with the fever. He and Blake disagree.

CHAPTER XVIII.

(Continued from September Number.)

Only in two ways did the invalid exhibit any signs of energy. He could and did eat with a heartiness little short of that shown by Blake, and he would insist upon seeking opportunities to press his attentions upon Miss Leslie. He was careful to avoid all offensive remarks; yet the veriest commonplace from his lips was now an offense to the girl. While he needed her as nurse she had endured his talk as part of her duty. But now she felt that she could no longer do so. Taking advantage of a time when the Englishman was, as she supposed, enjoying a noontime siesta down towards the barricade, she went to meet Blake, who had been up on the cliff for eggs.

"Hello!" he sang out, as he swung down the tree, one hand gripping the clay pot in which he had gathered the eggs. "What you doing out in the sun? Get into the shade."

She stepped into the shade and waited until he had climbed down the pile of stones which he had built for steps at the foot of the tree.

"Mr. Blake," she began, "could not I do this work—gather the eggs?"

"You could, if I'd let you, Miss Jenny. But it strikes me you've got quite enough to do. Tell you the truth, I'd like to make Win take it in hand again. But all my cussing won't budge him an inch, and, you know, when it comes to the rub, I couldn't wallop a fellow who can hardly stand up."

"Is he really so weak?" she murmured.

"Well, you know how—Say, you don't mean that you think he's shamming?"

"I did not say that I thought so, Mr. Blake. I do not care to talk about him. What I wish is that you will let me attend to this work."

"Couldn't think of it, Miss Jenny!

You're already doing your share."

"Mr. Blake—if you must know—I wish to have a place where I can go and be apart—alone."

Blake scowled. "Alone with that dude! He'd soon find enough strength to climb up with you on the cliff."

"I—ah—Mr. Blake, would he be apt to follow me, if I told you distinctly I should rather be alone?"

"Would he? Well, I should rather guess not!" cried Blake, making no attempt to conceal his delight. "I'll give him a hint that'll make his hair curl. From now on, nobody climbs up this tree but you, without first asking your permission."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake! You are very kind."

"Kind to let you do more work! But say, I'll help out all I can on the other work. You know, Miss Jenny—a rough fellow like me don't know how to say it, but he can think it just the same—I'd do anything in the world for you!"

As he spoke, he held out his rough, powerful hand. She shrank back a little and caught her breath in sudden fright. But when she met his steady gaze, her fear left her as quickly as it had come. She impulsively thrust out her hand and he seized it in a grip that brought the tears to her eyes.

"Miss Jenny! Miss Jenny!" he murmured, utterly unconscious that he was hurting her, "you know now that I'm your friend, Miss Jenny!"

"Yes, Mr. Blake," she answered, blushing and drawing her hand free. "I believe you are a friend—I believe I can trust you."

"You can, by—Jiminy! But say," he continued, blundering with dense stupidity, "do you really mean that? Can you forgive me for being so confounded meddlesome the other day after the snake—"

He stopped short, for upon the instant she was facing him, as on that eventful day, scarlet with shame and anger.

"How dare you speak of it?" she cried. "You're—you're not a gentleman!"

Before he could reply she turned and left him, walking rapidly and with her head held high. Blake stared after her in bewilderment.

"Well, what in—what in thunder have I done now?" he exclaimed. "Ladies are certainly mighty funny! To go out at a touch—and just when I thought we were going to be chums! But then, of course, I've the whole thing to learn about nice girls—like her!"

"I—ah—must certainly agree with you there, Blake," drawled Winthrop, from beside the nearest bush.

Blake turned upon him with savage fury: "You dirty sneak!—you gentleman! You've been eavesdropping!"

The Englishman's yellow face paled to a sallow mottled gray. He had seen the same look in Blake's eyes twice before, and this time Blake was far more angry.

"You sneak!—you sham gent!" repeated the American, his voice sinking ominously.

Winthrop dropped in an abject heap, as though Blake had struck him with his club.

"No, no!" he protested, shrilly. "I am a real—I am—I'm a not—"

"That's it—you're a not! That's true!" broke in Blake, with sudden grim humor. "You're a nothing. A fellow can't even wipe his shoes on nothing!"

The change to sarcasm came as an immense relief to Winthrop.

"Ah, I say now, Blake," he drawled, pulling together his assurance the instant the dangerous light left Blake's eyes, "I say, now, do you think it fair to pick on a man who is so much your—er—who is ill and weak?"

"That's it—do the baby act," jeered Blake. "But say, I don't know just how much eavesdropping you did; so there's one thing I'll repeat for the special benefit of your ludship. It'll be good for your delicate health to pay attention. From now on, the cliff top belongs to Miss Leslie. Cents and book agents not allowed. Understand? You don't go up there without her special invite. If you do, I'll twist your damned neck!"

He turned on his heel and left the Englishman cowering.

CHAPTER XIX.

In Calmness Left



THE three saw nothing more of each other that day. Miss Leslie had withdrawn into the baobab and Blake had gone off down the cleft for more salt. He did not return until after the others were asleep. Miss Leslie had gone without her supper, or had eaten some of the food stored within the tree.

When, late the next morning, she finally left her seclusion Blake was nowhere in sight. Ignoring Winthrop's attempts to start a conversation, she hurried through her breakfast, and, having gathered a supply of food and water, went to spend the day on the headland.

Evening forced her to return to the cleft. She had emptied the water flask by noon, and was thirsty. Winthrop was dozing beneath his canopy, which Blake had moved some yards down towards the barricade. Blake was cooking supper.

He did not look up, and met her attention at a pleasant greeting with an inarticulate grunt. When she turned to enter the baobab, she found the opening littered with bamboos and fern creepers and pieces of large branches with charred ends. On either side midway through the entrance, a vertical row of holes had been sunk through the bark of the tree into the soft wood.

"What is this?" she asked. "Are you planning a porch?"

"Maybe," he replied.

"But why should you make the holes so far in? I know so little about these matters, but I should have fancied the holes would come on the front of the tree."

"You'll see in a day or two."

"How did you make the holes? They look black, as though—"

"Burnt 'em, of course—hot stones."

"That was so clever of you!"

He made no response.

Supper was eaten in silence. Even Winthrop's presence would have been a relief to the girl; yet she could not go to waken him, or even suggest that her companion do so. Blake sat throughout the meal sullen and stolid, and carefully avoided meeting her gaze. Before they had finished, twilight had come and gone, and night



"You Sneak! You Sham Gent!"

was upon them. Yet she lingered for a last attempt.

"Good-night, friend!" she whispered.

He sprang up as though she had struck him and blundered away into the darkness.

In the morning it was as before. He had gone off before she wakened. She lingered over breakfast; but he did not appear, and she could not endure Winthrop's snave drawl. She went for another day on the headland.

She returned somewhat earlier than on the previous day. As before, Winthrop was dozing in the shade. But Blake was under the baobab, raking together a heap of rubbish. His hands were scratched and bleeding. To the girl's surprise, he met her with a cheerful grin and a clear, direct glance.

"Look here," he called.

She stepped around the baobab and stood staring. The entrance, from the ground to the height of 12 feet, was

walled up with a mass of thorny branches, interwoven with yet thornier creepers.

"How's that for a front door?" he demanded.

"Door?"

"Yes."

"But it's so big. I could never move it."

"A child could. Look." He grasped a projecting handle near the bottom of the thorny mass. The lower half of the door swung up and outward, the upper half in and downward. "See, it's balanced on a crossbar in the middle. Come on in."

She walked after him in under the now horizontal door. He gave the inner end a light upward thrust, and the door swung back in its vertical circle until it again stood upright in the opening. From the inside the girl could see the strong framework to which was lashed the facing of the thorns. It was made of bamboo and strong pieces of branches, bound together with tough creepers.

"Pretty good grating, eh?" remarked Blake. "When those green creepers dry, they'll shrink and hold tight as iron clamps. Even now nothing short of a rhinoceros could walk through when the bars are fast. See here."

He stepped up to the novel door and slid several socketed crossbars until their outer ends were deep in the holes in the tree trunk, three on each side.

"How's that for a set of bolts?" he demanded.

"Wonderful! Really, you are very, very clever! But why should you go to all this trouble, when the barricade—"

"Well, you see, it's best to be on the safe side."

"But it's absurd for you to go to all this needless work. Not that I do not appreciate your kind thought for my safety. Yet look at your hands!"

Blake hastened to put his bleeding hands behind him.

"Go and wash them at once, and I'll put on a dressing."

"No, thank you, Miss Jenny. You needn't bother. They'll do all right."

"You must! It would please me."

"Why, then, of course— But first, I want to make sure you understand fastening the door. Try the bars yourself."

She obeyed, sliding the bars in and out until he nodded his satisfaction.

"Good!" he said. "Now promise me you'll slide 'em fast every night."

"If you ask it. But why?"

"I want to make you perfectly safe."

"Safe? But am I not secure with—"

"Look here, Miss Leslie; I'm not going to say anything about anybody."

"Perhaps you had better say no more, Mr. Blake."

"That's right. But whatever happens, you'll believe I've done my best, won't you?—even if I'm not a— Promise me straight, you'll lock up tight every night."

"Very well, I promise," responded the girl, not a little troubled by the

strangeness of his expression.

That night Miss Leslie dutifully fastened herself in with all six bars. She wakened at dawn, and hastened out to prepare Blake's breakfast, but she found herself too late. There were evidences that he had eaten and gone off before dawn. The stretching frame of one of the antelope skins had been moved around by the fire, and on the smooth inner surface of the hide was a laconic note, written with charcoal in a firm, bold hand:

"Exploring inland. Back by night, if can."

She bit her lip in her disappointment, for she had planned to show him how much she appreciated his absurd but well-meant concern for her safety. As it was, he had gone off without a word and left her to the questionable pleasure of a tete-a-tete with Winthrop. Hoping to avoid this, she hurried her preparations for a day on the cliff. But before she could get off, Winthrop sauntered up, hiding his yawns behind a hand which had regained most of its normal plumpness. His eye was at once caught by the charcoal note.

"Ah!" he drawled; "really now, this is too kind of him to give us the pleasure of his absence all day!"

"Ye-es?" murmured Miss Leslie. "Permit me to add that you will also have the pleasure of my absence. I am going now."

Winthrop looked down, and began to speak very rapidly: "Miss Genevieve, I—I wish to apologize. I've thought it over. I've made a mistake—I—I mean, my conduct the other day was vile, utterly vile! Permit me to appeal to your considerateness for a man who has been unfortunate—who, I mean, has been—er—was carried away by his feelings. Your favoring of that bloom—er—that—er—boulder so angered me that I—that I—"

"Mr. Winthrop!" interrupted the girl, "I will have you to understand that you do not advance yourself in my esteem by such references to Mr. Blake."

"Aye! aye, that Blake!" panted Winthrop. "Don't you see? It's 'im, an' that blossom! W'en a man's daffy—w'en e's in love!"

Miss Leslie burst into a nervous laugh; but checked herself on the instant.

"Really, Mr. Winthrop!" she exclaimed, "you must pardon me. I—I never knew that cultured Englishmen ever dropped their h's. As it happens, you know, I never saw one excited before this."

"Ah, yes; to be sure—to be sure!" murmured Winthrop, in an odd tone. The girl threw out her hand in a little gesture of protest.

"Really, I'm sorry to have hurt—to have been so thoughtless!"

Winthrop stood silent. She spoke again: "I'll do what you ask. I'll make allowances for your—for your feelings towards me and try to forget all you said the other day. Let me begin by asking a favor of you."

"Ah, Miss Genevieve, anything, to be sure, that I may do!"

"It is that I wish your opinion. When Mr. Blake finished that absurd door last evening, he would not tell me why he had built it—only a vague statement about my safety."

"Ah! He did not go into particulars?" drawled Winthrop.

"No, not even a hint; and he looked so—odd."

"Winthrop slowly rubbed his soft palms one upon the other.

"Do you—er—really desire to know his—the motive which actuated him?" he murmured.

"I should not have mentioned it to you if I did not," she answered.

"Well—er—" He hesitated and paused for a full minute. "You see, it is a rather difficult undertaking to



Satisfied Himself That Miss Leslie Was Well Out Toward the Signal.

intimate such a matter to a lady—just the right touch of delicacy, you know. But I will begin by explaining that I have known it since the first—"

"Known what?"

"Of that bound—of—er—Blake's trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Ah! Perhaps I should have said affliction; yes, that is the better word. To own the truth, the fellow has some good qualities. It was no doubt because he realized, when in his better moments—"

"Better moments? Mr. Winthrop, I am not a child. In justice both to myself and to Mr. Blake, I must ask you to speak out plainly."

"My dear Miss Leslie, may I first ask if you have not observed how strangely at times the fellow acts—'looks odd,' as you put it—how he falls into melancholia or senseless rages? I may

truthfully state that he has three times threatened my life."

"I—I—thought his anger quite natural, after I had so rudely—and so many people are given to brooding— But if he was violent to you—"

"My dear Miss Genevieve, I hold nothing against the miserable fellow. At such times he is not—er—responsible, you know. Let us give the fellow full credit—that is why he himself built your door."

"Oh, but I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" cried the girl. "It's not possible! He's so strong, so true and manly, so kind, for all his gruffness!"

"Ah, my dear!" soothed Winthrop, "that is the pity of it. But when a man must needs be his worst enemy, when he must needs lead a certain kind of life, he must take the consequences. To put it as delicately as possible, yet explain all, I need only say one word—paranoia."

Miss Leslie gathered up her day's outfit with trembling fingers and went to mount the cliff.

After waiting a few minutes Winthrop walked hurriedly through the cleft and climbed the tree-ladder with an agility that would have amazed his companions. But he did not draw himself up on the cliff. Having satisfied himself that Miss Leslie was well out toward the signal, he returned to the baobab and proceeded to examine Blake's door with minute scrutiny.

That evening, shortly before dark, Blake came in almost exhausted by his journey. Few men could have covered the same ground in twice the time. It had been one continuous round of grass jungle, thorn scrub, rocks and swamp. And for all his pains he brought back with him nothing more than the discouraging information that the back-country was worse than the shore. Yet he betrayed no trace of depression over the bad news, and for all his fatigue maintained a tone of hearty cheerfulness until, having eaten his fill, he suddenly observed Miss Leslie's frigid politeness.

"What's up now?" he demanded. "You're not mad 'cause I hiked off this morning without notice?"

"No, of course, not, Mr. Blake. Nothing of the kind. But I—"

"Well, what?" he broke in, as she hesitated. "I can't, for the world, think of anything else I've done—"

"You've done! Perhaps I might suggest that it is a question of what you haven't done." The girl was trembling on the verge of hysterics. "Yes, what you've not done! All these weeks, and not a single attempt to get us away from here, except that miserable signal; and I as good as put that up! You call yourself a man! But I—I—" She stopped short, white with a sudden overpowering fear.

Winthrop looked from her to Blake with a sidelong glance, his lips drawn up in an odd twist.

There followed several moments of tense silence; then Blake mumbled apologetically: "Well, I suppose I

might have done more. I was so dead anxious to make sure of food and shelter. But this trip to-day—"

"Mr.—Mr. Blake, pray do not get excited—I—I mean, please excuse me. I'm—"

"You're coming down sick!" he said.

"No, no! I have no fever."

"Then it's the sun. Yet you ought to keep up there where the air is freshest. I'll make you a shade."

She protested, and withdrew, somewhat hurriedly, to her tree.

In the morning Blake was gone again; but instead of a note, beside the fire stood the smaller antelope skin converted into a great bamboo-ribbed sunshade.

She spent the day as usual on the headland. There was no wind, and the sun was scorching hot. But with her big sunshade to protect her from the direct rays, the heat was at least endurable. She even found energy to work at a basket which she was attempting to weave out of long, coarse grass; yet there were frequent intervals when her hands sank idle in her lap, and she gazed away over the shimmering glassy expanse of the ocean.

In the afternoon the heat became oppressively sultry, and a long slow swell began to roll shoreward from beyond the distant horizon, showing no trace of white along its oily crests until they broke over the coral reefs. There was not a breath of air stirring, and for a time the reefs so checked the rollers that they lacked force to drive on in and break upon the beach.

Steadily, however, the swell grew heavier, though not so much as a cat's-paw ruffled the dead surfaces of the watery hillocks. By sunset they were rolling high over both lines of reefs and racing shoreward to break upon the beach and the cliff foot in furious surf. The still air reverberated with the booming of the breakers. Yet the girl, inland bred and unversed in weather lore, sat heedless and indifferent, her eyes fixed upon the horizon in a vacant stare.

Her reverie was at last disturbed by the peculiar behavior of the scafowl. Those in the air circled around in a manner strange to her, while their mates on the ledges waddled restlessly about over and between their nests. There was a shriller note than usual in their discordant clamor.

Yet even when she gave heed to the birds, the girl failed to realize their alarm or to sense the impending danger. It was only that a feeling of disquiet had broken the spell of her reverie; it did not obtrude upon the field of her conscious thought. She sighed and rose to return to the cleft, idly wondering that the air should seem more sultry than at mid-day. The peculiar appearance of the sun and the western sky meant nothing more to her than an odd effect of color and light. She smilingly compared it with an attempt at a sunset painted by an artistic friend of the impressionist school.

Neither Winthrope nor Blake was in sight when she reached the baobab, and neither appeared, though she delayed supper until dark. It was quite possible that they had eaten before her return and had gone off again, the Englishman to doze and Blake on an evening hunt.

At last, tired of waiting, she covered the fire and retired into her tree-cave. The air in the cleft was still more stifling than on the headland. She paused, with her hand upraised to close the swinging door. She had propped it open when she came out in the morning. After a moment's hesitation, she went on across the hollow, leaving the door wide open.

"I will rest a little, and close it later," she sighed. She was feeling weary and depressed.

An hour passed. An ominous stillness lay upon the cleft. Even the cicadas had hushed their shrill note. The only sound was a muffled reverberating echo of the surf roaring upon the seashore. Beneath the giant spread of the baobab all was blackness.

Something moved in a bush a little way down the cleft. A crouching figure appeared, dimly outlined in the starlight. The figure crept stealthily across into the denser night of the baobab. The darkness closed about it like a shroud.

A blinding flash of light pierced the blackness. The figure halted and crouched lower, though the flash had gone again in a fraction of a second. A dull rumbling mingled with the ceaseless boom of the surf.

A second flash lighted the cleft with its dazzling concretion. This time the creeping figure did not halt.

Again and again the forked lightning streaked across the sky, every stroke more vivid than the one before. The rumble of the distant thunder deepened to a heavy rolling which dominated the dull roar of the breakers. The storm was coming with the on-rush of a tornado. Yet the leaves hung motionless in the still air, and there was no sound other than the thunder and the booming of the surf.

The lightning flared, one stroke upon the other, with a brilliancy that lit up the cave's interior brighter than at mid-day.

In the white glare the girl saw Winthrope, crouched beneath her upswung door; and his face was as the face of a beast.

CHAPTER XX.

The Hurricane Blast.



FOR a moment that seemed a moment of eternity she lay on her bed staring into the blank darkness. The storm burst with a crashing uproar that brought her to her feet with a shriek. Her giant tree cracked and strained under the impact of the terrific hurricane

blasts that came howling through the cleft like a rout of shrieking fiends. The peals of thunder merged into one continuous roar, beneath which the solid ledges of rocks jarred and quivered. The sky was a pall of black clouds, meshed with a dazzling network of forked lightning.

The girl stood motionless, stunned by the uproar, appalled by the blinding glare of the thunderbolts; yet even more fearful of the figure which every flash showed her still lurking beneath the door. A gust-borne bough struck with numbing force against her upraised arm. But she took no heed. She was unaware of the swirl of rain and sticks and leaves that was driving in through the open entrance.

On a sudden the door shook free from its props and whirled violently around on its balance-bar. There was a shriek that pierced above the shrilling of the cyclone—a single human shriek.

The girl sprang across the cave. The heavy door swished up before her and down again, its lower edge all but grazing her face. For a moment it stopped in a vertical position and hung quivering, like a beast about to leap upon its prey. Too excited to comprehend the danger of the act, the girl sprang forward and shot one of the thick bars into its socket.

A fierce gust leaped against the outer face of the door and thrust in upon it, striving to burst it bodily from its bearings. The top and the free side of the bottom bowed in. But the branches were still green and tough, the bamboo like whalebone and the shrunken creepers held the frame together as though the joints were lashed with wire rope. Falling to smash in the elastic structure or to snap the crossbar it were as if the blast flung itself alternately against the top and bottom in a fierce attempt to again whirl the frame about. The white glare streaming in through the interstices showed the girl her opportunity. She grasped another bar and shot it into its socket as the lower part of the door gave back with the shifting of the pressure to the top. It was then a simple matter to slide the remaining bars into the deep-sunk holes. Within half a minute she had made the door fast from the first bar to the sixth.

A heavy spray was beating in upon her through the chinks of the framework. She drew back and sought shelter in a niche at the side. Narrow as was the slit above the top of the door, it let in a torrent of water, which spouted clear across and against the far wall of the cave. It gushed down upon her bed and was already flooding the cave floor.

She piled higher the coconuts stored in her niche, and perched herself upon the heap to keep above the water. But even in her sheltered corner the eddying wind showered her with spray. She waded across for her skin-covered sunshade, and returned to huddle beneath it, in the still mis-

ery and terror of a hunted animal that has crept wounded into a hole.

During the first hurricane there had been companions to whom she could look for help and comfort, and she had been to a degree unaware of the greatness of the danger. But in the few short weeks since she had caught more than one glimpse of Primeval Nature—she of the bloody fang, blind, remorseless, insensate, destroying, ever destroying.

True, this was on solid land, while before there had been the peril of the sea. But now the girl was alone. Outside the straining walls of her refuge, the hurricane yelled and shrieked and roared—a headless, formless monster, furious to burst in upon her, to overthrow her stanch old tree giant, that in his fall his shattered trunk might crush and mangle her. Or at any instant a thunder-bolt might rend open the great tower of living wood, and hurl her blackened body into the pool on the cave floor.

Once she fancied that she heard Blake shouting outside the door; but when she screamed a shrill response, the blast mocked her with echoing shrieks, and she dared not venture to free the door. If it were Blake, he did not shout again. After a time she began to think that the sound had been no more than a freak of the shifting wind. Yet the thought of him out in the full fury of the cyclone served to turn her thoughts from her own danger. She prayed aloud for his safety, beseeching God that he be spared. She sought to pray even for Winthrope. But the vision of that beastly face rose up before her, and she could not—then.

Presently she became aware of a change in the storm. The terrific gusts blew with yet greater violence, the thunder crashed heavier, the lightning filled the air with a flame of dazzling white light. But the rain no longer gushed across on the spot where her bed had been. It was entering at a different angle, and its force was broken by the bend in the thick wall of the entrance. After a time the deluge dashed aslant the entrance, gushing down the door in a cataract of foam.

Another interval, and the driving downpour no longer struck even the edge of the opening. The wind was veering rapidly as the cyclone center moved past on one side. The area of the hurricane was little more than thrice that of a tornado, and it was advancing along its course at great speed. An hour more, and the outermost rim of the huge whirl was passing over the cleft.

Quickly the hurricane gusts fell away to a gale; the gale became a breeze; the breeze lulled and died away, stifled by the torrential rain.

Within the baobab all was again dark and silent, utterly exhausted, the girl had sunk back against the friendly wall of the tree, and fallen asleep.

She was awakened by a hoarse call:

"Miss Jenny! Miss Jenny, answer me! Are you all right?"

She started up, barely saving herself from a fall as the big unhusked nuts rolled beneath her feet. The morning sunlight was streaming in over her door. She sprang down ankle-deep into the mire of the cave floor, and ran to loosen the bars. As the door swung up, she darted out, with a cry of delight: "You are safe—safe! Oh, I was so afraid for you! But you're drenched! You must build a fire—dry yourself—at once!"

"Wait," said Blake. "I've got to tell you something."

He caught her outstretched hands, and pushed them down with gentle force. His face was grave, almost solemn.

"Think you can stand bad news—a



"I know already—I know all."

shock?"

"I— What is it? You look so strange!"

"It's about Winthrope—something very bad—"

She turned, with a gasp, and hid her face in her hands, shuddering with horror and loathing.

"Oh! oh!" she cried. "I know already—I know all!"

"All?" demanded Blake, staring blankly.

"Yes; all! And—and he made me think it was you!" She gasped, and fell silent.

Blake's face went white. He spoke in a clear, vibrant voice, tense as an overstrained violin string; "I am speaking about Winthrope—understand me?—Winthrope. He has been badly hurt."

"The door swung down and struck him, when he was creeping in."

"God!" roared Blake. "I plucked

him up like a sick baby—the beast!—'stead of grinding my heel in his face! God! I'll—"

"Tom! don't—don't even speak of it! Tom!"

"God! When a helpless girl—when a—!" He choked, beside himself with rage.

She sprang to him, and caught his sleeve in a convulsive grasp. "Hush, for mercy's sake! Tom Blake, remember—you're a man!"

He calmed like a ferocious dog at the voice of its master; but it was several minutes before he could bring himself to obey her insistent urging that he should return to the injured man.

"I'll go," he at last growled. "Wouldn't do it even for you, but he's good as dead—lucky for him!"

"Dead!"

"Dying. You stay away."

He went around the baobab and a few paces along the cleft to the place where a limp form lay huddled on the ledges, out of the mud. Slowly, as though drawn by the fascination of horror, the girl crept after him. When she saw the broken, storm-beaten thing that had been Winthrope, she stopped, and would have turned back. After all, as Blake had said, he was dying—

When she stood at the feet of the writhing figure, and looked down into the battered face, it required all her will-power to keep from fainting. Blake frowned up at her for an instant, but said nothing.

Winthrope was speaking, feebly and brokenly, yet distinctly: "Really, I did not mean any harm—at first—you know. But a man does not always have control—"

"Not a beast like you!" growled Blake.

"Ow! Don't 't me! I say now, I'm done for! My legs are cold already—"

"Oh, quick, Mr. Blake! build a fire! It may be, some hot broth—"

"Too late," muttered Blake. "See here, Winthrope, there's no use lying about it. You're going out mighty soon. See if you can't die like a man."

"Die! Gawd, but I can't die—I can't die—Ow! it burns!"

He flung up a hand, and sought to tear at his wounds.

"Hold hard!" cried Blake, catching the hand in an iron grip.

Something in his touch, or the tone of command, seemed to cower the wretched man into a state of abject submission.

"S'elp me, I'll confess!—I'll confess all!" he babbled. "The stones are sewed in the stomach pad; I 'ad to take 'em hout of their settings, and melt up the gold." He paused, and a cunning smile stole over his distorted features. "Ho, wot a bloomin' lark! Valet plays the gent, an' they ne'er 'as a hinkling! Mr. Cecil Winthrope, hif you please, an' a 'int of a bit! wot a lark! 'Awkings, me lad, you

a gay 'oaxer! Wot a lark! wot a lark!"

Again there was a pause. The breath of the wounded man came in laboring gasps. There was an ominous rattling in his throat. Yet once again he rallied, and this time his eyes turned to Miss Leslie, bright with an agonized consciousness of her presence and of all his guilt and shame.

His voice shrilled out in quivering appeal: "Don't—don't look at me, miss! I tried to make myself a gentleman; God knows I tried! I fought my way up out of the East End—out of that hell—and none ever lifted finger to help me. I educated myself like a scholar—then the stock sharks cheated me of my savings—cut of the last penny; and I had to take service. My God! a valet—his grace's valet, and I a scholar! Do you wonder the devil got into me? Do you—"

Blake's deep voice, firm but strangely husky, broke in upon and silenced the cry of agony: "There, I guess you've said enough."

"Enough—and last night—My God! to be such a beast! The devil tempted me—aye, and he's paid me out in my own coin! I'm done for! God ha' mercy on me!—God ha' mercy—"

Again came the gasping rattle; this time there was no rally.

Blake thrust himself between Miss Leslie and the crumpled figure.

"Get back around the tree," he said harshly.

"What are you going to do?"

"That's my business," he replied. He thrust his burning-glass into her hand. "Here; go and build a fire, if you can find any dry stuff."

"You're not going to— You'll bury him!"

"Yes. Whatever he may have been, he's dead now, poor devil!"

"I can't go," she half-whispered, "not until—until I've learned— Do you—can you tell me just what is paranoïa?"

Blake studied a little, and tapped the top of his head.

"Near as I can say, it's softening of the brain—up there."

"Do you think that—" she hesitated—"that he had it?"

Again Blake paused to consider.

"Well, I'm no alienist. I thought him a softy from the first. But that was all in line with what he was playing on us—British dude. Fooled me, and I'd been chumming with Jimmy Scarbridge—and Jimmy was the straight goods, fresh imported—monocle even—when I first ran up against him. No; this—this Hawkins, if that's his name, had brains all right. Still, he may have been cracked. When folks go dotty, they sometimes get extra 'cute. The best I can think of is that losing his savings may have made him slip a cog, and then the scare over the way we landed here and his spells of fever probably hurried up the softening."

"Then you believe his story?"

"Yes, I do. But if you'll go, please."

"One thing more—I must know now! Do you remember the day when you set up the signal and you—you quarreled with him?"

Blake reddened and dropped his gaze. "Did he go and tell you that? The sneak!"

"If you please, let us say nothing more about him. But would you care to tell me what you meant—what you said then?"

Blake's flush deepened; but he raised his head, and faced her squarely as he answered: "No; I'm not going to repeat any dead man's talk; and as for what I said, this isn't the time or place to say anything in that line—now that we're alone. Understand?"

"I'm afraid I do not, Mr. Blake. Please explain."

"Don't ask me, Miss Jenny. I can't tell you now. You'll have to wait till we get aboard ship. We'll catch a steamer before long. 'Tisn't every one of them that goes ashore in these blows."

"Why did you build that door? Did you suspect—" She glanced down at the huddled figure between them.

Blake frowned and hesitated; then burst out almost angrily: "Well, you know now he was a sneak; so it's not blabbing to tell that much—I knew he was before; and it's never safe to trust a sneak."

"Thank you!" she said, and she turned away quickly that she might not again look at the prostrate figure.

CHAPTER XXI.

Wreckage and Salvage.



ALL the wood in the cleft was sodden from the fierce downpour that had accompanied the cyclone; all the cleft bottom other than the bare ledges was a bed of mud; everything without the tree-cave had been either blown away or heaped with broken boughs and mud-spattered rubbish. But the girl had far too much to think about to feel any concern over the mere damage and destruction of things. It was rather a relief to find something that called for work.

Not being able to find dry fuel she gathered a quantity of the least sodden of the twigs and branches and spread them out on a ledge in the clear sunshine. While her firewood was drying she scraped away the mud and litter heaped upon her rude hearth. She then began a search for lost articles. When she dug out the pottery ware she found her favorite stew pot and one of the platters in fragments. The drying-frames for the meat had been blown away, and so had the antelope and hyena skins.

Catching sight of a bit of white down among the bamboos, she went to it, and was not a little surprised to see the tattered remnant of her duck

skirt. It had evidently been torn from the signal staff by the first gust of the cyclone, whirled down into the cleft by some flaw or eddy in the wind, and wadded so tightly into the heart of the thick clump of stems that all the fury of the storm had failed to dislodge it. Its recovery seemed to the girl a special providence; for of course they must keep up a signal on the cliff.

Having started her fire and set on a stew, she hunted out her sewing materials from their crevice in the cave and began mending the slits in the torn flag. While she worked she sat on a shaded ledge, her bare feet toasting in the sun, and her soggy, mud-smearred moccasins drying within reach. When Blake appeared, the moccasins were still where she had first set them, but the little pink feet were safely tucked up beneath the tattered flag. Fortunately, the sight of the white cloth prevented Blake from noticing the moccasins.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's that?—the flag? Say, that's luck! I'll break out a bamboo right off. Old staff's carried clean away."

"Mr. Blake—just a moment, please. What have you done with—with it?"

Blake jerked his thumb upward.

"You have carried him up on the cliff?"

"Best place I could think of. No animals—and I piled stones over— But, I say, look here."

He drew out a piece of wadded cloth, marked off into little squares by crossing lines of stitches. One of the squares near the edge had been ripped open. Blake thrust in his finger and worked out an emerald the size of a large pea.

This Capital story will be continued in the next issue of the Emblem. During the remainder of the year many other interesting stories will appear in these columns. If you are not already a subscriber for this paper, it will repay you if you will send in a year's subscription. It only costs you 50c, and you will never regret it. Let us hear from you at once.

Mere Details.

Life Insurance Agent—I'd like to write you up a policy if you haven't all the life insurance you think you need.

Cholly Knickerbocker—You'll have to see my valet, old chap, he attends to all such matters, don'tcherknow

Wooden Shack Better Than Tent.

The common notion that a tent is specially hygienic is incorrect. A tent is far less hygienic than a wooden shack, because the air is more confined and there are no windows to open. The best shelter for invalids camping in a dry region, like the Arizona desert, is made of four posts supporting wire netting into which branches of some tree have been woven, leaving just enough light to read by.



THE STAMP COLLECTOR

Brief Bits of News, and Happenings of Note Among
Stamp Collectors, the World Over.

Edited by JULIAN T. BABER, Pocahontas, Va.



CHIS department is conducted by Julian T. Baber, an Associate Editor of this paper, for the benefit of those interested in the collecting of postage stamps.

A packet of stamps will be given to the one who sends me the best article pertaining to stamp collecting, or regarding his own collection. Articles must be restricted to 300 words and must be sent to the editor of this department within ten days after receipt of the EMBLEM. The best article will be published and all contributors names will be put on the roll of honor.

All correspondence regarding this department should be sent to the following address.

**Julian T. Baber,
Pocahontas, Va.**

Items of Interest.

The dread post card disease seems to be as prevalent as ever.

The philatelic library of the late E. J. Nankivell has been sold.

At this writing the total membership of the American Philatelic Society was 1721.

The A-Y-P stamps have been issued imperforate, and are being sold by dealers at from three to five cents over face value.

The membership of the Junior Stamp Society is now beyond the one hundred mark. A marked increase has been shown in the last two months.

Mr. Julian Park, of Buffalo, N. Y., who is a prominent philatelist and Esperantist, spent his vacation at the the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition.

H. Harmer and J. S. Lowden, who were arrested in London on the charge of forging stamps of British North Borneo, after a prolonged trial, were acquitted.

R. L. Doak, the "mainspring" of the Southern Philatelic Association has given up his position as teacher in the schools of New Bedford, Ohio, and will go into the mercantile business.

While a ball was in progress in Bermuda, a lady appeared on the floor wearing a dress which was made out of postage stamps. It is said that it took three weeks to make this oddity.

Those new special delivery stamps (green) have been offered for sale by dealers for 20 cents each in mint condition. It might be a good investment to go to your post-office and buy up several sheets, if they have them. Time will increase their value.

It was recently announced in the philatelic press, that certain officials were in favor of consolidating the Southern, Metropolitan, and National Philatelic Associations. From current reports, we do not think that such a consolidation could be affected.

Many fine stamps were totally ruined at an Industrial Exhibition held in Winnipeg, Canada. The building in which the stamps were on exhibition, was made of flimsy material, and during a fierce rainstorm volumes of water poured in causing the above mentioned result. It is estimated that stamps to the value of \$2,000 were destroyed.

Guy W. Green, a well known stamp writer, who has managed several baseball teams, recently sold his interests in the Lincoln, Neb., team. No doubt many of our readers will remember when Mr. Green toured the states with his crack ball team, known as the Nebraska Indians. Or perhaps you saw Mr. Green's men play. The writer did.

Mr. Harry L. Lindquist, editor of the Collector's Journal, will at an early date, issue a series of philatelic hand books, similar to the popular Melville publications. They will be known as the Collectors' Journal series of Philatelic Handbooks. Each book will be complete in itself, and will be written by an authority on the subject treated. More concerning these books will appear in our columns, if copies are sent us for review.

From the Trade.

We acknowledge with thanks, receipt of the following: Mekeel's News and Trade Circular, Nos. 23, 24 and 25. Published by C. H. Mekeel, R. F. D. No. 29, St. Louis, Mo.

Price list of the Attleboro Stamp Co. of Attleboro, Mass.

Catalogue and Monthly Bulletin from Theodore Champion & Co., 13 Rue Dro- uot, Paris, France.

The Hartford Philatelist, from Harry L. Perkins, 75 Pratt Street, Hartford, Conn.

Something New.

For the present we will do away with the article writing, and try something different. This new contest offers a fine chance to show how well you have studied your stamps, and with a little patience, we have no doubt but that you will be able to get all of the answers. Even if you do not get all of them, send what you do get, for they may win a prize.

This Month's Contest.

From the stamps of what countries are the following words taken:

- 1—Oriental
- 2—Durch Die
- 3—On Grano
- 4—Generala
- 5—Done Deci Par
- 6—Port Vila
- 7—Poste Estensi
- 8—Postbezirk
- 9—Print Office
- 10—Letter Stamp
- 11—No hay estampillas
- 12—Receber

On the Reviewer's Table.

The Philatelic Star; published monthly Wahrer & Malmborg, July, 1909. The Star this month is not up to its usual standard. It has a large amount of reading matter for its size, but it is not the live wire kind. We hope to see improvement soon.

Mekeel's Weekly Stamp news; edited by Messrs. Severn and Wylie; issued every Saturday by the Mekeel-Severn-Wylie Co. Mekeel's Weekly is making strenuous efforts to secure the C. P. S. official organship for another year. It has served the A. P. S. well, and has furnished its readers with the latest news anent philately, to be had, but we think that the Weekly should step down once and give another paper the chance for awhile. Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News needs no recommendation. "The Old Reliable" for a good many years. So much for Mekeel's.

The Philatelic Adviser; edited by Frank H. Oliver; published monthly by Bright & Son, London, July, 1909. This number of the Adviser is a very

interesting one. Editorials by the editor, the New Issue Department, an article by Herbert Clark and the concluding report of the trial of the two stamp forgers go to fill up this month's issue. The Adviser is the only stamp paper giving a complete account of the trial of the forgers, and to fully understand the case we would suggest that back numbers of this paper be obtained. The Philatelic Adviser is one of the very few stamp publications that appear on time.

Redfield's Stamp Weekly; edited by L. G. Quackenbush; published every Saturday by the Redfield Publishing Co. at Smethport, Pa. At this writing the A. P. S. convention at Atlantic City was not in session, so it is not known yet whether or not Redfield's Weekly was designated as the official paper of the A. P. S. We are rooting for Redfield's for we do not think one paper should hold that important position all of the time. If you are not a subscriber to Redfield's. Send for a sample copy and test its merits. We then think you will subscribe.

The Boy; published monthly by the Boy Publishing Co., Columbus, O., August, 1909. The third number of the Boy was issued on time, and although not as attractive as the two preceding issues, is very creditable. The cover design is very appropriate—representing a young man fishing for trout in a mountain stream. The departments for the Amateur Printer, Books, Baseball, Post Cards and Stamps are capably edited. The membership of the Junior Stamp Society of which the Boy is the official organ, indicates that the J. S. S. is in a flourishing condition. The Boy bids fair to rank with the leading boys' papers.

The Philatelic West; published monthly by L. T. Broadstone, July, 1909. We were agreeably surprised to receive such a fine number of the West, as the July issue is. The reading matter being set in new body type and being well printed, makes the West look like a new paper—one that is a pleasure to read. On the cover page, the portrait of John A. Clemann, Sec'y-Treas., of the Nassau Stamp Co., N. Y. city, is reproduced. As usual the reports of the many collectors' societies are printed in the West. Articles by Dorpat and Helsop can be found in every number, and are very interesting as well as instructive. Typographical errors which have for several years been a feature of the West are few if any in the July number. The West is the largest and oldest American collectors' paper published.

The Hobbyist; published by the O. K. Press, Winnipeg, Canada by O. Kendall.

August, 1909. The August Hobbyist is at hand. It is not marked for review, but as ever are so pleased with it we must give it some notice and commendation. The copy we now have at hand is the largest and prettiest of any of Mr. Kendalls productions. One cover in lavender paper overprinted in yellow and two shades of green, makes a very tasty and pleasing design. There is more reading matter in this number than in previous numbers and being well printed, presents an attractive appearance. On the editorial page can be found an article bearing on the Redfield-Mekeel muddle. It is very ludicrous and interesting. On the page of "Biographicalities", photographs of Bro. Ralph W. Downie, and Julian T. Baber are reproduced in connection with short biographs. The Hobbyist is a magazine for those with a hobby.

Odd Whims of Collectors.

THERE are fads and fads, but there is one that sometime or other has taken hold of nearly everybody—the "collecting" fad. If there are any where men or women who have not indulged in it, they are themselves unique enough for a collection, for the habits is well nigh universal claiming rich and poor, high and low alike. In boyhood it begins with the fad of collecting stamps, tobacco tags, cigar bands, marbles and like things that are within any lad's reach. In manhood it manifests itself in the collection of more difficult and expensive things—rare books, theater programs, costly china, old laces, valuable paintings, precious stones, odd bits of jewelry, ancient coins, old newspapers, and what not. Sometimes immense sums of money are invested by the rich in their collections, as much as \$150,000 having been paid for rich paintings, like the Holbein which was recently purchased by a mysterious American millionaire in England to the amazement and dislike of Englishmen. J. Pierpont Morgan has an expensive collection fad—pictures and other works of art; it has cost him many millions already. Sometimes many thousands of dollars are paid for rare coins.

One of the oddest collections was that brought together at the cost of much searching and large sums of money by a wealthy English woman who died recently. Keys were her hobby and she had spent something like \$40,000 or more on them. Her collection comprised the key of Nuremberg Iron Virgin, one said to have belonged to Cleopatra's jewel case, another of the private setting room of the murdered Queen Draga of Servia, a huge iron specimen from the Tower of London—

got by bribing a "Beefeater"—and the one that used to unlock Anne Hathaway's cottage at Stratford-on-Avon.

A rich Manchester gentleman collects wooden legs, of which he possesses several hundred specimens.

Minnie Palmer, an actress, had a craze for collecting stockings, and accumulated more than 20 trunks full.

King Edward's hobby is walking sticks, of which he possesses a very fine assortment indeed. His son, the Prince of Wales, is a stamp enthusiast. A London society lady devotes herself to collecting door handles, of which she owns over 2000 examples.

Another Englishman has been collecting policemen's truncheons for these forty years past. He has over three hundred of them, including some that were served out to the special constables sworn in during the Chartist agitation, and others that are connected
(Continued on Next Page)

THE NEW STAMP SOCIETY.

Why not join? Use this blank.

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Application Blank.

To the Secretary:

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_____ 19__

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Proposed by *Julian T. Baber.*

All members receive "Philatelic Flashes" once each month besides being entitled to participate in ALL the departments of this Association. The dues of this organization are very low and the benefits are many. Besides sending in your own application, urge your friends to join. Join at once and your application will appear in the next report. Send this blank, when properly filled out with the first years dues, to

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with famous crimes.

Prince Bismark collected thermometers. George IV had more than ten thousand teapots piled in pyramids in Brighton Pavilion. Charles Rothchilds has spent hundreds of pounds in collecting specimens of fleas. Laura B. Starr the authoress, collects children's dolls from all over the world.

Scores of enthusiasts are at this present moment engaged in collecting railway tickets, often at considerable risk and expense to themselves. Others pin their their faith to theater checks, to cigar bands, to cigarette boxes. A famous lady novelist has collected buttons for over twenty years.—Ex.

The Melville Stamp Books.

Of late, much has been said in the Philatelic Press concerning the Melville Stamp Books. Until now we have not been able to judge of the merits of these popular publications, and as the publishers have favored us with several copies, we shall endeavor to describe them to the EMBLEM readers. To date six of the eight books have been published. The remaining two are in the course of preparation, and will be sent as soon as printed, to those who have subscribed. It would require many dollars to buy a complete library of all that has been written anent Stamps and their collection, but for the small sum of a dollar a year you will be able to build up a compact, concise, and up-to-date library of beautiful, well written and superbly illustrated books, which will gradually extend over all subjects of interest to the student of philately. One dollar will entitle you to receive immediately on publication each of the eight Melville Stamp Books to be published each year at monthly intervals. Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 are now ready, and will be sent to any address, upon the receipt of one dollar, the other two books to follow as soon as published. We will here give a brief description of six books on hand.

No. 1—Great Britain: Line-engraved Stamps by Fred J. Melville. This, the first of the series, contains a complete check list and valuable bibliolatory. Consisting of over 100 pages, and supplemented with many half-tone plates, together with Mr. Melville's writing, this book is a winner. How many collectors know how the first stamps were made? The first chapter of this book deals with the production of stamps, and to thoroughly understand their manufacture, this book should be read by you. A sheet of gummed labels for use in blank albums is presented with each book of this series.

No. 2—British Central Africa and Nyasaland Protectorate contains postal

maps, illustrations of errors and original drawings of the stamps of the above countries. Very interesting accounts of how the natives carry their mails, are related in this book.

No. 3—United States postage stamps from 1847 to 1869. This number is lavishly illustrated, and accurately written. The frontispiece, is a half-tone plate of Benjamin Franklin, the first Post-master General of the U. S. There are several enlarged photographs of the early U. S. issues, reproduced in this book, and they are very valuable to the collector in the states, as U. S. stamps are not allowed to be reproduced in American journals and publications.

No. 4—Gambia. Like the preceding book, number 4 is a treat to read. When you have read this book, you will have gained a clear conception of Gambia and its postal issues and regulations.

No. 5—Nevis. Probably no province of Great Britain offers so wide a field for philatelic journalism as Nevis, and Mr. Melville, in presenting this book, has acquitted himself very creditably. The leading chapters are: Postal Arrangements, Manufacture of Stamps, Reconstruction of Plates and The Designs of the First Stamps.

No. 6—Holland. This book is profusely illustrated with plates of the first issues (enlarged) of Holland. These plates of the stamps enlarged are very useful in showing the secret works and different types. The work on Holland is one of Mr. Melville's best. It will be remembered that Mr. Melville is a comparatively young writer, and one of considerable ability. The Melville Stamp Book an known the world over, and are being sold in great quantities. Typographically, these books are the acme of perfection. The covers of these books are of a white parchment matraial, and are overprinted with the titles in a pleasing green ink. The reading matter of the books is set in the popular Cheltenham face. Single copies of the Melville Books will be sent postpaid for 14 cents. \$1.00 for the set of eight. Order from Mr. W. H. Peckitt, 47 Strand, London, W. C., England. He will supply all your wants if they are philatelic.

Advice.

"I'm sert o' thix'in' about—eh-eh-eh!—marrivin' again," said Uncle Tetterly, who was old enough to know better. "A han'some young wife . . . o' brightens up a home, and hah! hah! hah!"

"Well," grimly replied the Old Colger, "all the advice I can give you is to select one that will look well in black!"—Puck.

the leaven of good, affects the whole. Within our lodge all may learn and carve their own field of action, unhampered by creed, dogma or prejudice, responsible to themselves alone for their fraternal growth and advancement.

Though its beginning was in obscurity, its end can never be until that millennial condition arrives where there is no oppressor, nor oppressed, no classes nor masses, no great to be restrained, no obscure one to be raised. Yea, more, until every sinner becomes a saint and every saint his fraternal brother. Until all this work is done we are still of the earth, earthy, and our mission is not yet ended, nor can it be ended until man is endowed with the divine attribute of universal love."

Lake Superior is big as Ireland.

Lake Superior is the largest one of fresh water in the world, being equal to Ireland in area.

MILK (?) OH!



Tommy—Please, mum, master says you'll have to pay for the milk as you get it, 'cause he ain't going to chalk up any more.

Mrs. Noggs—Well, ask your master what he's going to use instead of chalk.

One Grin.

Here lies the body of Jim Pyle—Beware, young man, of quaffing! He started out to "take a smile," And now he's died of laughing!

Never Heard of One.

"What is your name?" asked the police justice.

"Kollok, y'r honor," answered the sooty vagrant.

"How do you spell it?"

"K, o, l, l, o, k, y'r honor."

"Why, you are a regular palindrome, aren't you?"

"A what?"

"A palindrome, the same as Gillig and—"

"Judge," interrupted the hobo with indignation, "I don't mind bein' called a hum, a snoozer, a guttersnipe, and a ornery skunk, but I'll be everlastingly jiggered if I'll stand fur that! If y'r honor'll come down f'm that paliform by gravy, I'll lick ye right here!"

THE OVER MATTER.



Terence Turtle—Jumping fishhooks! What are you doing so far from the water?

Fresh Fish—Man not only swims, but is learning to fly, and since he exists out of his element I have been taking a correspondence school course in breathing and walking.

TOO SUGGESTIVE.



Playwright (describing play)—Then you have a very strong scene when you trample on all the ties of home affection, and—

Well-known Actor—Cut that out.

Playwright—But it's a very strong scene.

Well-Known Actor—Maybe so, but I don't propose to tramp on any ties.

Made Worse Than Ever.

Daisy—Listen to Erma reciting the "Wreck of the Hesperus." How terrible it must have been!

Mabel—Yes, but some people can make it worse than it was.

Why He Was Glad.

The honeymoon had begun to bump the usual bumps.

"George, dear," queried the bride of six months, "are you glad you're married?"

"Sure thing," replied George.

"Why are you glad?" she asked.

"Because," he explained, "it will prevent me from making any more mistakes of that kind for the present."

She Was Silent Once.

Wifey—I remember the night you proposed to me; I bent my head and said nothing.

Hib (concerned)—I know it worries you, dear, but never mind; you've made up for it since.

HAD NOTICED THEM.



"Oh! Percy, my foot has gone to sleep."

"Yes. Both of them turned in quite a while ago."

QUITE DIFFERENT.



Howe—You must have seen this play before, haven't you?

Wise—Yes; but it didn't look the same; the woman in front of me had a different kind of hat.

The Highwayman

Unmasked By Stuart B. Stone

The man with the black mask made the nickel-plated revolver fairly gleam as he flourished it in Marshall's face. Marshall shivered, though the very fine eyes and the very pleasing tones of the highwayman hardly went with things such as killing.

"I have my hands up," Marshall finally expostulated.

The masker chuckled, but continued to move the revolver about in a gradually narrowing circle.

"You can trust me if you play no tricks," he purred.

Somehow the highwayman's soft accents soothed the man with elevated hands. He felt no imminent danger—yet the revolver was a very grim thing.

The masker dived into Marshall's vest pocket and appropriated his watch. The light from a little lantern was sufficient to show a massive gold time-piece, bearing a picture of a deer, and attached to a chain that weighed half a pound. The highwayman returned the thing, while a derisive light shone in the very blue eyes.

"You have no taste in watches," he said. "Why don't you carry an eight-day clock?"

And Marshall took comfort in his own inelegance.

Next the highwayman levied on a pin from Marshall's scarf—a perfect gem in a setting of exquisite gold carving. The blue eyes were pleasure-lit now.

"I take it this is a gift," he commented. "The barbarian who bought the watch would never see the opal."

And this time Marshall, with the little steel circle hovering evilly in his face, bemoaned the fad that called for costly opal pins in wonderful settings of gold.

Then the highwayman scoffed at a signet ring and jeered at a massive button in the blue, green and red of the Ardent Sons of St. Timothy. But a sparkling diamond of price and a ring of finest emeralds appealed to the fantastic robber, and also the wallet of his victim was very fat—and you know fat wallets are negotiable from Bering sea to the Friendly islands. So that altogether Marshall would have done better to have avoided this lonely open road.

The masker reached the bulging side pockets now, and he examined certificates of copper stock and a budget of Wheeling 4's with equal disgust.

"Very pretty engraving," he declared, "and vastly desirable for Mr. Man-With-His-Hands-Up, maybe, but an honest gentleman of the road makes a poor coupon clipper. I'll leave these."

After the stocks and bonds came a gaudy periodical of bulk, with a woman in flaming red taking the whole of the cover. The highwayman glanced idly at the thing and would have returned it, but he caught the words, "The Adorner," on the flaming cover, and he hesitated.

"Let's see what the women are wearing," he suggested. "Fold steady now," and the highwayman turned the pages as best he could with one hand. The light from the lantern, placed on the fence, revealed flirtish things and waistish things and gay, nodding hats and other dress-creature of quality, cut bias, cut V-shaped, cut zig-zag.

"Well, I declare," remarked the masked man, "the polonaise is coming back. I always detested the things."

The glittering pistol dropped just the least bit.

"Now these picture hats are just dear," went on the highwayman, and the line of fire from the deadly circle would have missed Marshall probably half a foot.

It was the moment of moments and Marshall had the nickel weapon in his own hand and the highwayman flung two delicate packages heavenward in about the space of three ticks of the big barbaric watch.

"Dress—dress—dress—" hurried Marshall, as he tore the black mask from a pretty pink face and stripped the rough derby from coils of glorious yellow hair. "It is the frills and furbelows that ever catch you women."

The lady of the highway scolded as Marshall took back the jewels of price.

"Oh, do take care," she wailed, "you are musing my hair up dreadfully!"

Useless Waste of Energy.

A small Wichita boy's father is a Democrat. But at the grandfather's house all are Republicans and when he visited at the latter place he heard a good many jolts flung at Democracy and its friends. He tried to stay loyal, however.

One day his aunt was helping him through with his lessons, when he suddenly flung his book into a corner of the room and said:

"Auntie, it's no use. I'm not going to learn to read. It's no use, I tell you. Why, I've got to be a Democrat, anyway."

Kansas Appetites.

Here are some things discussed on a North Atchison perch the other night: One woman said she had a hired girl who ate lard by the spoonful; the girl said she "adored" lard. Another woman said she had a friend who ate toilet soap. That reminded some one on the porch that her brother-in-law ate peaches with sugar, cream and salad dressing. A sweet little girl on the porch said: "Well, when we have hash I always eat it with sugar."—Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT

"That Dog of His"



whimpers so
And wanders fast-like
through the place
you'd have to see the
brute to know
The sad expression on
its face,
It sits beside his little
chair
And thumps its tail
against the floor—
But he is never sitting
there;
His dog can't find him
any more.

The dog peers through
the window pane
And barks in short,
excited calls,
or finds a trail that
leads in vain
Upstairs and down-
stairs through the
halls,
and out of doors and to
the street—
And there the dog will
stop and stand
and listen for the little
feet
Or whimper for the
little hand.

The dog creeps to the
little bed
and all unrumpled is
to-day
and noses at the flow-
ered spread

then whimpers as it turns away;
it snags some little battered toy
And brings it in its mouth with glee
And wags its tail in new-found joy
And looks all questioning at me.

It rests its head upon its paws
And thinks, and thinks—and does not
bore.

The ball on which it never gnaws—
Then rises with excited speed
and dashes to some play spot, then
Come back and whines and whimpers
yes,

And does the same things once again
As though a dog could feel distress!

That dog of his—it came to me
About a half hour ago
And put one front paw on each knee
And looked as though I ought to know,
As though I—Ah, how sad it is!
We two who loved the lad so well—
I'm dumb as is that dog of his—
It cannot ask, I cannot tell.

What will they do in the next world
to the man who figures out how to



make imitation pumpkin pies in
this?

OLD MAN GIDDLES OBSERVES.



A man will always contrive in some way to let you know that he has on a new suit.

The bigger the salary the louder the call of duty to the politician.

Eli Timm's daughter thinks she has a great voice, and his son believes he is cut out for a diplomat. Eli says it would cost him just as much to raise them, anyway.

The successful man is the one who doesn't let others learn of his mistakes.



Long hair doesn't make a football player; it's the sand to take the bumps.

The Dull Man.

"I can't imagine what is wrong with our gas supply," says the beautiful young thing when George has been seated in the parlor. "We don't seem able to get more than one-fourth enough for light."

Sure enough, the gas is burning dimly—so dimly, indeed, that George can barely see her where she sits across the room.

Recognizing an opportunity to demonstrate his ability to cope with any set of circumstances, George volunteers to find the trouble. He goes to the basement, and after inspecting the gas meter returns and says:

"Oddest thing I ever saw. The cap controlling the gas supply was almost entirely shut off."

The gas is now blazing merrily, but the fair young thing twists a handkerchief about her bruised hand and soon feigns a headache of sufficient strength to make George cut short his call.

The Telling Author.

"No doubt," we say to the author of the best seller, "you have to work over and over your stories."

"Yes," he responds, wearily. "After the publishers have accepted them I have to re-write them to make them fit the illustrations."

Hubert Nesbit.

PERCIVAL WAS CLEVER

Penelope's eyes were big with the horror of the thought and her little hand tightened within Percival's clasp.

"Suppose we had never met!" she said in a half whisper.

Percival is sometimes a little slow about rising to an occasion. All he said in response was "Um-m-m-m-m!" It was meant to be the equivalent of "What indeed!" but it was not satisfactory to Penelope.

"Just suppose!" she repeated.

"Ah!" rejoined Percival in the same tone as before.

"Wouldn't it have been awful, darling?" said Penelope.

"It certainly would have, sweetheart," said Percival.

Penelope thought that over a little and then: "What would you have done?" she asked.

"Search—" began Percival, and then, becoming suddenly conscious of the seriousness of the question, checked himself. "Searched through the world for you until I had found you," he said happily.

"How sweet of you!" said Penelope. "But really, this isn't an answer to my question," she continued. "If you had never met me, you wouldn't have known that there was any me to look for and consequently you wouldn't have looked for me and you wouldn't have found me, don't you see?"

"And yet they say that women aren't logical!" exclaimed Percival. "But we did meet, didn't we, dear heart?"

"Yes, we did," said Penelope. "But what if we never had? What would you have done, dearest?"

"I don't know," said Percival, pinned down to it. "I don't suppose I'd have done anything. What would you have done, honey bird?"

"I wish you would keep still and let me say what I want to say," said Penelope. "I want you to tell me what you would have done if you hadn't met me. You would have fallen in love with some other girl, wouldn't you?"

"Well," Percival admitted, "I suppose I might have. And you would probably have become engaged to some other fellow."

"I would not."

"What are you taking your hand away for?"

"I'm tired of keeping it in that position. Whom would you have chosen?"

"I don't know," answered Percival. "Whom do you think you'd have picked?"

Penelope's eyes flashed. "I wouldn't have picked anybody," she asserted

with indignation. "I told you I wouldn't. I suppose you would have fallen in love with Charlotte Smetter."

"Not in a thousand years," said Percival, emphatically.

"I don't see why not. You were calling there right along."

"Not right along. I used to go over once in a while when I didn't have anything else in particular to do. I told you all about that, you know."

"But you liked her."

"Oh, yes, I liked her well enough. She's all right in her way. Good-hearted girl, too." Percival spoke with a fine assumption of indifference.

"You liked her very much—you know you did."

"Now, what's the use of going into all that again?" remonstrated Percival. "You know there wasn't anything to it. I've told you so over and over."

"Please don't," said Penelope, forbiddingly. "I wish you wouldn't do that. Charlotte Smetter may like that sort of thing, but I don't."

"Penelope!" exclaimed Percival.

"It's a pity that you didn't get engaged to her," said Penelope. "I think that you would have suited each other very nicely. Perhaps it isn't too late now."

"Why Penelope!" said Percival. "Listen—"

"I think you've made yourself perfectly clear," said Penelope, coldly. "I am a sort of an accident. If I hadn't happened to strike your fancy somebody else would have and you'd have been just as well satisfied. If you hadn't known me, you'd have probably married Charlotte Smetter and been perfectly happy. You say yourself that you might have. You may, if you like. I'll release you gladly."

"Now, you just listen to me," said Percival. "When I said I might have fallen in love with some other girl, I was speaking hypothetically for the sake of argument, not according to my convictions."

"If you want to know what I would have done, I can tell you. I'd have gone about all my life with an un-satisfied yearning for the ideal woman that I had failed to find. To the outside world I might have shown a smiling face, but there would always have been that canker within, that aching void, the want of Penelope."

"I would never have married. I would have remained solitary to the end if I had never met you. How do I know? Because I never loved before, but the moment I saw you I knew that I had met the one and only girl for me. And you reproach me; you repel me and say cruel, wounding things to me!"

"Well, why didn't you say all that when I first asked you?" said Penelope. "Are you quite sure, though, that you didn't like Charlotte Smetter very, very much?"—Pittsburg Leader

The C. M. A. EMBLEM

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NOVEMBER 1909.

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C. M. A. BASEBALL TEAM, Newark, Ohio

The Emblem Printing Company, Publishers,

Alma, Kansas



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Is your lodge going to put on a play this winter?

If you are, before looking any further, for a good play, write me.

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The C. M. A. EMBLEM

Contents for November.

	Photo	Cover
Newark C. M. A. Baseball Club		
The Judge's Love	- - -	Story 3
The I. O. C. M. A.	- - -	Official 4
Day of Thanksgiving	- - -	Verse 5
The Thanksgiving Dinner	- - -	Story 6
The Prodigal's Wife	- - -	Story 6
Thanksgiving	- - -	Verse 7
Into the Primitive	- Robert Ames Bennett	8
Pegleg's Thanksgiving	- - -	Story 14
With Thankful Heart	- - -	Verse 15
Stamp Collector	- - - Julian T. Baber	16
New and Old Thanksgiving	- - -	Verse 17
The Missionary Box	- - -	Story 18

Single-Room Dwellings.

Single-room dwellings for the use of the poor are being experimented with by the city of Newcastle, England.

Poisoned by Cheese.

Poison from infected or rotten cheese is not so very rare. The German government proved that some cheeses are deliciously ripened by ways too nasty to tell.

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The C. M. A. EMBLEM,
Alma, Kansas.

To Avoid Death from Fright.

Death from fright in the first stages of ether and chloroform, before consciousness is lost, is best avoided by letting the patient hold and inhale the stuff himself.

Made Them Stick to Saddle.

In the beginning of his career Frederick the Great was much annoyed and laughed at because of his boorish cavalrymen falling off horses like bags of bran. He stopped that falling off business by ordering shot the first farmer who fell off.

New Norwegian Railroad.

After the completion of the railroad from Christiania to Bergen the journey between the two largest Norwegian cities can be made in 13 hours, instead of in 50 by sea. The total cost of this railway is estimated at \$15,000,000.

The C. M. A. Emblem.

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Volume II

NOVEMBER, 1909.

Number 7

THE JUDGE'S LOVE

"May I read your palm, sir?"

The scene was a large, brilliantly lighted hall in the city of Minneapolis. Judge Robert Underwood paused in his walk through the crowded bazaar and, glancing in the direction of the voice, saw just before him a prettily draped tent with a trio of palmists plying their art.

The speaker, of whom nothing was visible save a pair of large brown eyes, the rest of her figure being carefully shrouded in lace, so arranged as to conceal all identity, gave him an earnest look in which he fancied for a moment a gleam of recognition dawned. But the eyelids drooped as he drew near, and seating himself at the little table he extended his shapely hand.

"Your life," began the palmist, "is a long and successful one; you have overcome difficulties by a strong will and indomitable energy, and are now wealthy, prominent and beloved. Ambition prompted you to marry a lady of wealth and station, but death claimed her after a few years; you have never filled her place, but often you are lonely and the memory of a boyish first love comes back to you, and the brown-haired girl you left sobbing in the distant eastern state, as the train bore you away to seek your fortune, brings a pang of regret. She waited long for him who never came, but mark ye, sir, you will meet again. Within a twelve-month she will become your bride, and the best years of your life are yet to come."

In the library of his beautiful home that night he gave himself up to the memory of his first love, sweet Alice Holden. How dear she had been until ambition had driven her image from his mind Twenty years ago, and now he was a man of 40, a well-preserved man, with only a touch of gray showing at the temples, and Alice was five

years younger. Only a slip of a girl when he had left her, a woman of 35 now.

"I will find her," he said, "and if she is free she shall be mine."

Two days later saw the judge speeding back to his native town, where he found only a few of his boyhood friends remaining. From these he learned that Alice, upon the death of her parents, had left the country village to earn her living as a teacher in a western seminary, no one could tell him where.



The week that followed was a busy one. Returning one night from a day spent at court, as he stepped from an uptown car, a pocketbook slipped apparently unnoticed from its owner and fell at his feet. The car sped on, and, stooping, he tucked it in an inner pocket, mentally resolving to advertise it on the morrow. He dismissed it from his mind until later in the evening, in dressing gown and slippers, he opened the pretty trifle.

It was of Russian leather, and a bill of small dimensions, some silver coin and an old-fashioned photograph met his gaze. Idly he glanced at the pictured face, then with an exclamation

of amazement he sprang to his feet and looked again. It was his own smooth, boyish face.

Unable to believe his eyes, he turned the card over, and there, in his own handwriting were the words, "Robert to Alice—Mizpah." "Alice, sweet Alice; my first love," whispered the judge. "I have found you. Fate has been kind to me."

On the lining of the pocketbook was printed in small gilt letters Alice Holden, the Thorndike, Radcliffe terrace. The next morning the judge boarded a car and sped on through the great city out beyond, where comparative quiet reigned. He found the Thorndike to be a modest apartment house. His heart stood still; his quest was ended, but how would he be received after all these years? He would soon know, for he advanced and knocked.

A sweet feminine voice bade him enter, and the judge never forgot the picture that met his gaze. A simple room in its appointments, but how homelike! Plants blooming in the windows, a bird singing in its cage, bright colored mats, a writing desk, a bookcase, and there, sitting before an open fire, was the love of his youth, brown-eyed, brown-haired, the same fair cheeks and red lips, only more lovely. The girl had matured into a most beautiful woman.

"Alice," he cried, "I have come back to you."

The woman, who had risen, stretched out both hands in greeting. The hour that followed was a happy one; each had much to relate, and at its close the man pleaded humbly for the love that now meant so much to him.

"Let the future years prove my devotion," he said, and she whispered, with trembling lips:

"I have loved but you."

"Fate has been very kind to me," he said later; "fate in the form of a palmist and a pocketbook."

"'Twas not fate," she said, after he had departed, "but he shall never know that I was the palmist and dropped the purse at his feet. I will make him happy. The end justifies the means."

The Official Department of the



DURING the past month there has been a decided increase in the number of reinstatements and applications received. Let us hope that this will continue for the remainder of winter, so we will have a stronger force of workers in the field this next year. We want to turn things to the betterment of the order, and expect, with the help of the members, work wonders. The Grand Officers have contracted for 10,000 new member's outfits to be delivered to the Grand Secretary at the Grand Lodge Headquarters, sometime before the first of the year. This means, that all in good standing will have outfits by the first of the year, it also means that the new applicants will receive their outfits as soon as they are admitted to the local lodge.

The Grand Officers are going to put out every one of these 10,000 new outfits during the year 1910. This is rather a broad assertion, but shows that the officers believe the members will more than do their part in the field of work. Already the publishers are preparing for this increase, and bought a larger press for this paper. They expect to make it a larger and better paper than ever.

There still are a few members back, in the payment of their dues. Those members should pay up at once, as the books are corrected and revised for the sending out of the membership outfits. Only the members paid in advance will receive outfits, those behind in their dues will be dropped from the roll. Are you one of those who will be dropped? Better pay up and show the officers your support.

Yours in "F",

Chas. R. Simon

Our Desires.

"Our desire and object is to elevate the poor in spirit to the level of the highest, to humble the proud and arrogant and raise them to the same fraternal level."—*Buchli.*

*Brief Bits of News and
Happenings of Note
Among The Lodges and
Members at large.*

Our Habits.

"Let us be to the world what we are to ourselves—just, kind and considerate; meet censure, criticism and opposition with such conduct as will rob venom of its sting, and by so doing we turn the dart aimed at us against the ones that cast it."—*Buchli.*

BESTOGRAPHY.

The secret cipher used by the Order in giving the members the new passwords is known as bestography. It has been used by the order for several years and has not yet been read, by outsiders. There will be some changes in the new code to be issued which will add to its value as a puzzler.

Password.

The password for December is 31 9 31 8 40 9 62.

New Massachusetts Officers.

At a recent conference, vice-president H. R. Goodwin, of Marblehead, Mass., assumed the presidency of the Mass., state I. O. C. M. A., and appointed treasurer, G. A. Thomson, of W. Medford, Mass., as state secretary. This action was taken to fill existing vacancies, and to revive the state association.

Brother Frank Sander, of Alma lodge No. 1, is now in Topeka where he has a good position as a grocery clerk.

Brother Russell Hersh, has moved from Lakewood, N. J. to Allaire, N. J.

—Judging from the names of the places in which brother Hersh stops, he must be trying to live close to Nature—perhaps 'tis his C. M. A. vivacity he is looking out for, that which he does not want to expire.

Newark Baseball Team.

On the cover this month we give you a picture of the C. M. A. baseball team of Newark, Ohio. In last month's EMBLEM there was an article of their seasons games, which shows a winning of 14 of the 22 games played, a percentage of 636. Their names reading from left to right, standing, Lloyd Allen, catcher; Harry Gray, outfield; Carl McMullen, 1st base; Eugene Garrity, Pitcher; Harry Haynes, pitcher; sitting are, William Dwyer, 3rd base; Edward Kennedy, outfield; Ernest Crawford, 2nd base; Clarence Jones, Mgr., outfield and Charles Lott, short stop.

Teach Children to Swim

Last year more than 32,000 children were taught to swim at the London public schools



Official Traveling Card of the Order.

A Thing Every Young Man Should Possess.

Wanted.

We want several copies of the November 1908, issue of the EMBLEM and will pay 10c per copy for any copies mailed to us. Look and see if you have a copy of that issue that you can spare and send them to the publishers of this paper.

The Emblem Printing Co.,
Alma, Kansas.

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THE SOUTHERN HEADLIGHT
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JULIAN T. BABER,
BOX 156. POCAHONTAS, VA.

Independent Order of the C.M.A.

From San Francisco.

I beg to advise you that no meetings of San Francisco lodge will be held at St. Helens Hall, 15th and Market st., until further notice. All members of outside lodges wishing to know our meeting place will communicate with F. P. Engel, Secretary, 4221 22nd st., San Francisco, as our selection of halls has not yet been made. I have also received the resignation of Brother Wm. Jaenicke certificate No. 431. Brother Jaenicke finds it impossible to attend University of California and lodge. He was a popular member, and his resignation is a great loss. Hoping for the best in all I. O. C. M. A. undertakings, I remain,

Your friend,
F. P. Engel.
4221 22nd st,
San Francisco,
Calif.



brothers, who has always lived up to the order. His life is his best eulogy. In contemplating a life a character so replete with all these attributes which go to make up the true young man, we lay this our humble tribute upon his bier and extend our tender sympathy to his sorrowing parents and sisters.

A Day of Prayer and of Thanksgiving to God



*For morning sun and evening dew,
For every bud that April knew,
For storm and silence, gloom and light,
And for the solemn stars at night;
For fallow field and burdened byre,
For roof-tree and the hearth-side fire;
For everything that shines and sings,
For dear, familiar daily things—
The friendly trees, and in the sky
The white cloud-squadrons sailing by;
For Hope that waits, for Faith that dares,
For patience that still smiles and bears,
For Love that fails not, nor withstands;
For healing touch of children's hands,
For happy labor, high intent,
For all life's blessed sacrament,
O Comrade of our nights and days,
Thou givest all things, take our praise!*

—Arthur Ketchum.

In Memoriam.

Brother Bert Nelson, member of Star of Oklahoma lodge of Grant, Oklahoma, who was elected state Secretary in June, died July 31, 1909. He was an industrious young man and was beloved by all who knew him.

In the death of Brother Bert Nelson we the state officers and the Independent Order of Coming Men of America throughout the world and this community, have lost one of its best young men and the order one of its truest

Furthermore resolved that a copy of these memoriams be sent to his parents and the official organ for publication.
Clyde B. Weaver,
President,
J. F. Latham,
Vice-President,
A. L. Emmons,
Treasurer.

Brother I. C. Buchli, speaker of Alma lodge No. 1 has recently acquired a good position in the general offices of the A. T. & S. F. Railway at Topeka.

Brother D. P. Atlee, of Linares, N. L., Mexico has moved back to Monterrey, and says he is back to stay this time. He also says that he expects to start a local lodge of the I. O. C. M. A. at that place which no doubt he will soon accomplish as there was at one time a flourishing lodge of the old C. M. A. in that neighborhood, and when they have once tasted of the C. M. A. it does not take any great effort to again start the fire of enthusiasm burning in our breast, even though it has apparently been extinguished and forgotten ages ago



Their Thanksgiving Dinner



WHEN young Kirkibee brought his wife to the city the business outlook was very bright. His particular kind of commercial designing had made a hit at long distance with a big firm in Chicago and this circumstance had tempted him to move his little household so that he could be "on the ground."

He soon found, however, that the patronage of one firm was not sufficient to keep the pot comfortably boiling.

The day before Thanksgiving Kirkibee came home early and sat down with a sigh.

"It's a bright and happy outlook for to-morrow, I am inclined to think not," he said. "Here's Thanksgiving at hand and for the first time since I was ushered into this cold world I miss the festive board. Besides, we have no friends either to give us a bid to dinner or to come to us if we had a spread."

"Well, never mind," returned his wife. "We have enough to eat even if there is no turkey, and we'll pass the day quietly together, and have a bigger time next year."

"By the way," said Kirkibee, "here's a letter that I got from the box as I came up. It's addressed to you. Looks like Aunt Bella's fist."

Mrs. Kirkibee opened the letter and then gave a little squeal.

"Why, Fred, if aunty isn't coming to dinner to-morrow! Says she'll reach Chicago about 10 o'clock and come at once to our 'little home,' as she calls it."

"It's just like her colossal nerve to come in on us like that," commented Kirkibee.

"Well, we've got to have a dinner now," said his wife. "The mere fact that we can't afford it has nothing to do with the case."

Thanksgiving morning passed in planning for the comfort of the expected guest. Aunts with property are rare in this unfeeling world, and it behooves expectant relatives to put their best feet forward.

Eleven o'clock came and passed and no Aunt Bella arrived. Then a telegram came announcing a change of plans. Aunt Bella had concluded not to come to the city on Thanksgiving day and perhaps she would not

come on Christmas.

"If some one only would drop in!" said Mrs. Kirkibee. "Or even if we know no one in the city there must be somebody who would like a dinner to-day."

"Yes," said her husband, "even a skeleton at the feast would make a hit with us just now."

As if in answer to their wish, there was a timid knock at the back door. Mrs. Kirkibee rushed to open it. There stood a dilapidated looking man with the hangdog air and unwholesome pallor of the jailbird. He lifted a yellow and shaky hand to his hat.

"Come right in," exclaimed the delighted housewife. "Come right in. Dinner is all ready."

She took the trembling caller by the sleeve and led him into the house.



He Tried to Find His Voice.

After the wanderer had earnestly protested that he could eat no more Mrs. Kirkibee compelled him to dispose of a quarter of mince pie. Then as he arose staggeringly to his feet Kirkibee presented him with a cigar which a business acquaintance had given to Kirkibee the day before.

The guest stood for a moment with the cigar in one hand and his battered hat in the other. He tried several times to find his voice before he spoke with twitching mouth and weakly quivering chin.

"Missus and sir, this is th' best layout I ever went agin sence I was a boy back home. I'm much—" He swallowed hard. "I'm much obliged. I couldn't have got a dinner like that anywhere fer less'n a quarter."

The Prodigal's Wife



A SLIGHT rap at the outer door drew the attention of the gray-haired woman.

"Come in," she called.

The door suddenly opened. A trim young woman stood at the threshold. She looked around and smiled and nodded.

"Good morning," she said, and her voice was clear and pleasant. "May I come in?"

The elderly woman stepped forward.

"Why, yes," she answered. Take this chair. Have you walked far?"

"Only from the village. The hill is a little steep. I am not used to hills lately."

She smiled and nodded again.

"You are very good," said the stranger. "I am not really so tired. It was the dear old house that drew me in. I thought I would like to come."

"Our home is an old one," she said, with a little sigh. "It needs many improvements. But we haven't the means to make them."

"So?" said the girl with a touch of sympathy in her voice. "Perhaps these improvements would take away the dear old home's niceness. You do not live alone?"

"No, there are two of us—my husband and I."

"And the children—they are away, then?"

The gray haired woman turned back to the table.

"We have a child—a son. He is away."

The girl arose quickly.

"Let me help you, madam." She drew off her jacket and hung it on a hook behind the door. "Ah, you will see what a fine bringing up I have. Is there not an apron I may wear?"

The gray haired woman smiling hesitated.

"There isn't much to do," she said. "And we have no money to pay for help."

"Let us not talk of it," cried the girl. "I am not so very poor. You will let me stay a few days. Perhaps you will not like me at all."

The gray haired woman smiled. "I think I like you already," she said.

The girl pinned up her sleeves on her fair round arms.

"Now you will tell me what to do, and while we work we will talk. You have said something about your son—has he gone far away?"

The woman looked at her with troubled eyes.

"It is an unhappy story," said the mother. "My son quarreled with his father. It was about a girl. Our boy had gone away to the city. There was so little for him on the farm. His father thought he was wrong to go. But John was ambitious and there was no chance for him here. And one day he came home and said he was going to marry. And it came out that the girl was foreign and on the stage. And when John's father heard this he was very angry. To him the theater is a wicked place. It was in the way he was brought up. Perhaps he is too hard. Anyway, he told John that the must give up the girl or he would disown him. And John is proud, too, and they had words and John went away, and since that day his father has never spoken his name." She suddenly put her apron to her eyes. "My dear, dear son," she sobbed.

The girl's face flushed. She went to the weeping mother and touched her hand.

"Don't cry," she gently said. "Perhaps there is good news. Look at me. What do you see?" She drew back a little and her laughing eyes grew serious and she held up her pretty head. "A young woman; a strong and healthy and useful young woman—a good young woman, believe me."

The mother's wet eyes stared at the girl.

"Why do you tell me this?" she asked.

The mother took a step nearer.

"You!" she whispered.

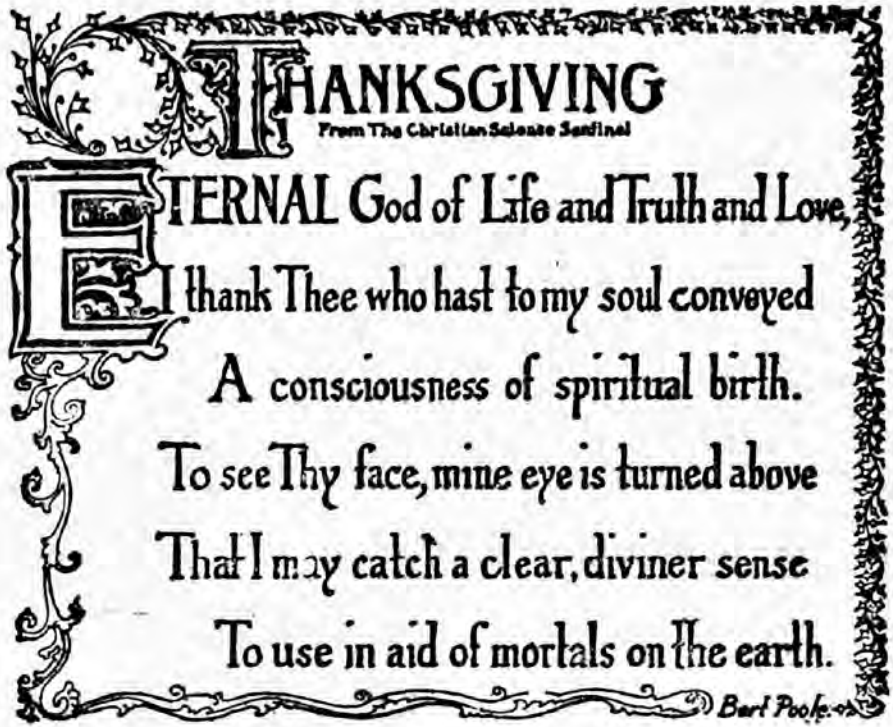
"I see you guess," cried the girl. "Yes, I am your son's wife!"

The girl gently pushed the gray-haired woman into a chair.

"Let me tell it all in my own way, madame mother. It is like this. John married me one—two—three years ago. Who was I? A poor girl trying to earn a living; madame mother. On the stage, yes. I will tell you how that was. When we came to this country my father was a carver of wood and stone, had a fine business. Then he was killed in an accident and we were very poor, my mother and I. And so, because we were so poor I sang for a manager and he gave me a place on the stage.

"And so because I loved John we were married and went away, far away into the desert and into the wilderness. John had the fever and there was only me—I was doctor and nurse and all—and, please God, he did not die." The hand of the older woman stole into the girl's and held it close. "Then the luck changed. John is made manager. And pretty soon my big, hopeful, always patient, always loving John—I kiss his mother's hand—is rich, quite rich."

The mother arose.



"My boy is coming home," she cried. Then her face clouded. "But his father—he is so hard and unyielding—I'm afraid he has not forgiven him."

"Leave him to me, madam," cried the girl. "Hush, I think he is coming. Not a word, madam. Leave him to me."

The bent form of the tall old man appeared in the doorway.

"Hiram," said the gray haired woman. "I have a visitor here. She will stay with us for a day or two."

The old man looked at the girl curiously.

"You are quite welcome," he said.



The girl had left a bag at the station and the old man drove with her to get it. And when she came back she waved her hand to John's mother on the porch and there was something more than a graceful greeting in the gesture.

"Wait, good sir, if you please," she said to the old man before he could

drive away. "To-morrow is Thanksgiving day. May I ask a friend to dine with me here? The good mother is willing."

The old man nodded.

"Your friend will be welcome for your sake, little lady," he said, and drove to the barn.

"It goes well, madam mother," said the girl.

It certainly was a fine Thanksgiving spread. The turkey was the tenderest, and all its train of accessory dishes the most palatable that culinary art could offer. And presently, when the girl had cast a fugal glance at the clock and another through the window, the old man was bidden to the feast.

He looked at the trim young woman inquiringly as he seated himself.

"You spoke of a friend," he said.

"Yes, sir," she quickly answered. "He will be here. Seat yourself, madam. Hark, he is here."

The outer door suddenly opened, a tall young man stepped into the room and looked quickly about him. With a swift movement he stepped to his mother's side and kissed her cheek, and then drew back.

"John," the mother whispered, but her eyes were on the stern face of the old man.

"Father," she bravely said, "this is my friend, my dearest friend—will you bid him welcome?"

The old man's face was dark, he hesitated, his troubled look rested on the girl's sunny face.

Then he spoke, but his voice was hoarse and scarcely audible.

"Your friend is welcome for your sake," he slowly said.

At that the young woman cried out and ran around the table and put her arm about his neck and kissed his wrinkled cheek.

"Ah, such a Thanksgiving," she murmured.—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.



INTO THE PRIMITIVE

BY ROBERT AMES BENNET

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor.

CHAPTER II.—Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his roughness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left.

CHAPTER III.—Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER IV.—The trio started on a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrope.

CHAPTER V.—They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree.

CHAPTER VI.—The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield themselves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showing a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness.

CHAPTER VII.—Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring.

CHAPTER VIII.—Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They plan their campaign.

CHAPTER IX.—Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a jungle fire, killing a leopard and smothering several cubs.

CHAPTER X.—In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the top of the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights.

CHAPTER XI.—The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal.

CHAPTER XII.—Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed.

CHAPTER XIII.—Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened.

CHAPTER XIV.—Blake was poisoned by a fish. Jackals attacked the camp that night but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake returned, after nearly dying.

CHAPTER XV.—Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena.

CHAPTER XVI.—On a tour the trio discover honey and oysters.

CHAPTER XVII.—Miss Leslie was attacked

by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game.

CHAPTER XVIII.—For the second time Winthrope was attacked with the fever. He and Blake disagree.

CHAPTER XIX.—Blake made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home. A terrible storm raged that night. Winthrope stole into her room, but she managed to swing her door closed in time.

CHAPTER XX.—Winthrope, badly hurt, dies the next morning.

CHAPTER XXI.

(Continued from October Number.)

"O-h-h!" cried Miss Leslie, as he held the glittering gem out to her in his rough palm.

He drew it back and carefully thrust it again into its pocket.

"That's one," he said. "There's another in every square of this innocent, harmless rag—dozens of them. He must have made a clean sweep of the duke's—or, more like, the duchess' jewels. Now, if you please, I want you to sew this up tight again, and—"

"I cannot—I cannot touch it!" she cried.

"Say, I didn't mean to— It was confounded stupid of me," mumbled Blake. "Won't you excuse me?"

"Of course! It was only the—the thought that—"

"No wonder. I always am a fool when it comes to ladies. I'll fix the thing all right."

Catching up the nearest small pot, he crammed the quilted cloth down within it, and filled it to the brim with sticky mud.

"There! Guess nobody's going to run off with a jug of mud—and it won't hurt the stones till we get a chance to look up the owner. He won't be hard to find—English duke minus a pint of first-class sparklers! Will you mind its setting in the cave after things are fixed up?"

"No; not as it is."

He nodded soberly. "All right,

then. Now I'll go for the new flag-staff. You might set out breakfast."

She nodded in turn, and when he came back from the bamboos with the largest of the great canes on his shoulder, his breakfast was waiting for him. She set it before him, and turned to go again to her sewing.

"Hold on," he said. "This won't do. You've got to eat your share."

"I do not—I am not hungry."

"That's no matter. Here!"

He forced upon her a bowl of hot broth, and she drank it because she could not resist his rough kindness.

"Good! Now a piece of meat," he said.

"Please, Mr. Blake!" she protested. "Yes, you must!"

She took a bite, and sought to eat; but there was such a lump in her throat that she could not swallow. The tears gushed into her eyes, and she began to weep.

Blake's close-set lips relaxed, and he nodded.

"That's it; let it run out. You're overwrought. There's nothing like a good cry to ease off a woman's nerves—and I guess ladies aren't much different from women when it comes to such things."

"But I—I want to get the flag mended!" she sobbed.

"All right, all right; plenty of time!" he soothed. "I'm going to see how things look down the cleft."

He belted the last of his meat, and at once left her alone to cry herself back to calmness over the stitching of the signal.

His first concern was for the barricade. As he had feared, he found that it had been blown to pieces. The greater part of the thorn branches which he had gathered with so much labor were scattered to the four corners of the earth. He stood staring at the wreckage in glum silence; but he did not swear, as he would have done the week before. Presently his face cleared, and he began to whistle in a plaintive minor key. He was thinking of how she had looked when she darted out of the tree at his call—of her concern for him. When he was so angered at Winthrope, she had called him Tom!

After a time he started on, picking his way over the remnant of the barricade, without a falter in his whistling. The deluge of rain had poured down the cleft in a torrent, tearing away the root-matted soil and laying bare the ledges in the channel of the spring rill. But aside from an occasional boggy hole, the water had drained away.

At the foot, about the swollen pool, was a wide stretch of rubbish and mud. He worked his way around the edge, and came out on the plain, where the sandy soil was all the firmer for its drenching. He swung away at a lively clip. The air was fresh and pure after the storm, and a slight breeze tempered the sun-rays.

CHAPTER XXII.

Understanding and Misunderstanding.



IN the morning she found Blake scraping energetically at the inner surfaces of a pair of raw hyena skins.

"So you've killed more game!" she exclaimed.

"Game? No; hyenas. I hated to waste good poison on the brutes; but nothing else showed up, and I need a new pair of pa—er—trousers."

"Was it not dangerous—great beasts like these?"

"Not even enough to make it interesting. I'd have had some fun, though, with that confounded lion when the moon came up if he hadn't sneaked off into the grass."

"A lion?"

"Yes. Didn't you hear him? The skulking brute prowled around for hours before the moon rose, when it was pitch dark. It was mighty lonesome, with him yowling down by the pool. Half a chance and I'd given him something to yowl about. But it wasn't any use firing off my arrows in the dark, and, as I said, he sneaked off before—"

"Tom—Mr. Blake!—you must not risk your life!"

"Don't you worry about me. I've learned how to look out for Tom Blake. And you can just bank on it I'm going to look out for Miss Jenny Leslie, too! But say, after breakfast, suppose we take a run out on the cliff for eggs?"

"I do not wish any to-day, thank you."

He waited a little, studying her down-bent face.

"Well," he muttered; "you don't have to come. I know I oughtn't to take a moment's time. I did quite a bit last night; but if you think—"

She glanced up, puzzled. His meaning flashed upon her, and she rose.

"Oh, not that! I will come," she answered, and hastened to prepare the morning meal.

When they came to the tree-ladder she found that the heap of stones built up by Blake to facilitate the first part of the ascent was now so high that she could climb into the branches without difficulty. She surmised that Blake had found it necessary to build up the pile before he could ascend with his burden.

They were at the foot of the heap, when, with a sharp exclamation, Blake sprang up into the branches and scrambled to the top in hot haste. Wondering what this might mean, Miss Leslie followed as fast as she could. When she reached the top she saw him running across towards an out-jutting point on the north edge of the cliff.

She had hurried after him for more than half the distance before she perceived the vultures that were gathered in a solemn circle about a long

in the tree had been brought out to dry, and a great stack of fuel, ready for burning, was piled up against the baobab; while all about the tree the rubbish had been neatly gathered together in heaps. Blake looked his ad-



"I Wish He Hadn't Rushed Off So Suddenly."

miration for her industry. But then his forehead wrinkled.

"You oughtn't to've done so much," he admonished.

"I'll show you I can tote fair!" she rejoined. During the afternoon she had recalled to mind that odd expression of a southern girl chum, and had been waiting her opportunity to banter him with it.

He stared at her open-eyed, and laughed.

"Say, Miss Jenny, you'd better look out. You'll be speaking American, first thing!"

Thereupon, they fell to chatting like children out of school, each happy to be able to forget for the moment that broken figure up on the cliff top and the haunting fear of what another day might bring to them.

When they had eaten their meal, both with keen appetites, Blake sprang up, with a curt "Good-night!" and swung off down the cleft. The girl looked after him with a lingering smile.

"I wish he hadn't rushed off so suddenly," she murmured. "I was just going to thank him for—for everything!"

The color swept over her face in a deep blush, and she darted around to her tiny hut as though some one might have overheard her whisper.

Yet, after all, she had said nothing; or, at least, she had merely said "everything."

He kept on along the cliff until he turned the point. It was not altogether advisable to bathe at this time of day; but he had been caught out by the cyclone in a corner of the swamp, across the river, where the soil was of clay. Only his anxiety for Miss Leslie had enabled him to fight his way out of the all but impassable morass which the storm deluge had made of the half-dry swamp. At dawn he had reached the river, and swam across, reckless of the crocodiles. The turbid water of the stream had rid him of only part of his accumulated slime and ooze. So now he washed out his tattered garments as well as he could without soap, and while they were drying on the sun-scorched rocks, swam about in the clear, tonic sea-water, quite as reckless of the sharks as he had been of the ugly crocodiles in the river.

For all this, he was back at the baobab before Miss Leslie had stitched up the last slit in the torn flag.

She looked up at him, with a brave attempt at a smile.

"I am afraid I'm not much of a needle-woman," she sighed. "Look at those stitches!"

"Don't fret. They'll hold all right, and that's what we want," he reassured her. "Give it me, now. I've got to get it up, and hurry back for a nap. No sleep last night—I was out beyond the river, in the swamp—and to-night I'll have to go on watch. The barricade is down."

"Oh, that is too bad! Couldn't I take a turn on watch?"

Blake shook his head. "No; I'll sleep to-day, and work rebuilding the barricade to-night. Toward morning I might build up the fire, and take a nap."

He caught up the flag and its new staff, and swung away through the cleft.

He returned much sooner than Miss Leslie expected, and at once began to throw up a small lean-to of bamboos over a ledge at the cliff foot, behind the baobab. The girl thought he was making himself a hut, in place of the canopy under which he had slept before the storm, which, like Winthrop's, had been carried away. But when he stopped work, he laconically informed her that all she had to do to complete her new house was to dry some leaves.

"But I thought it was for yourself!" she protested. "I will sleep inside the tree."

"Doc Blake says no!" he rejoined—"not till it's dried out."

She glanced at his fact, and replied, without a moment's hesitancy: "Very well. I will do what you think best."

"That's good," he said, and went at once to lie down for his much-needed sleep.

He awoke just soon enough before dawn to see the results of her hard labor. All the provisions stored

and narrow heap of stones on a ledge down on the sloping brink of the cliff. While at the foot of the tree Blake had seen one of the grewsome flock descending to join the other, and, fearful of what might be happening, had rushed on ahead.

At his approach, the croaking watchers hopped awkwardly from the ledges and soared away; only to wheel and circle back overhead. Miss Leslie shrank down, shuddering. Blake came back near her, and began to gather up the pieces of loose rock which were strewn about beneath the ledges on that part of the cliff.

"I know I piled up enough," he explained, in response to her look. "All the same, a few more will do no harm."

"Then you are sure those awful birds have not—"

"Yes, I'm sure."

He carried an armful of rocks to lay on the mound. When he began to gather more she followed his example. They worked in silence, piling the rough stones gently one upon another, until the cairn had grown to twice its former size. The air on the open cliff top was fresher than in the cleft, and Miss Leslie gave little heed to the absence of shade. She would have worked on under the burning sun without thought of consequences. But Blake knew the need of moderation.

"There; that'll do," he said. "He may have been—all he was; but we've no more than done our duty. Now, we'll stroll out on the point."

"I should prefer to return."

"No doubt. But it's time you learned how to go nesting. What if you should be left alone here? Besides, it looks to me like the signal is tearing loose."

She accompanied him out along the cliff crest until they stood in the midst of the bird colony, half deafened by their harsh clamor. She had never ventured into their concourse when alone. Even now she cried out, and would have retreated before the sharp bills and beating wings had not Blake walked ahead and kicked the squawking birds out of the path. Having made certain that the big white flag was still secure on its staff he led the way along the seaward brink of the cliff, pointing out the different kinds of sea-fowl and shouting information about such of their habits and qualities as were of concern to hungry castaways.

He concluded the lesson by descending a dizzy flight of ledges to rob the nest of a frigate bird. It was a fool-hardy feat at best, and doubly so in view of the thousands of eggs lying all around in the hollows of the cliff top. But from these Blake had recently culled out all the fresh settings of the frigate birds and none of the other eggs equaled them in delicacy of flavor.

"How's that?" he demanded, as he drew himself up over the edge of the

cliff and handed the big chalky-white egg into her keeping.

"I would rather go without than see you take such risks," she replied, coldly.

"You would, eh?" he cried, quite misunderstanding her, and angered by what seemed to him a gratuitous rebuff. "Well, I'd rather you'd say nothing than speak in that tone. If you don't want the egg heave it over."

Unable to conceive any cause for his sudden anger, she was alarmed and drew back, watching him with sidelong glances.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Think I'm going to bite you?"

She shrank farther away, and did not answer. He stared at her, his eyes hard and bright. Suddenly he burst into a harsh laugh and strode away towards the cliff, savagely kicking aside the birds that came in his path.

When, an hour later, the girl crept back along the cleft to the baobab she saw him hard at work building a little hut several yards down towards the barricade. The moment she perceived what he was about her bearing became less guarded, and she took up her own work with a spirit and energy which she had not shown since the adventure with the puff adder.

At her call to the noon meal Blake took his time to respond, and when he at last came to join her he was morose and taciturn. She met him with a smile and exerted all her womanly tact to conciliate him.

"You must help me eat the egg," she said. "I've boiled it hard."

"Rather eat beef," he mumbled.

"But just to please me—when I've cooked it your way?"

He uttered an inarticulate sound which she chose to interpret as assent. The egg was already shelled. She cut it exactly in half and served one of the pieces to him with a bit of warm fat and a pinch of salt. As he took the dish he raised his sullen eyes to her face. She met his gaze with a look of smiling insistence.

"Come now," she said; "please don't refuse. I'm sorry I was so rude."

"Well, if you feel that way about it!—not that I care for fancy dishes," he responded, gruffly.

"It would be missing half the enjoyment to eat such a delicacy without some one to share it," she said.

Blake looked away without answer. But she could see that his face was beginning to clear. Greatly encouraged, she chatted away as though they were seated at her father's dinner-table and he was an elderly friend from the business world whom it was her duty to entertain.

For a while Blake betrayed little interest, confining himself to monosyllables except when he commented on the care with which she had cooked the various dishes. When she least expected, he looked up at her, his lips parted in a broad smile. She stopped short, for she had been describing her

first social triumphs and his untimely levity embarrassed her.

"Don't get mad. Miss Jenny," he said, his eyes twinkling. "You don't know how funny it seems to sit here and listen to you talking about those things. It's like serving up ice cream and onions in the same dish."

"I'm sure, Mr. Blake—"

"Beats a burlesque all hollow—Mrs. Sint-Regis-Waldoff's chop-sooey tea and young Mrs. Vandam-Jones' autocotillon—with us sitting here like troglodytes, chewing snake-poisoned antelope, and you in that Kundry dress—"

"Do you—I was not aware that you knew about music."

"Don't know a note. But give me a chance to hear good music and I'm there if I have to stand in the peanut-gallery."

"Oh, I'm so glad! I'm very, very fond of music! Have you been to Bayreuth?"

"Where's that?"

"In Germany. It is where his operas are given as staged by Wagner himself. It is indescribably grand and inspiring—above all, the Parsifal!"

"I'll most certainly take that in, even if I have to cut short my engagement in this gee-lorious clime—not but what, when it comes to leopard ladies—" He paused and surveyed her with frank admiration.

The blood leaped into her face.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I never dreamed that even such a man as you would compare me with—with a creature like that!"

"Such a man as me!" repeated Blake, staring. "What do you mean? I know I'm not much of a ladies' man; but to be yanked up like this when a fellow is trying to pay a compliment—well, it's not just what you'd call pleasant."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake. I misunderstood. I—"

"That's all right, Miss Jenny! I don't ask any lady to beg my pardon. The only thing is I don't see why you should flare out at me that way."

For a full minute she sat, with down-bent head, her face clouded with doubt and indecision. At last she bravely raised her eyes to meet his.

"Do you wonder that I am not quite myself?" she asked. "You should remember that I have always had the utmost comforts of life and have been cared for—Don't you see how terrible it is for me? And then the death of—of—"

"I can't be sorry for that!"

"But even you felt how terrible it was—and then—Oh, surely, you must see how—how embarrassing—"

It was Blake's turn to look down and hesitate. She studied his face, her bosom heaving with quick-drawn breath; but she could make nothing of his square jaw and firm-set lips. His eyes were concealed by the brim of his leaf hat. When he spoke, seemingly it was to change the subject: "Guess you saw me making my hut

"I'm fixing it so it'll do me even when it rains."

Had he been the kind of man that she had been educated to consider as alone entitled to the name of gentleman, she could have felt certain that he had intended the remark for a delicately worded assurance. But was Tom Blake, for all his blunt kindness, capable of such tact? She chose to consider that he was.

"It's a cunning little bungalow. But will not the rain flood you out?"

"It's going to have a raised floor. You're more like to have the rain drive in on you again. I'll have to rig up a porch over your door. It won't do to stuff up the hole. You've little enough air as it is. But that can wait a while. There's other work more pressing. First, there's the barricade. By the time that's done those hyena skins will be cured enough to use. I've got to have new trousers soon, and new shoes, too."

"I can do the sewing, if you will cut out the patterns."

"No; I'll take a stagger at it myself first. I'd rather you'd go eggng. You need to run around more, to keep in trim."

"I feel quite well now, and I am growing so strong! The only thing is this constant heat."

"We'll have to grin and bear it. After all, it's not so bad, if only we can stave off the fever. Another reason I want you to go for eggs is that you can take your time about it, and keep a look-out for steamers."

"Then you think—?"

"Don't screw up your hopes too high. We've little show of being picked up by a chance boat on a coast with reefs like this. But I figure that if I was in your daddy's shoes it'd be high time for me to be cabling a ship to run up from Natal, or down from Zanzibar, to look around for jettison, et cetera."

"I'm sure papa will offer a big reward."

"Second the motion! I've a sort of idea I wouldn't mind coming in for a reward myself."

"You? Oh, yes; to be sure. Papa is generous, and he will be grateful to anyone who—"

"You think I mean his dirty money!" broke in Blake, hotly.

Her confusion told him that he had not been mistaken. His face, only a moment since bright and pleasant, took on its sullenest frown.

Miss Leslie rose hurriedly and started along the cleft.

"Hello!" he called. "Not going for eggs now, are you?"

She did not reply.

"Hang it all, Miss Jenny! Don't go off like that."

"May I ask you to excuse me, Mr. Blake? Is that sufficient?"

"Sufficient? It's enough to give a fellow a chill! Come, now; don't go off mad. You know I've a quick temper. Can't you make allowances?"

"You've—you've no right to look so angry, even if I did misunderstand

you. You misunderstood me!" She caught herself up with a half sob. His silence gave her time to recover her composure. She continued with excessive politeness: "Need I repeat my request to be excused, Mr. Blake?"

"No; once is enough! But, honest, now, I didn't mean to be nasty."

"Good-day, Mr. Blake."

"Oh, da-darn it, good-day!" he groaned.

When, a few minutes later, she returned, he was gone. He did not come back until some time after dark, when she had withdrawn to her lean-to for the night. His hands were bleeding from thorn scratches; but after a hasty supper he went back



"I'm Fixing It So It'll Do Me Even When It Rains."

down the cleft to build up the new wall of the barricade with the great stack of fresh thorn-brush that he had gathered during the afternoon.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The End of the World.



IN the morning he met Miss Leslie with a sullen bearing, which, however, did not altogether conceal his desire to be on friendly terms. Having regained her self-control, she responded to this with such tact that by evening each felt more at ease in the new relationship, and Blake had lost every trace of his moroseness. The fact that both were passionately fond of music proved an immense help. It gave them an original source of

mutual sympathy and understanding—a common meeting-ground in the world of art and culture, apart from and above the plane of their material wants.

Yet for all his enjoyment of the girl's wide knowledge of everything relating to music, Blake took care that their talks and discussions did not interfere with the activities of their primitive mode of life. As soon as he had finished with the barricade he devoted himself to his tailoring and shoe-making; while Miss Leslie, between her cooking and wood-gathering and daily visits to the cliff for eggs, had much to occupy both her thoughts and her hands.

At first every ascent of the cliff was embittered by a painful consciousness of the cairn over the north edge. Fortunately it was not in sight from the direct path to the headland, and, as she refrained from visiting it, the new happenings of her wild life soon thrust Winthrop and his death out of the foreground of her thoughts. Each day she had to nerve herself to meet the beaks and wings of the despoiled nest-owners; each day she looked with greater hope for the expected rescue ship, only to be increasingly disappointed.

But the hours she spent on the cliff crest after gathering the day's supply of eggs were not spent merely in watching and longing. The inconveniences of carrying the eggs in a handkerchief or in one of the heavy jars suggested a renewal of her attempt at basket-making. Memory, perseverance and a trace of inventiveness enabled her to produce a small but serviceable hamper of split bamboo.

Encouraged by this success she gathered a quantity of tough, wiry grass, and wove a hat to take the place of the flimsy palm-leaf makeshift. The result was by no means satisfactory with regard to style, its shape being intermediate between a Mexican sombrero and a funnel; but aside from its appearance, she could not have wished for a more comfortable head-cover. Before showing it to Blake, she wove a second one for him, so that they were able to cast aside the grotesque, palm-leaf affairs at the same time.

The following morning Blake appeared in an outfit to match her leopard-skin dress. He had singed off the hair of the hide out of which he had made his moccasins, and his hyena-skin trousers quite matched the bristling stubble on his face.

"Hey, Miss Jenny!" he hailed; "what'd you think of this for fancy needlework?"

"Splendid! You're the very picture of an Argentine vaquero."

"Greaser?—ugh! Let me get back to the Weary Willy pants!"

"I mean you are very picturesque."

"That's it, is it? Glad I've got something to call your leopardine gown that won't make you huffy."

"We can at least call our costumes serviceable, and mine has proved

much cooler than I expected."

"But our new hats beat all for that—regular sunshades. What do you say?—there's a good breeze—Let's take a hike."

"Not to the river! The very thought of that dreadful snake—"

"No; just the other way. I've been thinking for some time that we ought to run down to that south headland and take a squint at the coast beyond. Ten to one it's another stretch of swamps but—"

"You think there is a chance we may find a town?"

"About one chance in a million, even for a native village. The slave trade wiped the niggers off this coast, and I guess those that hit out up-country ran so hard they haven't been able to get back yet."

"But it has been years since the slave trade was forbidden."

"And they don't sell beer in Kansas—oh, no! I'll bet the dhows still slip over from Madagascar when the moon is in the right quarter. At any rate, niggers are mighty scarce or mighty shy around here. I've kept a watch for smoke, and haven't seen a suspicion of it anywhere. Maybe the swamps swing around inland and cut off this strip of coast. It looked that way to me when I made that trip along the ridge. But there's a chance it used to be inhabited, and we may run across an abandoned village."

"I do not see that the discovery would do us any good."

"How about the chance of grain or bananas still growing? But that's all a guess. We're going because we need a change."

She nodded and hastened to prepare breakfast, while he packed a skin bag with food and examined the slender tips of his arrows. As a matter of precaution, he had been keeping them in the cigarette case, where the points would be certain of a coat of the sticky poison and at the same time guarded against inflicting a chance wound. But as he was now about to set out on a journey he fitted tips into the heads of his two straightest shafts.

The morning was still fresh when they closed the barricade behind them and descended to the pool. There was no game in sight, but Blake had no wish to hunt at the commencement of the trip. The steady southwest wind had blown the sky clear of its malarial haze and gave promise of a day which should know nothing of sultry calm—a day on which game would be hard to stalk, but one perfectly suited for a long tramp.

Mindful of ticks, Blake headed obliquely across to the beach. Once on the smooth, hard sand, they swung along at a brisk pace, light-hearted and keen with the spirit of adventure. Never had they felt more companionable. Miss Leslie laughed and chatted and sang stretches of songs, while Blake beat time with his club, or caught to whistle a good opera—he had learned his distorted lips some

The Sweet, Yellow, Smooth Pumpkin Pie

THE bars of the Hudson may sing
of the melon,
Its smooth jetty seeds and its ripe
ruby core.

And the feast of the reaper with ecstasy
dwell on,
Reclining at noon on the cool breezy
sward.

For me, its rich soil of New England
produces
An offering more dear to the taste
and the eye.

The bright yellow pumpkin—how
mellow its juices,
When tempered with ginger and
baid into pye.

LET others with dainties their appetite
pamper,
And gaze with delight on the
solders of plate,

Be stung with a bustle, and bid
night scamper—
Such pleasures as these I reckon to
the great.

But give me the feast when no knives
and forks cluster,
Where each to the neat cherry table
drives high.

And carves for himself from the broad
earthen platter
A slice of the sweet, yellow, smooth
pumpkin pye.

THERE are those who delight in the
fig and the raisin.

In quaffing the milk from the cocoa-
nut's shell—
Some, the olive and pomegranate lavish
their praise on,
The orange's glow and the pine-
apple's smell;

I leave them the product of both of
the Indies,
And all the rich fruits of a tropical
sky;

Their exquisite juices and flavors and
tinges,
And ask no dessert save the sweet
pumpkin pye.

THEN hail to the muse of the pump-
kin and onion,
The Frenchman may laugh and the
Englishman sneer

At the land of the Bible, and Psalm
Book and Bunyan;
Still, still to my bosom her green
hills are dear;

Her daughters are pure as her bright
crystal mountains,
And, hymen, if ever thy blessings I
try.

O give me the girl of my own native
mountains,
Who knows how to temper the
sweet pumpkin pye.

—Boston Sentinel of Sept. 18, 1818.

time before by liberal applications of antelope tallow.

Gulls and terns circled about them or hovered over the water ready to swoop down upon their finny prey. Sandpipers ran along the beach within a stone's throw, but the curlews showed their greater knowledge of mankind by keeping beyond gunshot.

Once a great flock of geese drove high overhead, their leader honking the alarm as they swept above the suspicious figures on the beach. Like the curlews, they had knowledge of mankind. But the flock of white pelicans which came sailing along in stately leisure on their immense wings floated past so low that Blake felt certain he could shoot one. He raised his bow and took aim, but refrained from shooting at the thought that it might be a sheer waste of his precious poison.

A little later a herd of large animals appeared on the border of the grass jungle, but wheeled and dashed back into cover so quickly that Blake barely had time to make out that they were buffaloes—the first he had seen on this coast, but easily recognized by their resemblance to the Cape variety. Their flight gave him small concern; for the time being he was more interested in topography than game.

The southern headland now lay close before them, its seaward face rearing up sheer and lofty, but the approach behind running down in broken terraces. Mid-morning found the explorers at the foot of the ridge. Blake squinted up at the bowlder-strewn slopes and the crannies of the broken ledges.

"Likely place for snakes, Miss Jenny," he remarked. "Guess I'd better lead."

Eager as she was to look over into

the country beyond, the girl dropped into second place and made no complaint about the wary slowness of her companion's advance. She found the most difficult parts of the ascent quite easy after her training on the tree-ladder. Blake could have taken ledges and all at a run, but as he mounted each terrace he halted to spy out the ground before him. Like Miss Leslie, he was looking for snakes, though for an exactly opposite reason. He wished to add to the contents of the cigarette case.

Greatly to his disappointment and the girl's relief neither snake nor sign of snake was to be seen all the way up the ridge. As they neared the crest Blake turned to offer her his hand up the last ledges, and in the instant they gained the top.

The wind, now freshening to a gale, struck the girl with such force that she would have been blown back down the ledges had not Blake clutched her wrist. Heedless alike of the painful grip which held her and of the gusts which tore at her skirt, the girl stood gazing out across the desolate swamps which stretched away to the southwest as far as the eye could see. She did not speak until Blake led her down behind the shelter of the crest ledges.


"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Didn't I warn you?"

She looked away to hide the tears which sprang into her eyes.


"I can't explain—only, it makes me feel so—so lonely!"

"Oh, come now, little woman; don't take on so!" he urged. "It might be a lot worse, you know. We've gotten along pretty well, considering."

This interesting story will be concluded in the December issue. We will have another during the next year.



Around the Fire Thanksgiving Evening

ULL justice has been done the Thanksgiving dinner from soup to nuts and raisins. The somnolent spirits have taken their after-dinner nap and the more strenuous ones have come back from a brisk after-dinner tramp. It's growing colder outside. Twilight is approaching. Within, around the open fire, housemates and guests have gathered for an evening of Thanksgiving jollity.

And now what shall we do? No dry, brain-racking game of whist, no stylish hand of bridge—nothing like that is meant for this glorious occasion. Any kind of cards is too exclusive, too cold blooded for this hour. No, next on the Thanksgiving program is an evening of good, wholesome, silly, jolly games.

A few suggestions in the line of games of this sort may help the housemother make this Thanksgiving evening is an especially jolly one.

"Telegram" is a good game to get every one into good humor as quickly as possible. Supply each member of the company with a pencil and a sheet of paper. Each person is then to say offhand some letter of the alphabet. The letters, in the order named, are taken down by the whole company. The stint set is for each one to write a telegram made up of words beginning with the letters given. All the letters must be used, the original order must be preserved and no extra words can be added. When the telegrams are completed they are gathered in, mixed up and dealt out again that responsibility for and personality in them may be impossible to place.

After they have been read, a new set of letters is given and new telegrams composed. Very shortly each one in the company will be chuckling with delight over his own efforts and roaring with laughter over the ingenious and ridiculous conglomerations that will be read. From A B C D E F G H I J, for instance, one might produce "Aunt Betsy's cow dying"—"Editha flunked German"—"Holo-caust imminent, Jane." Another might like of it "All broken-hearted. Come meetly. Ever faithful George has somnolently jilted."

"Gossip" is great fun, though no one wants to play it more than a few minutes. Let the entire company stand side by side on a straight line. Then let the person who stands at one end whisper something very quickly in the ear of his next door neighbor. The minute he stops whispering, the next door neighbor imparts the message just as swiftly and just as secretly to his neighbor and so on down the line.

When the last person in line is reached the originator of the message tells the company what he said and the man at the other end what was said to him. Of course, the original remark has been garbled. The moral and the laughter are both obvious.

Games in which two of the company, confederates, mystify the rest are always fun, although they can, of course, be played only once. Prime among these is "The Wand Passes." One of the company is sent from the room. Another, who is in league with the first, promises that when he holds the wand, which may be a cane or umbrella, over some member of the company, the exiled member will be able to tell over whom. The door must be left open. The confederates explain that this in order not to interrupt the current of electricity between them.

The magic-monger allows the company to chat a few minutes after his confederate has departed. Then he suddenly breaks in upon the conversation, waving the wand and saying in a sepulchral tone, "The wand passes." The exile answers from the next room very solemnly, "Let it pass." Again comes the announcement, "The wand passes," and again the answer, "Let it pass." The third time the possessor of the wand holds it over some head and inquires, "The wand rests over whom?"

Then is the exile promptly to answer, "Over so-and-so," naming the right person. The trick is accomplished by having it arranged that the confederate who remains in the room shall hold the wand over the person who spoke last before the announcement, "The wand passes." All the exile in the next room need be able to do is to distinguish the voices of the company.

Another mystifying game is called "Chinese writing." Take grandfather's cane in your hand; request your confederate to step into the hall. All decide upon a rather short word, say, "meat." Both of you understand that you will tap with your cane for the vowels according to their regular order; a, one tap; e, two taps; i, three taps; o, four taps; u, five taps, and that the first letter of the first word of every remark that you make after your confederate enters will be a consonant of the word she is to guess. The taps of the cane will be the vowels according to their order.

As she enters you begin marking on the floor with your cane marvelous characters, which the whole company will watch eagerly. As you write you say casually, "Must I write fast?" Here she gets the "M." Then you make two heavy taps as you write, which, according to the code means "E." After a little more writing make another single tap for the "A." Then say naturally, "Try to follow me very closely," which gives her the "T" to complete the word. Go on writing mysteriously for a moment or two and then ask her if she has read the word all right. She will doubtless be able to tell the company, to their great astonishment. With a little ingenuity you can make your remarks sound very natural and hence make the trick seem very puzzling.

In another clairvoyant trick one person goes out of the room while a word, representing some object, is chosen. When he returns, his confederate asks him, "Is it a —?" naming some article the first letter of which is the first letter of the word he is to guess. The guesser replies in the negative. The questioner then asks, "Is it a —?" naming some article the initial letter of which is the second letter of the word to be guessed, and so on until the word is complete.

Thus, suppose the word was curtain. The questions might be, "Is it a candle?" "Is it an umbrella?" "Is it a rat?" "Is it a table?" "Is it an apple?" "Is it ice?" "Is it a needle?" To all of these the person questioned has answered, "No," but he has been following the first letters of the words, and when the next question comes, "Is it a curtain?" he answers "Yes." If it is preferred to make the trick seem more magical, when he has heard the word spelled out he may suddenly interrupt his questioner and, rubbing his forehead, say, "Wait, I know what it is. It is a curtain." However, the company will be more apt to guess the trick if it is done in this way.

If you have in your company any person good natured enough to appreciate a joke on himself, the following trick will furnish much fun: Announce that you will hypnotize any friend who is willing to follow your directions. Retire from the room and take two cups and saucers. Put your own carefully aside. Then take the other saucer and hold it over a lamp or candle until the under part is covered with soot. Put the cup back in the saucer. Fill the cups with water. Then tell your friend who is to be hypnotized that it is impossible for the spell to work unless he follow your directions exactly. Present him with a cup and saucer. Tell him to hold these in his left hand, and, looking straight into your eyes and nowhere else, to do exactly what you do.

Then dip the fingers of your right

band in the water, rub them on the under side of his saucer is thick with cabalistic passes over your forehead and cheeks. The patient to be hypnotized will do the same, and as the under side of his saucer is thick with soot every cabalistic pass will leave its mark. The effect on the part of the company who are entirely unprepared for this denouement soon enlightens the victim. The soot scrubs off easily and there is no harm done, provided you have been wise enough to select a good natured person for your hypnotic influence.

The Story of the Turkey

IN 1620 the Puritans discovered New England, and the next year, when they were going to have their first Thanksgiving dinner, they discovered the turkey," wrote a small boy in his Thanksgiving composition. Thus he settled, to his own satisfaction at least, a long disputed question — when and where the first turkey was found.

A century ago wiser heads than his did not find the question easy to dispose of, and their discussion was important enough to attract the attention of the learned Prof. Beckmann. Some claimed it was first found in Africa, whence it was brought in early days for the banquets of the Romans. Others believe that, because of its name, it must have come from Turkey — a term then applied vaguely to Tartary and even to Asia in general. Its German name, kalekuter, led to the assertion that the first specimens had been shipped from Calcutta; but those inclining to this opinion were laughed at by others, who said that kalekuter was simply the German attempt to express the bird's cry. A few believe that the bird was an importation from the new world. And while learned heads wagged over the problem the turkey went straight on gobbling its way into European barnyards.

It was introduced into England as early, some say, as 1524, and at a banquet given by Queen Mary in 1555 young turkeys are mentioned as the greatest delicacy on the table. In a curious old book called "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry," by Tusser, are to be found the lines:

Beefe, mutton and pork, shred pies of the best;

Fig. veal, goose and capon and turkie

well drest;
Cheese, apples and nuts, jollie carols to heare,
As then in the countrie is counted goode cheere.

Here is proof that the modern upstart of a turkey was already rivaling in favor the classic capon with the British farmer.

The Jesuits long were credited with having introduced the turkey into France from Spain. This may account for the lifelong animosity to the Jesuits of the great critic Boileau of Louis XIV.'s time. For Boileau, as a child, fell one day in his father's barnyard, and before he could pick himself up was so severely bitten by two old turkey cocks that he suffered from the effects for many years afterward. What more natural than that he should hate the Jesuits?

The first official mention of our national bird in Italy is in 1557, when the magistrates of Venice, in an ordinance to suppress luxury, forbade its presence at any tables but those of the clergy, the nobility and their own. In 1570 Bartolomeo Scappi, chief cook to Pope Pius V., gave in his cookery book several recipes for roasting turkeys and dressing them with chestnuts and garlic which have not been improved upon to this day—in Italy, at least.

J. F. D. Smythe, who wrote in 1784 a "Tour of the United States of America," declared that in the unsettled country back of Virginia he saw wild turkey flocks of more than 5,000; while in the woods of Pennsylvania they were so numerous that their eggs were easily found by the farmers' children and carried off to be placed under setting hens. No doubt turkeys were abundant enough within gunshot of the Plymouth settlement, and for this very reason would have formed, even had they been less delicious in flavor, the piece de resistance of that first Thanksgiving feast with which ever since they have been inseparably connected.

LUCK.



"Why, Sam! Did you sell your vote?"

"No, ma'am; but I done found a dollar once where a brilliant canderdate lost it."

Peleg's Idea as to Thanksgiving



"THANKSGIVIN' is goin' to be the banguppest affair at our house that'll be known in Squashville town, judgin' from the way Mary has been makin' me trot around for supplies.

"Mary Ann is one of them restless critters that can't wait a minute once she has set her mind on a thing.

"Peleg," she says to me, a week come next Wednesday, 'Peleg, you better get started on Thanksgiving' or it'll be here and we will be in a fix like Mis' Jenkins was the time she had us all over for dinner six years ago. I shall never forget that dinner to my dyin' day,' she says, 'and it'll be a warning for me, I hope. Mis' Jenkins was ashamed to show her face to the ladies' aid, and she one of the leaders. You got me to agree to have half the town over here, and it'll worry me, Peleg, until the turkey's bein' carved. I'm afraid yet the pie crust'll be tough as all git out.'

"When Mary Ann talks that way, knowin' her the way I do, bein' married a good 20 year, I give in. And I don't dawdle around doin' it, either.

"Jay Home says to me one day, 'Peleg,' he says, 'you're plain henpecked, that's what you be.'

"Thursday mornin', when I got through with the chores, and seen that the woodbox was filled and the water pail brimmin' over, them bein' things that gets on a woman's nerves, I gits loaded up with jugs and things and was down to Jay Home's store before he had the floor sprinkled.

"Jay,' I says, 'if you have got anything in this shanty that's needed for a bang-up Thanksgiving' dinner, trot 'er out, and don't stop to figger it up till the whole caboodle is wrapped up. Expense is nothin' to me,' I says, 'if it costs a load of my best meadow hay.'

Jay set down his sprinkler and went out to the back shed for the broom.

"Don't you git riled up, Peleg,' he says, 'or excited. Comin' in on me at this time of the mornin,' he says, 'when my mind's set on gettin' the prune pits and other dabree of the evenin' debauch of some of these Squashville sports, as the feller says,' he says, 'cleared up. I ain't fit to figger up a Thanksgiving' dinner. But if you'll set down and hold your

horses,' he says, 'we'll git to it, we'll git to it.'

'Long and short of it was, Jay didn't have half the things Mary Ann had set down. We figgered out pretty well, from what he had. But dangd if he had any cider or even cider vinegar.

'Jay,' I says, 'I'm a believer in truth, and I trusted you. But when I read,' I says, 'in the Squashville Bugle, as I did yes'day, them items which says "Jay Home has the fullest, most complete and general stock of groceries in the northwest, prices right and good treatment." 'and I come here, as I hev, and find no cider, or even cider vinegar, I find that I have been misled. After this I will read the Squashville paper with some caution, let alone orderin' you as postmaster to quit deliverin' it to box 198.'

'Peleg,' says Jay, 'you're about the dangdest fool that ever set foot inside my store. I had that cider, as advertised, and I had that good treatment, and no one ever said my prices wasn't fair. But because a lot of others has been trottin' in here for supplies, let alone them that buys it by the glass, you git on your high horse. I like your trade, Peleg,' he says, 'but dang if I ain't a notion to tell you to find another place.'

'Jay,' I says, seein' I was harsh, 'we bein' members of the Modern Woodmen ain't goin' to hev no words. But I am thinkin' of Mary Ann. She's set her heart on real cider for them mince pies, and you know Mary Ann.'

'And I was right. Mary Ann put her foot down when I come into the kitchen and she see I didn't hev the cider.

'I can't help it, Peleg,' she says. 'I must hev it. You'll hev to go to Podunk for it, and to-day's as good a time as I know. I won't sleep now till I git that cider. I remember poor Mis' Jenkins, and it's a warnin'.'

'And dangd if I didn't hev to walk over to Podunk, me that ain't been there since I got beat for constable. And Mary Ann set down some other little things she thought of, bein' as I was goin' to make the trip. When I got home I set down the jug a little hard on the kitchen table.

'Mary Ann,' I says, 'this idea of hev'in' the whole dum town a-trumpin' in here on Thanksgivin' may be all right. I ain't sayin' nothin' against it. You'll hev your way. But they's got to be reform in this town. Jay Home'll keep cider and every other article,' I says, 'for Thanksgivin' or Podunk'll git my trade.'

'Shet up, Peleg,' she says, 'and git some water in this pail. You never filled it, and I hev been skimpin' ever since you started for Podunk.'

'They ain't never been no trouble in our family for 20 years, as I was sayin', but if they is, it'll come from one of these Thanksgivin' dinners. Dangd if it won't.'—R. B. Pixley, in Milwaukee Free Press.

With Thankful Hearts

Father, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee

With gratitude, for all Thy bounty free; For love, and friends, for home, for faith's pure light,

For health, for harvest store, for rest at night—

For every blessing showered from above— Bestowed on us unstinted, by Thy love And thoughtful care; O hear us, as we pray,

Father in heaven, this Thanksgiving day.

Watch over us, be Thou our Stay and Guide,

Thro' day and night; guard us from sinful pride,

For we are human, weak and prone to wrong,

And by Thy grace alone are we made strong.

Give us our daily bread, our wants supply,

And touch our hearts that we may not deny

The widow and the orphan of their share Of what we have—relieve their want and care.

O grant that we may keep Thy law and live

A Christian life; our enemies forgive; That we may love our neighbor, work for peace,

That so Thy glory may on earth increase.

—Henry Coyle, in the Pilot.



Barnyard Tragedy with a Moral

WHEN Mr. T. Gobbler married the pretty Miss Hen-Turkey—she always spelled her name with a hyphen—the entire barnyard community gathered at the festive occasion with their congratulations, for really Mr. G. was the catch of the season, and many a feminine heart was sore, though the lips were smiling that wreathed themselves into words which made the happy bride still happier. Female that she was, she knew how it hurt some of them to say the pleasant things they did, and she was glad.

But marriage is not all glamour, and, notwithstanding Mr. Gobbler was the handsomest bird in the barnyard, and Mrs. Gobbler was the envy of all her set, there was a spider in her nie-

Like a worm in the bud, it fed upon her damask cheek and she gazed with fearsome longing at her splendid spouse, and sighed and sighed again. Once more the husband was not the romantic hero of the courtship days. True, he did not smoke or drink or gamble, or even belong to a club, but, ah! he was so inconstant. And she was all devotion. How often thus with marriage bells—their echoes jangle out of tune!

September, October, and still the dead, dull pain at her heart, and still no remedy.

November's dismal days followed drearily, and there were those, know-



Mr. T. Gobbler.

ing how weak is hope worn out, who whispered that Mrs. Gobbler was passing away and that that wretch, Gobbler, would be flitting on his way to the funeral. But they were mistaken, for suddenly and unexpectedly Mrs. Gobbler began to recover her wonted spirits and the old-time blush came again to her erstwhile faded cheeks. She even smiled, and many wondered. But none asked questions, for her sorrows had been so sore they could not bear the touch of even the gentlest hand.

One day Gobbler saw her poring over a rain-stained bit of newspaper which had been blown by some balmy breeze into the barnyard.

'Ah, my dear,' he said to her, for he was kind enough of speech, 'what readest? An installment of a love story?'

She attempted to hide the paper under her wing, and did not answer.

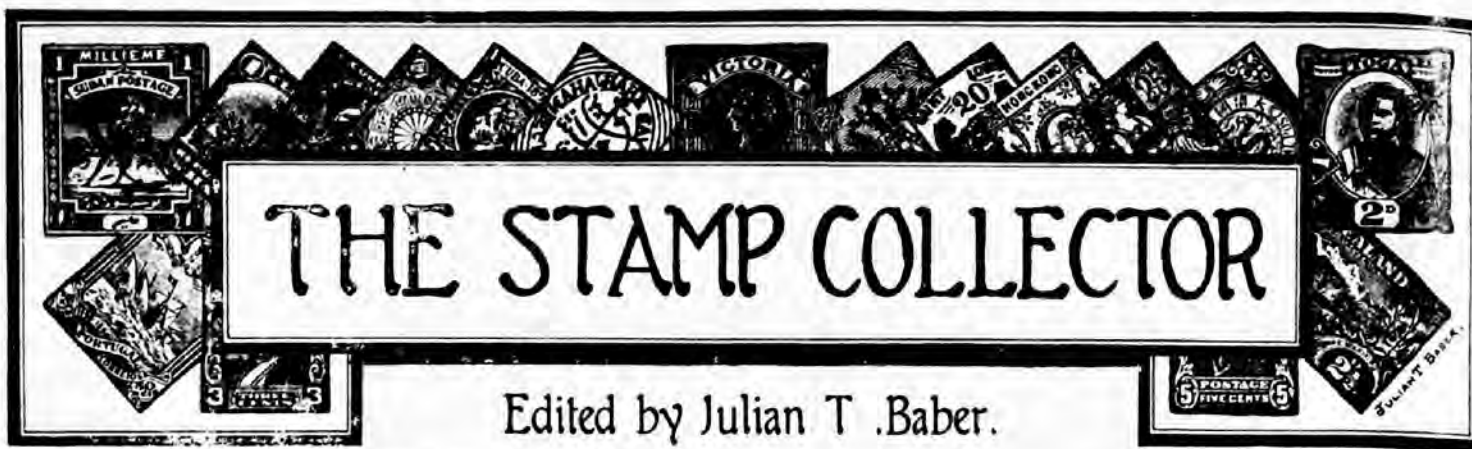
'Oho!' he laughed, coarsely, snatching at it. 'Something I should not see, perhaps? Give it to me.'

Resistance was quite useless, and she let him take it, smiling radiantly on him about to read.

He looked at the fatal page, and his wattles wilted and turned pale, his fan tail folded up and the iridescent glisten of his swelling bosom became lusterless.

It was the president's Thanksgiving proclamation, and Gobbler knew what was coming to him.

So did Mrs. Gobbler.



THE STAMP COLLECTOR

Edited by Julian T. Baber.



THIS department is conducted by Julian T. Baber, an Associate Editor of this paper, for the benefit of those interested in the collecting of postage stamps.

A packet of stamps will be given to the one who sends me the best article pertaining to stamp collecting, or regarding his own collection. Articles must be restricted to 300 words and must be sent to the editor of this department within ten days after receipt of the EMBLEM. The best article will be published and all contributors names will be put on the roll of honor.

All correspondence regarding this department should be sent to the following address.

Julian T. Baber,
Pocahontas, Va.

An Apology.

We were compelled to omit the Press Review for this month, owing to being absent from home, and we must make apologies for the size of the page this month. In the future we hope to elevate this department to its usual high standard.

"Philatelic Gas."

John F. Seybold, the owner of one of the most superb collection of original covers, shot himself to death in his store on August 13th. He had been unwell for several months, and was very despondent. It is estimated that his stamp collection is worth \$100,000.

The Milwaukee Philatelic Society entertained the Chicago Philatelic Society recently and a very enjoyable time was reported.

Will Nast's cartoons in the Stamp Journal are very amusing, and the ideas they contain are well represented. Philatelic cartoons are as rare as some stamps.

Walter Clark Bellow's new book on the stamps of Compeche, is the finest work on philately ever published.

How many of our readers are subscribers to the Hobbyist? It is an excellent paper. Each issue shows

marked improvement. The August number was a beauty, typographically.

Items of Interest.

On September 15th the Post Office department put before the public another commemorative stamp, this one commemorative stamp, this one commemorating the Hudson-Fulton tercentenary. In artistic design, the stamp shows as a background the Palisades of the Hudson River, with ship, the "Half Moon," sailing in majestic style up on one side of the river, and on the opposite, the Clermont steaming down. An Indian canoe symbolical of the first means of navigation on the river, is seen in the foreground. In the background, is another canoe containing four Indians. On the top line of the border of the stamp in Gothic letters, is the inscription: "Hudson-Fulton Tercentenary, 1609-1909." Oblong in shape, the stamp is like the previous exposition issues. It is seven-eighths by one and one-eighth inches in size, and will be issued in two-cent denomination only.

The membership fee of the Hobby Club, an international exchange, which we hear is gaining a large membership, was raised to \$1.00 on Oct. 1st.

The U. S. registration fee is no longer 8 cents. It takes a dime now to insure your letter. To conform with the recent increase in the price of registration, a 12 cent stamp will be issued, so that on ordinary letters, one stamp will suffice to pay for postage and registration.

The Red Cross sticker for 1909 is indeed a pretty one. The American society expects to sell 50,000,000 this year.

Several new philatelic papers have appeared recently. Here's hoping that they will live a long life. America cannot boast of too many stampic magazines and papers.

The C. M. A. HERALD.

An independent paper, printed for the information of its readers and for the C. M. A. Short interesting news items, always welcomed. Subscription, price 25 cents per year.

Burt Foote, Anna, Ohio.

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PHILATELIC WEST - COLLECTORS WORLD
SUPERIOR, NEBR.

USELESS ADVICE.



"I would advise you," said the doctor, "to avoid drinking coffee."
 "I do," replied the patient. "I board."

Horse Cars for Bungalows.

The London county council has been advertising for sale "a number of disused horse tram cars," suitable for "bungalows, houseboats, portable buildings, tool sheds, garden sheds, contractors' offices, cycle and motor houses and for use on farms, potato fields, hop fields, football and cricket grounds."

Diplomacy Wins.

First Doctor—To what do you attribute his success as a physician?
 Second Doctor—To his diplomacy. He finds out a few things a patient doesn't like and then orders him not to eat them.

HIS PROPER VOCATION.



Client—Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the army?
 Lawyer—Why?
 Client—By the way you charge there wouldn't be much left of the enemy.

THAT SETTLED HIM.



He—I hear that your husband left you very well fixed?
 She—Yes; I should say he did. He left me his money with the provision that, if I married within five years, it was to go to a hospital.

HEARTFELT SYMPATHY.



Wife—If my first husband were alive we should be celebrating our silver wedding to-day.
 Husband—What a pity he died so soon.

LUCKY MAN.



She—Two men whom I refused to marry, sir, have become millionaires!
 He—Is that the reason why?

THE YOUNG IDEA.



Teacher—Thirty-three eggs at 59 cents per dozen is what?
 Bill—Outrageous, I call it.

When Bogota is Dark.

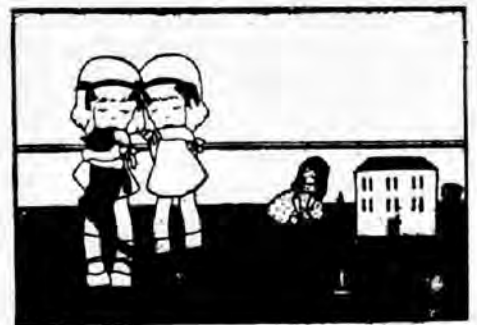
There are times when, because of insufficient water power, it is not possible to supply electric light for both the houses and the streets in Bogota, Colombia, so the streets remain dark

SHE WAS WISE.



He (after the proposal)—My salary is \$1,500 a year. Now, dearest, what is the least you think you can live on?
 She—Well, how much credit can you get.

WOULD NOT HURT ANYBODY'S FEELINGS.



"Which do you love best—pussy or your doll?"
 "Pussy; but don't let dolly hear."

Railways in Canada.

Out of 206 railway charters granted by the Canadian parliament in the 20 years ended 1909 only 28 have resulted in any construction, 86 have lapsed and the others have received extensions of time. Exclusive of the Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk Pacific and Canadian Northern, the charters granted called for 63,809 miles construction.

THE OLD and NEW THANKSGIVING

BY EARL MARBLE

In olden days, when the land was young,
At least to its modern generations,
And before the country by patriots sung
Had become the chief among the nations,
Thanksgiving Day, which had its birth
'Mong the Pilgrim folk so staid and sturdy,
Was a "week-day Sabbath," free from mirth,
And ne'er profaned by hurdy-gurdy.

'Twas celebrated in those days
With one thought, and with one thought only,
To give to God his meed of praise
For watching o'er his people lonely,
That he had given to them his grace,
And caused the earth to yield its dower,
That they might live, and keep in pace
With him in godliness and power.

What though some nes, the while the day
Crep, on, they met an empty larder?
Did they forget to sing and pray?
They only sang and prayed the harder,
God sent on ravens' wings of old
Food when the skies were dark and murky,
And to New-England's chosen fold—
He sent the plump Thanksgiving turkey.

The turkeys flew through skies of gray,
And on crisp boughs of oak-trees rested,
Or sought 'mong leaves, where acorns lay,
The food which Nature had invested,
And doughty Standish, Alden true,
E'en Elder Brewster, quoth Dame Rumor,
Bagged turkeys in the frost or dew,
As hunger found them in the humor.

Thanksgiving Day, in many things,
Though far away from ancient mooring,
The soul today, as't prays and sings,
Finds modern tendencies alluring,
Though it was born in days, austere,
It keeps in touch with life and living,
And warms today with merry cheer—
Huzza for the old and new Thanksgiving!

The Missionary Box

A
Thanksgiving
Story



UP IN THE wild northwest the winter had set in early and on the morning before Thanksgiving the prairies for miles around were one great, drifting sea of snow, while the soft, feathery flakes were still falling. Ruth Hayward stood at the window of the parsonage dining-room and looked out into the storm with disconsolate eyes.

"There doesn't seem much to be thankful for this year," she thought, with a sigh. "No winter clothes, and Ralph and father sick, and mother worn out with trying to make ends meet. I don't see why some people have so much and others so little."

"Ruth," said her mother, coming into the room just then, "have you practiced the Thanksgiving hymns for to-horror?"

"Yes, mother," answered Ruth, "but I don't see how we can hold services if the weather keeps bad. People won't come to church in a blizzard."

"There will be services whether any comes or not, daughter. No matter what our difficulties may be, they must not interfere with our religious duties. Remember that the minister's family sets an example for the settlement."

So Ruth sat dutifully down at the wheezy old cabinet organ and went over the hymns again, doing her best to extract sweet music from the yellow keys. And on the whole she succeeded better than you might think, for she had a musical gift that seemed to bring out all the harmony the worn-out instrument was capable of. She was a hopeful little body, too, and while she practiced she tried to comfort herself with the thought that perhaps some day the clouds might be lifted and the opportunity given her to do better things.

Suddenly, above the wheezing of the organ and the howling of the wind in the chimney, Ruth caught the merry sound of sleigh bells. She got up and rushed to the window, just in time to see the mail carrier's covered sleigh drive around to the back of the house.

She was all excitement as she ran out to the kitchen, where old Jean, muffled to his nose and covered with snow, was telling Mrs. Hayward, in his queer broken English, about the big box he had brought for the minis-

ter, which box "Mist' Larsen," the express agent at the depot, had told him to be sure and deliver in time for Thanksgiving.

"That's just like Nils Larsen," said the minister, who had come in from his study. "Always anxious for somebody's happiness."

What a time they had opening and unpacking that wonderful box, which turned out to be a "missionary box" from Mr. Hayward's old church back in "York state." Clearly it had been packed by loving fingers, with thoughtful brains to guide them; for it contained everything that was most likely to be appreciated by a poor missionary in a remote frontier settlement.

There were even cereals and crackers, with several jars of beef extract and a store of nice canned things. Mr. Hayward's sunken eyes lighted up as they rested on a heap of new books and magazines, and still more



when a pile of warm garments came to light, including coats for the children, an overcoat for himself and a cloak that was plainly intended for his wife.

There never was such a wonder-box as that, Ruth thought, as one treasure after another revealed itself, and her cheeks flushed when she opened a mysterious package and disclosed a pretty beaver hat, looking as fresh and dainty as if it had come direct from the milliner. And pinned to the wrappings was a letter, and in the letter—what do you think? Why, a brand-new \$10 bill—to be spent, as the writer stated, for any little wants that the box didn't happen to supply.

"God bless the dear people at home!" exclaimed the minister, fervently, while his wife quietly wiped away her happy tears.

"And to think I said there wasn't much to be thankful for!" said Ruth, with mingled penitence and pleasure. —Stella G. Florence, in the Christian Advocate.

SOME THOUGHTS



Not long ago a little girl was asked by another little girl what she usually did on Thanksgiving day. "I eat all I can hold of good things," was her quick reply. "That's a pity," remarked her questioner, "for it doubtless makes you ill, and does nobody good. Now, I enjoy a good dinner, too, but I eat in moderation. And I carry a basket of nice things to some poor sick person who otherwise might not get any Thanksgiving dinner."

If every child who has a good home and plenty to eat on Thanksgiving day would remember the words of the thoughtful and kind-hearted little girl quoted above there would be cause for much rejoicing and thankfulness on the day that we all look forward to with so much anticipation. But it is a fact, sad to relate, that too many persons—not merely children, but grown-ups as well—think of Thanksgiving merely as a day of feasting—I might say of gorging. Parents make the mistake of not reminding their children of the needy poor whose tables are without the good things to eat on that day of all days when plenty is supposed to be in ev-

ery home. If the children of every well-to-do family would take it upon themselves to ask their mother for a basket of well-prepared and wholesome food to carry to some poor family—where otherwise there might be no Thanksgiving cheer—the day would indeed be one deserving of the name given it. And on the same day they might carry to some poor sick person a bouquet of flowers and a nice warm garment or a pair of slippers. Any little deed of kindness to the unfortunate will enrich your own pleasures for the day and make you feel more deserving of the plenty that has fallen to your lot.

Remember the poor, the unhappy, the sick, is a good motto for every child to pin over his dresser mirror a few days before Thanksgiving. And when the day arrives he'll find such joy in the knowledge that he is making some one soul the happier by his kindness. Just try it, boys and girls.



The Wishbone—A Thanksgiving Hint

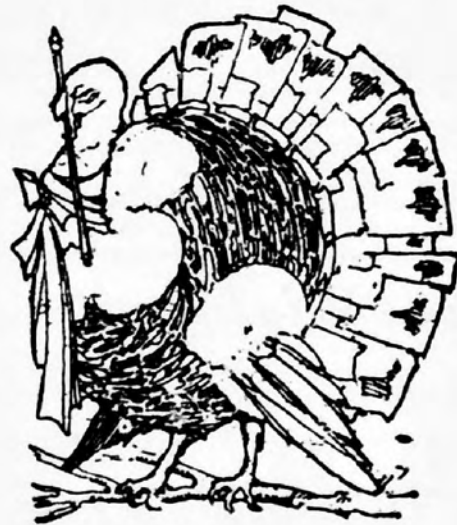


Are you sad, or are you jolly,
Do you blame yourself for folly,
When there's nothing but the wishbone left?

Are you full, or can you eat
(After gobbling turkey meat)
All the satisfying things that make
Thanksgiving day complete,
When there's nothing but the wishbone left?

Better spare the juicy turkey;
Then you'll still be looking perky
When there's nothing but the wishbone left.

For the goodies, in a flock,
Like to jump around and mock
Little folks who've gobbled gobble meat
till they can hardly talk,
And there's nothing but the wishbone left.





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The C. M. A.
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VOLUME

II

NO. 8

PUBLISHED
MONTHLY

Table of Contents

Cover Design drawn by Julian T. Baber

Verse.

A Yuletide Reverie	-	-	-	-	-	6
Christmas	-	-	-	-	- Philip Brooks	15
Star of the East	-	-	-	-	- Mary B. Sleigh	19
What Santa Brought	-	-	-	-	- W. D. Nesbit	26

Fiction.

Tom's Best Christmas	-	-	-	-	- Archie P. McKishnie	3
The Miracle	-	-	-	-	- Harry Irving Greene	4
Into The Primitive	-	-	-	-	- Robert Ames Bennett	7
An Alibi for Santa	-	-	-	-	- Olivia Benton Strohm	12
When the Embers Blaze Again	-	-	-	-	- Byron Williams	13
Miss Anne's Christmas Visitors	-	-	-	-	- Lena M. McCauley	14
The Littlest Boy and Santa Claus	-	-	-	-	- Edwin L. Sabin	16
Midnight Mistletoe Bough	-	-	-	-	- Deitna Marteen Eugones	25
Little Brown Jug at Kildare	-	-	-	-	- Back Cover.	

Miscellaneous.

The Charms of Christmas	-	-	-	-	- Washington Irving	17
Christmas at Sea	-	-	-	-	- Admiral Bob Evans	18
I. O. C. M. A.	-	-	-	-	-	19
The Stamp Collector	-	-	-	-	- Julian T. Baber	22
Special Announcement	-	-	-	-	- Back Cover.	

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Volume II

DECEMBER, 1909.

Number 8

Tom's Best Christmas

By Archie P. McKishnie

Copyright by the Author

Tom Lawrence shook his fist under the grocery keeper's nose.

"You try and stop me and I'll fix you," he threatened, "even if I have to do time for it. You trying to hold a fellow away from his people this way, and it Christmas Eve, too. Why, the old man and the old woman will be right glad to see their little boy again."

He laughed wheezingly and leaned weakly against the counter.

"You can't keep me from feeding on the fatted calf, Josh. I'm going to walk in on the old folks to-night, just like the wild, wayward sons you read about do. You never hear of them getting the cold hand, do you?"

A fit of coughing choked the laughter from his voice, and when he lifted his face it was gray-white beneath the lamplight.

The big grocer laid aside the package he was tying, and walked around the counter.

"Come here, Tommie," he said, opening the door of the inner room.

The young man slouched forward obediently.

"Say, Josh," he whined, "cut it out, I'm tired of being preached to. Won't you get me a little whisky, just one drink?" he pleaded. "See, I'm all broke up, and I'm going home to-night. Six years of the life I've led wears one, Josh, wear one right down to the heart and soul, and this cough—"

He sank down on a seat before the fire, his slim fingers gripping his chest.

"Sit there and get good and warm. I'll be back in a minute." The grocer slipped out, locked the door after him, and went behind the counter.

Customers had come in and were waiting to be attended to.

The grocer drew a tall young man to one side.

"Jim," he said, "I want you to help me out. Go behind and serve them customers. I don't care if you haven't never sold groceries; do your best.



Don't be particular about weights. Give everybody Christmas measure. I've got to stay away for a spell, 'cause—"

He whispered something in the young man's ear. His hearer started.

"Why, they think—" he commenced; but the grocer laid a big hand on his arm.

"I know what they think; and,

whatever you do, keep what I've told you to yourself. I don't know what to do, but I'll find out a way. When they come, call me. I'll be in here."

Lawrence lifted his white face from his hands as the grocer entered.

"Have you got it?" he questioned eagerly. The big man sat down, facing him.

"I want to have a little chat with you, Tommie," he said, gently. "You remember when you were a youngster at home here, how we used to chat together and have a mighty good time of it, don't you?"

His hearer made a grimace. "I want a drink," he said, shortly.

"You remember how you used to come down for the mail, Tommie, and I'd have you come in and help sort the letters?"

An expression that was almost a smile dawned slowly across the boy's jagged face. "I remember we used to mitate one another's handwriting, Josh," he said, slowly.

"Yes, and I got at last so's I could write just like you, Tommie. Remember you used to tell me you could almost believe it was your own writin'?"

"I remember, Josh. Go on. There's something behind all this. I'm waiting to hear it." "When you got into trouble over at Maxton's and—"

"And skipped. Yes. Well, go on, can't you?"

"Well, somehow, the matter was hushed up and kept from your old folks. Maxton never said anythin', and we gave your pa and ma to understand you'd got a big position out west. I'm afraid I wrote 'em a letter from you, Tommie, tellin' 'em all about it and askin' forgiveness for not biddin' 'em good-by." The other nodded his head on his breast.

"You were always a big-hearted fool, Josh," he said, hoarsely. "I can't understand why you won't get me a little whisky."

"I remember their faces when they read that letter," said the grocer, heaving a big chunk on the fire. "I remember how glad they both was. Your ma said you'd be writin' again soon and let them know how you liked it. Well, you did." "I wrote again,

did I?" "Yep, you wrote every week you've been away, and that's how long—let's see?" "Six years ago, day after to-morrow, Josh."

"You sent some money home, too," continued the big man, after an interval of silence. "Quite a little bit of money. Fifty dollars once, and a ten-spot every now and again." The speaker laughed queerly, his face working. "Only last night they got a letter from you, Tommie, with \$50 in it. Christmas box, I think you called it." Something like a sob came from the bowed figure.

"Your pa most always read your letters to the neighbors. They're right glad you're doing so well. Every Christmas Eve your ma and him come over here and buy a Christmas turkey with the money you send them—I always have a laugh at your pa. 'I'll eat Tommie's share,' he says. 'Cause it's next best thing to havin' him home. We're right proud of our Tommie,' he always ends. They've been writing you, too, every week regular. I read all their letters, 'cause I have to in order to know how to answer them. They got a letter from you last night with their Christmas money in it, and they've answered it already. Here's their letter with your address on it. Maybe you'd like to read it?"

The young man reached out a shaking hand for the letter. The other watched his face as he read. When a tear fell with a splash on the cramped writing, the grocer spoke again.

"You can send me to jail for doin' what I've done, Tommie. In one way it was wrong, very wrong. I've been gully of openin' letters."

The other held up a thin hand as though to ward off a blow. Then he rose weakly and came over to the big man.

"Josh, old Josh," he spoke tremblingly. "You've been—you—are—Oh, I'll make it all up to you some day," he broke out, lifting his head. "I'm going to be a man. I know I'm not fit to go to them now. I've been drunk for days! But promise me you will take me to them soon, Josh."

"Day after to-morrow night is the anniversary of your goin' away. We'll go then," promised the grocer with a big smile. He took the boy's hand. "I'm goin' now. You just lie down on the sofa here. You'll stay at my place until after Christmas. He moved toward the door. Then he turned. "Shall I fetch you anythin'?" he asked gently.

"Nothing," answered the young man, smiling. "I'm perfectly satisfied, Josh."

An hour later the grocer carried an armful of groceries and threw them into the back of the sleigh. "Merry Christmas to you both, Mrs. Lawrence," he cried, tucking the robes about the old couple. The old man chuckled, and the old lady, glancing about her fearfully, bent forward, hesitated, bent forward again, and kissed the big man on his broad forehead.

"God bless you," she said, gladly.

"God bless you for sendin' for our Tommie. I'm right glad you think him so smart." The grocer laughed awkwardly.

"Yep, Tommie's goin' to work for me," he called. And with his heart in harmony with the jingling bells, he passed into his store.

Practical Christmas Gifts.

A woman who diffuses more "good cheer" among the poor each Christmas than any of her neighbors, who are many times more blessed with worldly goods than she, says she manages by means of her "poor box." In her storeroom is a large covered box in which she places garments and various articles no longer needed in the household, but which still retain possibilities for usefulness. These things are carefully repaired, cleaned and pressed, and given where she thinks they are most needed. They are as carefully done up and marked as any of her gifts, and each package always contains at least one new addition, fruit or nuts, or perhaps a new handkerchief, to add its freshness to the rest of the contents. Thus she gladdens many hearts with what most people hang in the attic or sell for a few cents to the rag man. —Housekeeper.

Christmas Musings.

There are warmer hand-shakings on this night, wrote Alexander Smith, than during the bypast 12 months. Friend lives in the mind of friend. There is more charity at this time than at any other. Poverty and scanty clothing, and fireless grates come home to the bosoms of the rich and they give of their abundance. The very redbreast of the woods enjoys his Christmas feast. Good feeling incarnates itself in plum pudding. The Master's word, "The poor ye have always with you," wear at this time a deep significance. For at least one night on each year over all Christendom there is brotherhood. And good men, sitting amongst their families, or by a solitary fire like me, when they remember the light that shone over the poor clowns huddling on the Bethlehem plains 1,800 years ago the apparition of shining angels overhead, the song "Peace on earth and goodwill towards men," which for the first time hallowed the midnight air—pray for that strain's fulfilment, that battle and strife may vex the nations no more, that not only on Christmas eve, but the year round men shall be brethren, owning one Father in heaven.

Boer War Cost Many Horses.

Tremendous was the drain on the horseflesh of the world caused by the Boer war. In that war England sent 339,329 horses and 103,000 mules to South Africa, four times as many animals as the Germans took to France in August, 1870. Tamerlane led 93,000 horses over the Hindoo Hoosh in the conquest of Delhi.



Far to the eastward there
shone a new star

IIII

One thousand nine hundred and nine years ago, in the days of the mighty Herod, there lay upon a hillside not far from Bethlehem, one Ben Joseph, the shepherd, son of Joseph of Jeffa. Ben Joseph was almost 18 now, and had been a shepherd nearly as long as he could remember. Practically all his life he had strolled over the hillsides with his charges throughout the days, and when night had come had laid himself down to sleep among them with a sheepskin for his couch and a sheepskin for his mantle. And in those long years of loneliness he had grown strong of body and wild of spirit, knowing little of faith, hope or charity and caring less; believing only in the law of recompense and that an eye was fair exchange for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. For he who tends sheep among the barren hills must graze them seven days a week, while as for the soul it can always starve a little while longer and no harm done. So as time passed, while his sheep grew plentiful and fat, his soul grew small and lean and was seldom thought of, for in his idle hours by day he did nothing but play upon his reed pipe, while in the early hours of night after the sheep had been gathered together he lay upon his back and looked up at the stars until the principal ones were as familiar to his eyes as were the bell wethers of his flock. True, he knew almost nothing about the sparkling bodies of space and gave little thought as to how they came to be there, yet for all that he could shut his eyes and picture the constellations before his mind as most boys can the faces of their playmates. This was because he could not read, had no one to talk to and was hard pressed for means by which to occupy his brain when the darkness fell.

Now while Ben Joseph was silent and rather surly of face, he was only inclined to be wicked when aroused. At those times, however, he was apt to be as savage and merciless as a wolf, for it was then that the blood just burned hot in his throat. And it happened that upon the day of which we are speaking he was nursing a great rage, for while he had been sleeping a few nights before some enemy had crept into his flock and cut the throats of three of his finest ewes. And this deed meant that very bad times were in store for Ben Joseph indeed, for when his master came to count the sheep and found the three missing, Ben Joseph knew that he would be beaten with a staff until he could scarcely hobble, and even worse than that, he would be charged with their value; a sum which it would take him months of watching to repay. And, furthermore, he knew who had committed the dastardly crime. It was none other than Ben Hadad, who herded his flock in the hills to the westward and with whom Ben Joseph had quarreled and fought a year before, and who now had come prowling across hill and valley in the dark of the moon for his revenge, and that Ben Joseph might be soundly beaten in payment for the whipping which he himself had received. In his haste the marauder had dropped the red stone which he always wore as a charm, and Ben Joseph picking it up among the dead sheep had instantly known to whom it belonged, and at that knowledge the hot blood taste had arisen strong in his throat and hate for his enemy set his blood on fire. Muttering he had sworn to himself that he should have his revenge.

And on this night he was formulating his plans. If Ben Hadad could creep upon him in the middle of the night and kill his sheep, then certainly he could creep upon Ben Hadad and kill him. For were not his feet as light and his ears as keen as those of any man? And having put his foe out of the way he could take three of his ewes and bring them back to his own flock to replace the dead ones, and in this way at one stroke rid himself of a dangerous enemy and escape the beating and loss of wages that he knew otherwise must be his. Clearly it was the only thing to do, and arising in the early darkness he felt of the edge of his knife and finding it plenty keen enough he seized his crook and went loping off among the hills towards where he knew his enemy could be found. It was a long journey, but he traveled fast, and when midnight had come he had marked the fold, while near by it in his rough shelter of skins he could hear the steady breathing of the unsuspecting man whom he sought. And at that token of the other's helplessness his eyes took on the glitter of a wild beast's, and with his knife held firmly he crept onward to where the sleeping one lay behind his screen.

Beneath the starlight he saw the recumbent form lying still and defenseless, and with a last wriggle and leap he landed fairly upon it, the fingers of one hand fastened in the throat and his blade held high. And Ben Hadad, awaking from his slumber, saw death kneeling upon his breast, and realizing his helplessness he writhed a little as he strove to draw his throttled breath. Ben Joseph having the other completely at his mercy loosened his clutch so that the gripped one could breathe a trifle, for he wished to torment him for a period before he let the blow fall.

"I have come to kill you, Ben Hadad," he said coldly. The man beneath him shook like a wind-thrummed reed.

"Why should you wish to kill me? I have never done you wrong and you once whipped me," he pleaded. His captor laughed sharply.

"You lie, and for lying I shall let you feel the tooth of my knife before you feel its full bite," he returned as he pricked his captive until the latter squirmed again. "And now," he went on, "you shall die as my sheep died and be of less value afterwards than they were. For at least their skins are worth something and their flesh was wholesome, while you dead will be even more worthless than living." Ben Hadad's eyes grew wild and his face pale at the threat as he made a final appeal.

"At least you will let me pray to the stars before I die," he pleaded, and Ben Joseph smiled grimly and said that he might spend one minute in that useless way. And as Ben Hadad, beginning to mutter his last words, turned his despairing gaze towards the eastern heavens, the one who sat upon his breast and watched him closely in his hate, suddenly saw the eyes below him grow great with wonder while the distorted face smoothed and became soft as a child's. Greatly amazed at the wonderful transformation he turned his eyes upward as the other had done, and as he did so he gave a great gasp, his fingers loosened and he sat staring up into the night. For far to the eastward there shone a new star in the firmament, such a star as the world had never before seen; lustrous, pure white, shining with a soft brilliancy beyond compare; the star of Bethlehem in all its glory as it hung over the manger of the new born Christ, the redeemer of the soul of man.

And as he gazed transfixed by this miracle a wonderful and subtle change came over the hard heart of Ben Joseph. From out of it his wrath fled like a scourged evil thing; the coals of hate that had burned therein turned to ashes and into their place stole a softness such as he had never felt before. He shuddered, threw his knife into the night and getting upon his feet held out his hand. "Arise, Ben Hadad. I leave you in peace," he said gently.

Full of wonderment the released one

arose and together the two stood staring at the glowing marvel, all fear and hate vanished. Then Ben Hadad spoke:

"I murdered your sheep because I hated you, and in return you spared my life. Why did you do so?" Ben Joseph shook his head as much puzzled as was the other.

"That I do not know. I only know that I hate you no longer. I even seem to care for you." Ben Hadad laid his hand upon the other's shoulder.

"Also my heart has grown soft. You shall take three of my best sheep in the place of the slain ones and we will be friends from this night on." His companion nodded.

"We will be as brothers throughout our lives. I will come for the sheep another day, bringing you a present. Until then peace be with you." Into the darkness he passed, his eyes still fastened upon the eastern miracle, a song of happiness arising from his heart. For though Ben Joseph knew it not, the son of God had come to earth and already the influence of his gentle spirit was wafting like the night breeze throughout the land, soothing the breast of man as the night breeze soothed his cheeks. For such was the coming and spread of the holy spirit of the Master; the spirit of peace on earth and good will to man.

Star of Bethlehem

By Marie T. Swift.

Lo! Once again the glad Yule-tide!
And over all the earth
Sweet chimes are pealing far and wide,
To hail the Christ-Child's birth.

The Star that sends such dazzling rays
From out the skies above,
It is the Star of Bethlehem,
Bright Star of Hope and Love.

As up we gaze, that glorious Star
More golden still doth glow;
And cradle-songs, mysterious, soft,
Are sounding sweet and low.

Is it a dream? Far, far away,
Yet drawing ever near,
I see the little Christ-Child's form,
It is His voice I hear.

And in his hand a wondrous rose
Of richest crimson hue,
The rose of Joy, of Hope and Love—
He brings to me and you.

Stay! Ere Thou goest, Child Divine,
Back through the stormy dome,
We pray Thee, bless each little child,
And bless each earthly home.

Oh! grant to us, thou Christ-Child pure,
The love that casts out fear;
And in our weary, mortal hearts
Make Christmas all the year.

A Christmas Cynic.

A woman's idea of doing charity work is to get somebody else to give the money for it.

It's very annoying to a girl to meet a man she likes when the color of the feathers on her hat doesn't harmonize with his cravat.—New York Press.



The following poem is a most remarkable compilation of lines from the writings of various authors woven into a Christmas reverie. The author is said to be Mr. Arundel Evershed of London, England, and compiled it a few years ago. The name of each author is given.

B. C. OUT OF DARKNESS

A passing gleam called fire is o'er us thrown;
It glimmers like a meteor and is gone.
What do we mortals by existence gain?
A drop of pleasure, in a sea of pain.
Who breathes must suffer and who thinks must mourn;
The human race are sons of sorrow born.
Born to be ploughed with years, and sown with cares,
Nursed with vain hope, and fed with doubtful fears.
Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without,
Yet who knows most, the more he knows to doubt.
None is a true soul ever born for naught,
Yet millions never think a noble thought.
Tis not in mortals to command success,
And endless toil brings naught but bitterness.
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise,
The flower that smiles to-day to-morrow dies.
Alas, what stay is there in human state?
Man yields to custom, as he bows to fate;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day.

A. D. INTO LIGHT

Hail! Sacred dawn of glorious liberty!
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
This day is born a savior, Christ the Lord,
And man redeemed to Paradise restored.
Oh, holy trust! Oh, endless sense of rest!
Transcendent born to weary hearts oppressed,
Enriching all the common things of life,
Our balm in sorrow and our stay in strife.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
And faith reveals a life divinely blest;
Good actions crown themselves with lasting days,
And God fulfills Himself in many ways.
Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe,
And happiness oft comes from seeming woe,
Life's mysteries deep hid, elude our sight,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.
Something remains for us to do or dare,
Emboldened Faith will counteract despair,
Life is not shadow but a promise given,
Of change from woe to joy, from earth to Heaven.

Author

Story

Rogers

Coleridge

Tappan

Byron

Mallet

Byron

Brantford

Holmes

Daniel

Lowell

Bailey

Addison

Bryant

John, Greve

Shelley

Engelen

Crabbe

Dr. Johnson

Lyle

Herms

Lyle

Byron

Herbert

Longfellow

Partridge

Lytellson

Ellerton

Pope

Montgomery

Heath

Tennyson

Wilcox

Clark

Wordsworth

Pope

Longfellow

Maddonald

Havergal

Nicoll

INTO THE PRIMITIVE

By

ROBERT AMES BENNET

Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—The story opens with the shipwreck of the steamer on which Miss Genevieve Leslie, an American heiress, Lord Winthrope, an Englishman, and Tom Blake, a brusque American, were passengers. The three were tossed upon an uninhabited island and were the only ones not drowned. Blake recovered from a drunken stupor.

CHAPTER II.—Blake, shunned on the boat, because of his rogueness, became a hero as preserver of the helpless pair. The Englishman was suing for the hand of Miss Leslie. Blake started to swim back to the ship to recover what was left.

CHAPTER III.—Blake returned safely. Winthrope wasted his last match on a cigarette, for which he was scolded by Blake. Their first meal was a dead fish.

CHAPTER IV.—The trio started on a ten mile hike for higher land. Thirst attacked them. Blake was compelled to carry Miss Leslie on account of weariness. He taunted Winthrope.

CHAPTER V.—They entered the jungle. That night was passed roosting high in a tree.

CHAPTER VI.—The next morning they descended to the open again. All three constructed hats to shield them elves from the sun. They then feasted on coconuts, the only procurable food. Miss Leslie showing a liking for Blake, but detested his roughness.

CHAPTER VII.—Led by Blake they established a home in some cliffs. Blake found a fresh water spring.

CHAPTER VIII.—Miss Leslie faced an unpleasant situation. They plan their campaign.

CHAPTER IX.—Blake recovered his surveyor's magnifying glass, thus insuring fire. He started a camp fire, killing a leopard and smothering several cubs.

CHAPTER X.—In the leopard's cavern they built a small home. They gained the top of the cliffs by burning the bottom of a tree until it fell against the heights.

CHAPTER XI.—The trio secured eggs from the cliffs. Miss Leslie's white skirt was decided upon as a signal.

CHAPTER XII.—Miss Leslie made a dress from the leopard skin. Blake's efforts to kill antelopes failed.

CHAPTER XIII.—Overhearing a conversation between Blake and Winthrope, Miss Leslie became frightened.

CHAPTER XIV.—Blake was poisoned by a fish. Jackals attacked the camp that night but were driven off by Genevieve. Blake returned, after nearly dying.

CHAPTER XV.—Blake constructed an animal trap. It killed a hyena.

CHAPTER XVI.—On a tour the trio discover honey and oysters.

CHAPTER XVII.—Miss Leslie was attacked by a poisonous snake. Blake killed it and saved its poison to kill game.

CHAPTER XVIII.—For the second time Winthrope was attacked with the fever. He and Blake disagree.

CHAPTER XIX.—Blake made a strong door for the private compartment of Miss Leslie's cave home. A terrible storm raged that night. Winthrope stole into her room, but she managed to get her door closed in time.

CHAPTER XX.—Winthrope, badly hurt, dies the next morning.

CHAPTER XXI.—The storm tore down their cabin and a new one was swung from a big bough.

CHAPTER XXII.—Miss Leslie helped in covering Winthrope's grave with stones.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Genevieve took a strong liking to Blake.

CHAPTER XXIII.

(Concluded from November Number.)

"Well, I don't know. If it wasn't for the fever that's bound to come with the rain, I, for one, would just as leave stick to this camp right along, providing the company don't change."

She turned upon him with flashing eyes, all thought of caution lost in her anger. "How dare you say such a thing? You are contemptible! I despise you!"

"My, Miss Jenny, but you are pretty when you get mad!" he exclaimed.

The answer took her completely aback. He was neither angry nor laughing at her, but met her defiant glance with candid, sober admiration. There was something more than admiration in his glowing eyes; yet she could not but see that her alarm had been baseless. His manner had never been more respectful. Suddenly she found that she could no longer meet his gaze. She looked away and stammered lamely: "You—you shouldn't say such things, you know."

"Why not? Hasn't everything been running smooth the last few days? Haven't we been good chummy comrades? Of course you've got the worst of the deal. I know I'm not much on fancy talk; but I like to hear it when I've a chance. I've led a lonesome sort of life since they did for my sisters— No, I'm not going to rake that up again, I'm only trying to give you an idea what it means to a fellow to be with a lady like you. Maybe it isn't polite to tell you all this, but it's just what I feel, and I never did amount to shucks as a liar."

"I believe I understand you, Mr. Blake, and I really feel highly complimented."

"No, you don't, any such thing, Miss Jenny. Own up, now! If I met you to-morrow on your papa's doorstep, you'd cut me cold."

"I should if you continued to be so rude. Have you no regard for my feelings? But here we are, talking nonsense when we should be going—"

"Is it nonsense?" he broke in. "What does life mean, anyway? Here we can be true friends and comrades—real, free living people. It can't be that you want to go back to all those society shams after you've seen real life! As for me, what have I to gain

by going back to the everlasting grind? I don't mind work; but when a man has nothing ahead to work for but a bank account, when it's grind, grind, grind till your head goes stale and all the world looks black, then there's no choice but throw up your job and go on a drunk, if you want to keep from a gun accident. Maybe you don't understand it. But that's what I've had to go through, time and again. Do you wonder I like to fancy an everlasting picnic here, with a little partner who wouldn't let me come within shouting distance of her in the land of lavender—trousers and peek-a-boos?"

"Mr. Blake, really you are most unjust! I could not be so—so ungrateful, after all your kindness. I—we should certainly be glad to number you among our friends."

"Drink and all, eh?"

"A man of your will-power has no need whatever to give way to such a habit."

"Course not, if he's got anything in sight worth while. Guess, though, my folks must have been poor white trash. I never could go after money just for the fun of the game. No family, no friends, no—what-you-call-it?—culture— What's the use? I have a fair head for figures; but all the mathematics that I know I've had to catch hot off the bat. It's true I grubbed my C. E. out of a correspondence school; but a fellow has to have an all-round, crack-up education to put him where it's worth while."

"You still have time to work up. You are not much over 30."

"Twenty-seven."

"Twenty-seven! I should have thought— What a hard life you must have had!"

"Hard work? Well, I suppose Panama did do for me some. But it wasn't so much that. Few fellows could hit up the pace I've set and come out at all."

"I do not understand."

"Just what you might expect of a fellow in my fix—all kinds of gamble and drink and—the rest of it."

Miss Leslie looked away, visibly distressed. She had not been reared after the French method. Young as she was, she had fluttered at will about the borders of the garden of vice, knowing well that the gaudy blossoms were lures to entice one into the pitfall. Yet never before had she caught so clear a glimpse of the slimy depths.

"That's it!" growled Blake. "Throw me down cold just because I'm square enough to tell you straight out. You make me tired! I'm not one of the work-ox sort, that can chew the cud all the year round and cork the blood out of their brains. I've got to cut loose from the infernal grind once in a while, and barring a chance now and then at opera, there's never been anything but a spree—"

"Oh, but that's so dreadfully shocking, Mr. Blake!"

"And then like all the other little

hypocrites, you'll go and marry one of those swell dudes who's made that sort of thing his business, and everybody knows it, but it's all politely understood to've been sub rosa, so it's all right, because he knows how to part his name in the middle and—"

"Please, please stop, Mr. Blake! You don't know how cruel you are!"

"Cruel? Suppose I told you about the millionaire cur that— Oh, now, don't go and cry! Please don't cry, Miss Jenny! I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world! I didn't mean anything out of the way, really I didn't! It's only that when I get to thinking of—of things, it sets me half crazy. And now, can't you see how it's going to be ten times worse for me after—with you so altogether beyond me—" He stopped short,



"What Does Life Mean, Anyway?"

flushed, and stammered lamely: "I— I didn't mean to say that!"

She looked down, no less embarrassed.

"Please let us talk of something else," she murmured. "It has been such a pleasant morning, until you— until we began this silly discussion."

"All right, all right! Only mop up the dewdrops and we'll turn on the sun machine. I really didn't mean to rip out that way at all. But, you see, the thing's been rankling in me ever since we came aboard ship at the Cape, and Winthrop and Lady Bayrose had my seat changed so I couldn't see you— Not that I hold anything against them now—"

"Mr. Blake, I suppose you know that this African coast is particularly dangerous for women. So far I have escaped the fever. But you yourself said that the longer the attack is delayed the worse it will be."

Blake's face darkened and he turned to stare inland along the ridge. She had flicked him on the raw, and he thought that she had done so intentionally.

"You think I haven't tried—that I've been shamming!" he burst out bitterly. "You're right. There's the one chance— But I couldn't leave you till the barricade was finished, and it's been only a few days since— All the same, I oughtn't to've waited a day. I'll start it to-morrow."

"What? Start what?"

"A catamaran. I can rig one up in short order that, with a skin sail and an outrigger, will do fairly well to coast along inside the reefs—barring squalls. Worst thing is that it's all a guess whether the nearest settlement is up the coast or down."

"And you can think of going and leaving me all alone here!"

"That's better than letting you risk two-to-one chances on feeding the sharks."

"But you'd be risking it!"

Blake uttered a short harsh laugh.

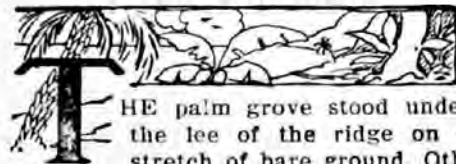
"What's the difference?" he paused a moment; then added, with grim humor: "Anyway, they'll have earned a meal by the time they get me chewed up."

"You sha'n't go!"

"Oh, I don't know. We'll see about it to-morrow. There's a grove of coconuts yonder. Come on, and I'll get some nuts. I can't see any water around here, and it would be dry eating, with only the flask."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Lion Leads Them.



THE palm grove stood under the lee of the ridge on a stretch of bare ground. Other than seaward, the open space was hemmed in by grass jungle, interspersed with clumps of thorn-brush. On the north side a jutting corner of the tall, yellow spear-grass curved out and around, with the point of the hook some 50 yards from the palms. Elsewhere the distance to the jungle was nearly twice as far.

Blake dropped the bag and his weapons, flung down his hat and started up a palm shaft. The down-pointing bristles of his skin trousers aided his grip. Though the lofty crown of the palm was swaying in the wind he reached the top and was down again before Miss Leslie had arranged the contents of the lunch bag.

"Guess you're not extra hungry," he remarked.

She made no response.

"Mad, eh? Well, toss me the little knife. Mine has got too good a meat-edge to spoil on these husks."

"It was very kind of you to climb for the nuts, and the wind blowing so hard up there," she said, as she handed over the penknife. "I am not

angry. It is only that I feel tired and depressed. I hope I am not going to be—"

"No; you're not going to have the fever, or any such thing! You're played out, that's all. I'm a fool for bringing you so far. You'll be all right after you eat and rest. Here; drink this cocoa milk."

She drained the nut, and, upon his insistence, made a pretense at eating. He was deceived until, with the satisfying of his first keen hunger, he again became observant.

"Say, that won't do!" he exclaimed. "Look at your bowl. You haven't nibbled enough to keep a mouse alive."

"Really, I am not hungry. But I am resting."

"Try another nut. I'll have one ready in two shakes."

He caught his hat, which was dragging past in a downward eddy of the wind, and weighted it with a coconut. He wedged another nut between his knees and bent over it, tearing at the husk. It took him only a few moments to strip the fiber from the end and gouge open the germ hole. He held out the nut and glanced up to meet her smile of acceptance.

She was staring past him, her eyes wide with terror, and the color fast receding from her face.

"What in— Another snake?" he demanded, twisting warily about to glare at the ground behind him.

"There—over in the grass!" she whispered. "It looked out at me with terrible, savage eyes!"

"Snake?—that far off?"

"No, no!—a monster—a huge, fierce beast!"

"Beast?" echoed Blake, grasping his bow and arrows. "Where is he? May be only one of these African buffaloes. How'd he look?—horns?"

"I—I didn't see any. It was all shaggy, and yellow like the grass, and terrible eyes—Oh!"

The girl's scream was met by a ferocious, snarling roar, so deep and prolonged that the air quivered and the very ground seemed to shake.

"God!—a lion!" cried Blake, the hair on his bare head bristling like a startled animal's.

He turned squarely about toward the ridge, his bow half drawn. Had the lion shown himself then Blake would have shot on the instant. As it was, the beast remained behind the screening border of grass, where he could watch his intended quarry without being seen in turn. The delay gave Blake time for reflection. He spoke sharply, as if were biting off his words: "Hit out. I'll stop the bluffer."

"I can't. Oh, I'm afraid!"

Again the hidden beast gave voice to his mighty rumbling challenge. Still he did not appear, and Blake attempted a derisive jeer: "Hey, there, louder! We've not run yet! It's all right, little woman. The skulking sneak is trying to bluff us. Fraid to come out if we don't stampede. He'll make off when he finds we don't scare. Lions never tackle men in the day—"

time. Just keep cool a while. He'll—"

"Look!—there to the right!—I saw him again! He's creeping around! See the grass move!"

"That's only the wind. It eddies down—God! he is stalking around. Trying to take us from behind—curse him! He may get me, but I'll get him, too—the dirty sneak!"

The blood had flowed back into Blake's face, and showed on each cheek in a little red patch. His broad chest rose and fell slowly to deep respirations; his eyes glowed like balls of white-hot steel. He drew his bow a little tauter and wheeled slowly to keep the arrow pointed at the slight wave in the grass which marked the stealthy movements of the lion. Miss Leslie, more terrified with every added moment of suspense, cinged around, that she might keep him between her and the hidden beast.

Minute after minute dragged by. Only a man of Blake's obstinate, sullen temperament could have withstood the strain and kept cool. Even he found the impulse to leap up and run all but irresistible. Miss Leslie crouched behind him, no more able to run than a mouse with which a cat has been playing.

Once they caught a glimpse of the sinuous tawny form gliding among the leafless stems of a thorn clump. Blake took quick aim; but the outlines of the beast were indistinct and the range long. He hesitated, and the opportunity was lost.

Yard by yard they watched the slight swaying of the grass tops which betrayed the cautious advance of the grim stalker. The beast did not roar again. Having failed to flush his game, he was seeking to catch them off their guard, or perhaps was warily taking stock of the strange creatures, whose like he had never seen.

Now and then there was a pause, and the grass tops swayed only to the down-puffs of the heightening gale. At such moments the two grew rigid, watching and waiting in breathless suspense. They could see, as distinctly as though there had been no screening grass, the baleful eyes of the huge cat and the shaggy forebody as the beast stood still and glared out at them.

Then the sinuous wave would start on again around the grass border, and Blake would draw in a deep breath and mutter a word of encouragement to the girl: "Look, now—the dirty sneak! Trying to give us the creeps, is he? I'll creeps him! 'Fraid to show his pretty mug!"

Not until the beast had circled half around the glade did his purpose flash upon Blake. With the wariness of all savage hunters, the animal had marked out the spur of jungle on the north side, where he could creep closer to his quarry before leaping from cover.

"The damned sneak!" growled Blake. "You there, Jenny?"

She could not speak, but he heard

ner gasp.

"Brace up, little woman! Where's your grit? You're out of this deal, anyway. He'll choke to death swallowing me— But say; couldn't you manage to shin up a palm, 20 feet or so, and hang on for a couple of minutes?"

"I—can't move—I am—"

"Make a try! It'll give me a run for my money. I'll take the next elevator after you. That'll bring the bluffer out on the hot-foot. I slip a surprise between his ribs and we view the scenery while he's passing in his checks. Come; make a spurt! He's around the turn and getting nearer every step."

"I can't—Tom—there is no need that both of us— You climb up—"

He turned about as the meaning of her whisper dawned upon him. Her eyes were shining with the ecstasy of self-sacrifice. It was only the glance of an instant; then he was again facing the jungle.

"God! You think I'd do that!"

She made no reply. There was a pause. Blake—crouched on one knee, tense and alert—waited until the sinister wave was advancing into the point of the incurved jungle. Then he spoke, in a low, even tone: "Feel if my glass is there."

Her hand reached around and pressed against the fob pocket which he had sewn in the belt of his skin trousers.

"Right. Now slip my club up under my elbow—big end. Lick on the nose'll stop a dog or a bull. It's a chance."

She thrust the club under his right elbow and he gripped it against his side.

At that moment the lion bounded from cover, with a roar like a clap of thunder. Blake sprang erect. The beast checked himself in the act of leaping, and crouched with his great paws outstretched, every hooked claw thrust out ready to tear and mangle. In two or three bounds he could have leaped upon Blake and crashed him with a single stroke of his paw. As he rose to repeat his deafening roar it seemed to Blake that he stood higher than a horse—that his mouth gaped wide as the end of a hog's head. And yet the beast stood hesitating, restrained by brute dread of the unknown. Never before had any animal that he had hunted reared up to meet his attack in this strange manner.

"Lie flat!" commanded Blake; "lie flat, and don't move! I'm going to call his bluff. Keep still till the poison gets in its work. I'll keep him busy long as I can. When it's over, hit out for home along the beach. Keep inside the barricade, and watch all you can from the cliffs. Might light a fire up there nights. There's sure to be a steamer before long—"

"Tom!" she cried, struggling to her knees—"Tom!"

But he did not pause or turn around. He was beginning to move

slowly to the left across the open ground, in a spiral curve that would bring him to the edge of the jungle within 30 yards of the lion. There was red now showing in his eyes. His hair was bristling, no longer with fear, but with sheer brute fury; his lips were drawn back from the clenched teeth; his nostrils distended and quivering; his forehead wrinkled like that of an angry mastiff. His look was more ferocious than that of the snarling beast he faced. All the primeval in him was roused. He was become a man of the Cave Age. He went to meet death, his mind and body aflame with fierce lust to kill.

The lion stilled his roars and crouched as if to spring, snarling and grinning with rage and uncertainty. His eyes, unaccustomed to the glare of the mid-day sun, blinked incessantly, though he followed the man's every movement, his snarls deepening into growls at the slightest change of attitude.

In his blind animal rage Blake had forgotten that the purpose of his



"Tom!" She Cried, Struggling to Her Knees.—"Tom!"

lateral advance was to place as great a distance as possible between him and the girl before the clash. Yet instinct kept him moving along his spiral course, on the chance that he might catch his foe off his guard.

Suddenly the lion half rose and stretched forward, sniffing. There was an uneasy whining note in his growls. Blake let the club slip from beneath his arm and drew his bow until the arrow-head lay upon his thumb. His outstretched arm was rigid as a bar of steel. So tense and alert were all his nerves that he knew he could drive home both arrows and still have

time to swing his club before the beast was upon him.

A puff of wind struck against his back and swept on the nostrils of the lion, laden with the odor of man. The beast uttered a short, startled roar, and, whirling about, leaped away into the jungle so quickly that Blake's arrow flashed past a full yard behind.

The second arrow was on the string before the first had struck the ground. But the lion had vanished in the grass. With a yell, Blake dashed on across to the nearest point of the jungle. As he ran he drew the burning glass from his fob and flipped it open ready for use. If the lion had turned behind the sheltering grass stems he was too cowardly to charge out again. Within a minute the jungle border was a wall of roaring flame.

The grass, long since dead, and bone-dry with the days of tropical sunshine since the cyclone, flared up before the wind like gunpowder. Even against the wind the fire ate its way along the ground with fearful rapidity, trailing behind it an upwhirling vortex of smoke and flame. No living creature could have burst through that belt of fire.

A wave of fierce heat sent Blake staggering back, scorched and blistered. There was no exultance in his bearing. For the moment all thought of the lion was swallowed up in awe of his own work. He stared at the hell of leaping, roaring flames from beneath his upraised arm. To the north sparks and lighted wisps of grass driven by the gale had already fired the jungle half way to the farther ridge.

Step by step Blake drew back. His heel struck against something soft. He looked down and saw Miss Leslie lying on the sand, white and still. She had fainted, overcome by fear or by the unendurable heat. The heat must have stupefied him as well. He stared at her, dull-eyed, wondering if she was dead. His brain cleared. He sprang over to where the flask lay beside the remnants of the lunch.

He was dashing the last drops of the tepid water in her face when she moaned and her eyelids began to flutter. He flung down the flask and fell to chafing her wrist.

"Tom!" she moaned.

"Yes, Miss Jenny, I'm here. It's all right," he answered.

"Have I had a sunstroke? Is that why it seems so—I can hardly breathe—"

"It's all right, I tell you. Only a little bonfire I touched off. Guess you must have fainted, but it's all right now."

"It was silly of me to faint. But when I saw that dreadful thing leap—" She faltered and lay shuddering. Fearful that she was about to swoon again Blake slapped her hand between his palms with stinging force.

"You're it!" he shouted. "The joke's on you! Kitty jumped just the other way, and he won't come back in a hurry with that fire to head him

off. Jump up now and we'll do a jig on the strength of it."

She attempted a smile, and a trace of color showed in her cheeks. With an idea that action would further her recovery he drew her to a sitting position, stepped quickly behind, and, with his hands beneath her elbows, lifted her upright. But she was still too weak and giddy to stand alone. As he released his grip she swayed and would have fallen had he not caught her arm.

"Steady!" he admonished. "Brace up; you're all right."

"I'm—I'm just a little dizzy," she murmured, clinging to his shoulder. "It will pass in a minute. It's so silly, but I'm that way—Tom, I—I think you are the bravest man—"

"Yes, yes—but that's not the point. Leave go now, like a sensible girl. It's about time to hit the trail."

He drew himself free, and without a glance at her blushing face began to gather up their scattered outfit. His hat lay where he had weighted it down with the cocoanut. He tossed the nut into the skin bag and jammed the hat on his head, pulling the brim far down over his eyes. When he had fetched his club he walked back past the girl with his eyes averted.

"Come on," he muttered.

The scarlet in the girl's cheeks swept over her whole face in a burning wave, which ebbed slowly and left her colorless. Blake had started off without a backward glance. She gazed about with a bewildered look at the palms and the barren ridge and the fiery tidal wave of flame. Her gaze came back to Blake, and she followed him.

Within a short distance she found herself out of the sheltering lee of the ridge. The first wind gust almost overthrew her. She could never have walked against such a gale; but with the wind at her back she was buoyed up and borne along as though on wings. Her sole effort was to keep her foothold. Had it been their morning trip she could have cried out with joy and skipped along before the gusts like a schoolgirl. Now she walked as soberly as the wind would permit, and took care not to lessen the distance between herself and Blake.

Mile by mile they hastened back across the plain—on their right the blue sea of water, with its white-caps and spray; on their left the yellow sea of fire, with its dun fog of smoke.

Once only had Blake looked back to see if the girl was following. After that he swung along, with down-bent head, his gaze upon the ground. Even when he passed in under the grove and around the pool to the foot of the cleft he began the ascent without waiting to assist her up the break in the path. The girl came after, her lips firm, her eyes bright and expectant. She drew herself up the ledge as though she had been bred to mountain climbing.

Inside the barricade Blake was

waiting to close the opening. She crept through and rose to catch him by the sleeve.

"Tom, look at me," she said. "Once I was most unjust to you in my thoughts. I wronged you. Now I must tell you that I think you are the bravest—the noblest man—"

"Get away!" he exclaimed, and he shook off her hand roughly. "Don't be a fool! You don't know what you're talking about."

"But I do, Tom. I believe that you are—"

"I'm a blackguard—do you hear?"

"No blackguard is brave. The way you faced that terrible beast—"

"Yes, blackguard—to've gone and shown to you that I—to've let you say a single word—Can't you see? Even if I'm not what you call a gentleman, I thought I knew how any man ought to treat a woman—but to go and let you know, before we'd got back among people!"

"But—but, Tom, why not, if we—"

"No!" he retorted, harshly. "I'm going now to pile up wood on the cliff for a beacon fire. In the morning I'll start making that catamaran—"

"No, you shall not— You shall not go off and leave me, and—and risk your life! I can't bear to think of it! Stay with me, Tom—dear! Even if a ship never came—"

He turned resolutely, so as not to see her blushing face.

"Come now, Miss Leslie," he said in a dry, even tone; "don't make it so awfully hard. Let's be sensible, and shake hands on it like two real comrades—"

She struck frantically at his outstretched hand.

"Keep away—I hate you!" she cried.

Before he could speak she was running up the cleft.

CHAPTER XXV.

In Double Salvation.

WHEN, an hour or more after dawn the next morning,

the girl slowly drew open her door and came out of the cave Blake was nowhere in sight. She sighed, vastly relieved, and hastened across to bathe her flushed face in the spring. Stopping every few moments to listen for his step down the cleft she gathered up a hamper of food and fled to the tree-ladder.

As she drew herself up on the cliff she noticed a thin column of smoke rising from the last smouldering brands of a beacon fire that had been built in the midst of the bird colony on the extreme outer edge of the headland. She did not, however, observe that, while the smoke column streamed up from the fire directly skyward beyond it there was a much larger plume of smoke, which seemed to have eddied down the cliff face and was now rolling up into view from out

over the sea. She gave no heed to this, for the sight of the beacon had instantly alarmed her with the possibility that Blake was still on the headland, and would imagine that she was seeking him.

She paused, her cheeks aflame. But the only sign of Blake that she could see was the fire itself. She reflected that he might very well have left before dawn. As likely as not he had descended at the north end of the cleft and had gone off to the river to start his catamaran. At the thought all the color ebbed from her cheeks and left her white and trembling. Again she stood hesitating. With a sigh she started on toward the signal staff.

She was close upon the border of the bird colony when Blake sat up and she found herself staring into his blinking eyes.

"Hello!" he mumbled, drowsily. He sprang up wide awake, and flushing with the guilty consciousness of what he had done. "Look at the sun—way up! Didn't mean to oversleep, Miss Leslie. You see I was up pretty late tending the beacon. But of course that's no excuse—"

"Don't!" she exclaimed. There were tears in her eyes; yet she smiled as she spoke. "I know what you mean by 'pretty late.' You've been up all night."

"No, I haven't. Not all night—"

"To be sure! I quite understand, Mr. Thomas Blake! Now sit down and eat this luncheon."

"Can't. Haven't time. I've got to get to the river and set to work. I'll get some jerked beef and eat it on the way. You see—"

"Tom!" she protested.

"It's for you," he rejoined, and his lips closed together resolutely.

He was stepping past her, when over the seaward edge of the cliff there came a sound like the yell of a raging sea monster.

"Siren!" shouted Blake, whirling about.

The cloud of smoke beyond the cliff end was now rolling up more to the left. He dashed away towards the north edge of the cliff as though he intended to leap off into space. The girl ran after him as fast as she could over the loose stones. Before she had covered half the distance she saw him halt on the very brink of the cliff and begin to wave and shout like a madman. A few steps farther on she caught sight of the steamer. It was lying close in, only a little way off the north point of the headland.

Even as she saw the vessel, its siren responded to Blake's wild gestures with a series of joyous screams. There could be no mistake. He had been seen. Already they were letting go anchor, and there was a little crowd of men gathering about one of the boats. Blake turned and started on a run for the cliff. But Miss Leslie darted before him, compelling him to halt.

"Wait!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with happy tears. "Tom, it's come now. You needn't—"

"Let me by! I'm going to meet them. I want to—"

But she put her hands upon his shoulders.

"Tom!" she whispered, "let it be now, before any one—anything can possibly come between us! Let it be a part of our life here—here, where



"The Man I Love!"

I've learned how brave and true a real man can be!"

"And then have him prove himself a sneak!" he cried. "No; I won't, Jenny! I've got you to think of. Wait till I've seen your father. Ten to one he'll not hear of it—he'll cut you off without a cent. Not but what I'd be glad myself; but you're used to luxuries, girlie, and I'm a poor man. I can't give them to you—"

She laid a hand on his mouth and smiled up at him in tender mockery.

"Come, now, Mr. Blake; you're not very complimentary. After surviving my cooking all these weeks, don't you think I might do, at a pinch, for a poor man's wife?"

"No, Jenny!" he protested, trying to draw back. "You oughtn't to decide now. When you get back among your friends things may look different. Think of your society friends! Wait till you see me with other men—gentlemen! I'm just a rough, uncultured, ordinary—"

"Hush!" she cried, and she again placed her hand on his mouth. "You sha'n't say such cruel things about Tom—my Tom—the man I trust—that I—"

Her arms slipped about his neck and her eyes shone up into his with tender radiance.

"Don't!" he begged, hoarsely. "Tain't fair I—I can't stand it!"

"The man I love!" she whispered.

He crushed her to him in his great arms.

"My little girl!—dear little girl!" he repeated, and he pressed his lips to her hair.

She snuggled her face closer against his shoulder and replied in a very small voice: "I—I suppose you know that ship captains can m-marry people."

"But I haven't even a job yet!" he exclaimed. "Suppose your father—"

"Please listen!" she pleaded. There was a sound like suppressed sobbing.

"What is it?" he ventured, and he listened, greatly perturbed. The muffled voice sounded very meek and plaintive: "I'll try to do my part, Mr. Blake—really I will! I—I hope we can manage to struggle along—somehow. You know, I have a little of my own. It's only three—three million; but—"

"What!" he demanded, and he held her out at arm's length, to stare at her in frowning bewilderment. "If I'd known that, I'd—"

"You'd never have given me a chance to—to propose to you, you dear old silly!" she cried, her eyes dancing with tender mirth. "See here!"

She turned from him, and back again, and held up a withered, crumpled flower. He looked, and saw that it was the amaryllis blossom.

"You—kept it!"

"Because—because, even then, then, down in the bottom of my heart, I had begun to realize—to know what you were like—and of course that meant— Tom, tell me! Do you think I'm utterly shameless? Do you blame me for being the one to—to—"

"Blame you!" he cried. He paused to put a finger under her chin and raise her down-bent face. His eyes were very blue, but there was a twinkle in their depths. "Oh, yes; it was dreadful, wasn't it? But I guess I've no complaint to file just now."

THE END.

Can't Stand the Music.

A Munich servant girl has given notice to quit because she says that her mistress persists in playing classical music for a couple of hours every morning, although she has not the slightest notion how it should be interpreted.

Value of Rubies.

Rubies are more valuable than diamonds and are practically indestructible, except by fire. While a flawless diamond of one karat may be worth roughly about \$100, a perfect ruby of the same weight would be worth at least \$200. With increase of size the difference becomes much greater. A diamond of 10 karats is worth, perhaps, \$4,000, while a ruby of that weight would be worth any price up to \$70,000, which was the value placed on a unique stone exhibited at the Franco-British exposition in London last year.

An Alibi for Santa

By Olivia Barton Strohm

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At a clearing of the forest stood MacGregor's store. It was sometimes called "The Crossing," but as the branch had long been impassable because of quicksands, these literal mountain folk had come to call it only "The Store." Here the mail was brought, from the railroad twice a week by carrier. But it sometimes chanced that somebody had an errand in town, and would "fetch" the letters with him.

This was just what happened the eve before Christmas. MacGregor himself, went for the mail—and a goodly lot of it there was, too. Several postal cards, at least a dozen letters, and as many other parcels.

He alighted from the wagon, hitched the mules outside, and hurried to the door which his daughter held open for him.

"My, Pappy, what a lot of letters! Any for me?"

Her father put them on the grocery counter, and, going back to the wagon, returned with a package of peppermint candy—sticks of red and white like small barber poles. These he put in a glass jar, then noticed the girl. "Hello, Mamie, what's in that there writin'?"

"Nothin'," was the terse response, and Mamie slipped the letter in her belt.

The man crossed to her with the swagger of conscious weakness. "Look'e here, Mame, if it's from that pie-faced teacher down thar at the Gap, it'll be the worst fer you and him, too. Thar's lots of us ready to take Bud Johnson's part."

Her face flushed to the color of her Turkey red calico. "I'll never marry Bud Johnson so long as I'm alive! Shame on you, Pappy! It's all on account of that 20-acre lot. It's for sale; you are crazy for it, and you want me to marry Bud because he's promised to buy the lot if you make me marry him. Promise! he has promised everything—from that land to a collar for Pepper's neck!"

The tiny black dog snoozing under the counter heard his name and crept to her feet; she stooped and patted him.

"Never mind, Pepper, you shall go without the collar, and Pappy without the land forever, before I'll let him swap me like a pair of two-year-olds!"

Her father paused in the act of piling the good apples on top of the barrel. "I know; it's all on account of that teacher man. And what's he

done? Tried to get the mountain folks to send our youngsters to him to be larned how to work. Thunderation! Can't we larn ye that ourselves? If he'd give ye book-larnin', it wouldn't be so bad, but—"

"That's foolishness, Pappy; there's a lot of good in this new kind of studyin' that they call 'manual training.' It's just because you haven't been hearing it all your born lives that you object. Why, you won't hear to anything that isn't as old as the mountains themselves!"

Pepper dropped from her arms as she towered over her father. "How can we grow? How can we amount to a row of beans if you keep us in the same old rut? Only to-day I heard you tell Bill Dawson that you were sorry we were having such good



You TROUDN'T You WERE SWEETENING YOUR DAUGHTER'S GOOD HEARTY-ACHE LUT.

weather. 'It don't seem natural for Christmas,' you said, 'it don't seem like old times.' Old fiddlesticks! Just because the nasty wet fog is what we're used to this time of year, you don't want the sun to shine. Looks like you don't want the Lord to improve on his own weather!"

A customer came in and got a nickel's worth of candy for his baby's Christmas stocking.

"I hear you all air goin' to hev a celebration to-night; I'll be along and fetch the young uns," he said. "Who's goin' to play Santa Claus?"

MacGregor looked at his daughter. "Dunno; Mame's fixed up a rig and says she'll find some un to wear it; some un to play Old Nick and give the things off the tree."

All this while Mamie was slyly re-reading the letter.

"Your father will not permit me to go to you, sweetheart; but will you come to me? By the pollard willow, at twilight to-night?"

Mamie glanced out of doors; the shadow of Mason's bluff was already empurpling the valley; it would soon be dusk.

She dived behind the counter, took out a suit of red flannel trimmed in white cotton, a peaked cap and mask with long, white beard attached. With this costume wrapped in a bundle she was waylaid at the door by her father. "Whar ye goin'?" he demanded, suspiciously.

"To find one of the neighbor boys to play Santa Claus; then I'm coming back to fix the tree," and snatching a shawl from the forked limb of a pine which served as hat-rack, she slipped out.

The air was fresh and frosty; already there was promise of the dark.

"At twilight," his note had said, and she started off toward the bridge at the Gap.

Face to the ladies and back to the wall; Take a chaw o' terbacker and balance all.

The rafters of the cabin shook with the shuffling feet, the laughter of the dancers, the calls of the fiddler and the uncertain strains of "Old Dan Tucker." The fireplace smoked just enough to wrap the ceiling in picturesque Christmas swaddling clothes.

Coal oil lamps fitfully illuminated the tree at the far end of the big room. There was a sudden commotion at its base, as without warning Santa Claus stood on a tar-barrel, holding aloft his bundle.

"Promenade all; seats," roared the fiddler, and the dancers and the children gathered around the tree—but not too close, for Mamie, as mistress of ceremonies, waved them away from the magic circle. As he, in a thin, disguised voice, called out the names, the owner would step up and claim the parcel.

"Who is he?" one man asked, but MacGregor nudged the speaker. "Hush; it's one of the Jimson boys, most like; don't matter; we want to fool the youngsters and they think it's Old Nick himself."

"Malcolm MacGregor."

Now, it was not often that Mamie's father had heard himself thus ceremoniously addressed, and the canny Scot blood leaped in veins he thought long dead to pride.

Somebody said: "Well, Mac, I reckon that's you," and he shuffled up to the tree and took the slip of paper Santa Claus proffered. It was a sworn promise to buy the 20-acre lot adjoining MacGregor's place, adding that the mysterious donor had stopped by the owner's farm and taken an option on it in favor of Malcolm MacGregor!

Below the business form were the written words: "The one and only consideration therefor, to be the hand of his daughter, Mary, to be mine, to have and to hold from this day forth."

MacGregor tottered to a chair, where he sat gazing at the precious paper. In the hubbub nobody noticed him; the children lingered about

Santa Claus, sniffing at his empty bag, longing to touch the hem of his robe. He waved them away, signifying to Malcolm to follow him out of doors. Here, at the edge of the clearing, he awaited the man and his daughter.

When they came he said, still in the disguised voice: "May I hope, Mr. MacGregor, that you will accede to the plan—?"

"Put her thar, Bud," and Mac Gregor grasped his hand.

But he reeled and leaned against a blasted tree for support when Santa Claus, throwing off the cap, revealed the smooth-shaven, square-jawed face of the teacher at Rabun's Gap.

"Thank you, Mr. MacGregor," and the teacher moved to Mary's side.

Her father rallied to swear and say: "But I thought—"

"You thought you were swapping your daughter for a 20-acre lot,—and you were not mistaken; the only mistake is in the identity of the party, and that will scarcely matter. Or, perhaps, you prefer to let your friends know that—"

But nobody ever did know, and the identity of Santa Claus was so well kept that to this day the children believe that he hid in a cave, and the spring freshet rushed in and drowned him. Anyway, he has never come back.

Hanging the Stockings

By Burges Johnson.

Christmas eve! It's Christmas eve!
Supper's cleared away—
Seems as if I can't believe
That to-day's to-day!
I don't see a thing, do you,
We can hang a stockin' to?

For a month or just about,
Days would hardly stir,
Though I crossed their places out
On the calendar.
—Pins or nails 'll never stick
In this hard old chimney brick.

P'raps as soon as night's begun
He'll come stealing in!
My! It makes the shivers run
Up and down my skin.
Mayn't I pound a nail up here
In the woodwork, Mother dear?

Daddy's sock 'll never do—
Not a toy would fit.
S'pose we let him stand h's shoe
Just in under 't?
—There! They're done. I'm sleepy,
some.
Bet to-morrow'll never come!
—Everybody's.

A Skittish Christmas Tree.

The Swedes have a custom at Christmas time of decorating a pet lamb with red ribbons and bells, then loading it with gifts for the family. The lamb is turned loose in the house, and each person attempts to catch it and find his or her gift.—Fur News.

Ideal Christmas Wish.

Many merry Christmases, many Happy New Years, unbroken friendships, great accumulation of cheerful recollections, affection on earth, and heaven at last for all of us.—Charles Dickens.



BEFORE the fading embers of a grate fire, Parrish Morton sat alone. Outside, the snow was falling in nebulous, transcendent beauty, clinging to the coats of merry makers on their way to Christmas eve festivities and swathing all in a filmy scarf of white. Chimes of distant bells proclaiming "Peace on earth, good will to men," distilled their euphony across the glinting night—but Parrish, in the brooding shadows of his bachelor home, paid no heed. What did Christmas eve mean to him—to him whom the God of Plenty had given money and fame, the plaudits of his fellows, and all else loved by a man with but the frost-marks of time at his temple—and having given these, had passed to him the sparkling shell of the champagne of love only to dash it with a leer of derision at his feet? Of what use were the riches and the approval of the world? How could vain pomp and popular praise make up for the loss of that which every good man craves—love, a pure woman and the thousand incentives that have their awakening beside the towhead's crib and in that holy hour when tousled curls lay lightly on a father's breast?

And all the Christmas eves to come! How cheerless and how lonely they would be with Verona gone—Verona who had come to him from the death-bed of a strangely beautiful woman in New Mexico.

He was searching for color in the hills when he stumbled upon the scene—the stranded wagon in the foothills, the mother upon whose face was the pallor of death, the stunned, half-realizing child with the glorious golden hair and the lips like twin cherries. With her last breath the grief-stricken mother told brokenly of a husband who had died en route, of their efforts to make Los Vegas, how the son had gone on ahead for the doctor, and how in despair she had waited and waited his return. That night just as the great, pitiless blackness threw its mourning robe across the canyon, the woman died!

How vividly it all came back to Parrish Morton now as he buried his face in his hands before the crackling embers of the lingering fire! How Verona clung to him in her terror and sobbed for her mother, sobbed for her father and her brother! Was ever a child so bereft, so desolate?

And he had taken her home with

him and placed her in the hands of his capable housekeeper and as time passed and no record of her kin could be found, he had advanced her into his heart—into the most sacred corner of his great heart—and watched her grow into a beautiful maturity, a full blown rose of womanhood with eyes like the depths of quiet brooks and the face of an angel, with red lips ruddier still and tantalizingly sweet!

And then the blow fell! The realization that he loved her and that he, her protector, must preserve her against that love, for she was but 17 and he was 33, then—and he had promised her mother out in the New Mexican foothills that he would care for her and keep her from the pitfalls as best he could!



Their Lips Met in a Plighting Kiss.

Ah, how lonely the place was when he had sent her away to school, to a distant school where he might not have to endure the pain of seeing her often—and how she had looked into his eyes at parting with the half pleading, half understanding eyes of a young rabbit suddenly met face to face in some leafstrewn hollow in the autumn woods!

He had kissed her in his old, paternal way and her heart aggrieved had sent subtle glances of bewilderment to flash and play within those orbs whose depths he dared not sound!

And to avoid meeting her he had gone on a distant mission, kept himself aloof for two years while absence made the heart grow fonder and the memory of her thrilled him as the soft caressing fingers of some sweet innamorata thrills the trembling strings of her guitar! And now upon

his return, she had written him that she had made plans for Christmas that might detain her at Sussex, but she wished him a very merry Christmas, wished that he might find his heart filled with joy at again being beneath the old roof-tree, wished that this Christmas might be the happiest of all the Christmases he had ever experienced, and lastly assured him that she was sending him a memento of the season, which she hoped he would cherish and love for her sake.

Parriah Morton repeated the words sadly: "For her sake! Ah, for her sake!"

If she but knew what he would do for her sake, were it possible! But, no, she was not for him. The violet and the cosmos are incongruous. Youth and late summer are not born to trip hand in hand across the fields Elysian into Agapemone.

The bell rang sharply. He heard Phipps' soft tread upon the stairs, and listened. Yes, it was she. There was no mistaking the rippling cadence of that sweet-throated bird of passage. Turning, he pressed a button and the room was sparkling with light. At the top of the stair he stood hesitating, striving to gain control of himself. At the foot, she paused, made him a mock "courtesy" and held out her arms:

"Oh, Par, dear old Par, I have brought you your Christmas present instead!"

The attitude, the look in her eyes, the irresistible enchantment of her beauty flooded him with impelling power. What did she mean? Was it herself she was offering? For a brief moment he stood swaying to the mighty impulse within him. Standing stupefied there, he remembered, as she bounded toward him: He must not—he could not—

And then, as he was about to sweep aside all the positiveness of his duty, all the negatives and forbearances and give free impulse to his heart, there came a step behind her. She heard and turning as she was about to enter the yearning haven of his eager arms, cried:

"Oh, pardon me, Mr. Morton, let me introduce Marshall Marriott. He—"

Suddenly the stairs went black before him. He realized now! She was bringing him a Christmas surprise, the man she loved, the—

Somehow he managed to greet the stalwart young fellow with the frank eyes. In a maze of conflicting pain and surprise he did the duties of a host, and when Verona and her escort had been shown to their rooms to dress, he slipped into the den and cast himself into the great arm chair before the pulseless coals of the fireplace.

"Lost! Lost!" kept ringing in his ears, and with a groan of anguish he once more buried his face in his hands and gave way to a man's grief. In vain he tried to reason with himself that it were better so. He should not have expected or even dared to think it might have been

otherwise. He was too old for her. She was sunshine, he was the somber cloud—but, oh, how he loved her! And for the moment he had thought she meant to give herself. The misery of it all! The heartache of it!

Suddenly, behind him he heard a rustle, the frou-frou of a woman's gown, and over the side of his great chair a warm arm stole softly against his neck.

"Oh, Par., what is it, dear? What have I done? What—"

Instinctively in the darkness he felt the frightened rabbit look, the appealing gaze. Summoning all his reserve strength, he said, with scarcely a tremor in his voice:

"Nothing dear, nothing to offend. I am glad—glad—for you, if he is worthy. If—"

"If—if—he—is worthy—oh, you goose, I see it all now!" In a flash she threw her arms about his neck. Her face was close to his. How soft and warm and soothing her flesh was! "He—he is my brother, lost that day in the foothills of New Mexico. I—I have just found him. I—thought you would be glad—I wanted to surprise you—I—I—don't you want your Christmas present?" in desperation.

With a mighty heart throb he reached about and drew her to him. Tenderly, tremblingly he clasped his arms about her and as their lips met in a plighting kiss, a tiny flame springing as from the heart of an ash-covered sapphire, flamed up from the grate and sent the shadows scurrying. Phipps coming to announce dinner, stood transfixed. Then, a broad grin upon his face, he slipped softly away chortling to his inmost self:

"Lawd! Lawd! Dere sure am gwine t' be a weddin' in this yeah house afore another Christmas eve! Yas'ir!"

A Quickly-Made Present.

Most women know what it is to be short of a present on the last day or so before Christmas. If one has plenty of money to go out and buy a gift this need cause little worry otherwise quickly-made gifts are in order.

One that can be turned out in a few minutes is one of the new hairpin cases. This is made of the fiber that is used in women's artificial pompadours, only of a silvery white color.

The Rose of Jericho.

We are told that the rose of Jericho, which is also called Mary's rose sprang up along the path of the Holy Family after they left Bethlehem, and blossomed brightly wherever they rested. This flower which bloomed at the birth of Christ showed its sympathy by closing at his crucifixion only to open again at his resurrection.

A Christmas Thought

So may each year be happier than the last, and not one meanest brother or sister debarred of his share of the great Creator's good gifts!—Charles Dickens.

Miss Anne's Christmas Visitors

By
Lena M. McCauley

(Copyright.)

WHO IS willing to play Santa Claus? What shall we do with the children?"

This being the usual question, the chairman of the board of managers sat down to wait for an answer. St. Elizabeth's orphanage was facing a Christmas without festivities, owing to the marriage of the matron, and a disabled heating plant.

An interval of silence followed Mrs. Blunt's appeal, though every one of the motherly hearts of the women present overflowed with sympathy for the 45 homeless boys and girls without prospect of Christmas cheer. They had come prepared with check books and the usual offerings of cake and confections for the holiday, but the personal entertainment of 45 shivering children was something they had not looked for.

Little Mrs. Thompson, confessing a brood of six boys and girls of her own, was the first to speak.

"Suppose we invite the orphans home with us; I know many town-folk would be glad to help us out. It will be a treat to them. I can take two."

"Bravo!" said the chairman, clapping her gloved hands. "I will take two little girls myself."

"Of course they will have their company manners on. I will take a boy with curls. Mr. Jones dotes on boys, and we have only girls, but I must be permitted to pick him out," cried the secretary, joining in.

"I'd rather have a child choose me. I'll go into the school room and ask those who would like to visit me to leave their names on the desk. If they choose me, I am sure they will like me. I can take four just as well as two. Our house is so large," said Mrs. Cliff, the Lady Bountiful of the village.

When the chorus had quieted, 20 children were provided for, and there was every reason to believe that all would be settled in homes before night. That afternoon a score of hospitable villagers visited the orphanage, and it proved that there were more invitations than were needed. As the children were checked off from the monthly school room list, it happened that a group of five quarantined in the attic hospital for the mumps were overlooked. It may be that the over-cautious doctor had omitted their names, or that some villager had hes-

itated, but the days slipped on towards Christmas, and they received no invitations.

Up in the sunny attic, Alice Martin and her brother Tom had long since recovered, and said lessons and played games in the sun-parlor with John Bell, Jane Smith and little Mary Moore, who had been held on suspicion, and who remembered too late that they had had the mumps years before. They relieved the loneliness of the nurse, who had become attached to the happy group, and she was in no hurry to send them downstairs. The morning of Christmas eve came, and the five were permitted to take breakfast in the big dining hall. The nurse herself was going home for Christmas. They heard the

"I should like a truly home to night," said Tom. "And you know which house I'd pick out if I had a chance."

"I know," said Jane Smith. "I know. It's the house with Christmas trees around it, and turkey gobblers in the yard."

"That's where Miss Anne lives," said John Bell. "It's a big house, and I'd think she would get real lonesome with only Peter and Rebecca."

"Is it the house where the lamp shines like a star all night?" asked Mary Moore.

"That's the very one. Sh-sh. I have an idea," cried John, drawing the five together for his secret, for he was always full of plans.

Mrs. Brown, the cook, looked out from her window and saw the conference. "Of course nobody wants children getting over the mumps," she said to herself. "But I'll make them have a good time. I'll go upstairs right away and gather all the candle ends, and then I'll call them in and make candy."

In the old colonial house surrounded by evergreens lived Miss Anne Armstrong. Her windows overlooked the pasture where the children played beside the orphanage on the hill. Miss Anne was the last of her family. She ordered her life carefully and saw that her maid Rebecca kept the house spotless and her man Peter kept the garden weedless, while she knit endless patterns of lace.

Christmas was coming, she knew by the calendar, and that evening as she walked home from the postoffice she had witnessed the reception of orphans at more than one house of her acquaintance. Even Widow Simpkins, the washerwoman, had taken a little boy who asked to visit her jolly young family.

"Dear me, I feel left out," said Miss Anne as she saw the young strangers taken in the door. "I wonder if anyone would have elected to go with me, if I had gone to the orphanage. I must send Mrs. Simpkins some red Jerathans for the children."

Miss Anne saw the big flame of her astral lamp blaze in her window like a star sending its light across the snowy fields to the group on the orphanage steps. Then she met Rebecca at the door and seated herself beside her bountiful teatable.

"I do not believe that I shall have a single visitor this Christmas," sighed Miss Anne, a feeling of loneliness creeping over her. "But why should anyone think of me, when I do not think of others as I should."

At that moment there was a clatter of feet on the porch, and the brass knocker dropped with a resounding clang. It startled Rebecca and Peter in the kitchen, and both rushed into the hallway.

Rebecca drew the bolt and turned the knob of the door which the wind tore from her grasp, letting in a whirl of snowflakes and five children, hand in hand. They went straight to

Miss Anne at the table before the blazing fire.

"We've come to spend Christmas with you. We choose your house, because you have lots of room, and it has Christmas trees all around it, and because you are kind," said John Bell, confidently.

"Well, I never," said Rebecca to Peter. "What do you think of that? Come, girls, let me take off your wraps."

"Don't you want us?" asked Tom. "Alice said this was a really home."

Then Miss Anne found her voice. She rose from her chair, and putting her arm around the shivering boy, said: "Of course I want you. I'm glad you came. Peter shall find you a Christmas tree."

A little later when she looked at the circle of happy faces around her table and the passing plates of cake and marmalade, she said to herself: "I have visitors, after all, and I shall keep them always in a really home."

Little Mary Moore having finished her supper, slipped from her chair and climbed on Miss Anne's lap. That lady did not see the orphanage gingham and the clipped hair, she only saw the divine hope of childhood. She drew Mary into her arms and her feeling of loneliness vanished forever.

"Tell me, little one, why you came to my house?"

Mary looked up into the kind face and said: "I came because you were all alone, and your lamp shone like a guiding star."

Peter, sawing at an evergreen in the yard, looked in at the window. He rubbed his eyes and shook his hoary head, saying: "They picked us out for themselves. Who would have thought it?"

CHRISTMAS.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,

But at Christmas it always is young,
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,

And its soul full of music breaks forth on the air,

When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight!

On the snowflakes which cover the sod,
The feet of the Christ-Child fall gentle and white,

And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out with delight,

That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,

That voice of the Christ-Child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door

Of a hope that he dared not dream of before,

With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field

Where the feet of the holiest have trod,
This, this is the marvel of mortals revealed

When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed.

That mankind are the children of God.

—PILLIAM BROOKS



"Of Course I Want You."

great news for the first time. The three girls and two boys realized that they had nothing in view, but youth is hopeful, and they argued that the next hour might bring an invitation.

St. Elizabeth's had never known so gay an occasion. All the orphans were dressed in their best, and one by one they were bundled into sleighs and carried away, the last going at sunset.

"I wonder who is coming for us?" cried Tom Martin, in vexation. The five friends were gathered on the steps watching the others go. "Somebody must come before long. The kids said ladies picked them out, or they picked out ladies they liked. I wish I had a chance to choose."

"Don't mind, Tom," said Alice, consolingly. "Mrs. Brown, the cook, promised to let us play in the kitchen, and have candies, and hang up stockings tonight. We can live with her till her folks come back."

The Littlest Boy and Santa Claus

By
Edwin L. Sabin

(Copyright.)

THE GREAT hall clock, stationed opposite the foot of the stairs, struck two. From his bed the Littlest Boy listened with a sense of awe. Never before had he heard it strike so late an hour. Once, indeed, he had heard it strike ten, but usually it had struck eight—and when next he was awake it was striking six and morning had come.

The Littlest Boy lay and listened. The house was depressively still. The only sounds audible were the stately ticking of the monitor clock below, and the regular breathing of the Biggest Boy and the Biggest Girl in the room adjoining.

The Littlest Boy's eyes were wide open and gazing into the velvet blackness close above his face. When he had gone to bed it had been Christmas eve. He was not fully certain as to the line of demarkation, but it occurred to him that now it was Christmas day. Then he began to blink and think.

He wondered if Santa Claus had come yet. Before the grate-fire, down in the library, were ranged three chairs; a rocking-chair for the Biggest Girl, a straight-backed, ordinary chair for the Biggest Boy, and a huge, roomy arm-chair for himself. In addition, he had hung up his stockings to the mantel.

He tried to picture to himself how, if Santa Claus had been and gone, that chair and those stockings must look. At intervals, as some particularly alluring fancy stood out before him, he gave an ecstatic wriggle and a few blinks extra.

Oh, the red wagon! And the silver napkin-ring! Supposing he got them both! It did not seem to him possible that he could exist without either, and yet—and yet—he mustn't exact too much.

If he might take one peep into the library—just one tiny peep—to find out whether or not Santa Claus had been.

He felt that he ought not to yield to this temptation; and he sighed hard and twisted. But even in the midst of his struggle he did yield, for first his disobedient right foot stole from beneath the blue coverlet, and next his disobedient left foot; and in a moment all of him, enveloped in his long, pink-flannel night-gown, was moving resolutely towards the doorway.

At the landing the stairs turned sharply. The Littlest Boy also turned with them to continue his journey. Now there ahead of him was the monitor clock, staring him in the face, and ticking loud reproof. From the library, off the hall, came the reminiscent glow of the grate-fire with which the Christmas eve had been celebrated.

Down sped the Littlest Boy, boldly ignoring the astonished clock, down the remaining flight, and across the square hall, whose rugs were soft and comforting. On the threshold of the library he stopped short, frightened at what he had done.

He had caught Santa Claus!

Aye, there was Santa Claus, bending over the big chair, which, the Littlest Boy glimpsed, was overflow-



"Hello!" said Santa Claus.

ing with packages and things.

I do not know but that the Littlest Boy would have beat courteous retreat (although, of course, his farther curiosity was simply tremendous) had not Santa Claus suddenly glanced up and descried him—a small, pink figure, made still pinker by the glowing coals, framed, wide-eyed, in the library door-case.

"Hello!" said Santa Claus, not moving.

"Hello!" responded the Littlest Boy. "I didn't know you were here."

"Didn't you?" remarked Santa Claus, straightening up and slowly stepping backward.

"No," assured the Littlest Boy. "Did you get in through the chimney?"

During his whole life—that is, ever since he could talk—the Littlest Boy

had been trying to say "chimney;" but, somehow, that "l," being so slim and hatchet-faced, always nimbly slipped in and elbowed out the "n."

"Did I get in through the chimney?" repeated Santa Claus; and then he opened his mouth in a silent laugh. "Yes I clumb down the chimney," he said.

"You say chimney and I say chimley; but my father says—says ch—ch—chimney is right," informed the Littlest Boy.

"You don't mean it!" returned Santa Claus, who, having backed to the window looking upon the side porch, now, with his hand behind him, was deftly sliding it up.

"Please don't go Santa Claus," besought the Littlest Boy. "We'll talk real low, so nobody'll hear. That is, if you're not in too big a hurry to stay," he added, politely.

"Sure," responded Santa Claus. "It's almost empty, isn't it?" asserted the Littlest Boy. "But I s'pose you've lots more up in the balloon. Had you got all through with me? My chair is the middle one there, and these are my stockings in front of it."

"Well, I was kinder foolin' around when you come in," confessed Santa Claus; "but I reckon I'm through. Them other chairs are your ma's an' pa's, I take it?"

"Yes; mamma's is the rocker and papa's is the other," informed the Littlest Boy, hurriedly. "Did you bring me a red wagon and a silver napkin-ring?"

"Aren't they there?" queried Santa Claus.

"May I look?" asked the Littlest Boy, eagerly.

"Sure," grunted Santa Claus, with his favorite word.

The Littlest Boy was not slow in taking advantage of that permission. In a twinkling he was at the chair, and, oblivious to the rustling that he was producing, was burrowing amidst its contents.

He did not have to burrow to find the red wagon. Its two front wheels were sticking straight up against the chair's back!

"Oooo-ee!" jubilated the Littlest Boy, turning with sparkling eyes. "Will its sides fold over?"

"You bet!" assured Santa Claus.

"Just bushels and bushels of thanks, Santa Claus," perled the Littlest Boy, rapturously. "I hope it's bigger than my Cousin James' is! Is it?"

"Sure!" said Santa Claus. "Now, about the ring? Aint it there?"

"I don't see it?" replied the Littlest Boy, rummaging.

"Mebbe it's in the stockin's," suggested Santa Claus.

And it was!—a beautiful, shiny, silver napkin ring, all done up in tissue-paper!

"Ooooo-eee!" gurgled the Littlest Boy, unwrapped it. "I bet it's the very solidest kind!"

"Lemme see," demanded Santa

Claus. "That's what I intended it to be, anyhow, an' I hope I ain't made no mistake."

"Yes, it's solid, all right enough," he said, weighing it in his hand, while the Littlest Boy watched him, anxiously. "But don't you think that that there wagon an' this here ring, both together, are too much for a kid like you?"

"I don't know," responded the Littlest Boy, abashed. "I've tried to be awful good. I've picked up kindlin' and went on errands and brushed my teeth—and—and gone down cellar after dark, and—and—and I've hardly ever cried when I got hurt!"

"Still, seems to me," persisted Santa Claus, gazing at the shiny ring in his fingers, "that a wagon alone is good enough for one kid, besides all them other things you've got in yon chair and rocks. I dunno but what I'll take this an' give it som'ers else."

"Well," agreed the Littlest Boy, gravely, "if—if you can find some little boy who ought to have it more'n me, then you can—can take it; and p'raps next Christmas—"

"God!" roared the Biggest Boy, like an angry lion, leaping through the library doorway.

With a slam up sped the window; with an oath, out whirled Santa Claus.

"You've scared Santa Claus! You've scared Santa Claus!" wailed the Littlest Boy, in despair.

"I have, have I!" exclaimed the Biggest Boy, gathering the wailer into his arms.

"And he took my ring," farther lamented the Littlest Boy.

"He did, did he?" repeated the lion—that is, the Biggest Boy—in a commiserating growl. "Never mind; we'll get another."

"But I told him he might, if there's some other little boy who'd ought to have it more," explained the Littlest Boy, truthfully. "Maybe he'll bring me one next Christmas."

Here the Biggest Boy shut the treacherous window; and with the Biggest Girl, who by this time had arrived and was hugging and kissing the Littlest Boy's two rosy feet, as they hung down inside the Biggest Boy's arms, close accompanying, carried him upstairs to bed.

What do you think! Evidently Santa Claus repented, or else he had only been joking, or else he could find no other little boy who was more worthy; for, after all, at daylight there was discovered, lying on the mat before the side-door, that very same ring—wrapped, it is true, not in fine tissue paper, but in coarse brown paper.

However, upon the paper was scrawled, in ragged but unmistakable lines:

"for the kid
"SANTY CLAWS."

Happiness is increased not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart—John Ruskin.



The Charm of Christmas

By Washington Irving

Of all the old festivals that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring; they dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement; they gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from the days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth—that rallying place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among mementos of childhood.

There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird,

sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of our landscape; the short, gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasures of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. A season when heart calling unto heart.

The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and light up each countenance with a kindlier welcome. Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile—where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent—than by the winter fireside? And, as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, clasps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security with which we look around upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of doctine murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep, delicious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm and wrapped in her shroud of

(Continued on next page.)

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Foundation of Chop Suey.

Chinese pork is one of the delicacies of the ages, has been brought up for centuries to taste better than turkey.

Not Being Exterminated.

In the Journal of the African Society the opinion is expressed by Mr. Selous that, contrary to general belief, giraffes are in no danger of being exterminated in Africa.

Increasing the Voltage.

While 60,000 volts was considered a minimum tension for transmission lines a few years ago they are now using 72,000. An 80,000-volt line 13½ miles long is now building, and a line has been built designed for 100,000 volts.

Not Indispensable.

Now and then the adventurous press agent sends out a story worth printing. "Don't you think American women are beautifully dressed?" Mrs. Humphrey Ward was asked during her visit here. "Yes, but I wish they would stop thinking that no woman is complete without a divorce suit."—Boston Herald.

Progress in China.

Besides the four or five Chinese government schools now teaching railway engineering, another is recommended to be established at Tientsin. Also a rail-making plant is to be erected at Tai-Yuan-fu, and every department and district touching the railway is directed to plant 30,000 elm trees in order to provide ties in the future.

Christmas at Sea

By Admiral Bob Evans

"ON Christmas morning," said Admiral Evans (Fighting Bob), "I thank God that he made three times as much water as land.

"Every old seadog will join me in this. The sea is his home; he loves it as the farmer loves his broad acres. Apart from it he is restless and dissatisfied, but with a voyage ahead of him he is as happy as a clam at high tide. No true sailor would exchange Christmas at sea for one on shore. It would be like Thanksgiving dinner without the turkey.

"Of all the Christmases spent at sea the one that rises before me most vividly is that of 1875 when the federal army and the gunboat fleet were trying to capture Fort Fisher. The only presents we received, and they came fast and furious, were solid shot and shell from the guns of the enemy. But this didn't destroy our sense of humor. The boys would write on each solid shot or shell before placing it in the gun, 'presented by,' and add the name of the vessel from which it happened to be fired. Mighty few hurled at the fort that day lacked this Christmas greeting. All the gunners caught the spirit of the grim jest, for the fighting line is no place for serious faces.

"Despite the excitement of the fierce combat we managed to have the mastheads of all the ships trimmed with Christmas green, even though the sailors had to risk their lives in going ashore to get them, and you may be assured the sentiment of the day was not wasted.

"Last year Santa Claus followed our fleet of 15 vessels. He anticipated our 12,000-mile voyage and furnished us in advance with the pick of his best. On board the supply vessels when we sailed from Hampton roads were thousands of packages containing every imaginable Christmas gift from a whisky flask to a smoking jacket, each package labeled, 'Don't open until Christmas.'

"Along with those gifts he sent thousands of yards of bunting to decorate the mastheads of the battleships. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful sight than these ships lined up Christmas morning with the sailors breaking out the Christmas trimmings with as much zest as the small boy displays when he lights the candles on his Christmas tree.

"Then comes the opening of the Christmas packages. This is always a gala occasion. Not a man on board would dare ignore the instruction any more than he would think of disobeying his superior officer. It has become

custom through years of faithful observance. Always a bottle of wine is broken in christening these tokens from the loved ones at home.

"If I hadn't been a lieutenant myself I wouldn't dare give away official secrets.

"Last year we practically had two Christmases. We received our first mail at Trinidad, West Indies, some time Christmas week and delayed Christmas mail reached us at Callao, when the vessels were approaching their own country on the western side.

"No nation provides more plentifully for the Christmas cheer of its sailors than does Uncle Sam. Each of the battleship crews has a dinner of roast turkey, plum pudding, pumpkin pie and all the trimmings which go with it. The men are served in messes of 20 at 12 o'clock and each man is allowed one snifter of grog as an appetizer, in celebration of the occasion.

"The officers dine at six o'clock, and, as is the custom when spending the holiday at sea, are guests of the commanding officer."

Substitute for Bridge.

"The Intellectuals" is the name by which a number of commuters who travel daily between their summer homes and New York are known by their fellow-travelers. They make what they call "a white horse pool" every morning. They sit with their faces close to the windows, looking for white horses along the line of the road. The man who guesses nearest to the number encountered gets the pool.

(Continued from Page 17)

The Charms of Christmas.

mestic hilarity?

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling—the season for kindling not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart.

Surely happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America



The New and Modern Secret Society for the Ambitious Young Men and Boys



This Department Gives News of Interest from Members and Lodges in Every State in the Union



Wish, in addition to giving every member, Merry Christmas greetings, this month to thank them for the work they have done, and are doing for the I. O. C. M. A. It is to the untiring efforts of the loyal brothers, that the I. O. C. M. A. has advanced as far as it has during the past year.

Now that we are on the eve of attainment we stop for breath a moment and look at the heights ahead to be scaled. We have gained confidence and strength by the climbing we have already done, and we now gaze up at the peaks once thought unscalable, and determine to plant our standard there. From now on our cry is "On to a hundred thousand."

Now that the I. O. C. M. A. is well established throughout this country the journey to the hundred thousand mark should be quicker than was the attainment of our present enrollment. Every new member gained is one more missionary for I. O. C. M. A. Every successful lodge is a living inducement for the ambitious Young American to join the order. If every boy and young man knew the I. O. C. M. A. as well as the members, our problem would not be so much how to get members, as it would be how to keep out undesirable members. In fact, that is quite a problem at the present time. Many of our strong lodges report that they have to reject more applications than they accept.

One of the best ways to interest a chap in the I. O. C. M. A. is to let him read the reports of the lodges and members given in the following pages. The thought of belonging to an order which has a local self, governing lodges throughout this country, that he can become a member of an order which has members in every civilized country of the world, that wherever a member travels he may be sure of having his sign of recognition responded to by the grip of brotherhood, cannot fail to prove fascinating to the patriotic young American.

The member of the order who does not travel or does not belong to a local lodge of the order does not get the full benefit of the I. O. C. M. A. It

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS"



is true that he finds certain pleasure in reading in this department about the doings of lodges and members, and in corresponding with other members, but he will never know what it really means to be a member until he belongs to strong local lodge himself, and goes to visit other lodges, and takes part in their ceremonies both public and private. When a fellow really appreciates the I. O. C. M. A. in its magnitude and far reaching influence, however, is

Star of the East

By Mary B. Sleigh.

Beautiful Star, that dawned in the Orient,
Shedding thy light on the desert's lone way,
Led by thy brightness, we, too, would come bringing
Our gifts, magi-like, in the manger to lay.
Gladly we offer our choicest of treasures,
Seeking, with these, our allegiance to prove;
But our gems and our myrrh, our gold and frankincense,
Are offered in vain if not offered in love.

Beautiful Star, that with mystical arrow
Told where a King was enthroned in a stall—
Oh, fair are the orbs shining nightly above us,
But Thou, in Thy splendor, excellest them all.
Shine on in the darkness, bright herald of morning;
Shine on down the ages with luster undimmed,
Still leading the way to the sweet Son of Mary,
Till through the wide world hallelujahs are hymned.

when he is in a strange town and then suddenly catches sight of a brother wearing "the badge with the single star."

The I. O. C. M. A. is a great army of young Americans possessed with the idea of making themselves good citizens cannot but make its influence felt in the affairs of this country. It is upon the youth of today that the country's future prosperity depends. Youth is the sole heir to the future, and because the Independent Order of the Coming Men of America

are working with an intelligent purpose to make themselves ready for the responsibility they must bear, their share in directing the destiny of the country will be large. When our membership grows to a hundred thousand of the best blood, all working together for the best interests of our country and its people it will be the moving force in the making of history, for it is fired by the esprit de corps which is the life of great deeds.

Yours in F,

Chas. R. Simon

At a meeting of the C. M. A. Fraternity of Newark, Ohio, held Sunday afternoon, Dec. 5, the following members were elected officers of the Club for the coming term: Clarence E. Jones, President; Marvin Penny, Vice-President; Harry B. Kelley, Speaker; Carrol Soliday, Director; Ernest Crawford, Sentinel; Harry B. Kelley, Treasurer. On Tuesday evening December 14, the C. M. A. Club gave a banquet to the members of its club and on Christmas night the club gave their annual dance at Assembly Hall.

The C. M. A. EMBLEM improves with every issue. Its stamp pages will interest those who collect the bits of paper.—Southern Headlight.

Massachusetts C. M. A.

Massachusetts Coming Men of America awaken after your long sleep. The State association is trying to do business but cannot accomplish much without your help. The C. M. A. with its great principles, grand teachings, and pleasant memories, is too noble an association to be allowed to go downward. At present our aim is to enroll as many brothers as possible in the State C. M. A. association, promote correspondence in order to get the ideas of the members, issue a small paper of news notes, and to arrange for two or more meetings during the year. Now brothers lets hear from you.—Bay State Advocate.

Few young men are as talented as L. G. Cline, Hutchinson, Kansas. He is an editor, poet, actor and writer of plays and short stories.—Southern Headlight.

A Correction.

In the October number of the EMBLEM there was an article in which Brother Lewis R. Moore was referred to as a member of the "Old Bay State" C. M. A., this we wish to correct, he being a member of the "Pine Tree State" C. M. A. as he lives in Bangor, Maine. There was also a statement made to the effect that Brother Moore had resigned his position as president of that state association, this is a mistake as he is still their president, Brother Henry B. Wescott only filling that place during Mr. Moore's absence in Germany.

M. Garnette Watkins, O. T. N., in No. 2 of the Star Weekly suggested organizing a C. M. A. Amateur press club. We endorse Mr. Watkins' suggestion and hope that it will mature. Quite a few of the Coming Men are connected with the different amateur press clubs, and should an organization of C. M. A. amateurs be formed, it would do a world of good and be a credit to the order. The following C. M. A.'s now belong to amateur clubs: Burt Foote, G. A. Thomson, M. G. Watkins, E. Lisle Keesling, Russell Hersh, C. B. and W. T. Way, Lloyd G. Cline, Ezra D. Sargent, A. V. Fingulin, Edward A. Lifka, and Julian T. Baber. Plenty of material to start with. Louis M. Starring, the Southern's fluent writer, was a member of the old C. M. A. If this organization is formed, we suggest that Mr. Starring be made its first president. He would make it a success and would be the life of it. Those who favor this proposed organization should write to M. Garnette Watkins, 5245 Magnolia Ave., Chicago, Ill.—Southern Headlight.

LEANS BEAT FATS.

Exciting Game of Baseball Pulled Off at Pocahontas.

An exciting game of baseball was pulled off on the Pocahontas grounds Wednesday by the Fats and Leans of Pocahontas, the Leans taking the heavyweights into camp to the tune of 14 to 6. Although replete with errors, the game was remarkably well played.

The Fats used three pitchers, one of whom plays with the fast Bramwell aggregation, but the Leans had on their batting clothes and used the willow with telling effect. Of the six runs to the Fats' credit, five were scored on errors, and with half support the Lean pitcher could have blanked the Fats. Baber, the 17-year old twirler of the Leans, struck out twelve men, allowing three hits, and did not issue a single base on balls. Isadore Marks, who pitched the first two in-

nings for the Fats, was an "izzy" mark for the Lean batsmen. The Leans are anxious to play the heavy men again. It is rumored that the Fats intend using a New York league pitcher when they play again. The batteries were—Fats, Marks, Rice, Potts and Ball; Leans, Baber and Honaker and Odham.

That Old, Old Pathway.

We cry,
We talk,
We laugh,
We walk;
Our mother's pride and joy.

We fight,
We swear,
And pants
We wear;
Our father's little boy.

We dance,
We smoke,
Hold hands,
And joke;
A girl, and then a row.

We drink,
We eat,
Play cards,
And treat;
The fellows claim us now.

We love,
We're led,
We woo,
We wed;
At leisure we repent,

We work,
We sigh,
And soon
We die;
So many a life is spent.

—Cornell Widow.

C. M. A. Banquet Tuesday Evening.

The Newark C. M. A. Club held a very elaborate banquet Tuesday evening for its members and friends at Kuster & Co.'s cafe. At eight o'clock all members were seated at their proper stations at the table, which made a very attractive appearance, the table being decorated with the club colors, scarlet and gray, with pink and white carnations. Each member also wore his club colors and a white carnation, which made a very neat appearance. After the following menu was served a few remarks and speeches were made by Mr. Harry Lamp, toastmaster of the evening, followed by Mr. L. B. Motz, ex-president of the Club:

Menu.

Raw Oysters	
Celery	Pickles Olives
Roast Young Duck,	French Dressing
Apple Sauce	
Mashed Potatoes	Peas in Timbals
C. M. A. Punch	
Escalloped Oysters	Combination Salad
Boiled Ham Veal Tongue	Butter Rolls
Chocolate Ice Cream	Cake
Coffee	Cigars

After supper was served Mr. Clarence Jones, president-elect of the club, was called upon to make the closing speech, after which the club adjourned to the Brunswick bowling alleys, where the four bowling teams of the club bowled for high honors of the evening.

Those present were: Ralph Adkins, Lloyd Allen, Paul Braden, Burt Brown, Ernest Crawford, Walter Cocanour, Lewis Cochran, Wm. Dwyer, Oscar Eclberry, Burt Fuller, Howard Fisk, Bennie Camp, Eugene Garrity, Harry Gray, Chas. Harris, H. Haynes, Donald Helsley, Clarence Jones, Everett Jones, Hubert Knox, Harry Kelley, Harry Lamp, Henry Loewendick, Leonidas Motz, Leslie Owens, Marvin Penny, Joseph Rohan, Henry Roach, Fred Schimmel, Walter Willey, Charles Lott, Walter Braden, Geo. Adams and Louis Bentz.—Newark (Ohio) Tribune.

Brother Henry B. Wescott, of Portland, Maine, acting State President of the Maine State I. O. C. M. A. association, is studying Veterinary Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia.

Obtaining The Fifth Degree.

About a month after becoming a member, the grand lodge sent me one of its general letters, urging me to form a lodge; thereby getting the greatest benefits from the order and also being raised to the elevation of a degree member. From my knowledge of the locality in which I was situated, I had little hopes of being able to extend the work. So it was with small spirits that I sent out the first lot of pamphlets. As has been prognosticated, there was "nothing doing" on this occasion. A little later the grand lodge sent another circular letter and booklets. This time I made a determined effort, going to the trouble of having a number of letters typewritten to accompany the printed literature, and also calling on the recipients a few days later. A meeting was arranged and eight boys (good fellows too) put in an appearance. When we got down business, the excuses began to flow in. You've heard them. After it was all over, the results showed two applicants. A third was secured easily but I'd hate to go into details telling you how the other two came in. Anyway they arrived just as the first memberships were running out and that is how I obtained the fifth degree.

G. A. Thomson, 5 O. T. N.

Alma Lodge's Loss.

Alma Lodge No. 1, of Alma, Kansas, recently lost one of its best and most faithful members in the order. Brother Oren Davis the worthy Director of

that lodge has moved to Greeley, Colo., where he will make his home in the future. Brother Davis has been one of the hustling members of the old Queen Bee lodge No. 2767, of Alma. He has held very near every office in the lodge sometime during the past six years and has fulfilled them with the best of satisfaction. It is with the keenest regret that the Alma lodge loses Brother Davis, but with him goes every member's wish for his success and welfare in his new home.

E. Lisle Keesling, 154 Hamilton Ave., San Jose, Cal., is publishing a weekly paper in the interests of the Coming Men of America. It is known as the Star Weekly.

BESTOGRAPHY.

The new bestography that will be sent out with the new outfits in January will be somewhat different than the old and in the future all the passwords will be written in the new kind. The members who are not in good standing will not be able to obtain the secret words.

Password.

The password for the month of January is 66 37 29 9 36 51

G. M. Keezel, Secretary of the Virginia I. O. C. M. A. is now located at Elkton, Va. He is engaged in the printing business and is reported doing well.

In the January issue there will begin a series of articles upon Amateur Theatricals, written expressly for the C. M. A. EMBLEM, by L. G. Cline.

Amateur Theatricals.

By an Actor Manager.

THE THEATRE.

The prejudices which formerly existed against the theatre, in the minds of many well meaning people, has gradually worn away; and in this enlightened age there are very few who do not recognize the power of the drama, not only as a means of harmless amusement, but also as an educator, both to the auditor and the actor.

There is hardly a village in the land that has not its amateur dramatic company, and in almost every instance it is a source of pleasure and profit. There is an old saying that what ever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. I trust that the suggestions that follow this article will assist many aspirants for historic honors to act well their parts. I will in the next article try to cover How to Organize and the duties of the different officers.

Written for the C. M. A. EMBLEM.

TAKING HIS TIME

Bobby knew he would marry Beth eventually. He had known it for a year—ever since that night Beth unexpectedly passed through the doorway where he was lazily leaning, waiting for something interesting to happen.

"Who is she?" asked Bobby, suddenly alert.

"My cousin Beth," said the hostess.

"Introduce me at once," said Bobby. "I want to ask her to marry me."

The hostess laughed. She was used to Bobby's extravagances.

Bobby met Beth later in the evening. Her eyes shone on him mischievously and her mouth curved as if she expected to laugh at any moment.

"Are you going to ask me to marry you at once?" she inquired of him sweetly.

Bobby smiled. "I am glad you overheard what I said to your cousin," he replied. "Now you are prepared for the inevitable."

That was a year ago and the inevitable, in the shape of a proposal of marriage from Bobby, had not come. He knew he would become engaged to her eventually, but for the time being things were very comfortable just as they were.

He monopolized Beth's evenings when she stayed at home. He was her constant escort when she was out. He felt all the satisfaction of proprietorship. Still he was not bound. He could come and go as he pleased. He took time for his club. He could pass an occasional leisurely evening at home with his pipe.

One night, however, he met with reverses. Beth wore a cream lace gown that night and—was ravishing. They had been invited to meet an eastern man who was being introduced to a good many persons. That is to say, he was introduced until he met the cream lace gown containing Beth. Then he courteously declined to be introduced any further. He remained beside the cream lace gown for the rest of the evening.

"You had every appearance of liking it," said Bobby in a rage as he was taking Beth home.

"I did like it very much. I have asked him to come to see me."

For some time after that Bobby's club knew him not. Until the eastern man departed he passed no leisurely evenings at home with his pipe. In fact, the eastern man gave Bobby what is sometimes called a run for his money.

"I am glad he's gone," acknowledged Bobby, one evening about a week after the eastern man had departed.

"Are you?" said Beth softly. "Then

I am glad too."

But Bobby did not take warning from the eastern man. When Beth said that soft little "Then I am glad, too," he did not ask her to marry him and save him further alarms. He only relaxed, with great tranquility of soul and continued to monopolize her evenings when she stayed at home, to be her constant escort when she went out, to give the world to understand that she was his property—to be very comfortable, in a word, with the idea of eventually asking her to marry him.

Bobby took a fishing trip. For six weeks he fished. He did not write to Beth very often; it was too hard to write when one was roughing it.

"I should have to write her every day if we were engaged," thought Bobby.

He sent her his biggest catch, however, and felt considerable surprise and some resentment when she did not write enthusiastically to thank him.

At eight o'clock the first night after Bobby's return he rushed up Beth's front steps. He wanted to see her very badly. He had been gone six weeks.

Beth's mother was sitting alone on the porch.

"How is Beth?" eagerly asked Bobby. "And where is she?"

"She was married last night," said Beth's mother, quietly. "They left on a late train. They are going abroad for their honeymoon."

"Married!" exclaimed Bobby dully. "Married;"

"It was all very sudden. Beth met him the week you left. He was exceedingly eager. Think of it! Married six weeks after they first saw each other"

Tears stood in Beth's mother's eyes. She was not thinking of Bobby. She was wishing that daughters did not have to grow up and get married.

Alone in his room that night Bobby smoked long and hard. He thought of many things. When he finally shook the last ashes out of his pipe he said one word to himself.

"Fool!" said Bobby.

He was feeling very wretched.—Chicago Daily News.

Not Qualified.

The two men were getting warm over a simple difference of opinion.

They turned to the third man.

"Isn't a home-made strawberry shortcake better than a cherry pie?" demanded one of them.

"Isn't a home-made cherry pie better than any shortcake?" inquired the other.

The third man shook his head.

"In don't know," he said. "I board."

Shaky.

"I have been the architect of my own fortune, sir."

"I thought so. It's lucky the building inspector wasn't around while you were making it."



THE STAMP COLLECTOR

Edited by Julian T. Baber.



THIS department is conducted by Julian T. Baber, an Associate Editor of this paper, for the benefit of those interested in the collecting of postage stamps.

A packet of stamps will be given to the one who sends me the best article pertaining to stamp collecting, or regarding his own collection. Articles must be restricted to 300 words and must be sent to the editor of this department within ten days after receipt of the EMBLEM. The best article will be published and all contributors names will be put on the roll of honor.

All correspondence regarding this department should be sent to the following address.

Julian T. Baber,
Pocahontas, Va.

Items Of Interest.

A very striking set of stamps has just been issued for North Borneo.

1909 will long be remembered by philatelists as a "copious" stamp year.

The Philatelic World, published in London, will hereafter be issued quarterly.

Lincoln pennies bearing the designer's initials (V. D. B.) are being advertised at 10 cents each.

L. M. Schaap, of Winnipeg, Man, Canada, is now in England in the interests of the Hobbyist.

J. Russell Reed, the busy secretary of the Imperial Philatelic Association, is an associate editor of the Philatelic Star.

That splendid little monthly, The Philatelic Star is the official organ of the Imperial Philatelic Association. Philatelic Flashes was too slow for the I. P. A.

The Collector's Journal Series of Philatelic Handbooks will no doubt have a large sale in America, if the surmises of prominent philatelists are correct.

Rev. L. G. Dorpat, the veteran philatelic writer, is conducting a stamp

department in the Globe Trotter, the official paper of the Cosmopolitan Correspondence Club.

If interested in a live philatelic society, whose dues are low, and benefits are many, write to the Secretary of the Imperial Philatelic Association, 39 Rindge Ave., Cambridge, Mass. Mr. Reed will gladly explain things to you.

We would advise those collectors who have not secured a set of the Quebec Tercentenary stamps, to do so at once, as the price is steadily advancing. Some collectors have already found it a good investment in laying aside a few of the "Tercent's."

A foreign stamp paper says: The Imperf fever is raging very bad in some quarters of the United States. Singles, pairs, blocks and strips, are all wanted imperforate. And there seems to be nothing to allay the fever, we're sorry to say.

The Collector's Journal Series of Philatelic Handbooks, which will commence publication this fall, will have a large sale if they become as popular as the Melville books. Every philatelist who is true to the hobby will secure a set of these handbooks.

Prominent ladies, some members of of the Daughters of the American Revolution, have requested the post office department to place the portrait of Martha Washington on the 12 cent stamp which will soon be issued, owing to the change of registration rates.

Willard O. Wylie, managing editor of Mekeel's Weekly Stamp news was, in 1883, president of the National Amateur Press Association. No doubt this will interest amateurs and inspire them to higher action. Quite a number of C. M. A. members are napaistes, among them the writer.

It is with much regret that we record the discontinuance of the Boy, a semi-philatelic paper which we have had the pleasure to review several times. A stamp magazine will be issued in its stead and will be used to fill all unexpired subscriptions to the Boy. We have been unable to learn the

name of the new magazine, but feel sure that if Mr. Linn makes it as interesting for stamp collectors, as he made the Boy for boys, we shall be more than satisfied.

A philatelic directory of the world is now being prepared, listing philatelic societies, dealers, publications, fraudulent collectors and dealers and philatelists. Any firm, society, or person wishing to be listed in this directory should send their name and address to John R. Crawford, 5 Court st., Auburn, N. Y.

The Imperial Chinese Postal Administration will issue a set of three special stamps to commemorate the accession to the throne of his Imperial Majesty Hsuan T'ung. The stamps will be oblong and will be issued in the following denominations: 2 cents, yellow border of Imperial dragons, center, Temple of Heaven in green; 3 cent, ditto with blue center; 7 cent, ditto, with purple center. The words, "Chinese Empire" are on top of these stamps, and underneath that, "Hsuan T'ung, 1st year."

The campaign of the American Philatelic Society for 1909 is over. In the race for the official organship, Redfields weekly was defeated, Mekeel's being the victor. All during the campaign the management of Redfield's acted the role of gentlemen. Not a boast did they make or a reflection cast that would in any way better their interests in the race. Defeated 'tis true, but Redfield's Weekly has the "stick-to-it-iveness" that will win in the long run. Redfield's is a paper that we enjoy reading, and we heartily commend it to our readers.

Crawford's Philatelic Directory of World is now in the course of preparation. The Directory will contain the names of Collectors, dealers, philatelic societies, and publications—in all about 40,000 names. Mr. Crawford wishes to issue a book that will be a real directory, and not simply a list of names from some favorite society or organization. All stamp collectors and dealers are requested to send their names and addresses to Mr. Crawford, to be list-

ed in the Directory. When writing, address John R. Crawford, 5 Court street, Auburn, N. Y. We endorse Mr. Crawford's proposed work, and hope that he will make a success of it.

It is stated that the late E. H. Harriman was once an enthusiastic stamp collector.

It is contemplated that penny postage between Turkey and England will soon be a reality.

H. M. Clark, the enterprising young stamp dealer of Chicago, has embarked into the auction sale business.

At the suggestion of Ray Starkweather we have decided to offer the regular packet of stamps to the one who writes the best essay in not less than 200 or more than 500 words, on either of the following subjects: "Why do I collect stamps?" "Why should I collect stamps?" We must receive your essay within 10 days after you receive your EMBLEM.

The writer has been appointed one of the U. S. representatives of the New Zealand Collectors Exchange, a hustling collectors paper published at Tokomaru, N. Z. An extraordinary offer is made to EMBLEM readers. For 25 cents you can get three insertions of a 36 word advertisement, or you can get your name and address inserted six times in the Post Card Exchange column. In addition the paper will be sent to you for one year. Send for a subscription form, or make remittance to the writer with ad and same will be sent to the publishers.

On The Reviewer's Table.

Scotts Monthly Circular is sent free to those purchasing stamps amounting to \$1.00 or more from the publishers. This number of the Circular is as newsy as ever. Many bargains in the best stamps are printed in this month's Circular.

Redfield's Stamp Weekly is the liveliest, most interesting and up-to-date stamp weekly now being published. The department of New Issues is an important feature that has been added recently. The new issues besides being described fully are illustrated.

Tonga, by Fred J. Melville. This, the seventh book of the series, is the most interesting and authentic of the Melville books from a philatelic standpoint. Tonga is a very hard country to write about, but the way in which Mr. Melville gives the facts and figures, shows that he has studied carefully this minute country, and its postal issues, and he presents the statistics in a very admirable way.

The Philatelic Star is fast improving. It is neatly printed and contains as

much reading matter as some magazines much larger in size. The Imperial Philatelic association has decided to use the Star as their official organ, beginning with the November issue. This arrangement will greatly benefit both the Star and this fast growing society.

Taking into consideration the size, quality, and quantity of reading matter, the New Zealand Collector's Exchange is a very creditable paper. Quite a number of American dealers advertise in the Exchange, evidencing the fact that there is always something doing across the way.

The Philatelic Adviser is a regular visitor to our desk and we hope that it will continue to come, in all of its attractiveness, every month. Only one firm advertises in the Adviser, and that firm is the proprietors of the paper. They offer some exceptional philatelic bargains. Well printed in every detail and containing choice stampie reading, the Adviser is an A1 paper.

We are very glad indeed to note the improvement in Philatelic West, particularly the September. Few, if any mistakes can be found in the reading matter. The class of literature appearing in the West, is of interest to every collector, no matter what hobby he may have.

Philatelic Tribune is another stamp magazine to join the circle of philatelic publications. It will be remembered that Mr. Stanton published the Tribune many years ago, and in republishing it now, he has agreeably surprised many of his old readers, and will no doubt make as great a success of it as he did years ago.

Where to Find It, compiled and published by Henry Jacobs. The things you want to know for that next debate, composition, address, examination, conference or whatever it may be can be found through this compendium of information on all subjects of general interest. This book, now ready for delivery, is designed to make accessible all the material on any subject of investigation or study. Indispensable to writers, teachers, students, librarians, business and professional men. Where to Find It is a very valuable publication, and is one that the reader will appreciate.

We are sorry that the Boy will not be published any more, the October number being the last. In every respect the Boy was a typical boys paper, and gave great promise of being a success, but with the fifth number it concludes publication. All unexpired subscriptions will be filled by a stamp magazine which Mr. Linn will publish soon.

Acknowledged with thanks:

Price List of the stamps of South and Central America from the Bogert & Durbin Co.

Auction catalogue No. 36 from B. L. Voorhees.

Auction Catalogue from J. W. Scott Company.

The Coin and Stamp Guide from the Bogert & Durbin Co. This guide gives a list of United States coins which command a premium over their face value, and a list of U. S. and foreign stamps having a large commercial value together with a list of coin and stamp dealers to whom they may be sold.

In the number of pages the October Stamp Journal is much smaller than the September number, but in reading matter it has much more. A review of philatelic papers by Chas. A. Nast, occupies the first two pages and every page is newsy and up to date. The Stamp Journal is one of the necessities of the king of hobbies—philately. We have never seen the EMBLEM mentioned in the Journal, except when that paper was referred to. Turn about is fair play, friend Nast.

The following papers were received as we went to press, and therefore came too late to receive credit in this issue: The Southern Philatelist, Carters Messenger, Philatelic West.

The Scott Stamp and Coin Co., has favored us with a copy of their 1910 catalogue, intending that we review it. To properly do so, would be a very tedious task; one that only an intellectual genius could undertake. At any rate we shall do our best to give this popular publication due credit and consideration and shall express our thoughts in the plainest manner. Probably the most important change in this, the sixty-ninth edition, is the upward advance of prices. Thousands of quotations have been revised, and in nearly every case, the tendency is to be higher. As is well known, and has been for years past, prices in the Scott Catalogue are based on fine condition, especially when rare stamps are considered. We are not surprised that the private perforation varieties in recent U. S. stamps were excluded; also that the Aguinaldo stamps were not recognized. Provisional surcharges, errors, etc., not actually sold to the public for postal use are also excluded from the 1910 edition. Local stamps of the United States and China, formerly in the general catalogue are now separate and will be sent to anyone who fills out the blank enclosed in the catalogue and sends same to the publishers. For the benefit of those who have nev-

Free 45 post cards with 6 mos. subscription at 25c to Nebraska's largest, oldest 100 page mo. magazine on stamps, coins, post cards, curios, relics, minerals and old books. Official organ of largest and oldest clubs, societies for collectors. Special trial offer 3 mos., and 12 post cards for Ten Cents. Sample copy free.

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The C. M. A. HERALD.

An independent paper, printed for the information of its readers and for the C. M. A. Short interesting news items, always welcomed. Subscription, price 25 cents per year.

Burt Foote, Anna, Ohio.

CARTER'S MONTHLY RECORD.

(known as "C.M.R.")

The circulation amongst stamp and Post Card Collectors alone is marvelous of itself, reaching from Sun to Sun. No other British paper published exclusively for Collectors, designed to compete with the "C.M.R." in regard to circulation.

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M. G. WATKINS & BROS., Publishers,
2368 Magnolia Ave. Chicago, Ill.

er possessed a Scott's Catalogue, we will briefly describe it. Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue gives the date of the issue, color, shape, and value of every postage stamp that has ever been issued by any government in the world. With illustrations of nearly every type of stamp, and giving the price at which most of them may be purchased, used or unused, of the Scott Stamp & Coin Co. Alphabetically arranged tables of technical terms used in philatelic catalogues, and hints for collectors may be found in the first pages of the book. Fully illustrated, containing over 800 pages, and excellently bound in white cloth, the 1910 edition is, we think, by far the best ever issued by the Scott Stamp and Coin Co.

J. W. Scott's Best Postage Stamp Album.

We have just received from the J. W. Scott Co., one of their best stamp albums, and so pleased are we with it, that we shall review it in the hopes that some of our readers will follow our example and purchase a copy. To say that the J. W. Scott's best album is better than any other album ever made is an axiom well known to all old collectors, but as new amateurs are joining the philatelic ranks every day, it may be worth while to state the salient characteristics of the book, which makes it better than its competitors: First—It does not contain spaces for the different watermarks, because the retention of watermarks spoils any printed book for the following reasons: a collection containing all these varieties (which cannot be seen except by removing the stamps from the book) would consist of upwards of forty thousand stamps and would be worth one hundred thousand dollars. Such a collection can only be properly kept in a series of blank books. To put three or four thousand stamps in an album that provides spaces for watermarks is simply to lose them, for no dealer and few of your friends will take the time necessary to turn over all of the pages to find the stamps. Whereas, in an album that only contains spaces for the differences in stamps that can be seen, a collection of a few thousand makes a beautiful and interesting collection. Such an album is the one we have before us—J. W. Scott's Best. To give all the advantages of this album and style of collection would occupy many columns. Second—It is on better paper than the average album. Third—The printing is in the highest style of the art. Fourth—It contains spaces for all the stamps issued up to the day of going to press. Fifth—Ample space is pro-

vided for all stamps, and most countries that are still issuing stamps have blank spaces for new issues at the end. Sixth—It is excellently bound in brown cloth, with every other page in it blank. This feature should not be overlooked. In another album whose pages are printed on both sides, stamps are often torn and mutilated by catching the stamp on the opposite page, in its perforations. This is a source of annoyance to the collector who cares. This album with every other page blank overcomes this difficulty. Scott's Best is the most instructive album that we have ever seen. Without a single stamp in it it is very interesting and instructive. On the first page devoted to each country, will be found a space for the flag and coat of arms of that country. A map of the country is also shown, together with facts concerning its location and population. The pleasure obtained in remounting our collection was, we thought, worth more than the price invested in the new album. This album will be sent to anyone for four dollars. Having one ourselves, we know what it is, and we heartily recommend it to our readers. It is an excellent book—one that you can keep, and feel proud that your collection is contained therein. Let your next album be a J. W. Scott's Best. Take our word for it, it's a beauty.

Ireland Must Catch Up.

The Limerick chamber of commerce has approved a resolution making Greenwich time the standard for the entire United Kingdom. Now Ireland is 25 minutes behind London.

First American Post Route.

The first post route in the United States was established in 1672. It was between New York and Boston, and the schedule was once a month. Today the yearly cost of mail transportation on our railroads alone is about \$45,000,000. The railway postoffice lines cover 208,484 miles and employ over 15,000 officers and clerks.

Butter from Denmark.

Denmark exports to Great Britain over \$48,600,000 worth of butter yearly. Dairying in Denmark is mainly co-operative. In 1907 the 1,085 associations had 138,170 members, bound as a rule to the enterprise for ten years. The creameries in 1908 numbered 1,345.

Australia Exports Rabbits.

Australia has turned her pest into a profitable industry. During the last five years 14,433,000 frozen rabbits have been exported from Victoria, principally to England; also 96,242,000 skins, while 5,000,000 skins went into local consumption, making a total of 103,242,000 skins.

HE'S WITH US AGAIN.



"Didn't I hear you complaining a little while ago about the way the cold weather was hanging on?"

"I dunno. Whew, but it's hot! Confound it, I wish we could ever have a good old-fashioned winter again."

APPROPRIATE.



Elsie—I got first prize at cooking school last term.

Peggie—What was it?

Elsie—A beautiful book: "First Aid to the Injured."

"Blind Tigers" Even in China.

For retailing intoxicating liquors without a license at 389 Chapoo road on the 29th instant, F. Zimburg was fined ten francs at the French consular court yesterday. He was also ordered to take out a license or close his establishment at once.—Shanghai Times.

An Inference.

"This earth is growing better every day," said the optimist. "Don't bother me," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "I am figuring on buying some real estate." "Then you don't agree with me?" "I don't know. It ought to be growing better. It is certainly growing more expensive."

SHOCKING.



Gwendolyn—You say George is a clerk in a corset shop; doing what?
Trixie—Adding figures.

Midnight's Mistletoe Bough

By Delta Marteen Eugones

GOOD mawnin', Mist' Robert! Fine Christmas weather, sah! Fine Chris—fine—" Cameron bluntly ignored the cheerful greeting and the newspaper which Midnight, the colored newsboy, held out for him, and walked on briskly down the street, his gaze directed toward the pavement. He hurried, absent mindedly, to the elevated station, and as he neared the steps stopped suddenly, bought a paper from a newsstand close by, and then ran up to catch a train that was thundering up to the platform.

Midnight tumbled back against his newsstand, a queer expression of bewilderment and sadness spreading over his face.

"Dat's de firs' time dat Mist' Cam'ron evah done buy a papah from somebody else," he soliloquized, a lump gathering in his throat. "Dat's de firs' time he eyah pass mah place widout sayin' 'Good mawnin'.' He ain't nevah got no kiek an' no complaint t' make t' me. Dat's de firs' time Ah evah see him go bustin' by like dat an' so cogitatin' he ain't lookin' whar he gwine. Dah am sholy somethin' de mattah."

All the rest of the day Midnight was in a sort of a trance. He watched the elevated stairway from early afternoon for the return of Cameron. His faithful vigil was rewarded when the young lawyer walked wearily down the steps. Midnight watched his every move jealously to see whether he purchased an afternoon paper from his rivals. Cameron stopped at the little negro's stand.

"Good evening, Midnight," he said, languidly.

"Merry Christmas, Mist' Cam'ron. De world am treatin' me fine as silk, an' Ah ain't got no complaint t' make t' no one," returned the boy, bravely, concealing the anxiety that had been overshadowing him all day.

"Yas, sah," said the lad aloud to himself after Cameron had passed on toward his home, "dah am sholy somethin' de mattah—but it ain't me!"

Midnight closed his shop that night in a happy frame of mind and wandered off toward his home, whistling. He was around bright and early the next day, and when Cameron came along on his way to his office made it a particular point to see that he was not overlooked.

"Mawnin', Mist' Cam'ron. Ah hopes you all is feelin' fine dis bris'ly

JUST THE PLACE.



The Artist—I have some pictures of hens I would like to submit to your paper.

The Editor—Just put 'em in the basket; they will lay there.

Lived with Broken Back.

Having survived for 52 years with his spine broken but the spinal cord intact, Joseph Alcock, who was well known to summer visitors in his donkey chaise on the Parade at Yarmouth, England, died recently at the age of 72. The gallop of a wherry came down with a run and broke his back when he was 20.

Innocent.

"Clifford," asked the teacher, "who wrote the Junius letters?" "I—I don't know, ma'am," answered the terrified little boy. "I didn't!"

What Santa Brought

By W. D. Nesbit



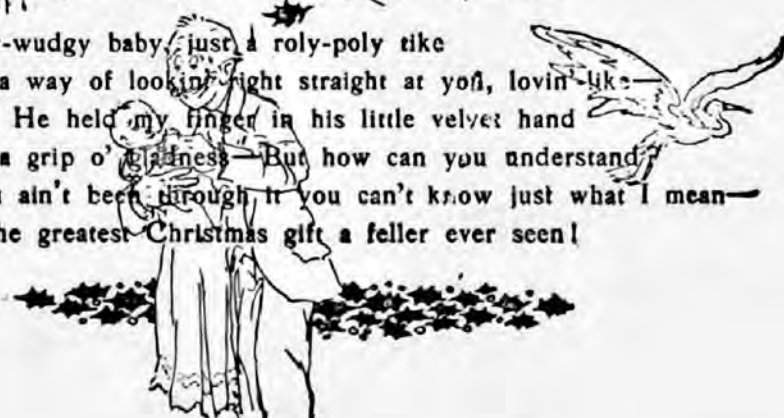
Got the greatest Christmas gift a feller ever seen!
Haven't felt as tickled since the day I's seventeen
When I got my long pants suit an' strutted round the town
Lordin' it among th' boys that looked on with a frown—
'Twasn't in a stockin' an' it wasn't on a tree,
But it was a dandy gift that Santa brought to me!

Give you twenty guesses, an' you couldn't guess it right—
Bet you couldn't guess it if you tried from now to night!
Come on Christmas mornin', I was waitin' in the hall—
Couldn't shut my eyes in sleep since Christmas Eve at all.
Lord! I had the fidgets like I use to long ago
When I'd watch for Santa in the boy-days, don't you know!

No, it wasn't slippers, nor an auto, nor a tie—
'Tisn't any jimcrack thing that you can go an' buy!
Ain't another like it in the whole endurin' earth.
What? Why, I can't tell you how much money it is worth!
Just the thing I wanted, an' I simply want to say
It's the finest present ever come on Christmas day.

Doctorupted to me, an' he says: "I wish you joy—
It's a Christmas baby—you're the daddy of a boy!"
Now, ain't that a present! Can you beat it in your life?
Isn't this a Christmas Day for me an' boy an' wife?
Bet the angels left him when they come to sing again
In their joyful chorus tellin' of good will to men.

Pudgy-wudgy baby, just a roly-poly tike
With a way of lookin' right straight at you, lovin' like—
Say! He held my finger in his little velvet hand
With a grip o' gladness—But how can you understand?
If you ain't been through it you can't know just what I mean—
Got the greatest Christmas gift a feller ever seen!



mawnin'."

"Pretty well, thank you, Midnight."

"Dat 'Pretty well, thank you,' sound' like 'Pretty bum, thank you,'" mused the boy after the young man had gone on.

Hours later, when the flying snow was painting the dusk a speckled black, Cameron came back along the sidewalk more slowly and uncertainly than ever. It was Christmas eve, and Midnight felt at peace with all the world. People were flying past, their arms laden with presents, and all anxious to be home. As he stood in a sheltered corner of his booth, counting up his profits of the day, he called to Cameron:

"Mist' Cam'ron, Ah got a Chris'mus present fo' yo' motha. Ah wan's t' ax you ef you will come 'roun' in de mawnin' an' be de firs' pussen t' buy a Chris'mas paper—it's good luck fo' me, you know. Why, Mist' Cam'ron!" suddenly exclaimed the lad as the young man came under the light, "am you sick? Yo' face am white as a ghos' an' you wa'k like you done git dis grip what ev'ryone ta'kin' bout. Mist' Brown, 'cross de street hyar, he git it; Mist' Simpkins, up at de cornah, Lordy, he git de misery so he stay in de house an' dat lobely Miss Willoughby—you know de one Ah mean—Miss Helen Willoughby—not dat sister—she come 'long dis ebenin' an' dough she smilin' an' happy like, Ah know she mus' git it, too—dat mus' be why she ain't wa'k down de street wid you t'day an' yestiddy."

"Yes—I—I—I—guess she must be feeling a little under the weather,"

said Cameron, as he turned away

"Dat's powerful funny," said Midnight, when he was alone again. "Dey's somethin' wrong hyah, suah, an' it ain' no medicine sickness, nohow. Dat Mist' Cam'ron am a mighty smaht man, but he am sholy a fool pussen t' be zasperated wid dat lobely Miss Willoughby, an' she so nice an' pretty, too."

"Merry Christmas, Midnight!" exclaimed a musical voice at the boy's elbow, and the lad almost fell backward as he turned and looked into the smiling face of a young girl, fair-haired, blue-gray eyed and dainty.

"Why—why—good ebenin', Miss Willoughby. Merry Christmas. Skuse me fo' not seein' you, but ah done fo'got my manna's, Ah guess, fo' de time bein'. Ah was jus' thinkin' 'bout de fo'ks ob mah fambyl."

"Why, Midnight, you never told us about your folks as long as you have been serving papers at our house. Are your folks alive?"

"Jus' mah ole gran'mammy, an' she lib wid some ole fr'ens ob de fambyl, an' Ah sen's her de money dat she need t' lib on. Ah ain' had no daddy an' no mammy fo' de longes' time, 'cause dey bofe froze t' def in de bluzard what come 'long 'bout six year ago."

"How did you ever happen to come

here?"

"Mist' Cam'ron done brought me hyar. You see, mah mammy been a cook an' mah mammy's slster a nurse in Mist' Cam'ron's fambyl fo' near 30 year, an' when Mist' Cam'ron come hyar mammy ax him t' git me a 'ob some day an' den he sen' fo' me. He try me fo' a cook, but Ah guess Ah'm a pretty bad cook—ennyway Mist' Cam'ron he say one day why not staht a news-stan' an' he give me de money—an' dat's all de hist'ry what is 'bout me—but, Miss Willoughby, Ah'm glad you come long to-night, 'cause Ah got a Chrismus present fo' you—some mistletoe, a fine big branch what mah gran'mammy sen's up from Marylan'—git it offen de trees right in de swamp back o' de shanty. Ah wan's t' ax you ef yo' will please be so good



Half Unconsciously the Two Young Persons Reached for the Bough.

an' kin' as t' come 'roun' in nde mawnin' an' buy de firs' paper, 'cause it means good luck, you know."

"Why, it will be a pleasure, Midnight, not only to bring good luck to you, but to get the mistletoe."

Hardly had the Christmas horns blown their first greetings of the day when Midnight saw two figures coming down the street from different directions. One was Cameron, walking slowly along the main thoroughfare, and the other was Miss Willoughby.

"Merry Chrismus!" called Midnight, even before the young lawyer had reached the stand. "Ah hopes you is feelin' bettah dis mawnin'."

"Thank you, Midnight; I feel all right. Here hurry up with that mistletoe and give me that first paper you wanted me to buy," he added, quickly, as he glanced up the street

and saw Miss Willoughby ing briskly.

"Ah—Ah—Ah—dcan know jes' wha' Ah did wid dat mistientoe—ain' Ahone fool niggah? Ah put it right hyar, under dis shelf' jes' two minutes ago, but Ah can't find it," he replied, rummaging nervously among a pile of papers underneath the top shelf.

"Merry Christmas!" called another voice, and Midnight raised his head and smiled into the face of Miss Willoughby, who stood at the other end of the stand, taking great pains not to see Cameron, who was striving equally to avoid her.

"Where is that mistletoe you wanted me to have, Midnight? You see, I got up very eary to be the first one here, and you know you promised it to me."

"Well, ef dat ain' de funnies' thing," replied Midnight, laughing mischievously. "Ah sholy had two fine pieces ob dat misletoe right hyar, but Ah can't fin' 'em t' save mah soul. Ah done promise dis t' you, Miss Willoughby, an' deed Ah done promise it t' you, Mist' Cam'ron, fo' yo' motha, an' Ah sholy doan know what t' do 'bout it. Ah can't bus' it in two."

Half unconsciously the two young persons reached for the bough, then hesitated.

"Why, of course, let Mr. Cameron have it for him mother," spoke up Miss Willoughby.

"Give it to Miss Willoughby," said Cameron. "Perhaps you will find the other piece after awhile."

"Ah'll give it t' Miss Willoughby ef Mist' Cam'ron'll tote it home fo' de lady."

The girl glanced at Cameron, and in another moment the young couple were walking away from the stand carrying the bunch of mistletoe between them. Midnight grinned as he leaned against his stand and commented:

"Ah guess Ah'll take dis otha piece right straight up t' Mrs. Cam'ron mahself, 'cause Ah know dat piece ob mistletoe ain' nevah gwine t' leave Miss Willoughby's house ef Mist' Cam'ron kin he'p it."

The Christmas Spirit.

Nearer and closer to our hearts be the Christmas spirit, which is the spirit of active usefulness, perseverance, cheerful discharge of duty, kindness and forbearance. It is in the last virtues especially that we are, or should be, strengthened by the unaccomplished visions of our youth; for who shall say that they are not our teachers to deal gently even with the impalpable nothings of the earth! Therefore, as we grow older, let us be more thankful that the circle of our Christmas associations and of the lessons that they bring, expands! Let us welcome every one of them and summon them to take their places by the Christmas hearth.—Charles Dickens.

By the Author of
The House
of a
Thousand
Candles

The Little
Brown Jug
at **Kildare**

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON

A story that's original, new and
different from anything you've
ever read.

TO BE PUBLISHED IN
THIS PAPER

Moonshine and mystery, love
and laughter are the keywords
of this story. Take a sip of the
opening chapter and you'll drain it
to the last draughts of the final
installment.

WATCH FOR IT

The O. M. A. EMBLEM

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Table of Contents

Oliver G. Beardslee -

Front Cover



Miscellaneous.



The Little Brown Jug at Kildare - -

Meredith Nicholson 3

Disciplining a Janitor - -

Short Story 8

The Onlooker - -

Wilbur D. Nesbit 9

Halley's Comet - -

Dr. Ephriam Miller 10

I. O. C. M. A. News and Notes - -

11

The Stamp Collector - -

Julian T. Baber 14



Verse.



Among the Hills - -

Edward Lifka 13

The C. M. A. Emblem.

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Volume II

FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1910.

Number 10

The LITTLE BROWN JUG at KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CHAPTER I.

Two Gentlemen Say Good-By.

"If anything really interesting should happen to me I think I should drop dead," declared Ardmore as he stood talking to Griswold in the railway station at Atlanta. "I entered upon this life under false pretenses, thinking that money would make the game easy, but here I am, 27 years old, stalled at the end of a blind alley, with no light ahead; and to be quite frank, old man, I don't believe you have the advantage of me. What's the matter with us, anyhow?"

"The mistake we make," replied Griswold, "is in failing to seize opportunities when they offer. You and I have talked ourselves hoarse a thousand times planning schemes we never pull off. We are cursed with indecision, that's the trouble with us. We never see the handwriting on the wall, or if we do, it's just a streak of hieroglyphics, and we don't know what it means until we read about it in the newspapers. But I thought you were satisfied with the thrills you got running as a reform candidate for alderman in New York last year. It was a large stage and the limelight struck you pretty often. Didn't you get enough? No doubt they'd be glad to run you again."

Ardmore glanced hastily about and laid his hand heavily on his friend's shoulder.

"Don't mention it—don't think of it! No more politics in mine. The world may go hang if it waits for me to set it right. What I want is something

different, a real adventure—something with spice in it. I have bought everything money can buy, and now I'm looking for something that can't be tagged with a price."

"There's your yacht and the open sea," suggested Griswold.

"Sick of it! Sick to death of it!"

"You're difficult, old man, and mighty hard to please. Why don't you turn explorer and go in for the south pole?"

"Perfectly bully! I've thought of it a lot, but I want to be sure I've cleaned up everything else first. It's always up there waiting—on ice, so to speak—but when it's done once there will be nothing left. I want to save that for the last call."

"You said about the same thing when we talked of Tibet that first evening we met at the University club, and now the Grand Lama sings in all the phonographs, and for a penny you can see him in a kinetoscope, eating his luncheon. I remember very well that night. We were facing each other at a writing-table, and you looked up timidly from your letter and asked me whether there were two g's in aggravate, and I answered that it depended on the meaning—one g for a mild case, two for a severe one—and you laughed and we began talking. Then we found out how lonesome we both were, and you asked me to dinner, and then took me to that big house of yours up there in Fifth avenue and showed me the pictures in your art gallery, and we found out that we needed each other."

"Yes, I had needed you all right!"

And Ardmore sniffed dolefully, and complained of the smoke that was drifting in upon them from the train sheds. "I wish you wouldn't always be leaving me. You ought to give up your job and amuse me. You're the only chap I know who doesn't talk horse or automobile or yacht, or who doesn't want to spend whole evenings discussing champagne vintages; but you're too good a man to be wasted on a college professorship. Better let me endow an institution that will make you president—there might be something in that."

"It would make me too prominent, so that when we really make up our minds to go in for adventures I should be embarrassed by my high position. As a mere lecturer on "The Libeling of Sunkers Ships" in a law school, I'm the most obscure person in the world. And for another thing, we couldn't risk the scandal of tainted money. It would be nasty to have your great-grandfather's whisky deals with the Mohawk Indians chanted in a college yell."

The crowd surged past them to the Washington express, and a waiting porter picked up Griswold's bags.

"Wish you wouldn't go. I have three hours to wait," said Ardmore, looking at his watch, "and the only Atlanta man I know is out of town."

"What did you say you were going to New Orleans for?" demanded Griswold, taking out his ticket and moving toward the gate. "I thought you exhausted the Creole restaurants long ago."

"The fact is," faltered Ardmore, coloring, "I'm looking for some one."

"Out with it—out with it!" commanded his friend.

"I'm looking for a girl I saw from a car window day before yesterday. I had started north, and my train stopped to let a south-bound train pass somewhere in North Carolina. The girl was on the south-bound sleeper, and her window was opposite mine. She put aside the magazine she was reading and looked me over rather coolly."

"And you glanced carelessly in the opposite direction and pulled down your shade, of course, like the well-bred man you are—" interrupted Gris-

would, holding fast to Ardmore's arm as they walked down the platform.

"I did no such thing. I looked at her and she looked at me. And then my train started—"

"Well, trains have a way of starting. Does the romance end here?"

"Then, just at the last moment, she winked at me!"

"It was a cinder, Ardy. The use of soft coal on railways is one of the saddest facts of American transportation. I need hardly remind you, Mr. Ardmore, that nice girls don't wink at strange young men. It isn't done!"

"I would have you know, professor, that this girl is a lady."

"Don't be so irritable, and let me summarize briefly on your own hypothesis: You stared at a strange girl and she winked at you, safe in the consciousness that she would never see you again. And now you are going to New Orleans to look for her. She will probably meet you at the station, with her bridesmaids and wedding cake all ready for you. And you think this will lead to an adventure—you defer finding the pole for this—for this? Poor Ardy! But did she toss her card from the window? Why New Orleans? Why not Minneapolis, or Bangor, Me.?"

"I'm not an ass, Grissy. I caught the name of the sleeper—you know they're all named, like yachts and tall buildings—the name of her car was the Alexandra. I asked our conductor where it was bound for, and he said it was the New Orleans car. So I took the first train back, ran into you here, and that's the whole story to date."

"I admire your spirit. New Orleans is much pleasanter than the polar ice, and a girl with a winking eye isn't to be overlooked in this vale of tears. What did this alleviating balm for tired eyes look like, if you remember anything besides the wicked wink?"

"She was bareheaded, and her hair was wonderfully light and fluffy, and it was parted in the middle and tied behind with a black ribbon in a great bow. She rested her cheek on her hand—her elbow on the window-sill, you know—and she smiled a little as the car moved off, and winked—do you understand? Her eyes were blue, Grissy, big and blue—and she was perfectly stunning."

"There are winks and winks, Ardy," observed Griswold with a judicial air. "There is the wink inadvertent, to which no meaning can be attached. There is the wink deceptive, usually given behind the back of a third person, and a vulgar thing which we will not associate with your girl of the Alexandra. And then, to be brief, there is the wink of mischief, which is observed occasionally in persons of exceptional bringing up. There are moments in the lives of all of us when we lose our grip on conventions—on morality, even. The psychology of this matter is very subtle. Here you are, a gentleman of austere cor-

rect life; here is a delightful girl, on whom you flash in an out-of-the-way corner of the world. And she, not wholly displeased by the frank admiration in your eyes—for you may as well concede that you stared at her—"

"Well, I suppose I did look at her," admitted Ardmore, reluctantly.

"Pardonably, no doubt, just as you would look at a portrait in a picture gallery, of course. This boarding-school miss, who had never before lapsed from absolute propriety, felt the conventional world crumble beneath her as the train started. She could no more have resisted the temptation to wink than she could have refused a caramel or an invitation to appear as best girl at a church wedding. Thus wireless communication is established between soul and soul for an instant only, and then you are cut off forever. Perhaps, in the next world, Ardy—"

Griswold and Ardmore had often idealized themselves as hopeless pursuers of the elusive, the unattainable, the impossible; or at least Ardmore had, and Griswold had entered into the spirit of this sort of thing for the joy it gave Ardmore. They had discussed frequently the call of soul to soul—the quick glance passing between perfect strangers in crowded thoroughfares, and had fruitlessly speculated as to their proper course in the event the call seemed imperative. A glance of the eye is one thing, but it is quite another to address a stranger and offer eternal friendship. The two had agreed that, while, soul-call or no soul-call, a gentleman must keep clear of steamer flirtations, and avoid even the most casual remarks to strange young women in any circumstances, a gentleman of breeding and character may nevertheless follow the world's long trails in search of a never-to-be-forgotten face.

The fact is that Ardmore was exceedingly shy, and a considerable experience of fashionable society had not diminished this shortcoming. Griswold, on the other hand, had the Virginian's natural social instinct, but he suffered from a widely-diffused impression that much learning had made him either indifferent or extremely critical where women are concerned.

Ardmore shrugged his shoulders and fumbled in his coat pockets as though searching for ideas. An austere composure marked his countenance at all times, and emphasized the real distinction of his clean-cut features. His way of tilting back his head and staring dreamily into vacancy had established for him a reputation for stupidity that was wholly undeserved.

"Please limit the discussion to the present world, professor."

When Ardmore was displeased with Griswold he called him professor, in a withering tone that disposed of the academic life.

"We shall limit it to New Orleans or the universe, as you like."

"I'm disappointed in you, Grissy.

You don't take this matter in the proper spirit. I'm going to find that girl, I tell you."

"I want you to find her, Ardy, and throw yourself at her feet. Be it far from me to deprive you of the joy of search. I thoroughly admire your resolute spirit. It smacks of the old heroic times. Nor can I conceal from you my consuming envy. If a girl should flatter me with a wink I should follow her thrice round the world. She should not elude me anywhere in the Copernican system. If it were not the nobler part for you to pursue alone, I should forsake my professorship and buckle on my armor and follow your standard—"

With the winking eye
For my battle-cry."

And Griswold hummed the words, beating time with his stick, much to Ardmore's annoyance.

"In my ignorance," Griswold continued, "I recall but one allusion to the wink in immortal song. If my memory serves me, it is no less a soul than Browning who sings:

All heaven, meanwhile, condensed into
one eye
Which fears to lose the wonder, should
it wink."

You seem worried, Ardy. Does the wink press so heavily, or what's the matter?"

"The fact is, I'm in trouble. My sister says I've got to marry."

"Which sister?"

"Mrs. Atchison. You know Nellie? She's a nice girl and she's a good sister to me, but she's running me too hard on this marrying business. She's going to bring a bunch of girls down to Ardsley in a few days, and she says she'll stay until I make a choice."

Griswold whistled.

"Then, as we say in literary circles, you're up against it. No wonder you're beginning to take notice of the frolicsome boarding-school girl who winks at the world. I believe I'd rather take chances myself with that amiable sort than marry into your Newport transatlantic set."

"Well, one thing's certain, Grissy. You've got to come to Ardsley and help me out while those people are there. Nellie likes you; she thinks you're terribly intellectual and all that, and if you'll throw in a word now and then, why—"

"Why, I may be able to protect you from the crafts and assaults of your sister. You seem to forget, Ardy, that I'm not one of your American leisure class. I'm always delighted to meet Mrs. Atchison, but I'm a person of occupations. I have a consultation in Richmond to-morrow, then me for Charlottesville. We have examinations coming on, and, while I like to play with you, I've positively got to work."

"Not if I endow all the chairs in the university! You've not only got to come, but you're going to be there the day they arrive."

Thomas Ardmore of New York and Ardsley struck his heavy stick—he always carried a heavy stick—smartly on the cement platform in the stress

of his feeling. He was much shorter than Griswold, to whom he was deeply attached—for whom he had, indeed, the frank admiration of a small boy for a big brother. He sometimes wondered how fully Griswold entered into the projects of adventure which he, in his supreme idleness, planned and proposed; but he himself had never been quite ready to mount horse or shake out sail, and what Griswold had said about indecision rankled in his heart. He was sorry now that he had told of this new enterprise to which he had pledged himself, but he grew lenient toward Griswold's lack of sympathy as he reflected that the quest of a winking girl was rather beneath the dignity of a gentleman wedded not merely to the law, but to the austere teaching profession as well. In his heart he forgave Griswold, but he was all the more resolved to address himself stubbornly to his pursuit of the deity of the car Alexandra, for only by finding her could he establish himself in Griswold's eyes as a man of action, capable of carrying through a scheme requiring cleverness and tact.

Ardmore was almost painfully rich, but the usual diversions of the wealthy did not appeal to him, and, having exhausted foreign travel, he spent much time on his estate in the North Carolina hills, where he could ride all day on his own land, and where he read prodigiously in a huge library that he had assembled with special reference to works on piracy, a subject that had attracted him from early youth.

It was this hobby that had sealed his friendship with Griswold, who had relinquished the practice of law, after a brilliant start in his native city of Richmond, to accept the associate professorship of admiralty in the law department of the University of Virginia. Marine law had a particular fascination for Griswold from its essentially romantic character. As a law student he had read all the decisions in admiralty that the libraries afforded, and, though faithfully serving the university, he still occasionally accepted retainers in admiralty cases of unusual importance. His lectures were constantly attended by students in other departments of the university for sheer pleasure in Griswold's racy and entertaining exposition of the laws touching the libeling of schooners and the recovery of jettisoned cargoes. Henry Maine Griswold was tall, slender and dark, and he hovered recklessly, as he might have put it, on the brink of thirty. He stroked his thin brown mustache habitually, as though to hide the smile that played about his humorous mouth—a smile that lay even more obscurely in his fine brown eyes. He did violence to the academic traditions by dressing with metropolitan care, gray being his prevailing note, though his scarfs ventured upon bold color schemes that interested his students almost as much as his lectures.

The darkest fact of his life—and one shared with none—was his experiments in verse. From his undergraduate days he had written occasionally a little song, quite for his own pleasure in versifying, and to a little sheaf of these things in manuscript he still added a few verses now and then.

"Don't worry, Ardy," he was saying to his friend as "all aboard" was called, "and don't be reckless. When you get through looking for the winking eye, come up to Charlottesville and we'll plan 'The True Life of Capt. Kidd' that is some day going to make us famous."

"I'll wire you later," replied Ardmore, clinging to his friend's hand a moment after the train began to move. Griswold leaned out of the vestibule to wave a last farewell to Ardmore, and something very kind and gentle and good to see shone in the lawyer's eyes. He went into the car smiling, for he called Ardmore his best friend, and he was amused by his last words, which were always Ardmore's last in their partings, and



"I've Positively Got to Work..."

were followed usually by telegrams about the most preposterous things, or suggestions for romantic adventures, or some new hypothesis touching Capt. Kidd and his buried treasure. Ardmore never wrote letters; he always telegraphed, and he enjoyed filing long, mysterious and expensive messages with telegraph operators in obscure places where a scrupulous ten words was the frugal limit.

Griswold lighted a cigar and opened the afternoon Atlanta papers in the smoking compartment. His eye was caught at once by imperative headlines. It is not too much to say that the eye of the continent was arrested that evening by the amazing disclosure, now tardily reaching the public, that something unusual had occurred at the annual meeting of the Cotton Planters' association at New Orleans on the previous day. Every copy-reader and editor, every paragrapher

on every newspaper in the land had smiled and reached for a fresh pencil as a preliminary bulletin announced the passing of harsh words between the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina. It may as well be acknowledged here that just what really happened at the Cotton Planters' convention will never be known, for this particular meeting was held behind closed doors, and as the two governors were honored guests of the association, no member has ever breathed a word touching an incident that all most sincerely deplored. Indeed, no hint of it would ever have reached the public had it not been that both gentlemen hurriedly left the convention hall, refused to keep their appointments to speak at the banquet that followed the business meetings, and were reported to have taken the first trains for their respective capitals. It was whispered by a few persons that the governor of South Carolina had taken a fling at the authenticity of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence; it was rumored in other quarters that the governor of North Carolina was the aggressor, he having—it was said—declared that a people (meaning the freemen of the commonwealth of South Carolina) who were not intelligent enough to raise their own hay, and who, moreover, bought that article in Ohio, were not worth the ground necessary for their decent interment. It is not the purpose of this chronicle either to seek the truth of what passed between the two governors at New Orleans, or to discuss the points of history and agriculture raised in the statements just indicated. As every one knows, the 20th of May (or was it the 31st!), 1775, is solemnly observed in North Carolina as the day on which the patriots of Mecklenburg county severed the relations theretofore existing between them and his majesty, King George the Third. Equally well known is the fact that in South Carolina it is an article of religious faith that on that twentieth day of May, 1775, the citizens of Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, cheered the English flag and adopted resolutions reaffirming their ancient allegiance to the British crown. This controversy and the inadequacy of the South Carolina hay crop must be passed on to the pamphleteers, with such other vexed questions as Andrew Jackson's birthplace—more debated than Homer's and not to be carelessly conceded to the strutting sons of Waxhaw.

Griswold read of the New Orleans incident with a smile, while several fellow-passengers discussed it in a tone of banter. One of them, a gentleman from Mississippi, presently produced a flask, which he offered to the others, remarking: "As the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina," which was, to be sure, pertinent to the hour and the discussion, and bristling with fresh significance.

"They were both in Atlanta this morning," said the man with the flask, "and they would have been traveling together on this train if they hadn't met in the ticket office and nearly exploded with rage."

The speaker was suddenly overcome with his own humor, and slapped his knee and laughed; then they all laughed, including Griswold.

"One ought to have taken the lower berth and one the upper to make it perfect," observed an Alabama man. "I wonder when they'll get home."

"They'll probably both walk to be sure they don't take the same train," suggested a commercial traveler from Cincinnati, who had just come from New Orleans. "Their friends are doing their best to keep them apart. They both have a reputation for being quick on the trigger."

"Bosh!" exclaimed Griswold. "I dare say it's all a newspaper story. There's no knife-and-pistol nonsense in the south any more. They'll both go home and attend to their business, and that will be the last of it. The people of North Carolina ought to be proud of Dangerfield; he's one of the best governors they ever had. And Osborne is a first-class man, too, one of the old Palmetto families."

The discussion had begun to bore Griswold, and he went back to his own section, having it in mind to revise a lecture he was preparing on "The Right of Search on the High Seas." It had grown dark, and the car was brilliantly lighted. There were not more than half a dozen other persons in his sleeper, and these were widely scattered. Having taken an inventory of his belongings to be sure they were all at hand, he became conscious of the presence of a young lady in the opposite section. In the seat behind her sat an old colored woman in snowy cap and apron, who was evidently the young lady's servant. Griswold was aware that this dusky duenna bristled and frowned and pursed her lips in the way of her picturesque kind as he glanced at her, as though his presence were an intrusion upon her mistress who sat withdrawn to the extreme corner of her section, seeking its fullest seclusion, with her head against a pillow, and the tips of her suede shoes showing under her gray traveling skirt on the further half of the section. She twirled idly in her fingers a half-opened white rosebud—a fact unimportant in itself, but destined to linger long in Griswold's memory. The pillow afforded the happiest possible background for her brown head, her cheek bright with color, and a profile clear-cut, and just now—an impression due, perhaps, to the slight quiver of her nostrils and the compression of her lips—seemingly disdainful of the world.

The black woman rose and ministered to her mistress, muttering in kind monotone consolatory phrases from which "chile" and "honey" occasionally reached Griswold's ears. The

old mammy produced from a bag several toilet bottles, a fresh handkerchief, a hand mirror and a brush, which she arranged in the empty seat.

"Thank you, Aunt Phoebe, I'm feeling much better. Just let me alone now, please."

The girl put aside the white rose for a moment and breathed deeply of the vinaigrette, whose keen, pungent odor stole across the aisle to Griswold. She bent forward, took up the hand mirror, and brushed the hair away from her forehead with half a dozen light strokes. She touched her handkerchief to the cologne flask, passed it across her eyes, and then took up the rose again and settled back with a little sigh of relief. In her new upright position her gaze rested upon Griswold's newspapers, which he had flung down on the empty half of his section. One of them had fallen open and lay with its outer



"I Reckon Y'u're the Gov'nor, Ain't Y'u?"

page staring with the bold grin of display type.

TWO GOVERNORS AT WAR!
What Did the Governor of North Carolina Say to the Governor of South Carolina?

The color deepened in the girl's face; a slight frown gathered in her smooth forehead; then she called the colored woman and a brief colloquy followed between them. In a moment Griswold was addressed in a tone and manner at once condescending and deferential.

"If yo' please, sub, would yo' all 'low my mistus t' look at yo' newspaperahs?" "Certainly. Take them along."

Griswold noted with surprise the girl's immediate absorption in the telegrams from New Orleans relating to the difficulty between the two governors.

As she read she lost, he thought, something of her splendid color, and at one point in her reading her face went white for a moment, and Griswold saw the paper wrinkle under the tightening grasp of her hands. The

tidings from New Orleans had undoubtedly aroused her indignation. She seemed to lose account of her surroundings, and several times Griswold was quite sure that he heard her half exclaim: "Preposterous! Infamous!"

When she had finished the New Orleans telegrams she cast the offending newspapers from her, then, recalling herself, summoned the black woman, and returned them to Griswold, the dusky agent expressing the elaborate thanks of her race for his courtesy. The girl had utterly ignored Griswold, and she now pulled down the curtain at her elbow with a snap and turned her face away from him.

Prof. Griswold's eyes wandered repeatedly from his manuscript to the car ceiling, then furtively to the uncompromisingly averted shoulder and head of the young lady, then back to his lecture notes, until he was weary of the process.

The alligator-hide suitcase thrust under the seat bore the familiar label of a Swiss hotel where Griswold had once spent a week, and spoke of the girl's acquaintance with an ampler world. When Phoebe had brought it forth the initials "B. O." in small black letters suggested Baltimore & Ohio to Griswold's lazy speculations, whereupon he reflected that while Baltimore was plausible, the black servant eliminated Ohio; and as every Virginian knows every other Virginian, he tried to identify her with Old Dominion family names beginning with O, but without result.

He went out to supper, secured the only remaining table for two, and was giving his order when the young lady appeared. She had donned her hat, and as she stood a moment in the entrance, surveying the line of tables, her distinction was undeniable. There were but two vacant places in the car, one facing Griswold, the other across the aisle at a larger table where three men were engaged in animated discussion. The girl viewed the prospect with evident disappointment as the waiter drew out the vacant chair at Griswold's table. She carried herself bravely, but wore still a triste air that touched Griswold's sympathy. He rose, told the waiter that he would sit at the other table, and the girl murmured her thanks with a forlorn little smile as she took his seat.

The appearance of Griswold aroused the Mississippian to a renewal of the discussion of the New Orleans incident. He was in excellent humor, and had carried to the car a quart bottle, which he pushed toward Griswold:

"As the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina—"

"No, thank you," and as he spoke Griswold's eyes fell upon the girl, and he saw annoyance written fleetingly on her face.

"Well, sir," the Mississippian declared, "after you left us awhile ago

we got to talking about Dangerfield and his trouble with Osborne. There's something back of this rumpus. You see, if they lived in the same state you might account for a fierce rivalry between them. Both of 'em, for example, might have the senatorial bee in their bonnets; but either one of 'em could make the senate any time he pleased. I guess they're the two biggest men in the south right now. They're too big to be touchy about any small matter; that's why I reckon there's something behind this little racket over there at New Orleans. No passing remark would send men off that way, so wild that they wouldn't travel on the same train together. Why, gentlemen—"

"Please pass the salt," interposed Griswold.

The Mississippian enjoyed the sound of his own voice, which boomed out above the noise of the train with broad effects of dialect that these types will not be asked to reproduce. Griswold's eyes had again met those of the girl opposite, and there was, he felt, a look of appeal in them. The discussion distressed her, just as the telegrams from New Orleans in the afternoon papers had distressed her, and Griswold began at once to entertain his table companions with his views on a number of national political issues that were as vital to Arizona or Wyoming as to the Carolinas.

When he went back into the car at 11 o'clock he found the girl and her maid still sitting in their sections, though most of the other berths, including his own, had been made up. The train was slowing down, and, wishing a breath of air before retiring, he went to the rear platform of the sleeper, which was the last of the train. The porter had opened the door in the vestibule to allow the brakeman to run back with his top-edges. The baggage car had developed a hot box, and, jumping out, Griswold saw lanterns flashing ahead where the trainmen labored with the sick wheel. The porter vanished, leaving Griswold alone. The train had stopped at the edge of a small town, whose scattered houses lay darkly against the hills beyond. The

platform lamps of a station shone a quarter of a mile ahead. The feverish steel yielded reluctantly to treatment, and Griswold went forward and watched the men at work for a few minutes, then returned to the end of the train. He swung himself into the vestibule and leaned upon the guard rail, gazing down the track toward the brakeman's lantern. Then he grew impatient at the continued delay and dropped down again, pacing back and forth in the road-bed behind the beamed train. The night was overcast, with hints of rain in the air, and a little way from the rear lights it was pitch dark. Griswold felt sure that the train would not leave without the brakeman, and he was further reassured by the lanterns of the trainmen beside the baggage

car. Suddenly, as he reached the car and turned to retrace his steps, a man sprang up, seemingly from nowhere, and accosted him.

"I reckon y'u're the gov'nor, ain't y'u?"

"Yes, certainly, my man. What can I do for you?" replied Griswold, instantly.

"I reckoned it was y'u when y'u fust come out on the platform. I'm appinted to tell y'u, gov'nor, that if y'u have Bill Appleweight arrested in South Carolina, y'u'll get something one of these days y'u won't like. And if y'u try to find me y'u'll get it quicker. Good night, gov'nor."

"Good night!" stammered Griswold.

The least irony had crept into the word governor as the man uttered it and slipped away into the darkness. The shadows swallowed him up; the frogs in the ditch, beside the track chanted dolorously; then the locomotive whistled for the brakeman, whose lantern was already bobbing toward the train.

As Griswold swung himself into the vestibule the girl who had borrowed his newspapers turned away hurriedly and walked swiftly before him to her section. The porter, who was gathering her things together, said, as she paused in the aisle by her seat:

"Beginnin' to get ready, Miss Osborne. We're gwine into Columbia 30 minutes late all account dat hot box."

Griswold passed on to the smoking compartment and and lighted a cigar. His acquaintances of the supper table had retired, and he was glad to be alone with his thoughts before the train reached Columbia. He dealt harshly with himself for his stupidity in not having associated the girl's perturbation over the breach between the governor of North Carolina and the governor of South Carolina with the initials on her traveling bag; he had been very dull, but it was clear to him now that she was either the daughter or some other near relative of Gov. Osborne. In a few minutes she would leave the train at Columbia, where the governor lived, and, being a gentleman, he would continue on his way to Richmond, and thence to the university, and the incident would be closed. But Griswold was a lawyer, and he had an old-fashioned southern lawyer's respect for the majesty of law. On the spur of curiosity or impulse he had received a threatening message intended for the governor of South Carolina, who, from the manner of the delivery of the message, had been expected on this train. Griswold argued that the man who had spoken to him had been waiting at the little station near which they had stopped, in the hope of seeing the governor; that the waiting messenger had taken advantage of the unexpected halt of the train, and, further, that some suggestion of the governor in his own appearance had deceived the stranger. He felt the least bit guilty at having deceived the man, but it was now clearly his duty to see that the governor was advised

of the threat that had been communicated in so unusual a manner.

He was pondering whether he should do this in person or by letter or telegram, when the rattle of the train over the switch frogs in the Columbia yards brought him to the point of decision.

The porter thrust his head into the compartment.

"Columbia, sah. Yo' berth's all ready, sah. Yo' gwine t' Richmond—yes, sah."

His hands were filled with the young lady's luggage. The lettering on the suit-case seemed, in a way, to appeal to Griswold and to fix his determination.

"Porter! Put my things off. I'll wait here for the morning train."

CHAPTER II.

The Absence of Gov. Osborne.

Griswold spent the night at the Saluda house, Columbia, and rose in the morning with every intention of seeing Gov. Osborne, or some one in authority at his office, as soon as possible and proceeding to Richmond without further delay. As he scanned the morning newspaper at breakfast he read with chagrin this item, prominently head-lined:

"Gov. Osborne, who was expected home from the Cotton Planters' convention yesterday morning, has been unavoidably detained in Atlanta by important personal business. Miss Barbara Osborne arrived last night and proceeded at once to the governor's mansion.

"Several matters of considerable importance await the governor's return. Among these is the matter of dealing with the notorious Bill Appleweight. It is understood that the North Carolina officials are unwilling to arrest Appleweight, though his hiding-place is in the hills on the border near Kildare is well known. Although he runs back and forth across the state line at pleasure, he is a North Carolinian beyond question, and it's about time Gov. Dangerfield took note of the fact. However, the governor of South Carolina may be relied on to

act with his usual high sense of public duty in this matter."

Prof. Griswold was not pleased to learn that the governor was still absent from the capital. He felt that he deserved better luck after the trouble he had taken to warn the governor. It was now Tuesday; he had no further lectures at the university until the following Monday, and after he had taken his bearings of Columbia, where it occurred to him he had not an acquaintance, he walked toward the capitol with a well-formed idea of seeing the governor's private secretary—and, if that person appeared to be worthy of confidence, apprising him of the governor's danger.

It was not yet nine o'clock when he entered the governor's office. He waited in the reception-room, adjoin-

ing the official chamber, but the several desks of the clerical staff remained unoccupied. He chafed a bit as time passed and no one appeared, for his north-bound train left at 11, and he could not fairly be asked to waste the entire day here. He was pacing the floor, expecting one of the clerks to appear at any moment, when a man entered hurriedly, walked to the closed inner door, shook it impatiently, and kicked it angrily as he turned away. He was a short, thick-set man of 35, dressed in blue serge, and his movements were quick and nervous. He growled under his breath and swung round upon Griswold as though to tax him with responsibility for the closed door.

"Has no one been here this morning?" he demanded, glaring at the closed desks.

"If you don't count me I should answer no," replied Griswold quietly.

"Oh!"

The two gentlemen regarded each other for a moment, contemptuous dislike clearly written on the smaller man's face, Griswold half-smiling and indifferent.

"I am waiting for the governor," remarked Griswold, thinking to gain information.

"Then you're likely to wait some time," jerked the other. "The whole place seems to be abandoned. I never saw such a lot of people."

"Not having seen them myself, I must reserve judgment," Griswold remarked, and the blue serge suit flung out of the room.

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the EMBLEM. During the year many other stories by prominent writers will appear in the columns of this paper.

Forget It.

We owe much to our ability to forget. Only for it, education must have made fools of us long ago.—Puck.

Amended.

A fool and his money are soon popular.—Life.

Diamonds Handled by Wholesale.

One Amsterdam factory alone cuts 4,000,000 diamonds every year.

A Fellow Victim.

First Passenger—The more a woman has of her own way the more she wants.

Second Passenger—Shake, stranger, How long have you been married?

Waiting for the Royal Sanction.

Ashe Carte—What do you know, dear boy, about these new trouserettes the papahs are mentioning?

Daubigny—I nevah permit myself to be interested in such things, old chap, until I am reliably informed, don't you know, that the king has decided to wear them.

Disciplining The Janitor

For some time it had been apparent to the Garvins that whenever anything was lost off the dumbwaiter the janitor asked them if they knew what had become of it. The unanimity with which their co-tenants, through the medium of a common agent, applied to them for the restoration of missing property finally became humiliating, and Mr. Garvin said he was going to put a stop to it.

"The next time," he said, "that that fellow Johns calls up here and asks us about Jones' milk or Smith's bread or Brown's cabbages I'm going to squelch him so effectually that he will let anybody run away with the house itself before he'll ask us if we know what has become of it."

Mr. Garvin had an opportunity to pursue his drastic policy with the janitor the very next morning. It was a Sunday morning, and Mr. Garvin, eager for battle, rushed to the dumbwaiter in response to the clarion call from the janitor's speaking tube.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" came the reply from the depths of the basement. "Say, have youse folks seen anything of a basket of aigs from the delicatessen that was left on the dumbwaiter this morning for Mrs. Crosby?"

"No," said Garvin, "we haven't. What do you take us for, anyway? A pack of thieves? When things are lost about the house why don't you go some place else once in a while to look for them? Why do you always come to us?"

"Because," came the unhesitating reply, "you are the only people in the building who never lose anything yourselves."

For a moment Mr. Garvin appeared convinced by this apparently conclusive evidence of his own guilt, but soon his indignation as an injured householder asserted itself and urged him to vindicate his honor.

"The only ones who haven't lost anything, are we?" he retorted. "Well, just let me tell you that is no proof. We have lost things, too."

"You have?" exclaimed the janitor. "You never said anything about it."

Mr. Garvin instituted his system of revenge on the following morning.

"Say, John," he said, "did you see anything of a roll of butter the grocer's boy left this morning?"

"No, sir," floated mildly from the foot of the dumbwaiter shaft.

"That is too bad," said Garvin. "Somebody has swiped it. You had better find out who it was."

"All right," said the janitor; "I'll get it for you."

Before Garvin had finished his

breakfast he was disturbed by a violent whistling and shrieking at the tube and the creaking of the dumbwaiter.

"Hello!" came a sepulchral voice from the basement; "here's your butter."

Mr. Garvin was too much astounded at that unexpected announcement to make reply.

"Well, I'll be blessed!" he said to his wife. "Where do you suppose he got it?"

"What are you going to do with it?" cross-questioned Mrs. Garvin.

"Keep it, I suppose."

"But it isn't ours," she protested. "He must have scared one of our neighbors into giving it up. You had better give it back to return to them."

"Never," said Garvin. "I have started out to teach that fellow a lesson, and I'm going to stick to it. Silence just now is the best policy. To make inquiry of him or neighbors might spoil the game."

In pursuance of his scheme for disciplining the janitor Mr. Garvin during the next few days reported missing a pint of cream, a ten-pound package of granulated sugar, a quart of strawberries and a basket of potatoes, and each time, to the Garvins' increasing amazement, John called up after the lapse of a few minutes:

"All right, sir; here it is."

At last, Mrs. Garvin, being of a superstitious bent, began to read disaster in the janitor's extraordinary obedience.

"I do hope," she said, "that you won't report any more fictitious losses. We'll be guilty of robbing everybody in the house before we get out of this scrape. I am already such a dyed-in-the-wool thief that I am ashamed to look my neighbors in the face."

The day after receiving the mysterious basket of potatoes Mrs. Garvin received the monthly bill from the grocer.

"They've made a mistake," she said, after comparing it with her own itemized list of purchases. "They've charged us with butter, cream, sugar, strawberries and potatoes that I never ordered!"

A Unique School Service.

The little town of Stanley, in the Falkland islands, possesses the most unique school service ever known. Two traveling schoolmasters are provided by the government, who visit the different families where there are children and give instruction. The length of their visit depends in the astuteness of the children, and they may spend days or weeks, as the case may be, at one house alone.

Easily Explained.

Patience—I see Mrs. Styles with her dog quite often, but I never see her with the baby.

Patrice—That's easily explained. You see she named the dog, and the baby was named after her husband's folks.

THE ONLOOKER
WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE TOIL-CHILD

Child of dim and sun-
ken eyes,
You whose hands are
gnarled and thin—
Who claimed you as a
sacrifice?
Who must bear this
weight of sin?
Who has hid from you
the rose
From whose petals
honey drips?
Who, the chiefest of
your foes,
Barred the laughter
from your lips?

Wasted, shambling,
weak and gaunt—
Who has gained that
you have lost?
You that trudge the
Land of Want,
Childhood's borders
never crossed,
Do you still hold in your
heart
Smoldering gleams of
dim desires
For the fairy hills
where start
Magic's mystic signal
fires?

Do you feel as one who
dreams,
Subtle calls from field
and wood,
Luring hails from sing-
ing streams?
Have you never un-
derstood
All the shouts from forest lands
Meant for you, and you alone—
Child of worn and weary hands
Robbed of breath and blood and
bone?

It may be that when the years
Slowly creeping, give release,
Laughter will replace the tears,
You may have your childhood peace;
It may be—Ah, no! It must!
God will bend above you then
Whispering unto your dust:
"Rise, and be a child again!"

Labor-driven girl or boy
Who has thieved your spring of
life?
Who has fished your days of joy
For toll's never-ending strife?
This is sure: That one great day
By the vast eternal sea
Those who thieved will hear him say:
"Ye have done thus unto me!"



its own butter right in the yard, as the strain of quaking aspen will churn the sap perfectly.

Amos Carson, a capitalist of West Wind, O., is reported to be making an effort to combine an electric plant with an ice plant. The local papers look with some amusement at his venture, and comment satirically that certain of the village councilmen will be ready to direct Mr. Carson in his grafting operations incident to the experiment.

Smith Busby of Old Corners, Ill., has a theory that the cantaloupe may be crossed with the wild cucumber vine, thus relieving the producer of the necessity of transporting the cantaloupe to market. He says that all that will be necessary will be for the grower to start the wild-cucumber-cantaloupe vine down the road and it will grow to market before the cantaloupes are ready to pull.

We regret to learn from Mr. Elijah Toots of Gadfly, Ia., that his experiment at crossing radishes and chickweed is unsuccessful. He tells us that the chickweed scratched the radishes out of the patch. He accounts for it in part by the statement that he got the chickweed from his neighbor.

James Mugger, who was conducting some experiments in Georgia, has been attacked and driven from his station by a party of colored people who were holding a camp meeting near him. They learned that he was endeavoring to perfect a watermelon that should be even more tasteless than the ones that are shipped to the north early in June, but it was also their impression that his operations would extend to the whole crop.

Lafayette Skidmore informs us by letter from Yumpoff, Minn., that he has crossed the oyster plant with horseradish, red pepper, the cider apple and mustard, and that this fall he will ship a carload of vegetable oyster cocktails.

Peter Doolittle of Ishpeming, Mich., has spent three years in the effort to produce a variety of corn potato. This summer he says he has succeeded, and that now his potatoes have both eyes and ears.

Fitzmaurice Montmorency DePugh of Lone Hollow, Neb., is still trying to cross the watermelon, Indian turnip and egg plant and raise poached eggs, but he is not much encouraged so far.

James Miggles of Cincinnati tried to cross the street with a watermelon last Friday, but he slipped and fell.

As Willie Figured It.

"Pa," began little Willie.
"Well, son?" asked his father.
"Pa, I've been trying to figure out about a one-eyed man."
"To figure out what, my child?"
"Does a man with one eye sleep only half as much as a man with two?"

Wilbur D. Nesbit

GOOD FOR WILLIE



Willie—Only one boy spelled better'n me to-day, pop.
Pop—How's that, my son?
Willie—We wuz th' only two in th' class.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.



The Lady—Didn't you read that sign out there: "We don't need any help?"
Tattered Tompkins—Yep, dat's de reason I come in.

THE LAW'S DELAY.



Hix—What's the best way to never settle a question?
Dix—Go to law about it.



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Halley's Comet.

By Dr. Ephriam Miller, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, University of Kansas.

The most important astronomical event of the present century is the finding of the celebrated Halley's comet. Professor Max Wolf, of Heidelberg, Germany, found it on a photographic plate that was taken Sept. 11, 1909. As soon as the discovery was made known a hundred telescopes were pointed in the direction of the illustrious visitor.

Since its last appearance in 1835, Halley's comet has travelled millions of miles beyond the orbit of Neptune in the icy cold of space. Now it is coming our way.

It is impossible to see the comet at the present time with the naked eye. But with a good six-inch telescope, or even a three inch glass its position can be traced from night to night. Those who are not fortunate enough to possess a telescope will have to wait until some time in April, before getting a naked eye view of this comet. It will then rise shortly before the sun and rapidly increase in brightness.

At the present the comet is moving towards the west in a direction opposite the motions of all the planets around the sun. On April 19 it will be nearest the sun and will move with its greatest speed in its orbit.

Five days later it will be headed in the direction of the earth but we shall pass by unharmed. At this time, April 24, its motion will be towards the east and so it will continue to move.

On the evening of May 18 our visitor will be within 14,000,000 miles of the earth, after which for a few days it will move among the stars at the rate of 15 degrees per day, equal to one-sixth of the distance from the zenith to the horizon.

On May 19 the comet may be seen as a magnificent object appearing shortly after sunset. It will get higher and higher up in the western sky each succeeding day.

It will probably travel across the face of the sun but there is no danger of it striking either the earth or the sun. We shall probably pass through its tail but the only serious consequence will be a meteoric shower, which may in itself be a glorious sight to behold. However, we cannot predict positively that the shower will occur.

Halley's comet gives great promise of being a remarkable one. In May it will be a gorgeous spectacle in the sky, a brilliant object with a long flowing tail, 30 degrees in length, stretching one-third of the distance from the horizon to the zenith.

In the summer of 1682, Halley's comet was extensively observed by two Englishmen, Halley and Flamsteed and Cassini at Paris, and by many others. Some years after this, Halley undertook the labor of calculating the elements of all the comets which had been sufficiently observed to enable him to do so. A comparison of the elements of all the comets thus computed by Halley showed that those which appeared in the years 1531, 1607 and 1682, were moving in orbits very similar to each other. Hence he was led to conclude that they were successive appearances of the same comet, revolving around the sun in a period of about 75 or 76 years; and he was more confirmed in this by the fact that a remarkable comet was recorded to have appeared in the year 1457, which was seventy-five years before 1531. He concluded by confidently predicting that it would appear in the year 1758. It did so appear, being first seen on Christmas day in that year by a Saxon farmer, and by an amateur named Palitzsch near Dresden. Subsequent calculations have been made to identify Halley's comet with comets seen at many intervals of seventy-six years before 1456, the first being so far back as 12 B. C., in the reign of Emperor Augustus, and the second in A. D. 60.

When Halley's prediction was fulfilled, (sixteen years after his death) by the reappearance of the comet of 1682 and 1758, it was called after his name, and has ever since borne the designation of Halley's Comet. It appeared again in 1835, and during this year of 1910 it will be visible to us.

The March American Boy.

No one can fail to be attracted by the fine picture (in colors) of the three stalwart youths in military cadet uniforms shown on the front cover of the March American Boy, and the contents of this number will increase the growing popularity of the magazine with its readers. The first installment of a new serial by Norman Brainerd, entitled "Winning the Eagle Prize or the Pluck of Billy Hazen" is given and bids fair to surpass anything this author has already written. "Roger Jackson at Ramsbury" is continued in four chapters with increasing interest. Then there are "Captain Ted," the story of a boy's courage and determination; "Stirring up Silverton," telling of what ingenuity and hustle can do in bringing successful results; "Gramp Dexter's Jewel's" showing how the biters were bitten; "What's Bred in the Bone," a story of generosity and daring; "The Feather Mantle" a pleasing Hawaiian story; "The Winner of the Medal" a school story that every boy will like; a humorous hunting story called "The Great Rabbit Hunt," and "The Grinders Union." This number is also remarkable for its timely and instructive articles, including a sketch of the career of Hon. J. M. Dickinson, U. S. Secretary of War; "A Boy's Museum"; "How to Cure Yourself"; "Accomplishments for the Boy"; "Taking the Census"; "Making Policemen of Dogs" "How to Build a Glider"; and "Mischa Elman" the celebrated boy violinist. Especially fine this month are the subjects treated in the various regular departments, and the result of the prize poultry contest with essays of the winners is also given. In addition there are 60 illustrations. \$1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.

Improving a Railway.

The San Dominican government engineers have completed the survey for changing the route of the railway from Puerto Plata to Santiago. The present line climbs directly up the side of the mountain by the aid of a cogged third rail. The new route will avoid this and will make the distance with nothing heavier than a two and a half per cent. grade, besides saving time and operating expenses.

Women Invent Safety Razors.

At a recent exhibition of women's work in London there were exhibited five safety razors invented by women.

Rich Burmese Oil Fields.

The rich stratum of oil recently struck at the Yananguang (Burma) oil fields has now a greater flow than at first obtained. The oil was tapped at a depth of 1,350 feet.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America

The New and Modern Secret Society for the Ambitious Young Men and Boys

This Department Gives News of Interest from Members and Lodges in Every State in the Union



has been a busy two months that have just passed at headquarters. With the sending out of the outfits and the many new applications that have been received, the office has been overworked. There has been several new lodges organized and there are several that are lacking only a member or so until they are also organized. It has been a pleasure to see the activities shown in the order in these two months. Our membership has increased more in numbers, in the last month, than in any four weeks the order has ever seen, and they are still coming. There seems to have sprung a new life into the members. The one thing that has given the Grand Lodge officers more pleasure than most things is the way the members are receiving their new outfits and only wish the space could be spared for the publishing of a few of the words of praise that we have received from the members in regard to the outfits. It shows that the members are well pleased with them.

The February and the March numbers of the EMBLEM are consolidated this month. The time of subscriptions of all subscribers have been extended one month, so that all subscribers will receive their twelve numbers for the year. We do this so as to catch up in our work that was thrust upon us in the past. We will soon be ahead of our time and the EMBLEM will be sent out before the first of the month.

The Grand Officers have received a number of knocks some of which no doubt were partly justified, but others an injustice to the Grand Officers, who have labored long and hard for the benefit of the I. O. C. M. A., and deserved all the good wishes and the support shown them by the small band of loyal and honest I. O. C. M. A. members. The injustice of some of the "knocks" or "near knocks" for such they are, as there is not a member with insight but what can see that they are unjust. We here cite one: In a recent amateur paper claiming to be published in the interest of the C.

M. A., there appeared a letter written by a member, in which he says, "A few days ago I received my certificate of membership and a request that I remit fifty cents and the outfit would be sent." Every member that was in arrears in their dues, received one of these same letters and know exactly what it contained, and they may compare his version with the true letter. He also says, "When I sent him fifty cents about a year ago, it was with the understanding that we were to receive our outfits and six months subscription to the EMBLEM." In looking at our books we find his subscription entered on Dec. 22nd, 1908, or one

do you think of that? First give a person the secrets of the order and then ask him to become a member. A rather singular idea, don't you think so? How many societies do this? Suppose that you was to let your life insurance lapse and then die. How much would your heirs be entitled to receive? Do we think so little of our secrets as to trust them to persons not members of the order, for we cannot consider him a member of the order with him more than nine months behind in his dues. Are statements, or letters, as the above, just to the order? We hardly think so, neither does the majority of the members of the order. Our reason for bringing the above out was not only to show the error in the writer, but also to show that the publishers of the amateur paper are as much to blame as the writer. Amateur publishers should verify articles such as these before they publish them. One clean page is worth more than a dozen with these yellow streaks running through them. They impair rather than increase the value of a paper. There has been a number of articles such as the above and some even worse have been appearing in the amateur press lately. These articles, though no sane person would be misled by them, are misleading to the younger generation who have not yet reached that stage in life where they are able to discern right from wrong, the just from the unjust, and have some times harmed where they have been meant otherwise.

The members should remember that the ability to be just is one of the noblest attainments of mankind. A just man is God's wish. Justice is that which will inevitably be meted out to all in the end. "As he sows, so shall he reap." If he is in the habit of cutting short the justice he deals out, the same short lengths of justice will be handed him in the end, when the rich, the poor; the great, the small; the mighty and the weak, will be all leveled before the Sceptred.

Yours in "F",
CHAS. R. SIMON,
Grand Secretary.



Clyde B. Weaver, O. T. N.

The above is a likeness of our esteemed brother and worker Clyde B. Weaver of Arkansas City, Kansas. Brother Weaver joined the order in Purcell, Okla., but has recently been transferred to Arkansas City where he is working as operator for a railroad.

year and three months ago. During the whole of this time he has received the EMBLEM, all for the 50 cents he once sent. Has he received full value for his fifty cents? Yes. Has he shown his support to the order? Has he helped the finances of the order and helped to build it what it now is? No. He says: "Now, I think Brother Simon should send the outfits, and then ask us for a renewal of subscription." What

Brother Edward Jenkins a member of Santa Ana lodge now is in San Deigo,

Cal., where he is working for the Western Union Tel. Co., he says that he will start a local lodge in that place as soon as he gets to be better acquainted. Here's wishing him luck.

Brother James Fisher of Dina, W. Va., says that he would like to see the local lodge at that place reorganize and become an active factor in the I. O. C. M. A. doings of that state.

Active San Francisco No. 36.

At the meeting of San Francisco Lodge No. 36 the following officers were elected and installed for this year: F. P. Engle, president; W. Lang, vice-president; Earl R. Sewall, secretary and treasurer; R. Woods, speaker; W. D. Knight, director; and Earl R. Switzer, sentinel. They adjourned meeting at 11:30 to make merry at a mid-night supper in one of Oakland's noted hostleries.

In a discussion for the bettering of the local lodge, the members decided to organize a *C. M. A. Camera Club* to be composed of members of the order. Outsiders may join the club but in time they will have to put in their application to the lodge. The club will be in charge of O. G. Beardslee, who for many years conducted the Finishing Department of a large photo house in Honolulu. The following officers were named in the camera department: O. G. Beardslee, General Manager; E. R. Sewall, Manager of Dark Room; R. Woods, Manager of Chemical Room; W. D. Knight, Manager of Glassware and utensils, and F. P. Engel, Purchasing Agent. The Camera Club has secured large quarters at 160 Vicksburg St., where every branch of photography will be taken up, from the making of the exposure to the finishing of a bromide.

If any member of the I. O. C. M. A. is having trouble with his photographic process or with his camera or finishing he may have the club help him out by writing and telling his trouble and enclosing a two cent stamp for reply to C. M. A. Camera Club, 160 Vicksburg St., San Francisco, Cal.

In Memoriam.

Through the columns of the Single Star we are grieved to learn of the death of Brother Harvey V. Steele, vice-president of Union Lodge No. 27 of Burlington, N. C. Brother Steele died on the 18th of February after only a short siege of pneumonia. He was a young man who had just passed his seventeenth mile-stone in the path of life. We bow our heads with the members of Union Lodge in the losing of a comrade, also with his family, for a son and brother who has gone to the great beyond.

BESTOGRAPHY.

The secret cipher that is used by the members of the I. O. C. M. A. is known by the name of bestography and is the best known cipher out. It has never been deciphered by any except those having the key.

Password.

The password for the month of April will be known to members in good standing only. The word 17 32 12 11 43 34 32 27 12 17 52 14 30.

Former Alma Speaker.



Joseph Charles Mueller, O. T. N.

Brother Joseph Mueller, the former speaker of the Alma Lodge was united in marriage to Miss Lola McNeeley of Topeka, Kansas, on October 17th, 1909. The EMBLEM joins hands with the members of Alma Lodge in wishing them many happy years of wedded life.

I. O. C. M. A. Interest.

In the C. M. A. EMBLEM, why is it that the brothers do not write about their lodge at home and tell how they are getting along? It would be better for all to do so. The editor of the EMBLEM would gladly give page after page of space more to the members of the order if they would send in their writeups about the doings of their local lodge or theirselves. Tell about the ups and downs of your lodge. Get up County conventions, track meets, baseball teams. What is the matter with the State Conventions? You have not all expired, some are still doing business, but, why don't you let the editor of the paper know about them? There are a lot of dead lodges, members have become independent on account of disinterest in the local lodges. Let us do something to liven up the inter-

est in the I. O. C. M. A. Wake up! Do something for the cause of the order. Show your colors and where you stand. Everybody write.

G. S. YOCOM.

Brother Walter H. Blum formerly of Robins, Iowa, was married to Miss Ruth L. Trimble of Toddville, Iowa. Brother Blum took a trip out to Tacoma, Wash., last summer and on his return he settled at Toddville, where he now is. We wish the newly married couple a happy wedded life.

Hastings Ldgc No. 48.

Hastings lodge No. 48, of Hastings, Okla., is another one of the new active lodges to be organized this month and have shown a steady growth since its organization. Their secretary has been a busy person in the past three weeks and has reaped the reward of many a degree.

Marlow, Oklahoma will soon boast of an I. O. C. M. A. lodge. Brother Smith of that place says that he means business which we know will be in a form of an active lunch of members.

Elkton Lodge No. 47 of Elkton, Va., another new and active lodge has come to the front with a fair list of members. Brother Keezel, Secretary of the Virginia State I. O. C. M. A. says that he is in hopes of awakening the dormant I. O. C. M. A. spirit throughout the entire state this year. We would be pleased to hear from every state secretary in regard to the needs of their states in the I. O. C. M. A. this year.

NOTICE.

To the members: All subscribers and members that are behind in their subscription or dues in the I. O. C. M. A. will be cut off the list on the first day of April. If you are not paid in advance and wish to receive the EMBLEM you should send in your remittance at once. Your receipt will read from the day it is received. This notice is final and no other will be given.

Brother Curtis L. Ryan of Manchester, Ohio, says that he is well pleased with the I. O. C. M. A. and that he will soon try and have a local lodge of the order in action at that place. He says that there should be a great number of I. O. C. M. A. lodges in the state of Ohio, as an order such as the I. O. C. M. A. should appeal to the youths of that state. Members should get after the delinquent ones and have them reinstated. Now, not tomorrow, but now. Go after them they only need to be asked.

Brother John C. Holland of Searcy, Arkansas, writes us a very good letter and we are glad to see that he is liking the I. O. C. M. A. better and better every day. He says "the December number of the EMBLEM is the best yet."

Newark C. M. A. Bowling League.

Records continue to be broken on the Music Hall alleys, which are considered by experts to be splendid ones and much credit is due Dan Baker and his assistants for their excellent condition. In the contest last night Clarence Jones, the popular young southpaw bowler and member of several local teams, broke all individual records in Newark. This is the highest individual score that has been made in this city in the last 10 years. Mr. Jones is without any doubt the best southpaw bowler in this part of the state. In this record game he led off with eight straight strikes and then left one pin standing on a good hit, turned in the spare and finished with a strike.

Clubs	Won	Lost	Pct.
Jones' Pin Knockers.....	4	2	.667
Fullers' Wee Wees.....	4	2	.667
Schimmel's Hermits.....	1	2	.333
Hammer Town's Cubs....	0	3	.000

Jones Pin Knockers won two games out of three last night on the Music Hall alleys in the C. M. A. League. The score:

Fullers Wee Wees—			
Solliday.....	146	160	151— 457
Haynes.....	118	121	105— 344
Leowendick....	133	138	109— 380
Camp.....	102	114	138— 354
Knox.....	137	187	138— 462
Totals.....	636	720	641— 1997
Jones' Pin Knockers—			
C. Jones.....	186	178	268— 632
Harris.....	112	114	106— 332
Allen.....	128	122	161— 411
E. Jones.....	129	102	93— 324
Owens.....	117	148	128— 393
Totals.....	672	664	756— 2092

Tonight, City League—C. M. A. vs. Senators.—Newark (Ohio) American Tribune.

From recent activities in the Knights of the Mystic Star Lodge No. 16 of Port, Oklahoma that lodge will soon be one of the foremost lodges in the land. We are glad to see the boys in that part of the country picking up in the work for the order. Their new officers are Emile Hampton, Pres.; Tom Lucas, V-Pres.; Lee England, Secy. & Treas.; Doan Loomis, Speaker; Eli Atwood, Director and Autus Mathews, Sentinel. They will meet in the Woodman hall at Port.

Brother Fred H. Smith of Kingsbury, Texas, is attending college at College Station, Texas, this winter.

Boone Lodge No. 11 Has Fire.

We are sorry to report that Boone Lodge No. 11 of Salem, Kentucky, lost their lodge hall in a fire on January 26. All of their regalia and lodge supplies were lost. Brother Rappolee, their secretary, says that he has good hopes of reviving the order and having a better one than ever.

Among the Hills.

'Tis eventide and on the hills
 No living thing is seen.
 No bird, or beast, or human soul—
 What can the silence mean?
 There to the north in grandly state
 Arizes old Pikes Peak.
 Here at my feet, quite sluggishly
 There flows a mountain creek.
 Oh mountains in thy stately poise,
 Oh hills and valleys green,
 Oh trees and ferns, and flowers too,
 To me so much you mean.
 If I can roam among the crags,
 A fall it matters not;
 In all the world no dearer is
 Than this most heavenly spot.
 Ah but to breathe the mountain air,
 Inhale the wood's sweet smell,
 Ah but to wander through the vales
 Or in a hidden dell.
 Leaves in their autumn colors rich,
 Fields that have turned to gold,
 Brooklets that hide neath fern deck shores:
 Beauties I can't unfold,
 Streams from the mounts, with silvery
 waves
 Wind down through hill and vale,
 And could the little butterflies
 Whisper, they'd tell a tale.
 They in their wanderings would tell how
 I in days early dawn
 Stroll through the woodlands, mountains,
 vales,
 Searching for that now gone.
 Searching for health my life to brace,
 Health that once lived in me,
 Praying that in a few more weeks,
 Healthy and strong I'll be.
 Oh mountains, valleys, rivers, hills,
 God's gift to humankind,
 Mid thee I find solace and joy
 To soothe my fevered mind,
 —Edward Liska.

A meeting of San Francisco Lodge No. 36, was held at the residence of President Woods, to bid farewell to Brother Roy D. Switzer, who is returning to his home in Visalia.

Brother Switzer was in San Francisco attending school and was a regular attendant to San Francisco Lodge. He is a live member of Visalia Lodge. We all join in wishing Brother Switzer the best of success in all undertakings.

At this same meeting Past "Prexy" Herbert A. Werle was warmly welcomed back to the lodge after an absence of three months. Brother Werle was with the engineering corp of the University of California in the Santa Cruz mountains.

The Speaker had prepared an excellent program which lasted till 11:30 af-

ter which a most excellent menu was served by Brother Woods. During the "feed" Brother Werle told of his experiences in the time that he was away. Brother Beardslee favored us with a talk on the early history of the world. Brother Woods was the jester of the evening and entertained us with some original jokes. After a most enjoyable evening, the meeting adjourned at 12:30 o'clock.

Sons of Texas Lodge No. 46.

A new hustling lodge has been organized at Killeen, Texas, during the month of February. They have elected the following officers for the first term: Virgil Murphy, president; Perry Murphy, vice-president; J. Edwin Root Jr., Secretary; Hugh Hardemen, assistant secretary; Charlie Craddock, treasurer; Harold Grubbs, speaker; Paul Jones, director and Tom Mitchell, sentinel. They are meeting every Saturday night and have a long list of waiting applicants, some of which they are taking in every meeting.

Twinkling Star Lodge No. 19.

At a recent meeting of Twinkling Star lodge No. 19, of Paradise, Texas, the following officers were elected and installed: Ed Blackford, president; W. F. Klepper, vice-president; D. S. Carson, secretary and treasurer; C. H. Klepper, director; L. P. Oshields, speaker; J. W. McMillan, sentinel; and G. G. Krenshaw, chaplain. The members of the Paradise lodge are an active lot of boys and are always prompt with their I. O. C. M. A. matters. The Grand Secretary wishes them the continued success throughout their I. O. C. M. A. life.

Resolutions of Respect.

Whereas, Harvey V. Steele, Vice-President of Union Lodge No. 27, I. O. C. M. A., Burlington, N. C., was called from labor to reward on February 18, 1910.

Therefore, Be it Resolved:—

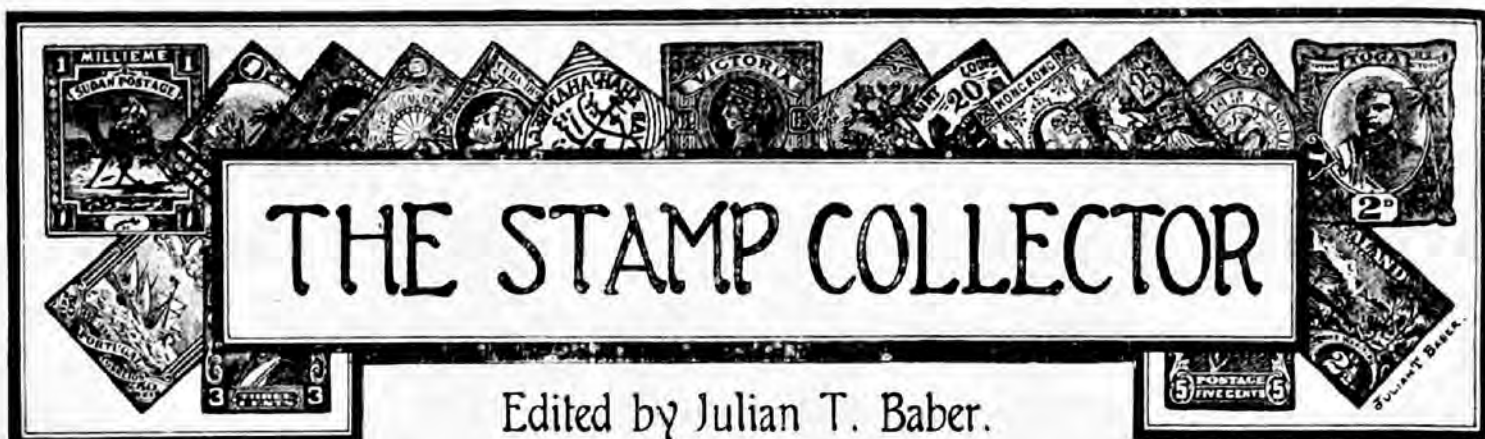
First:—That we bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, who doeth all things well.

Second:—That we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in this sad and trying hour.

Third:—That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the minutes of the lodge, a copy be sent to the family, and copies to the Single Star, the C. M. A. Emblem and the C. M. A. Herald for publication.

THOS. T. STAFFORD }
 CHAS. B. WAY } Committee.
 E. LEE JARRET }

There has been an increase in membership in Monterrey, N. L., Mexico and we soon will see a lodge there.



THE STAMP COLLECTOR

Edited by Julian T. Baber.



THIS department is conducted by Julian T. Baber, an Associate Editor of this paper, for the benefit of those interested in the collecting of postage stamps.

A packet of stamps will be given to the one who sends me the best article pertaining to stamp collecting, or regarding his own collection. Articles must be restricted to 300 words and must be sent to the editor of this department within ten days after receipt of the EMBLEM. The best article will be published and all contributors names will be put on the roll of honor.

All correspondence regarding this department should be sent to the following address.

**Julian T. Baber,
Pocahontas, Va.**

Items Of Interest.

Chicago is the philatelic "bee-hive" of America. Always something doing there.

Mexico will soon issue a series of new stamps commemorating her 100th year of independence from Spain. They will bear the pictures of different heroes of the war of independence and will be printed in the same colors as the present set. We learn that the designs are being made by local artists, and that the printing will be done by a London firm.

H. M. Clark, the young Chicago auction-specialist, has purchased the well known Franzen collection, famous for its rarities in Scandinavian countries.

Brazil has lately issued a stamp that breaks all records for the number of portraits shown on a single denomination. It seems that the postage on letters addressed to other parts of America has been reduced from 300 to 200 reis, and to celebrate this a large stamp of the latter value was issued on August 6th. It is inscribed "Pan-Americano" and shows no less than six portrait-medallions of the following six great American liberators: Washing-

ton, Bolivar, Hidalgo, San Martin, O'Higgins, and Bonifacio, on a background of oak leaves. The idea is highly unique and picturesque, and the stamp should enjoy unusual popularity.—Redfield's Weekly.

Not content with having a stamp-vending machines, Germany has installed machines to register letters. To register the letter, place it in a prepared slot, drop the coin in the proper place, turn the crank and the machine stamps, postmarks, and numbers the letter, and delivers a receipt to the sender.

The first stamp concern to purchase a stamp affixing machine for its own use, was the Attleboro Stamp Co., Attleboro, Mass.

New Zealand will have the portrait of King Edward VII on its next set of stamps. Only the 2d, 3d, 5d, 6d, and 1s stamps will be printed in the new design.

The Roumanian Charity stamps issued in 1907, are beautiful indeed and are classed among the most attractive issues of the 20th century.

The Second Philatelic Congress of Great Britain will be held under the auspices of the Herts Philatelic Society at Caxton Hall, Westminster; S. W., from April 27th to 29th, 1910. A unique program has been prepared.

We quote from the advance sheets of the Philatelic Journal of America: "Stamp collectors have been pretty well disgusted with the postal issues that have been coming from Paraguay recently. The late President Ferreira, who was thrown out of office by the last revolution, had a "stamp collecting friend" whom he favored by allowing him to make postal issues to suit himself. Many of these were never issued to the public, although they were printed for the government. Even after Ferreira was out of office his friend relying upon his prestige and connection with certain dealers, has taken to issuing on his own account, stamps which have surcharges quite unknown in the Post Office. Some of these stamps have been chronicled in philatelic journals and have appeared in the leading catalogues.

Another series of philatelic handbooks is scheduled to appear in the early part of this year. They will be issued by the Central Philatelic Association, and will be somewhat similar to the Melville books. Two thousand copies will be issued, and after mailing one copy to each C. P. A. member, the association will place the balance on sale at ten cents each. So says the Stamp World.

It seems that each month brings into the field a new philatelic association. Can you name them all? We are kept on the alert trying to chronicle them.

In 1913 Russia will issue a set of stamps to commemorate the three-hundredth anniversary of the House of Romanoff. Russian artists will prepare the designs, and the portraits depicted on the commemoratives will be of Emperor Nicholas II, Alexander II, Alexander III, Peter the Great, Catherine II, Alexy Michelovich and Michel Fredowitch.

It has been officially announced that the new 12 cent cent U. S. stamp will bear the profile of Houdon's Washington.

The much heralded new issue for Cuba will be placed on sale in the near future. Eight values will be printed, the work being done by the American Bank Note Co. 1c General Bartholome Maso, olive and lilac; 2c Gen. Maximo Gomez, some shade of red; 3c Gen. Julio Sanguily, purple and blue; 5c Gen. Ignacio Agramonte, dark blue; 8c Gen. Calixto Garcia, olive green and purple; 10c Gen. Mayia Podriguez, sepia and dark green; 50c Gen. Antonio Rolloff, black and orange; Special Delivery, 10 cents, Gen. J. B. Zaya, orange.

The famous stamp collection formed by the late Sir William B. Avery, has been sold to W. H. Peckitt, of London. This is said to be the largest general collection ever sold outright, and in Philately it constitutes a record. The collection is replete with nearly all the great rarities, in fine condition. Among them the 1d and 2d, "Post

Office" Mauritius, unused. The price paid for this collection was \$122,500 spot cash. Mr. Peckitt's purchase has been a much talked of topic in the philatelic world of late.

George A. Corbett, in the Collectors' Own Magazine, has been giving short talks on stamp hinges of different makes. In the August number, the fine qualities of the "Perfect" hinge, manufactured by a New York firm were discussed. We do not agree with friend Corbett, when he speaks of their peelable qualities—unless he means that part of the stamp and album peel off with the hinge at the same time. If such be the case he is quite right. We have used the "Perfect" and have regretted it, for some of our best stamps and also our album, have been badly disfigured when we tried to remove this particular hinge from them. If you are in search of a hinge that will stick to your stamps and yet look peelable, we advise that you secure the "Perfect".

Many reefs surround the islands of Tonga in the Pacific, and owing to the small amount of mail delivered to them, a unique manner of delivery has been devised. Steamers in passing, if they have mail for the Tongans, approach as near shore as possible, the few letters are attached to sky rockets which are fired inland and reach the shore safely. An odd method indeed.

We will be glad to receive any philatelic clippings or notes from our readers, and will in every respect give due credit to the sender.

At a masquerade ball held in Mahoney City, Pa., recently first prize was awarded to Miss Kathryn A. Patrick, 314 E. Denter St. Her costume was highly unique and was deserving of the reward. Her dress, shoes and hat were completely covered with stamps, gathered from all parts of the world.

It is estimated that there are 10,000 stamp dealers in the world. So says the Stamp Journal.

Designs for new Australian stamps are being prepared and will be of nineteen denominations, namely: $\frac{1}{2}$, 1, $1\frac{1}{2}$, 2, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10d, 1, 2, 2-6, 5, 10, 20, and 40 sh.

We take the following from the January Hobbyist. "The United States postal service now has 325,000 employes. These employes handled during the year nearly 14,000,000,000 pieces of mail. The number of post offices in operation is 60,144. Ordinary postage stamps to the number of 8,712,907,031 were sold during the year, and domestic money orders to the value of \$491,074,844 were issued. The total receipts for the fiscal year ending

June 30th, 1909, were \$303,562,383.07, an increase of 6.31 per cent over the previous year. The total expenditures amounted to \$221,004,102.89."

In 1911, an International Philatelic Exhibition will be held in Vienna, Austria, in commemoration of the 30th anniversary of the first Vienna Exhibition in 1881.

The Philatelic West which we have had occasion to review several times, will issue in February a special anniversary number in honor of its 16th birthday.

Messrs. A. W. Dunning, and H. N. Mudge, presidents of the Metropolitan and American Philatelic Associations respectively, have been touring foreign countries during the winter months. Mr. Dunning is at this writing, in Europe, while as we go to press we learn that Mr. Mudge has just returned to Chicago, after a trip of several months to Central and South America.

Strange to say, but in Rhodesia, Orange River Colony, Great Britain, and Transvaal, articles bearing Christmas labels are not admitted to the mails. In Germany, articles bearing these stickers are admitted, providing they are not affixed to the face of the article. A queer custom, this.

The famous Seybold collection, concerning which much has been said of late in the philatelic press, has been sold. The purchaser is a prominent banker in New York City—Mr. John T. Coit. The purchase price we learn, was \$26,000.

The news that all denominations of the 1908 series of U. S. from 1c to 15c, including the 2c Lincoln, were printed on the bluish experimental paper, was no doubt received with much surprise by the general philatelic public. Inasmuch as the experiment proved a failure no more will be printed. Those who were so fortunate as to secure copies of the higher values, will certainly realize on them. Some firms are offering the 6c unused at \$1.00 each.

The Stamp Collector states that designs are being prepared for a new U. S. nickel, bearing the head of Washington.

"Justice at Last" an appropriate short story that appeared in Redfield's Weekly, Dec. 25th, was written by Chas. A. Nast. To say that it was well written would be putting it lightly. The story was very interesting was no doubt admired by many a Redfield reader.

The Seybold collection referred to above, will in the near future be sold at auction (in 3 parts) by the J. G. Morganthau Co., of New York City. The first part will contain United States, Confederates, Hawaii, Philip-

pines, British North America and South America. When purchased by Mr. Coit it was not thought that the collection would be offered for re-sale.

On The Reviewer's Table.

In Great Britain, the Stamp Collectors' Fortnightly is as necessary an essential in philately as is Mekeel's in America, and it will not be amiss to say that it is one of the world's best stamp papers. This number contains an article by Bertram W. H. Poole "The Postage Stamps of British Honduras; editorials by that forceful writer, Mr. Bishop; interesting items by "Senax"; particulars concerning Great Britain's Second Philatelic Congress. Full of original matter, and up-to-date in every respect, the Fortnightly will appeal to any collector who thinks anything of his stamps.

The cover page on the November Philatelic Star is neatly printed in blue and brown, and adds very much to the appearance of this issue. We consider this number the best we have ever seen. If this paper carried more advertisements, it would no doubt be more profitable to the publishers, and would not leave that "empty" impression on its readers. The first real report of the Imperial Philatelic Association appears in this number.

The Philatelic World for September is excellently printed and while it would interest the advanced collector more, it will no doubt be carefully read by the amateur. Six whole page half-tone illustrations of some gems from the Mirabaud collection, are shown in the September issue. Articles by A. J. Sefi and Albert H. Harris are worthy of more than passing note.

The Collectors' Own Magazine, published by Clarence Davis, is slowly improving and gives promise of a fine collectors' paper.

We were unable to review the following this month, owing to their late arrival: Philatelic Tribune, New Zealand Collectors' Exchange, Vest Pocket Philatelist, Collectors' Own Magazine, Scott Stamp and Coin Co.'s Monthly Circular, The Philatelic Monthly.

The November Stamp Journal with its thirty-five pages and cover is an eye-opener—a number worth while. Mr. DeKay is intent on giving his subscribers and advertisers their "moneys worth." The amount of reading matter and the number of ads carried are indicative of its success. As an advertising medium, the Journal has few equals. Contributors to the November Journal are C. A. Nast, H. S. Ackerman, J. D. Bartlett, L. G. Dorpat, Clarence P. DeKay, and I. C. Greene. The September Journal, containing 52 pages, was a record breaking number,

but the publishers promise that they will make the December number beat that.

No doubt the readers of Philatelic Flashes were surprised at the size and appearance of the November number. The pages of Philatelic Flashes are now the same size as those of the EMBLEM, and although this issue is printed on poor paper, it is one of Mr. Dolson's best productions. The photo and biography of the writer is printed on the first page. The present number shows vast improvement over preceding issues, and we are pleased to say that typographical errors are "few and far between."

The leading article in Carter's Messenger, "Shifted Transfers and their Cause" is by Dr. Carroll Chase. Between the advertisements, newsy items by the publishers are interspersed. The Messenger is a very creditable house organ.

Acknowledged with thanks:

List of Philatelic Novelties, from Whitfield King & Co. This list is somewhat similar to Scott's Circular.

Bulletin Mensuel, from Theodorore Champion and Cie. A very neat monthly price list. It was in this pamphlet that we first saw the Hudson-Fulton stamp reproduced.

The Chicago Special was an exceptionally fine number of Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News. A large half-tone engraving of Henry N. Mudge, President of the American Philatelic Society, was reproduced on the cover page.

The November issue of that neatly printed little stamp paper, the Hobbyist, is at hand. The general appearance of not only this number, but of those previous, indicate that Mr. Kendall has spared neither money, time nor pains in putting before the philatelic public, a paper so typographically perfect, and of so much interest to stamp collectors, as is the Hobbyist. The portrait on the frontispiece is that of Messrs. R. C. Osborne and Chester Myers. "Watermarks on the 1847, 1851, and 1857 United States Adhesives" an article by Dr. Carroll Chase, occupies the first two pages. Other contributors are Henry J. Crocker, W. E. Ault, W. E. Hives, Johnny Canuck, Harry L. Perkins, H. F. Kalse, E. S. Meyer, and H. B. Clark. The Junior Department edited by Harry L. Perkins, is an important feature. The December number will be the first anniversary number. The publisher is planning a 100 page issue. We await its appearance with much interest.

Standard Catalogue of Postage Stamps 1910, published by Whitfield King & Co., comes to us bound in a

very beautiful style. Overprinted in white ink upon the cloth cover of red brown, this book presents a most pleasing appearance. The publishers do not claim this catalogue to be a standard of values, as the prices quoted are those at which they sell the stamps, if they have them in stock. The word Standard in the title is used to convey the idea that only stamps of standard varieties are listed, and that all minor variations and perforation measurements which are of no interest to the general collector are excluded. The explanatory notes are very valuable and instructive. The following statistics, compiled by the publishers, will no doubt be of interest to many collectors: "The total number of stamps issued to date as included in this catalogue is 22,926, of which 6,835 are apportioned to the British Empire 16,091 to the rest of the world. Europe has issued 4,844, Asia 4,423, Africa 5,154, America 5,034, the West Indies 1,856, and Oceania 1,635." The catalogue contains 500 pages, with 3,700 illustrations, drawn exactly one-fourth the size of the original stamps; is completely revised to date and includes all the new issues up to September, 1909. This edition is bound in full cloth in the best style and is a very great improvement on all previous editions. Being printed in England, the stamps of the United States are illustrated in this publication. This feature is of exceptional value to the general collector.

In its general appearance and makeup the Philatelic Adviser remains the same—well printed and full of good reading matter. The leading article in this number, "The Stamps of the British South Africa Company," is by Bertram W. H. Poole. Three pages are devoted to "New Issues and Discoveries." The new issues are handsomely illustrated with half-tone engravings. The program of the Second Philatelic Congress of Great Britain, London, 1910 can be found in this number. Published in the interests of Bright and Son, the Adviser serves its purpose admirably, and in its columns, many philatelic bargains are listed.

The Stamp News is one of the newest house organs that has ever come to our table. Reading matter and ads alike, are interesting and very readable. With each number of the News a nice premium is sent to each subscriber. For cheapness, some of Mr. Roessler's philatelic offers are astonishing. Try him once and be convinced.

The Attleboro Philatelist is a new addition to the circle of philatelic publications, and if present indications count for aught, it will have little trouble holding its own. The "New

Issue" column is well written, and the Query Department is beginning to be patronized. The A. P. looks good to us.

From the Southland comes the Southern Philatelist, a small paper published in the interest of the king of hobbies. Although printed in amateur style, The Southern Philatelist is a real "dyed-in-the-wool" paper, and we hope that in the future it will assume larger proportions and rank among the best. A packet of stamps is given free to all subscribers.

We were agreeably surprised to see such improvement in the Stamp World as is shown in the September issue. We would suggest that Mr. Tippen issue a double number, in order to catch up with the world. In this number, reading matter is in profusion. "Transvaal", a short article by G. H. Corbet, is well written. The biography of Lloyd G. Cline, a capable philatelic writer, will especially interest those who are connected with the Coming Men of America, for he is a prominent member of that thriving band of young men. The World is a very creditable paper.

As we go to press, No. 8 of the Melville books comes to hand. British New Guinea and Papua is the subject treated in this, the last number of the first series. Daintily printed and bound in white parchment, not only this but the seven numbers preceding, form a beautiful and comprehensive addition to any philatelic library. In order, the chapters read:

Chapter 1—Papua and its posts.

Chapter 2—Queensland stamps used in New Guinea.

Chapter 3—The first island issue, 1901 to 1905.

Chapter 4—The Papua provisional series, 1906 to 1907.

Chapter 5—The Papua permanent series, 1907 to 1908.

Chapter 6—Bibliography.

Chapter 7—Check List.

Appendix—Notes on postmarks, by Albert Ashby.

In this volume Mr. Melville has covered the subject treated, in a way easily understood. His style will appeal to the young collector. The second series will soon be commenced.

The Philatelic West, published by L. T. Brodstone, is the largest budget of philatelic news and ads published in America. The November number has on its cover-page the portrait of Henry M. Wichman, editor of the New Issue Column of Redfield's Stamp Weekly. An extended report and account of the Southern Philatelic Association's Convention, at San Antonio, Texas, is given in this number. The West is an ideal collectors' magazine in every re-

spect, and is deserving of much credit.

The latest philatelic publication known to us, is the *Stamp Collector*, published by George W. Linn. We received No. 1 just in time to give it a brief mention in this number. With the following men on the editorial staff, we leave it to our readers to judge of its merits: Paul Mason, Geo. K. Smith Jr., Orpha Moore, W. H. Field and George Ward Linn. Practically all reading matter, No. 1 of the *Stamp Collector* is an excellent first number. We wish the *Stamp Collector* a long life, and Mr. Linn much success in his undertaking.

The *Hobbyist*, published monthly by O. Kendall, Winnipeg, Canada. A caricature of the enterprising publisher of this Canadian exponent of philately appears on the cover page. Cartoonist McRitchie pictures Mr. Kendall with his press in his right hand, a number of books in his left, while the printer's devil stands at his side. Wm. Ward in his English letter, discusses "Narrow-minded Englishmen." His argument is well presented. A clear half-tone engraving of Henry Hechler appears as a frontispiece for this number. A Rare Find in Hawaiians, is the subject of an interesting article by Henry J. Crocker, the famous authority on Hawaiian issues. The ever instructive Junior Department edited by Harry L. Perkins, contains its usual amount of interesting matter. The monthly puzzle creates much competition among the Juniors. That the *Hobby Club*, of which the *Hobbyist* is official paper, is rapidly growing, is evidenced by the large number of applications and members listed in this number.

From distant New Zealand comes the *New Zealand Collectors' Exchange*, a small but pretentious monthly, published by John E. Griffiths, Tokomaru, Wellington, New Zealand. The articles, Picture Post cards and Through New Zealand by Post Card, are very interesting. The New Issue column, edited by H. R. Rogers, is well written. Several brief articles of general interest aid in the composition of this number, which carries only 120 ads.

The *Metropolitan Philatelist* published every alternate Saturday by J. W. Scott, New York City, has for many years served as the house organ of the J. W. Scott Co. Each number presents a chronicle of new issues, besides a number of spicy editorials.

The *Philatelic Star*, published monthly by Wahrer & Malmborg, 6349 S. Halsted St., Chicago. The New Years number of the *Star* is the best that we have had the pleasure to read. More matter of genuine interest is found

within its covers than is contained in many similar journals of higher prestige.

Scott's Circular, published monthly by the Scott Stamp & Coin Co., comes with its usual regularity, containing in each issue the latest in philatelic news to be had, in condensed form.

The *Southern Philatelist*, published monthly by Leon C. Grosjeau, 1227 Oakland St., Shreveport, La. In perusing this small montly, we are afforded as much pleasure as in the larger ones. The New Issue page edited by the publisher and an article by J. Russell Reed are of especial interest. Many small ads and notes of minor importance are contained in this number. We hope to see the *Southern Philatelist* grow, eventually branching out into a larger magazine.

The *Philatelic Trader*, published monthly by William Lewthwaite, Egremont, Cumberland, England, December, 1909. This publication is surely a money-making proposition, for ads are in profusion. Under the heading "Notes By the Way," philatelists are warned against certain fraudulent collectors. This little paper has a large circulation, and is no doubt a good advertising medium.

The *Stamp News*, published monthly by A. C. Roessler, 1958 Washington Ave., New York City, January, 1910. This budget of stamp news and bargains, while not as large and decorative as the Christmas number, is very creditable indeed. "A Sleeper", an anonymous article anent the Lincoln Memorial on bluish paper is quite interesting. "An Inverted King's Head" a short story from the pen of Charles A. Nast, occupies two and one-half pages, and that is a good one goes without saying. The *Stamp News* is the best house organ that has come to our reading table for some time. The January number was mailed in an Ecuador wrapper. Mr. Roessler has a pleasant surprise for his subscriber, each month.

The *Stamp Journal*, published monthly at Florida, N. Y., by the Stamp Journal Publishing Co., edited by Charles A. Nast. The New Years number with its 44 pages, is a veritable magazine of the highest class. The amount of advertising carried is beyond the ordinary; the taste exhibited in the composition is indicative of skilled hands in the printing art. A choice variety of reading matter is always found in this journal. Contributors for this issue are: Dr. H. A. Davis, Percy McGraw Mann, Chas Gregory, Editor Nast, W. O. Goodwin, Halford Barry, C. E. Jenney, J. Russell Reed and A. Herbst. Since the new ruling of the

Post Office department, the *Journal*, with the reports of the U. S. Revenue Society and the National Philatelic Association omitted, seems strange.

The *Michigan Philatelist* published monthly by J. Mason Jickling, Kalamazoo, Mich., shows a decided improvement over the first number.

The *Attleboro Philatelist*, published monthly by F. Percy Collingwood, Attleboro, Mass., January, 1910. This new monthly has improved to a great degree, with the last three numbers and bids fair to become one of our leading stamp magazines. F. B. Eldredge conducts a well written New Issue Column, "Philo" and J. N. S. Brewster Jr., are other contributors. The report of the Universal Philatelic Association of which the A. P. is the official organ, clearly demonstrates its fast progress.

A Special Number of Redfield's *Stamp Weekly* was issued January 15 by the Redfield Publishing Co., Smethport, Pa. In addition to its usual newsy articles, biographies of several prominent philatelists, supplemented with photographs, appeared in this number. Among them: Charles A. Nast, A. W. Dunning, Edgar Nelton, A. M. Wright and Mrs. S. W. Marvin. The writer appreciates exceedingly the mention of the EMBLEM that appeared in a previous number of this valuable paper.

The *Stamp Collector*, published monthly by George W. Linn, Columbus, Ohio, is one of the best printed, and most instructive publications now being issued in the interests of the hobby. This number is practically filled with good reading, all of which is original and up-to-date. The Editor's Foreword, appearing on the first two pages is of monthly interest to those who desire to keep abreast of the times. The press review is wide in its scope, and is very well written. The departments in the Auction Rooms, Record of New Issues and Philatelic Literature are in the hands of capable editors, and are features of the *Stamp Collector*. The Columbus Collectors Club and the Garfield-Perry Stamp Club have chosen the *Stamp Collector* as their official organ.

The *Philatelic Adviser*, published monthly by Bright & Son, 164 Strand, London, England, comes to us just in time to receive mention in this issue. The New Issue and Discoveries department is of especial interest, inasmuch as many half-tone illustrations aid in the description of the new postal issues. Bertram Poole's article, running through several numbers, is finished in the current number. As we have remarked previously this journal is of little value to the amateur collector.

For the advanced philatelist, it is indispensable.

Carter's Monthly Record, published monthly by the Carter Publishing Co., School Lane, Formby, Liverpool, England, December, 1909. Very little can be said of this paper, except that it contains a Post Card Exchange Column and a large number of Sale and Exchange ads.

The Vest Pocket Philatelist, published monthly by Dr. H. A. Davis, 1267 Gaylord st., Denver, Colo. We have just received the Christmas and New Years numbers of this diminutive but never-the-less excellent little stamp monthly. The 2c Value U. S. by Mr. Davis is still published in the V. P. P. The 3c Value begins in the January number. An interesting monthly puzzle creates much competition among the readers of this small publication. It is a veritable "Mulum in parvo" as Charles A. Nast says.

Bright and Son's "A. B. C." Descriptive Prices Catalogue of the World's Postage Stamps, Part I, Eighth Edition. For the second time we have been favored with a copy of this popular English catalogue, which now in its eighth edition is being recognized as a worthy rival of Gibbons. We will not enter into details in reviewing this catalogue, for such would be a task most difficult, but a few words descriptive, etc., will not be far amiss. Bright's Catalogue, in scope and style is somewhat similar to Scott's, but we prefer the latter for the reason that the illustrations are more distinct, and the system of excluding minor varieties is more concise. The lists of Nicaragua and Salvador have been rewritten by a specialist. Special attention has been given to Holland, also several of the Indian Native States. Owing to the increase in the number of pages: the publishers have increased the price of the catalogue. The price now, postpaid is 2-10 (seventy cents.) This catalogue, thoroughly revised up to the date of going to press, contains 5000 illustrations, including about 200 of U. S. stamps. American collectors will appreciate Bright's for this reason, if for no other. Well printed on thin glossy paper, and bound in dainty blue cloth, Bright's Eighth Edition forms a neat and useful handbook and should enjoy a large sale in this country as well as in England.

Redfield's Stamp Weekly, published by the Redfield Publishing Co., Smethport, Pa., and edited by L. G. Quackenbush, comes to our desk with its usual regularity. The Christmas number, containing an appropriate short story, a very interesting one indeed, the New Issue Column, and news of general interest, was a splendid issue.

Redfield's is a favorite among young collectors, and justly deserves the position in the philatelic world that it now holds.

The Stamp News, published monthly by A. C. Roessler, 1958 Washington Ave., New York City. Subscribers for this paper were no doubt surprised at the improvement in the Christmas number over preceding issues. Heretofore the Stamp News has been a 4 page sheet, printed on a cheap grade of paper. But with the December number it appears in a new face—practically a different paper. The cover printed in red and green, is very neat, and with articles by Dorpat, Charlat and Lamscha, together with ads of the publisher, this issue is an excellent one.

Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News, published by the Mekeel-Severn-Wylie Co., Boston Mass., edited by Willard O. Wylie. The Lone Star State Special issued in the latter part of November, did credit to the publishers, and was a credit to stamp collectors in Texas as well as in the entire south. Mekeel's Weekly is the old "stand-by" of philatelists.

The Philatelic Monthly, published by Henry George, 985 7th st., Milwaukee, Wis. The November number appears enlarged to 6x9. Had it retained its former size, the mss and ads in the November issue could have easily filled it. Room for improvement is very large. We hope to see it soon.

Philatelic Flashes, published by L. L. Dolson, Geneva, Iowa, December, 1909. This journal since being enlarged has not met our expectations. The big Christmas issue promised by Mr. Dolson did not forthcome, owing to poor railroad facilities caused by the strike at St. Paul, Minn. A well written and sensible article by Robert E. Ramsey appears on the first page.

Notes on New Issues.

From Turks and Caicos Islands, a splendidly engraved set, bearing the portrait of King Edward VII, has appeared. They are perhaps the most handsome of all "King's Head" stamps. Printed on toned paper, the higher values are especially fine.

Peru has just issued a beautiful series, with small portraits of eminent South Americans thereon. This set is a most ornamental one—perhaps the most attractive of all Peruvian issues.

Instead of being printed with centers in black, the interesting stamps of Monserrat, bearing an allegorical figure leaning against a cross and supporting a harp, are now printed in one color.

A new set of stamps have been is-

sued for the Maldive Islands, which are under the administration of Ceylon. On this set a tower is depicted, and the inscription is in English and Chingalese.

The stamps issued by Lieutenant Shackleton during his voyage to the South Pole, were of New Zealand, overprinted "King Edward VII Land," in dark green. The postmark on them reads "British Antarctic Expedition," and the date.

The Indian State, Charkhari, has recently produced a curious postal issue. The stamps are inscribed "Postage Stamp, Charkhari State, India, Bundlekhand.

Our readers will remember the ornate picture set of "Etat Independent du Congo." These same stamps are now to hand with this title altered to "Congo Belge." This is the new title of the Congo Free State, which owing to political changes in Belgium has been taken over by the government, and is now known as Belgian Congo.

Items Of Interest.

It has been announced that Warren H. Colson, formerly with the New England Stamp Co., has purchased a very fine specialized collection of Columbian Republic stamps, the value of which is said to be about \$6000. The name of the former owner is not given, but Columbian specialists have a fair idea as to whom the collection first belonged.

An example of booming stamp trade is well shown in the business of H. M. Lindsay, the well known dealer in Baltimore, Md. On account of such an increase Mr. Lindsay has taken on more help, secured larger quarters and is now doing business under the name of Baltimore Stamp Co.

The monthly bargain list, published by the C. E. Hussman Stamp Co., St. Louis, Mo., is a creditable house-organ being far above the tenor of the average advertising sheet.

W. S. Barker of Boston is now on the road in the interests of that well known stamp firm, the New England Stamp Company.

The efficient secretary of the American Philatelic Society, Mr. Henry S. Adair, is now located at Atlanta, Ga. By his removal the Columbus (Ohio) Collectors Club loses one of its most influential members.

Inasmuch as the numerals are omitted from the current U. S. stamps, a law in the Universal Postal Union agreement is violated. However new dies bearing numerals have been prepared, and will be printed from at an early date.

The Winners.

It is with pleasure that we award the December prize to Edwin B. Phelps, for his excellent article "Philatelic Terms." His article is well written and very instructive. Those amateur collectors who read it will no doubt profit themselves. We consider it one of the best ever sent us.

J. Russell Reed is awarded the February prize packet, his article being the best sent us. Many writings of Mr. Reed have appeared in the leading philatelic papers, and the article he sends us will, we are sure, be read with interest by the collectors who peruse these pages.

Philatelic Terms.

There are many philatelic terms that the young collector is not familiar with and for his benefit I shall endeavor to explain the most common.

Tete-Beche is a term of French derivation, applied to one or more stamps printed upside down on a sheet, caused by a die or dies being wrongly inserted in a plate for printing. The early issues exemplify this term.

As a means of protection against forgery, a fancy network called Burele is printed on the face or back of a stamp.

Some people have made a practice of cleaning cancelled stamps and using them again for postage. To prevent this, an unusual method was resorted to. A square of small dots embossed in the paper, in order to break the fibres, so as to permit the cancelling ink to sink in, is called a grille. Stamps thus grilled cannot be cleaned after use. The grille has been used on the early issues of the United States and Peru.

A surcharge is an official addition printed upon a stamp, altering its face value, after it has been completed and ready for use.

Taille-douce is a term that has no doubt puzzled the minds of many philatelic amateurs. A stamp taille-douce, is an engraved stamp. The engraver cuts into the plate the marks that are to appear in color on the stamp. Those parts that are intended to be left blank are left higher than those to be printed. When ready for the printing operation, the plate is inked, then wiped off carefully, thereby removing the ink from the raised parts. After being dampened, the paper to be printed is subjected to great pressure, during the printing process, and is forced up into the lines that are cut into the plate and thus takes up the ink. The ink sometimes stands up in relief from the paper.

Edwin B. Phelps,
Pocahontas, Va.

Hobbies.

Did you ever stop to think how many hobbies existed at the present day? If you did, you probably couldn't think of them all, for now-a-days nearly everybody has a hobby and you're not in it unless you collect something. I have started collecting stamps, coins, post cards, minerals, shells, transfers and clippings, but none have held my interest as much as stamps and I believe that no hobby affords more genuine pleasure than stamp collecting. When I read over some of our hobby magazines and see what things people do collect, even to old junk, I have all the more respect for my hobby and am glad that there is at least a sane one.

Post-card collecting has been all the rage for the last few years and although these collectors outnumber stamp collectors by a large majority, I am convinced that, like all other fads that come and go, this hobby will soon diminish. It hasn't the stability of stamp collecting. A collector may think it a grand thing to have six or seven hundred cards and every time a visitor comes to his house display his proud possession—but, show that visitor an album full of stamps and watch his interest increase at those little pieces of paper, and he is surprised at the prices some of them of them call for. Yes, there is something more instructive and entertaining about stamps. Of course post card collecting has its good points, and this is just my opinion, (but perhaps I may be voicing the sentiments of others) of post card collecting compared with stamp collecting.

Coin collecting is an interesting hobby and I have been somewhat taken with it, but I find it more interesting to collect United States coin now in circulation. It is something the same as stamp collecting and I think in time it will be a close rival.

Other hobbies, too, all seem to serve their purpose, but some people certainly go the limit in collecting things. How they can find pleasure in collecting articles which would otherwise go to the junk-man is more than I can comprehend. Give me a nice comfortable chair, by a bright, warm fire on a cold wintry night, place a stamp album in my hands, and for my part, you have every other hobby beaten to a frazzle.

J. Russell Reed.

A curious machine is soon to be put on trial in Paris, at the postoffice in the Rue Sainte-Anne. It is a machine to register letters, and will be an enormous advantage to the public, as it will do away with an oftentimes long wait before a busy window.

This apparatus resembles any auto-

matic distributor and works in a similar way.

First you put a nickel 25 centime piece (the tax for registering a letter) in the slot, then you put your letter already bearing the ordinary stamp, in the box and turn a crank; you will receive a receipt bearing a number which corresponds to that stamped at the same time on your letter.

That is all, and the operation has not taken more than three or four seconds.—
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Contains 25 to 30 stamps, catalogue value \$2.00 to \$2.50, and is a great value for 50 cents postpaid.

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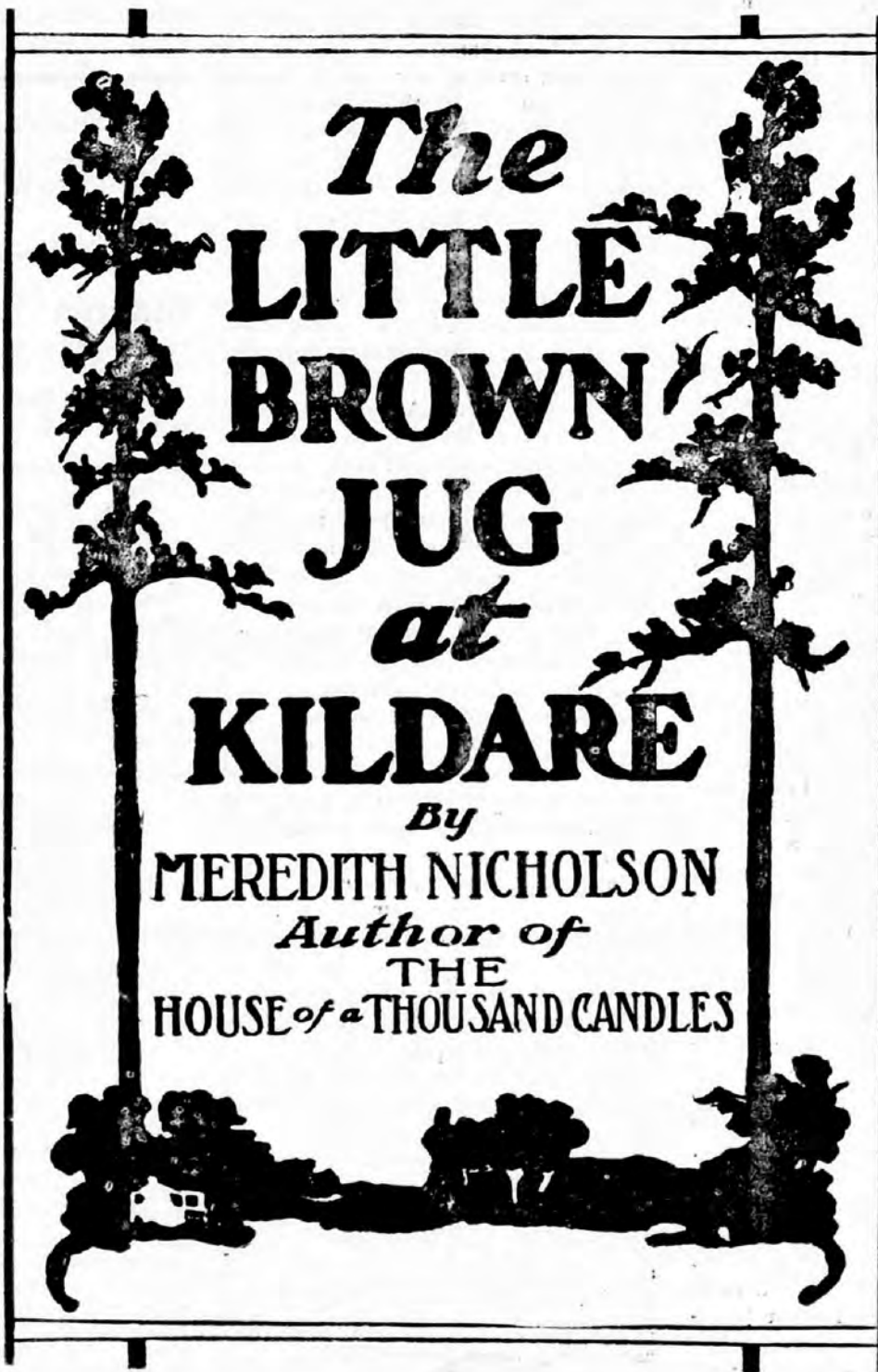
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**LITTLE
BROWN
JUG**

at

KILDARE

By

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of

**THE
HOUSE of a THOUSAND CANDLES**

The G.M.A. EMBLEM

Vol. II. No. 12.

MAY, 1910.

5c PER COPY 50c PER YEAR



The Emblem Printing Company,

Alma, Kansas.

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The U. M. A. Emblem.

MAY 1910.

CONTENTS.

VOLUME
❖ II ❖
NO. 12
PUBLISHED
MONTHLY



Fiction.



The Bishop and the Front Door Key	- - -	Helen Sherman Griffith	3
The Little Brown Jug at Kildare	- - -	Meredith Nicholson	6



Verse.



What Shakespeare Said	- - - - -	Wilbur D. Nesbit	5
Our Flag.	- - - - -	L. Garrison Cline	14



Our Departments.



Editorial	- - - - -		15
I. O. C. M. A. News and Notes	- - - - -		13
The Stamp Collector	- - - - -	Julian T. Baber	16



Miscellaneous.



The Onlooker	- - - - -	Wilbur D. Nesbit	5
Humorous	- - - - -		18



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The Bishop and the Front Door Key

By Helen Sherman Griffith

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There was a knock on the study door—a knock so soft that it failed to gain the attention of the young clergyman bent over his desk.

Mrs. Percival knocked again, and then, opening the door softly, peeped into the room.

"Oh, Robert," she said, gently, "please pay attention to me."

The clergyman looked up, smiled radiantly, and stretched out one arm to her. The other hand still held his pen. His wife crossed the room with a little rush and sat down on the broad arm of his chair.

"It has come," she said, briefly, with ill-controlled excitement.

"What has?" The clergyman looked a trifle startled, for—be it confessed—he had been dreaming, in the intervals of composing next Sunday's sermon, of promotion and increased salary.

"The bishop's letter. And he has accepted Robert."

The clergyman was puzzled. He could not at the moment recall what the bishop had been offered for acceptance or rejection.

"Don't you remember, dear?" said Mrs. Percival, patiently, accustomed to her husband's tricks of memory. "He has been asked to deliver the address at the church convention exercises, and we invited him to stay with us during his visit."

"Oh, of course I remember, Connie," exclaimed the clergyman, and they exchanged knowing glances.

"It is a very desirable position—that

of assistant to the bishop," said Mrs. Percival, wistfully. "And it pays \$600 more a year than you are getting now, Robert. "We could do a great deal with \$50 more every month."

She slipped her arm around his neck as she perched on the arm of his chair, and leaned her cheek against the soft brown of his hair. They were lost in a silent reverie for a few moments. Then a cloud crossed the clergyman's face.

"How are you going to entertain the bishop, dear?" he asked, anxiously. "He is used to things so different. Can you manage with our little establishment?—a maid-of-all-work, simple cooking, plated silver—"

"And ugly china and molded glass—"

"Yes, all those little hurts that we have borne. I don't want you to suffer any humiliation by exposing our poverty, Connie. If I thought that—"

"Edith Bright suggested that I hire another servant for just those few days. She has offered to lend me silver and—and things."

The clergyman's lower jaw squared itself.

"The monogram would not be the same," was the only comment he offered, however.

"The bishop might think them heirlooms if he noticed," replied Mrs. Percival, sweetly. "And Mrs. Jones, at the poor farm, will let her Jennie come at four dollars a week."

"A week! The bishop isn't going to stay a week, is he?"

"No," but Jennie could come a day or two before, to get the house ready, and stay a day or two after to straighten up—and wash the borrowed linen."

"That is another suggestion of Mrs. Bright's, I daresay?"

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Percival, slowly, as if unwilling to yield the originality of so thrifty a scheme. "And she says I can't rent a very good-looking Haviland china course set at Campbell's."

"Rented china in course sets. That means course luncheons, course dinners—perhaps even course breakfasts—of dishes we rarely afford as a luxury. Connie, dear, have you counted the cost?"

"It was only Edith's suggestion, dear."

The clergyman restrained his imme-

diately reply, which, though human, might have been judged unclerical, and said, after a moment:

"Mrs. Bright has never had to count the cost of things. She was only considering the feasibility of our raising our mode of life to meet that of the Bishop's."

Mrs. Percival pressed her cheek a little closer to her husband's brow and did not answer.

"I would rather you never had the bishop, dear—would rather give up all hope of promotion," went on the clergyman, earnestly, almost passionately, "than to have you suffer any mortification, or even embarrassment, in your extending of hospitalities. This plan of—of your friend's sounds very simple and feasible, but it means infinite 'living up to.' Connie, dear, have you counted the cost?"

He clasped his wife's hands and turned in his chair to face her. To his bewilderment, she was laughing.

"Yes, dear, I have counted the cost," she said, gayly, "and I find it too high. The venture would not be worth the price."

She released her hands, and, still balanced on the arm chair, she caught his face between her palms and kissed his mouth. Her sweet, womanly face grew serious.

"There will be no borrowed silver, no rented china, no hired-for-the-occasion maid, dearest. As you say, that was Mrs. Bright's suggestion. We shall receive the bishop as we are. We shall give him the best of what we have and let the spirit of our hospitality be the presiding genius. We both wish for great things to come of this visit, we have hung heavy hopes upon it, but let us win whatever we get naturally, Robert. Let us—let us stand in our own shoes," she ended, abruptly.

The clergyman smiled and kissed her once again.

The bishop arrived and was received by two cordial young people, who greeted him affectionately and made him completely at home. Within five minutes he was seated in a leather-cushioned Morris chair. The furnishings were of the simplest and most inexpensive, but there was an air of comfort, of homeliness, about everything that warmed the heart. The Bishop, who was a portly old gentle-

man with a great mind and greater heart, had accepted the manners and habits of his exalted station, but he was by nature of the simplest tastes. Therefore, at the end of ten minutes he beamed upon his hostess and made that request which only his closest intimates were given the privilege of granting—he asked to be given milk-toast for his supper.

How Mrs. Percival rejoiced that Jennie Jones was safe at home at the poor farm. Mrs. Bright's silver locked securely away in a trunk upstairs, and that the order for rented Haviland china in courses, which Mrs. Bright had officiously given in Mrs. Percival's name, had been countermanded. And how proud was the clergyman in having a clever, sweet, home-making wife.

The bishop reflected seriously, when he went to bed that night, upon the subject of a coadjutor. In its way, the matter was as important to him as to the clergyman. The bishop's need was an able assistant; the clergyman's, the practical encouragement of a promotion.

"If this young man is as deep and earnest as my short acquaintance leads me to believe," he concluded, mentally, "I don't see why he is not the very man for the place. He is intellectual—brained; and he certainly has a helpmeet in his wife. I wonder if they are always on such good terms with each other," mused the wily bishop, "or whether these are 'company manners?' I'll have a chance to judge before I leave, no doubt," and the bishop turned over and slept the sleep of a quiet conscience and a good digestion.

His chance to judge came the following evening.

The exercises at the convention were long and somewhat arduous. The bishop received an ovation, and the afternoon reception was prolonged. The rectory party arrived at home with only a limited time in which to prepare for and eat their supper before starting off again upon the evening's festivities.

They left the home in a flutter and were two squares away before the absent-minded clergyman clapped his hand on his trousers-pocket and exclaimed:

"I've left the latch-key behind!"

"I have it, Robert, dear," said Mrs. Percival, serenely. "It was on the mantel and I slipped it into my coat-pocket while we were waiting for you."

"Thanks. Hadn't you better let me have it, dear?"

"Well, let me give it to you when we get to the hall. I can't bear to take my hands out of my muff now. Oh, how cold it has grown, just since this afternoon."

The key was completely forgotten by all concerned. It was close upon midnight when the trio descended from the last trolley car at the rectory corner.

The feeling of dismay awakened by a slapping of his empty pockets was succeeded quickly in the clergyman's

mind by the relieved thought that his wife had the front-door key.

"Connie, dear, let's have the key, and I'll run up the path ahead and get the door open for you. It's too cold to stand about."

Mrs. Percival pulled a set of reluctant fingers out of the warm down of her muff and fumbled in her coat pocket. A blank expression crossed her face in the darkness.

"I—I don't seem to have it, Robert, dear. Didn't I give it to you? I remember your asking for it."

"No, you said your hands were too cold then. When we reached the hall we forgot."

"But I put it in. I—it—let's see if it's in the other pocket."

She explored the depth of each pocket; she took off her gloves and searched again. No key was to be found. The little party had meanwhile entered the rectory gate and walked slowly up the path to the small, dark house. "Perhaps we've been careless for once and left a window open, Robert."

"Not likely," said the clergyman with imperturbable cheerfulness, "but I'll have a try. Of course, we are going to get in somehow," he added to the bishop. "It's only a question of contrivance. Connie, have you looked again in both pockets?"

"My hands have not stopped feeling, Robert."

"You don't happen to have a pocket in your dress?"

"No, dear bishop. That is one of the 'Woman's Rights' still denied us. But you have a bunch of keys in your pocket. Let me try if any of those fit."

The clergyman and the bishop tested all the first-story windows, while Mrs. Percival tried keys in the impassive lock. The windows were all secured and none of the keys fitted. Then they held a council. The bishop's unwonted exertion had made him

warm, and when he stood still, the icy wind blowing against his heated form was chilly and uncomfortable. He noted mentally that the clergyman and his wife had not yet lost themselves in abusive language.

"Company manners hold pretty strong, if it is only restraint," he reflected, and watched forgetting his own annoyance.

Suddenly Mrs. Percival laughed—a low, quick laugh of deep amusement.

"Robert," she said, softly, and her voice rippled with fun, "Robert, I'm afraid you'll have to go down the coal chute."

The clergyman gasped at the idea. The coal chute was a long, box-like tunnel about 12 by 16 inches in size, black and smutty, of course, which ran under the porch on a slight incline and communicated by means of a glass window with the coal bin in the cellar. The clergyman removed a latticed screen in the front of the porch that concealed the coal chute from outside view and surveyed the

small, square, black hole dubiously. Mrs. Percival and the bishop surveyed it, too.

"There's nothing else for it, my dear man. I'll hold your coat."

The clergyman removed his overcoat and handed it to the bishop. With a sigh for his best coat, he clambered feet foremost into the chute. Mrs. Percival felt hysterical. The bishop would never engage a coadjutor whom he could recollect having seen under such undignified circumstances!

The clergyman writhed down the chute like an elongated crab, until his patent-leather shoes came in contact with the cellar window. It was necessary to remove this obstacle to his further progress.

The clergyman did his strenuous best, and at the end came a crunch of splintered woodwork and the crash of glass. This sound was followed in the ears of the anxious listeners above by a dull thud and then a sickening silence. Mrs. Percival squeezed the bishop's arm apprehensively.

"The chute takes a sudden drop at the window and there isn't much coal in the bin. Do you suppose he is very badly hurt?"

"Call down to him," said the bishop in a voice of concern.

"Robert!" called Mrs. Percival. "Robert!"

There was a moment of breathless silence, and then the clergyman's voice came out to them hollowly.

Suddenly Mrs. Percival shrieked. It was a low-toned, semi-voiced shriek, but it spoke a volume of enigmas. The bishop thought she had stuck herself with a pin. The clergyman, down in the dark cellar interpreted it as a frenzy of dismay.

"Perhaps I can break it open," he called up through the sepulchral medium of the chute.

"Oh, Robert," his wife replied, her voice floating down to him as dulcet as a spring breeze blowing over clover, "Oh, Robert, I'm so sorry. Will you forgive me?"

The bishop listened with amazement. But the clergyman, whose keen mind had an almost feminine power of jumping at conclusions, smiled—a bit grimly, perhaps, but he smiled.

"Where was it?" he called.

The bishop stared at a sound of rippling, and saw Mrs. Percival's arm plunge into the recesses of her coat, far below the limit drawn for the depth of even a woman's pocket.

"There—there was a hole in my pocket," she called, in confession, and slowly drew forth—the missing key.

Here was the bishop's test. He held his breath. It would never do to engage a coadjutor whom he knew to be addicted to the use of strong language, nor one who quarreled with his wife.

"Well, hurry up and unlock the door, and remember I'm a prisoner down here," called the clergyman.

with incredible amiability. "I'm thankful we've found the key to the situation."

The bishop shivered in the cold night air and shook his head. It was "company manners." Anything else under the circumstances would be unnatural. He would listen with his bedroom door ajar for the aftermath. The decision at stake justified the act.

Mrs. Percival unlocked and opened the front door, and while the bishop stood over the register she disappeared into the back entry. There was the sound of a withdrawal of bolts and of persons groping in the dark. Then the clergyman emerged, looking like a coal heaver.

Apologies were exchanged hastily. The clergyman's voice shook perceptibly, and Mrs. Percival murmured her good nights inaudibly, her face averted.

The bishop was conscious of a distinct sensation of disappointment.

He had grown fond of these two simple, natural young people; they were wholesome, charming. And the clergyman would have made a capital coadjutor. He had even reached the point of determining that the salary of the office in question be raised. He left his door ajar and listened resignedly for the storm of tears and upbraidings.

The clergyman and his wife turned off the gas and tiptoed up to their bedroom in silence. The door was closed softly and Mrs. Percival threw herself into her husband's grimy arms.

"Oh, Robert," she whispered, "we nearly froze the bishop and I suppose it is all up with the coadjutorship, but oh, it was so funny!"

And suddenly upon the bishop's amazed ear there poured forth a long, double peal of laughter, masculine and feminine, running from soul-rejoicing bass into delicious cadences of treble lun.

Few Paupers in Holland.

Holland has few dependent paupers. Work is provided for all those who apply for relief.

Monopoly of Oil Supply.

The world's entire supply of the oil of bergamot comes from a small section of Calabria, fronting on the Straits of Messina.

He Did Not Say.

For downright devilishness, says a New England deacon, gossiping women beat 'em all. What did the deacon do?—Houston Chronicle.

Newness of Modern Japan.

Wheeled vehicles and roads upon which they can travel are matters of the last 50 years in Japan.

He who teaches his son no trade is as if he teaches him to steal.—The Talmud.

THE ONLOOKER

WILBUR D. NESBIT.

WHAT SHAKESPEARE SAID



I'd a dream of William Shakespeare; we were sitting on the shore Where old Charon runs the ferry, dipping in his silent oar. We were sitting there and chatting of the fashions and the times, And of books and things and people and of music and of rhymes, When he asked me in an off-hand and a careless sort of way: "Will you tell me what the people have to say of me to-day?"

Then I said to William Shakespeare, while we sat beside the Styx: "It is hard to say it, William, but you're in an awful fix. They have found some brand new ciphers and some anagrams as well, And it isn't 'William Shakespeare' that the cryptic puzzles spell. Not for worlds would I offend you, but the truth is that they claim That you didn't write the dramas which have always borne your name."

Then he heaved a sigh in silence, and he gazed upon the stream Where old Charon steered his ferry boat without the aid of steam, And he said at last: "Well, listen. You can think just what you please, But they'll argue on that question till the lake of fire will freeze. I know Bacon—meet him daily—and we have our little jest Over cryptograms and ciphers, anagrams and all the rest.

"But I'll just say this: I never did my plays the grievous wrong Of arranging them to introduce a home-and-mother song. And in spite of all the pleadings of the managers, declined To permit a romping chorus to make my plots hard to find; And I didn't write plays over at the leading lady's whim Nor construct new scenes to play up any hero's strength of limb.

"Also, furthermore, I never made a fortune from my work— Why, I had to go and borrow poor old Hamlet's belt and dirk!— So although you may receive it in a sort of dumb amaze I will say that I'm not caring who composed my string of plays!" Then he rose with a motion stately and quite hollowly he laughed And with right hand waved in farewell stepped aboard of Charon's craft.



Little Henry's Memoranda.

Classic music is the kind a girl's father don't understand but has to pay for her learning.

My ma says mebbe the wimmen couldnt run the world better than the men do, but she notices that the men are hollerin for reform all the time.

Unkel Eli says half the men is worryin about their future and the other half about their past.

Dockter Green says fashuns has changed in sickness and this year if you hav appendicitis you wont be invited anywhere hardly.

A plumber must get offel tired goin back to the shop after tools.

We should strive to overcome obstickles, but be sure that they are not in somebuddy elses path.

The man that makes a mistake has to acknolledge it pretty quick if he wants to get ahead of his critticks.

Once More.

Now the paper's on the table, and the ink is on the pen And the poets are presenting all the parodies again; They are turning out a bushel every minute by the clock When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The Politician.

See, my child, this is a politician. Observe the frock coat and the silk hat.

Notice how his hand involuntarily seeks the breast of his coat.

Observe, also, that in his other hand he carries a large hammer.

And, you ask, is the hammer to use in nailing campaign lies?

Not so, my child. He uses the hammer to knock his opponents.

Politics makes strange bedfellows, but they keep such late hours they hardly ever notice it.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

AT

KILDARE

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON
Illustrations By
RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Tommy Ardmore, New York millionaire and owner of a great estate in North Carolina, reaches Atlanta in search of a pretty girl who had winked at him as their trains stood opposite each other two days before. His old friend and companion, Henry Griswold, professor of admiralty in the University of Virginia, on his way north from Atlanta, is mistaken for Gov. Osborne of South Carolina, and is threatened with harm if he causes the arrest of B. I. Appleweight, a border line desperado, over whom Gov. Osborne of South Carolina and Gov. Dangerfield of North Carolina are at odds. Griswold stops at Columbia, S. C., to warn Osborne.

CHAPTER II.—He finds only the governor's daughter, Barbara, at the capitol, and at her request remains that his services may be at her disposal in the absence of her father.

CHAPTER III.—In the hotel at Atlanta Ardmore meets Billings, his financial agent, who is in search of the governor of North Carolina, and Billings points out to him Miss Jerry Dangerfield, the governor's daughter, who happens to be dining there also. Ardmore recognizes her as the girl who winked at him, and determines to follow her to Raleigh. On the way the train stops at Kildare and a countryman, mistaking Ardmore for the governor's secretary, presents him with a jug of moonshine. A moment later a small boy, taking Ardmore to be the governor, hands him a jug of buttermilk.

CHAPTER IV.—He finds a warning in the stopper of the moonshine jug threatening harm to Gov. Dangerfield if he caused the arrest of any of the Appleweight gang. Ardmore goes to the capitol to tell the governor, finds him absent, and tells the daughter.

CHAPTER V.—Ardmore becomes allied with Jerry Dangerfield in discharging the duties of the governor's office. A scathing telegram is sent to Gov. Osborne. Ardmore undertakes to handle his banker who threatens the state with bankruptcy through bonds upon which he demands payment.

CHAPTER VI.—Griswold becomes adviser to Barbara Osborne, who is attending to her father's duties in South Carolina. Orders are sent to the sheriff to capture Appleweight.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Ardmore Officially Recognized.

"She never did it; she never, never did!"

Mr. Ardmore, from a bench in the statehouse park, thus concluded a

long reverie. It was late afternoon, and he had forgotten luncheon in his absorption. There was no manner of use in recurring again to that episode of the lonely siding. He had found the girl—(indubitably the girl)—but not the wink! Miss Jerry Dangerfield was not the winking sort; he was well satisfied on that point, and so thoroughly ashamed into the bargain that he resolved to lead a different life and be very heedful of the cry of the poor in the future.

As he sat dejectedly on his park bench he was unaware that Miss Geraldine Dangerfield, walking hurriedly through the park on her way from the governor's mansion to the statehouse, passed directly behind him. His attitude was so eloquent of despair that it could not have failed to move a much harder heart than that of Miss Dangerfield, yet she made no sign; but a few minutes later the private secretary came out on the steps of the statehouse, and after a brief survey of the landscape crossed the lawn and called Ardmore by name.

"I beg your pardon, but Miss Dangerfield wished me to say that she'd



Unaware That Miss Dangerfield Passed Directly Behind Him.

like to see you for a minute. She's at the governor's office."

A prisoner, sentenced to death, and unexpectedly reprieved with the rope already on his neck, could not experience greater relief than that which brought Mr. Thomas Ardmore to his feet.

"You are sure of it—that there's no mistake?"

"Certainly not. Miss Dangerfield told me I was to bring you back."

Enthroned at the secretary's desk, a mass of papers before her, Miss Geraldine Dangerfield awaited him. He was ready to place his head on the block in sheer contrition for his conduct, but she herself took the initiative, and her tone was wholly amiable.

"This morning, Mr. Ardmore—"

"Oh, please forget this morning!" he pleaded.

"But I was rude to you; I threatened to have you thrown out of the house; and you had come to do us a favor. You traded buttermilk for moonshine?"

"I shouldn't exactly call it moonshine. It's more like dynamite than anything else. I've written a reply to the note and put it back in the cork, and I'm going to return it to Kildare."

"What answer did you make to that infamous effort to intimidate my father?" demanded Miss Dangerfield.

"I told the Appleweight gang that they were a lot of cowards, and that the governor will have them all in jail or hanged within ten days."

"Splendid! Perfectly splendid! Did you really say that?"

"What else could I do? I knew that that's what the governor would say—he'd have to say it—so I thought I'd save him the trouble."

"Where's the jug now, Mr. Ardmore?"

"In my room at the hotel. The gang must have somebody on guard here. A gentleman who seemed to be one of them called on me this morning, demanding the jug; and if he's the man I think he is, he's stolen the little brown jug from my room in the hotel by this time."

Miss Dangerfield had picked up a spool of red tape and was unwinding it. They were such nice little hands, and so peaceful in their aimless trifling with the tape that he was sure his eyes had betrayed him into imagining she had clenched them in the quiet drawing-room at the mansion. This office, now that its atmosphere enveloped him, was almost as domestic as the house in which she lived. Miss Dangerfield threw down the spool of tape and bent toward him gravely.

"Mr. Ardmore, can you keep a secret?"

"Nobody ever tried me with one, but I think I can, Miss Dangerfield," he murmured humbly.

"Then please stand up."

And Ardmore rose, a little sheepishly, like a schoolboy who fears blame and praise alike. Miss Dangerfield lifted one of the adorable hands solemnly.

"I, acting governor of North Carolina, hereby appoint you my private secretary, and may God have mercy on your soul. You may now sit down, Mr. Secretary."

"But I thought there was a secretary already. And besides, I don't write a very good hand," Ardmore stammered.

"I am just sending Mr. Bassford to Atlanta to find papa. He's already gone, or will be pretty soon."

"But I thought your father would be home to-night."

Miss Dangerfield looked out of the open window upon the park, then into the silent outer hall, to be sure she was not overheard.

"Papa will not be at home to-night or probably to-morrow night, or the night afterward. I'm not sure we'll

wait next Christmas dinner for papa."

"But of course you know where he is! It isn't possible—" and Ardmore stared in astonishment into Miss Dangerfield's tranquil blue eyes.

"It is possible. Papa is ducking his official responsibilities. That's what's the matter with papa! And I guess they're enough to drive any man into the woods. Just look at all this!"

Miss Dangerfield rested one of those diminutive hands of hers on the pile of documents, letters and telegrams the secretary had left behind him; with a nod of the head she indicated the governor's desk in the inner room, and it, too, was piled high with documents.

"I supposed," faltered Ardmore, "that in the absence of the governor the lieutenant governor would act. I think I read that once."

"You must have read it wrong, Mr. Ardmore. In North Carolina, in the absence of the governor, I am governor! Don't look so shocked; when I say I, I mean I—me! Do you understand what I said?"

"I heard what you said, Miss Dangerfield."

"I mean what I said, Mr. Ardmore. I have taken you into my confidence because I don't know you. I don't know anything about you. I don't want to know anything about you. I'd be ashamed to ask anybody I know to help me. The people of North Carolina must never know that the governor is absent during times of great public peril. And if you are afraid, Mr. Ardmore, you had better not accept the position."

"There's nothing I wouldn't do for you," blurted Ardmore.

"I'm not asking you—I would not ask you—to do anything for me. I am asking you to do it for the Old North State. Our relations, Mr. Ardmore, will not be social, but purely official. Do you accept the terms?"

"I do; and I warn you now that I shall never resign."

"I have heard papa say that life is short and the tenure of office uncertain. I can remove you at any time I please. Now do you understand that this is a serious business? There's likely to be a lot of trouble, and no time for asking questions, so when I say it's so it's so."

"It's so," repeated Ardmore docilely.

"Now, here's the sheriff at Kildare, on our side of the line, who writes to say that he is powerless to catch Appleweight. He's afraid of the dark, that man! You see, the grand jury in Dilwell county—that's Kildare, you know—has indicted Appleweight as a common outlaw, but the grand jurors were all friends of Appleweight and the indictment was only to satisfy law-and-order sentiment and appease the Woman's Civic league of Raleigh. Now, papa doesn't—I mean I don't want to offend those Appleweight people by meddling in this business. Papa wants Gov. Osborne to arrest Appleweight in South

Carolina; but I don't believe Gov. Osborne will dare do anything about it. Now, Mr. Ardmore, I am not going to have papa called a coward by anybody, particularly by South Carolina people, after what Gov. Osborne said of our state."

"Why, what did he say?"

"He said in a speech at Charleston last winter that no people who fry their meat can ever amount to anything, and he meant us! I can never forgive him for that; besides, his daughter is the stuck-up-est thing! And I'd like Barbara Osborne to tell me how she got into the Colonial Dames, and what call she has to be inspector general of the Granddaughters of the Mexican War; for I've heard my grandfather Dangerfield say many a time that old Col. Osborne and his South Carolina regiment never did go outside of Charleston until the war was over and the American army had come back home."

"Gov. Osborne is a contemptible ruffian," declared Ardmore with deep feeling.

Miss Dangerfield nodded judicial approval, and settled back in her chair the better to contemplate her new secretary, and said:

"I've written—that is to say, papa wrote before he went away, a strong letter to Gov. Osborne, complaining that Appleweight was hiding in South Carolina and running across the state line to rob and murder people in North Carolina. Papa told Gov. Osborne that he must break up the Appleweight crowd or he would do something about it himself. It's a splendid letter; you would think that even a coward like Gov. Osborne would do something after getting such a letter."

"Didn't he answer the letter?"

"Answer it? He never got it! Papa didn't send it; that's the reason! Papa's the kindest man in the world, and he must have been afraid of hurting Gov. Osborne's feelings. He wrote the letter, expecting to send it, but when he went off to New Orleans he told Mr. Bassford to hold it till he got back. He had even signed it—you can read it if you like."

It was undoubtedly a vigorous epistle, and Ardmore felt the thrill of its rhetorical sentences as he read. The dignity and authority of one of the sovereign American states was represented here, and he handed the paper back to Miss Dangerfield as tenderly as though it had been the original draft of Magna Charta.

"It's a corker, all right."

"I don't much like the way it ends. It says, right here"—and she bent forward and pointed to the place under criticism—"It says, 'Trusting to your sense of equity, and relying upon a continuance of the traditional friendship between your state and mine, I am, sir, awaiting your reply, very respectfully, your obedient servant.' Now, I wouldn't trust to his sense of anything, and that traditional friendship business is just fluffy nonsense,

and I wouldn't be anybody's obedient servant. I decided when I wasn't more than 15 years old, with a lot of other girls in our school, that when we got married we'd never say obey, and we never have, though only three of our class are married yet, but we're all engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Of course; we're engaged. I'm engaged to Rutherford Gillingwater, the adjutant general of this state. You couldn't be my private secretary if I wasn't engaged; it wouldn't be proper."

The earth was only a flying cinder on which he strove for a foothold. She had announced her engagement to be married with a cool finality that took his breath away; and not realizing the chaos into which she had flung him, she returned demurely to the matter of the letter.

"We can't change that letter, because it's signed close to the 'obedient servant' and there's no room. But I'm going to put it into the typewriter and add a postscript."

She sat down before the machine and inexpertly rolled the sheet into place; then, with Ardmore helping her to find the keys, she wrote:

I demand an immediate reply.

"Demand and immediate are both business words. Are you sure there's only one m in immediate? All right, if you know. I reckon a postscript like that doesn't need to be signed. I'll just put 'W. D.' there with papa's stub pen, so it will look really fierce. Now, you're the secretary; you copy it in the copying press and I'll address the envelope."

She bade him give the letter plenty of time to copy, and talked cheerfully while he waited. She spoke of her friends, as southern people have a way of doing, as though every one must of course know them—a habit that is illuminative of that delightful southern neighborliness that knits the elect of a commonwealth into a single family, that neither time and tide nor sword and brand can destroy.

"Well, that's done," said Miss Jerry, when the letter, still damp from the copy-press, had been carefully sealed and stamped. "Gov. Osborne will get it in the morning. I think maybe we'd better telegraph him that it's coming."

The message, slowly thumped out on the typewriter, and several times altered and copied, finally read:

Raleigh, N. C.

The Honorable Charles Osborne,
Governor of South Carolina,
Columbia, S. C.

Have written by to-night's mail in Appleweight matter. Your vacillating course not understood.

WILLIAM DANGERFIELD,
Governor of North Carolina.

"I reckon that will make him take notice;" and Miss Jerry viewed her work with approval. "And now, Mr. Ardmore, here's a telegram from Mr. Billings which I don't understand. See if you know what it means."

Ardmore chuckled delightedly as he

read:

Can not understand your outrageous conduct in bond matter. If payment is not made June first your state's credit is ruined. Where is Foster? Answer to Atlanta.

GEORGE P. BILLINGS.

"I don't see what's so funny about that! Mr. Bassford was walking the floor with that message when I came to the office. He said papa and the state were both going to be ruined. There's a quarter of a million dollars to be paid on bonds that are coming due June first, and there isn't any money to pay them with. That's what he said. And Mr. Foster is the state treasurer, and he's gone fishing."

"Fishing?"

"He left word he had gone fishing. Mr. Foster and papa don't get along together, and Mr. Bassford says he's run off just to let those bonds default and bring disgrace on papa and the state."

Ardmore's grin broadened. The Appleweight case was insignificant compared with this new business with which he was confronted. Billings had always treated him with contempt, as a negligible factor in the Ardmore millions, and here at last was an opportunity to balance accounts.

"I will show you how to fix Billings. Just let me have one of those blanks."

And after much labor, and with occasional suggestions from Miss Jerry, the following message was presently ready for the wires:

Your infamous imputation upon my honor and that of the state shall meet with the treatment it deserves. I defy you to do your worst. If you come into North Carolina or bring legal proceedings for the collection of your bonds I will fill you so full of buckshot that 40 men will not be strong enough to carry you to your grave.

"Isn't that perfectly grand!" murmured Jerry admiringly. "But I thought your family and the Bronx Loan and Trust Company were the same thing."

"Don't you worry about Billings. He is used to having people get down on their knees to him, and the change will do him good. Where is this man Foster?"

"Just fishing; that's what Mr. Bassford said, but he didn't know where. Father was going to call a special session of the legislature to investigate him, and he was so angry that he ran off so that papa would have to look after those bonds himself. Then this Appleweight case came up, and that worried papa a great deal. Here's his call for the special session. He told Mr. Bassford to hold that, too, until he came back from New Orleans."

Ardmore read Gov. Dangerfield's summons to the legislature with profound interest. It was signed, but the space for the date on which the lawmakers were to assemble had been left blank.

"It looks to me as though you had the whole state in your hands, Miss Dangerfield. But I don't believe we ought to call the special session just

yet. It would be sure to injure the state's credit, and it will be a lot more fun to catch Foster. I wonder if he took all the state money with him."

"Mr. Bassford said he didn't know and couldn't find out, for the clerks in the treasurer's office wouldn't tell him a single thing."

"One should never deal with subordinates," remarked Ardmore sagely. "Deal with the principals—I heard a banker say that once, and he was a man who knew everything. Besides, it will be more fun to attend to the bonds ourselves."

The roll of drums and the cry of a bugle broke in upon the peace of the later afternoon. Miss Jerry rose with an exclamation and ran out into the broad portico of the statehouse. Several battalions of a tide-water regiment, passing through town on their way to Camp Dangerfield, had taken advantage of a wait in Raleigh to disembark and show themselves at the capital. They were already halted and at parade rest at the side of the street, and a mounted officer in khaki,



"What's the Matter?" She Demanded.

galloping madly into view, seemed to focus the eyes of the gathering crowd. He was a gallant figure of a man; his mount was an animal that realized Job's ideal of a battle-horse; the soldiers presented arms as the horseman rode the line. Miss Dangerfield waved her handkerchief, standing eagerly on tiptoe to make her salutation carry as far as possible.

"Who is that?" asked Ardmore, with sinking spirit.

"Why, Rutherford Gillingwater, of course."

"Four right!" rang the command a moment later, and the militiamen tramped off to the station.

It was then that Ardmore, watching the crowd disperse at the edge of the park, saw his caller of the morning striding rapidly across the street. Ardmore started forward, then checked himself so suddenly that Miss Jerry Dangerfield turned to him inquiringly.

"What's the matter?" she demanded.

"Nothing. I have been robbed, as I hoped to be. Over there on the sidewalk, beyond the girl in the pink sun-bonnet, goes my little brown jug. That lank individual with the shabby hat has lifted it out of my room at the hotel, just as I thought he would."

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Griswold Forsakes the Academic Life.

Miss Osborne had asked Griswold to await the outcome of the day, and, finding himself thus possessed of a vacation, he indulged his antiquarian instincts by exploring Columbia. The late afternoon found him in the lovely cathedral churchyard, where an aged negro, tending the graves of an illustrious family, leaned upon his spade and recited the achievements and virtues of the dead.

As the shadows lengthened, Griswold walked back to the hotel, where he ate supper, then, calling for a horse, he rode through the streets in a mood of more complete alienation than he had ever experienced in a foreign country; yet the very scents of the summer night, stealing out from old gardens, the voices that reached him from open doorways, spoke of home.

As he reached the outskirts of town and rode on toward the governor's mansion, his mood changed, and he laughed softly, for he remembered Ardmore, and Ardmore was beyond question the most amusing person he knew. It was unfortunate, he generously reflected, that Ardmore, rather than himself, had not been plunged into this present undertaking, which was much more in Ardmore's line than his own. There would, however, be a great satisfaction in telling Ardmore of his unexpected visit to Columbia, in exchange for his friend's report of his pursuit of the winking eye. He only regretted that in the nature of things Columbia is a modern city, a seat of commerce as well as of government, a place where bank clearings are seriously computed, and where the jaunty adventurer with sword and ruffles is quite likely to run afoul of the police. Yet his own imagination was far more fertile than Ardmore's, and he would have hailed a troop of mail-clad men as joyfully as his friend had he met them clanking in the highway. Thus, modern as we think ourselves, the least venturesome among us dreams that some day some turn of a street corner will bring him face to face with what we please to call our fate; and this is the manifestation of our last drop of medieval blood. The grimmest seeker after reality looks out of the corner of his eye for the flutter of a white handkerchief from the ivied tower he affects to ignore; and, in spite of himself, he is buoyed by the hope that some day a horn will sound for him over the nearest hill.

Miss Osborne met him at the veran-

da steps. Indoors a mandolin and piano struck up the merry chords of "The Eutaw Girl."

"My young sisters have company. We'll sit here, if you don't mind."

She led the way to a quiet corner, and after they were seated she was silent a moment, while the light from the windows showed clearly that her perplexity of the morning was not yet at an end. He felt that she was seriously anxious and troubled, and he wished to hearten her if he could. The soft dusk of the faintly lighted corner folded her in. He heard whispered in his heart a man's first word of the woman he is destined to love, in which he sets her apart; above and beyond all other womenkind—she is different; she is not like other women!

"It is nearly nine," she said, her voice thrilling through him. "My father should have been here an hour ago. We have heard nothing from him. The newspapers have telephoned repeatedly to know his whereabouts. I have put them off by intimating that he is away on important public business, and that his purpose might be defeated if his exact whereabouts were known."

"I have no doubt in the world that the explanation you gave the newspapers is the truth of the matter. Your father must be absent a great deal—it is part of a governor's business to keep in motion. But we may as well face the fact that his absence just now is most embarrassing. This Appleweight matter has reached a crisis, and a failure to handle it properly may injure your father's future as a public man. If you will pardon me, I would suggest that there must be some one whom you can take into your confidence—some friend, some one in your father's administration that you can rely on?"

"Yes; father has many friends; but I cannot consider acknowledging to any one that father has disappeared when such a matter as this Appleweight case is an issue through the state. No; I have thought of every one this afternoon. It would be a painful thing for his best friends to know what is—what seems to be the truth." Her voice wavered a little, but she was brave, and he was aware that she straightened herself in her chair, and, when wayward gleams of light fell upon her face, that her lips were set resolutely.

"You saw the attorney general this morning," she went on. "As you suggested, he would naturally be the one to whom I should turn, but I cannot do it. I—there is a reason"—and she faltered a moment—"there are seasons why I cannot appeal to Mr. Bosworth at this time."

She shrugged her shoulders as though throwing off a disagreeable topic, and he saw that there was nothing more to be said on this point. His heart-beats quickened as he realized that she was appealing to him; that, though he was only the most

casual acquaintance, she trusted him.

As he pondered for a moment, a messenger rode into the grounds, and Miss Osborne slipped away and met the boy at the steps. She came back and opened a telegram, reading the message at one of the windows. An indignant exclamation escaped her, and she crumpled the paper in her hand.

"The impudence of it!" she exclaimed. He had risen, and she now turned to him with anger and scorn deepening her beautiful color. Her breath came quickly; her head was lifted imperiously; her lips quivered slightly as she spoke.

"This is from Gov. Dangerfield. Can you imagine a man of any character or decency sending such a message to the governor of another state?"

She watched him as he read:

Raleigh, N. C.

The Honorable Charles Osborne,
Governor of South Carolina,

Columbia, S. C.:

Have written by to-night's mail in Appleweight matter. Your vacillating course not understood.

WILLIAM DANGERFIELD,
Governor of North Carolina.

"What do you think of that?" she demanded.

"I think it's impertinent, to say the least," he replied guardedly.

"Impertinent? It's the most contemptible, outrageous thing I ever heard of in my life! Gov. Dangerfield has dilly-dallied with that case for two years. His administration has been marked from the beginning by the worst kind of incompetence. Why, this man Appleweight and his gang of outlaws only come into South Carolina now and then to hide and steal, but they commit most of their crimes in North Carolina, and they always have. Talk about a vacillating course! Father has never taken steps to arrest those men out of sheer regard for Gov. Dangerfield; he thought North Carolina had some pride, and that her governor would prefer to take care of his own criminals. What do you suppose Appleweight is indicted for in this state? For stealing one ham—one single ham from a farmer in Mingo county, and he's killed half a dozen men in North Carolina."

She paced the corner of the veranda angrily, while Griswold groped for a solution of the problem. The telegram from Raleigh was certainly lacking in diplomatic suavity. It was patent that if the governor of North Carolina was not tremendously aroused, he was playing a great game of bluff; and on either hypothesis a prompt response must be made to his telegram.

"I must answer this at once. He must not think we are so stupid in Columbia that we don't know when we're insulted. We can go through the side door to father's study and write the message there," and she led the way.

She found a blank and wrote rapidly, without asking suggestions, with this result:

The Honorable William Dangerfield,
Raleigh, N. C.:

Your extremely diverting telegram in Appleweight case received and filed.

CHARLES OSBORNE,
Governor of South Carolina.

She met Griswold's obvious disappointment with prompt explanation.

"You see, the governor of South Carolina cannot stoop to an exchange of billingsgate with an underbred person like that—a big, solemn, conceited creature in a long frock-coat and a shoestring necktie, who boasts of belonging to the common 'peo-pull.' He doesn't have to tell anybody that, when it's plain as daylight. The way to answer him is not to answer at all."

"Excellent. It's bound to irritate, and it leaves him in the dark as to our—I mean Gov. Osborn's—intentions. And those intentions—"

During this by-play he had reached a decision as to what should be done, and he was prepared to answer when she asked, with an employment of the pronoun that pleasantly emphasized their relationship:

"What are our intentions?"

"We are going to catch Appleweight, that's the first thing—and until we get him we're going to keep our own counsel. Let me have a telegraph blank and I will try my hand at being governor." He sat down in the governor's chair, asked the name of the county seat of Mingo and wrote without erasure or hesitation this message:

To the Sheriff of Mingo County,

Turner Court House, S. C.:

Make every possible effort to capture Appleweight and any of his gang who are abroad in your county. Swear in all the deputies you need, and if friendliness of citizens to outlaws makes this impossible wire me immediately, and I will send militia. Any delay on your part will be visited with severest penalties. Answer immediately by telegraph.

CHARLES OSBORNE,
Governor of South Carolina.

"That's quite within the law," said Griswold, handing Barbara the message; "and we might as well put the thing through at a gallop. I'll get the telegraph company to hold open the line to Turner Court House until the sheriff answers."

As Barbara read the message he saw her pleasure in the quick compression of her lips, the glow in her cheeks, and then the bright glint of her bronze-brown eyes as she finished.

"There must be no mistake, no failure," she said quietly.

"We are not going to fail; we are going to carry this through! Within three days we'll have Appleweight in a North Carolina jail or a flying fugitive in Gov. Dangerfield's territory. And now these telegrams must be sent. It might be better for you to go to the telegraph office with me. You must remember that I am a pilgrim and a stranger and they might question my filing official messages."

"That is perfectly true. I will go into town with you."

"And if there's an official coach that

everybody knows as yours, it would allay suspicions to have it," and while he was still speaking she vanished to order the carriage.

In five minutes it was at the side door, and Griswold and Barbara, fortified by the presence of Phoebe, left the governor's study.

"If they don't know me, everybody in South Carolina knows Phoebe," said Barbara.

"A capital idea. I can see by her eye that she's built for conspiracy."

Griswold's horse was to be returned to town by a boy; and when this had been arranged the three entered the carriage.

"The telegraph office, Tom; and hurry."

CHAPTER VII.

An Affair at the Statehouse.

Barbara filed the messages herself with the manager of the telegraph company, who lifted the green shade from his eyes and smiled upon her.

"We'll rush them, Miss Osborne. Shall I telephone the answers if they come to-night? No; your father likes his telegrams delivered, I remember."

"I will call for them," said Griswold. "Gov. Osborne was only at home a few hours this evening and he left me in charge of these matters."

The manager's face expressed surprise.

"Oh! I didn't know the governor was at home," he remarked, as he finished counting the words and charging them against the state's account. "I will send them myself, and ask the operators at the other end to look lively about the answers. You are Mr.—"

"This is Maj. Griswold," said Barbara, conferring the title with a vague feeling that it strengthened her cause.

"Major," repeated the manager, and he nodded to Griswold with an air that implied his familiarity with official secrets. "You will call? In a couple of hours, major."

As Barbara and Griswold turned to leave, a young man who had been writing a message at the standing desk in the lobby lifted his hat and addressed Barbara. He was a reporter for the Columbia Intelligencer, and his manner was eager.

"Oh, Miss Osborne, pardon me, but I've been trying to get you on the telephone. Can you tell me where your father is to-night?"

"Father was in town only a few hours, and then left on state business."

"May I ask if it's the Appleweight case? The Raleigh papers have wired for information and we'd like to know here."

"I cannot answer that question. It's enough that the governor is absent on state business and that the business is important. You may print that in the Intelligencer and repeat it to Raleigh. There is no harm in that, Miss Osborne?"

"No; certainly not," Barbara replied.

"But the papers all over the state are talking about the Appleweight gang. They intimate that those people enjoy immunity from prosecution and that the governor—you will pardon me, Miss Osborn—will take no steps to arrest them for personal reasons."

"Your question is quite proper," replied Griswold. "The governor's acts are subject to scrutiny at all times and it is just as well to have this matter understood now. I am employed by the governor as special counsel in some state matters. My name is Griswold. Take out your book and come to the desk here and I will give you a statement which you may publish as by the authority of the governor."

The three found seats at a table and Griswold dictated while the reporter wrote, Barbara meanwhile sitting with her cheek resting against her raised hand. She was experiencing the relief we all know, of finding a strong arm to lean upon in an emergency, and she realized that Griswold was not only wise, but shrewd and resourceful.

"Please print this exactly as I give it: It having been intimated in certain quarters that the Appleweight gang of outlaws, which has been terrorizing the North Carolina frontier for several years, enjoys immunity from prosecution in South Carolina owing to the fact that Gov. Osborne was at some time attorney for Appleweight, Gov. Osborne begs to say that steps have already been taken for the arrest of this man and his followers, dead or alive. The governor presents his compliments to those amiable critics who have so eagerly seized upon this pretext for slurring his private character and aspersing his official acts. The governor has no apologies to proffer the people of South Carolina, who have so generously reposed in him their trust and confidence. He is intent upon safe-guarding the peace, dignity and honor of the state through an honest enforcement of law and he has no other aim or ambition."

Griswold took the reporter's notebook and read over this pronouncement; then he handed it to Barbara, who studied it carefully.

"I think it sounds just right, only, why not substitute for 'honest' the word 'vigorous'?"

"Excellent," assented Griswold, and thus amended the statement was returned to the reporter.

"Now," said Griswold to the young man, "you are getting a pretty good item that no other paper will have. Please wire your story to Raleigh; Gov. Osborne is very anxious that the people up there shall understand fully his attitude in the Appleweight matter."

"I reckon this will wake up old Dangerfield all right," said the reporter, grinning. "He'll be paralyzed. May I use your name in this connection,

sir?"

"Not at all. My engagement with Gov. Osborne is of the most confidential character and our purposes would be defeated by publicity. Remember, you get the exclusive use of this story—the return and immediate departure of the governor, his state-



"The Drawer Has Been Opened Since I Was Here."

ment to the people in the Appleweight case—all with the understanding that you use what you have to the best advantage."

"This is all right, is it, Miss Osborne?" asked the reporter.

"Maj. Griswold has full authority to act, and you need question nothing he tells you," Barbara replied.

"I suppose the governor didn't see the attorney general to-day?" asked the reporter detainingly, as Barbara rose. She exchanged a glance with Griswold.

"Father didn't see Mr. Bosworth at all, if that's what you mean!"

"Didn't see him? Well, Bosworth didn't exactly tell me he had seen him to-day, but I asked him about the Appleweight case an hour ago at his house and he said the governor wasn't going to do anything and that was the end of it so far as the administration is concerned."

"Print his story and see what happens! We have no comment to make on that, have we, Miss Osborne?"

"Nothing at all," replied Barbara scornfully.

"I'm at the Saluda house at present. See me to-morrow and I may have another story for you!" and Griswold shook the reporter warmly by the hand as they parted at the carriage door.

"Home," said Barbara for the reporter's benefit, and then, to Griswold: "I must speak of another matter. Drive with me a little way until we can throw the reporter off."

She spoke quietly, but he saw that she was preoccupied with some new phase of the situation, and as the car-

riage gained headway she said earnestly:

"That young man told the truth—I am sure of it—about Mr. Bosworth. I knew he would do something to injure father if he could, but I did not know he had the courage to go so far."

They were now at the edge of the town and she bade him stop the carriage.

"We must go to the statehouse," said Griswold. "We must get that requisition, to guard against treason in the citadel. Assuming that Gov. Osborne really doesn't want to see Appleweight punished we'd better hold the requisition anyhow. It's possible that your father had it ready—do pardon me!—for a grand-stand play, or he may have wanted to bring Appleweight into the friendlier state;—but that's all conjectural. We'd better keep out of the principal streets. That reporter has a sharp eye."

She gave the necessary directions and the driver turned back into Columbia. It was pleasant to find his accomplice in this conspiracy a girl of keen wit who did not debate matters or ask tiresome questions. The business ahead was serious enough, though he tried by manner, tone and words to minimize its gravity.

"Have you the office keys?" he asked.

"Yes; I have been afraid to let go of them. There's a watchman in the building, but he knows me very well. There will not be the slightest trouble about getting in."

The watchman—an old confederate veteran—sat smoking in the entrance and courteously bade them good evening.

"I want to get some papers from father's office, captain."

"Certainly, Miss Barbara." He preceded them, throwing on the lights, to the governor's door, which he opened with his own pass key. "It's pretty lonesome here at night, Miss Barbara."

"I suppose nobody comes at night," remarked Griswold.

"Not usually, sir. But one or two students are at work in the library, and Mr. Bosworth is in his office."

The veteran walked away jingling his keys. Barbara was already in the private office bending over the governor's desk. She found the right key, drew out a drawer, then cried out softly. She knelt beside the desk, throwing the papers about in her eagerness, then turned to Griswold with a white face.

"The drawer has been opened since I was here this morning. The requisition and all the other papers in the case are gone."

Griswold examined the lock carefully and pointed to the roughened edges of the wood.

"A blade of the shears there, or perhaps the paper cutter—who knows? The matter is simple enough, so please do not trouble about it. Wait here a moment. I want to make some

inquiries of the watchman."

He found the old fellow pacing the portico like a sentry. He pointed out the attorney general's office, threw on a few additional lights for Griswold's guidance, and resumed his patrol duty outside.

The attorney general's door was locked, but in response to Griswold's knock it was opened guardedly.

"I am very sorry to trouble you, Mr. Bosworth," began Griswold, quietly edging his way into the room, "but one never gets wholly away from business these days."

He closed the door himself, and peered into the inner rooms to be sure the attorney general was alone. Bosworth's face flushed angrily when he found that a stranger had thus entered his office with a cool air of proprietorship.

"Who the devil are you?" he demanded, glaring.

"I'm special counsel for Gov. Osborne in the Appleweight case. There's no use in wasting time in further identification, but if you take down that volume on Admiralty Practice just behind you, you will find my name on the title page. Or, to save you the trouble, as you seem to be interested in my appearance, I will tell you that my name is Griswold and that my address is Charlottesville, Va."

"You are undoubtedly lying. If you are smart enough to write a book you ought to know enough about legal procedure to understand that the attorney general represents the state and special counsel would not be chosen without his knowledge."

"Allow me to correct you, my learned brother. You should never misquote the opposing counsel—it's one of the rules of the game. What I said a moment ago was that I represented the governor—Gov. Osborne. I didn't say I represented the state, which is a different matter, and beset with ultra vires pitfalls. There is no earthly reason why a governor should not detach himself, so to speak, from his office and act in propria persona, as a mere citizen."

Bosworth grinned, but not at the legal status of monarchs and states. He had thought of a clever stroke and he dealt the blow with confidence.

"Let us assume," he said, "that you represent Mr. Osborne. May I ask the whereabouts of your client?"

"Certainly. You may ask anything you please, but it will do you no good. It's an old rule of the game never to divulge a client's secret. Gov. Osborne has his own reasons for absenting himself from his office. However, he was at home to night."

"I rather guess not, as I had all the trains watched. You'll have to do a lot better than that, Mr. Griswold."

"He has issued a statement to the public since you fled to the Intelligencer reporter about him today. I suppose it's part of your official duty to misrepresent the head of the state administration in the press, but the

governor is in the saddle and I advise you to be good."

The attorney-general felt that he was not making headway. His disadvantage in dealing with a stranger whose identity he still questioned angered him. He did not know why Griswold had sought him out, and he was chagrined at having allowed himself to be so easily cornered.

"You seem to know a good deal," he sneered. "How did you get into this thing anyhow?"

"My dear sir, I was chosen by the governor because of my superior attainments, don't you see? But I'm in a hurry now. I came here on a particular errand. I want that requisition in the Appleweight case—quick!—if you please, Mr. Bosworth."

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the EMBLEM. During the year many other stories by prominent writers will appear in the columns of this paper.

If you do not wish to miss reading something that's worthwhile, see that your subscription is paid in advance.

Monkey Had Good Memory.

During a performance in a variety theater at Copenhagen a monkey named Morits suddenly sprang off the stage and threw himself into the arms of a man in the audience. It was discovered that the man had been Morits' master four years before.

Beauty Culture in South Carolina.

An exclusive strawberry and cream diet for 30 days in the year is essential to the imparting of that fragrant and ethereal bloom that makes the perfect woman.—Charleston News and Courier.

Her Discovery.

A fair maid from the city saw a queer thing on a tree; she said: "Oh, ain't it pretty! Whatever can it be?" With a stick she poked it—to her beauty's ruin; for, alas! it proved to be a hornet's habitation.

Salt peter in Glue.

The addition of a teaspoonful of salt peter to a pot of glue will not only act as a deodorizer, but will aid the glue to dry more rapidly and to become harder.

Custom in the Hebrides.

Before the spring plowing in the Hebrides, plow and harness are three times sprinkled with salt and water, then a little of the solution is poured into the mystified ears of the horses.

The Bamboo for Poppy Growers.

It is proposed that the punishment for those who cultivate poppy without license will be between light and heavy bamboo and banishment in accordance with the area of the ground of cultivation.—Shanghai Mercury.



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Remained a Major.

A newspaper man once asked the late J. K. Hudson whether he should call him "major" or "general." Hudson was a major in the civil war and was made a brigadier general in the Spanish war, but in the latter conflict he did not get into active service. "Call me major," said Hudson in reply to the question. "I was vaccinated for 'general,' but it didn't take."

On Their Minds.

"I've got something on my mind that I've got to get rid of," said the author, bursting in and seizing a pad and pencil. "And when you have gotten rid of it and have received a check for it, there is something down in the milliner's window that I want to get on my mind," said the author's wife, picking up his hat, coat and umbrella.

There May Be Exceptions.

The lower limb below the knee is beautiful, and why men should be ashamed of it is past our comprehension. We are warned against hiding our light under a bushel, and the injunction holds equally good against hiding our lower limbs in the concertina tubes of a pair of trousers.—London Tailor and Cutter.

Few Errors in Mail Service.

In the railway mail service in 1888, before it was brought into the classified service under the law, there was one error in distribution of mail matter for every 3,700 pieces correctly handled; in 1897, some years after the new system became operative, there were 12,000 pieces accurately sorted for every one that went astray.

Prolongs Life of Ties.

The tie-treating plant of the Mexican Central railroad has reached an output of 3,500 ties a day, making it one of the largest concerns of its kind in the world. The plant is the first in the history of railway operation to make a success of the treatment of ties by the Ebano oil process. It is expected that the treatment will prolong the life of each tie from 8 to 12 years.

Tulips in the Cornfield.

There are more than 20 varieties of tulips to be found growing wild in the country about Florence, the earliest of these, a tall scarlet one with very handsome flowers, being generally found among the corn; later on there is a dainty, small, striped red and white one and various lovely yellows, in shades varying from pale lemon to a deep orange tint, with reflex petals.—"In a Tuscan Garden."

First Start of Immense Business.

Life insurance is common in all great cities, but did you know that the business was established in this city? A tablet on a building in Wall street, facing Hanover square, contains the information that in 1843 Morris Robinson, a Canadian, started the business in the United States in a building the site of which is marked by the tablet.—New York Times.

Heroic Remedy.

It is the custom in certain parts of Scotland among the women laborers in the field when their backs begin to ache from bending low while working with short-handled hoes, to lie down, their faces upon the ground, and allow others to step upon the lower part of the backs with one foot several times. This operation is known as "straightening the back."

A Cause of Earache.

Earache is often caused by a diseased tooth, so that a visit to the dentist is often the right way to a cure. The best domestic remedy is warm olive oil, just a drop or two poured into the ear. Never put glycerin in the ear canal, as it may injure the drum.

Slavonic Superstition.

A great risk runs the peasant of Slavonic lands if he carelessly wastes any of the bread that he daily munches, since every crumb is gathered up by evil spirits, and should their dust heap become heavier than the man's weight, on his death his soul is forfeit to the devil.

Make Use of the Passing Moment.

The mill cannot grind with the water that is past. As little can it grind with what is to come. It can grind only with what is passing through it. We can make no use of time past. As little use can we make of time to

Contributory Negligence.

"Women by thousands are sacrificed in marriage," cries a female reformer. Then all we have to say is that women are foolish and deserve their fate. If they can't judge by the horrors around them and persist in getting married, whose fault is it?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Precautionary Measure.

Photographer—"Great Scott, man! Can't you look a little more cheerful?" Mr. H. Enpeck—"No, sir. Not for this picture. I'm to send it to my wife, who is away on a visit, and if I looked too cheerful she'd take the first train for home."

A Sister to Him, Maybe.

It was after the lovers' quarrel. "And now," he remarked, sadly, "I suppose we must meet as strangers." "Not at all," she replied, coldly. "If we met as strangers we should probably fall in love with each other again."—Philadelphia Record.

To Prevent Collisions at Sea.

An arrangement of a ship's lights in a definite triangle on a known plan is urged as a safeguard against collision. The lights would then show an observer on another ship the vessel's course, her distance from the observer, and her approximate speed.

Friends and Enemies.

Whatever the number of a man's friends, there will be times in his life when he has one too few; but if he has only one enemy, he is lucky indeed if he has not one too many.—Bulwer-Lytton.

Temperamentally Unfit.

"No," said the statesman, thoughtfully, "political life will never do for me. I shall never run for the presidency."

"But you have all the qualities that would grace the office."

"So my friends say."

"You possess a fine grasp of the questions of the hour and have splendid executive ability."

"Perhaps. But I don't like to make open-air speeches nor ride in sleeping cars."

Monkey Had Good Memory.

During a performance in a variety theater at Copenhagen a monkey named Morits suddenly sprang off the stage and threw himself into the arms of a man in the audience. It was discovered that the man had been Morits' master four years before.

Beauty Culture in South Carolina.

An exclusive strawberry and cream diet for 30 days in the year is essential to the imparting of that fragrant and ethereal bloom that makes the perfect woman.—Charleston News and Courier.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America

The New and Modern Secret Society for the Ambitious Young Men and Boys

This Department Gives News of Interest from Members and Lodges in Every State in the Union



It is with regret that I review the delays in the workings at the headquarters of the I. O. C. M. A. and I want to thank you for the faith and the patience you have shown us. It has been no easy task for us, and want you to know that everything has, and is being done, to make our lodge one of the very best fraternal orders, at the least possible expense to you. Our family, for such we are, being brothers and bound to have each others welfare at heart as well as your own, is not very large at the present time, but a small membership in harmony; is by far better and carries with it more strength and respect, than one with greater numbers in which there is strife and discord. Our members are those that should have this one aim foremost in their thoughts, and that is **IMPROVEMENT**. We should all try to better the order, to better yourself, your brother members in the order, and don't stop at the betterment of your personal interests but strive to better the conditions around you. There is one thing though; Don't give anyone your advice, without first being sure they want it or that they will profit by it; oftentimes it is just a waste of breath and time, besides making you obnoxious with those parties.

On account of the large amount of work we will combine the next two numbers of the **EMBLEM** into one issue and will also lengthen all subscriptions three months. After the next two issues the papers will be mailed regularly so that they will reach the members on or about the first of every month.

Yours in "F"

CHAS. R. SIMON. O T N

Grand Secretary.

Brother Emile Hampton has recently moved from Sentinel to Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Brother G. A. Thomson, of West Medford, Mass., writes us saying that he expects to do something for the order in the neighboring towns he will visit during the summer.

POCAHONTAS BEATS BRAMWELL.

Baber Pitched the Best Game of the Season in Amateur Base Ball by Striking out 18

In the game Saturday between the Pocahontas Indians and Bramwell, on the latter's grounds, a phenomenal pitching feat without a precedent in this section, was pulled off, the Indians winning 3 to 1. Baber pitching for the Indians, struck out 18 batters and did not yield a single hit. A number of spectators remarked that it was the best game of Amateur ball they had ever witnessed, although played on a muddy ground.

Two errors were responsible for Bramwell's lone run.

	R	H	E
Indians.....	3	5	2
Bramwell.....	1	0	2
Batteries: Indians, Baber and Colebaugh; Bramwell, Harman and Leedy.			

A STAUNCH MEMBER.



L. G. CLINE, Hutchinson, Kans.

Brother Cline is widely known among the amateur papers throughout the country, being a writer of no mean ability. His writings have often graced the pages of the **EMBLEM** in the past and we hope that they may continue to do so in the future.

Peculiarity About Money

The strange thing about money is what it looks as if it could do for you until you have it.

Our Flag.

Our flag! As stainless as the stars
That stud its field of blue,
So bravely guarded by the bars
Of white and crimson hue,
Our great Republic's oriflamme
Is in itself a song!

Our flag! To have it over head
What precious blood has flown
Since Washington his heroes led
Against a tyrant throne!
And yet, wherever it may wave,
Our proudest boast will be
To keep the banner of the brave
The emblem of the free!

Our flag! Revered from shore to shore
Evoking cheers or tears,
Old Glory's folds still more and more
Each passing day endears.
The noblest standard in the sky—
Our living, loving brag—
Who would not gladly, grandly die
Defending such a flag?

—L. Garrison Cline.

IN MEMORIAM

John J. Holloran, O. T. N.

Brother Holloran died of an acute attack of appendicitis, at his home in Dorchester, Mass., on May 20, 1910

Brother Holloran was a member of the Executive Committee of the Mass. State I. O. C. M. A., to which he was elected at their Conference in Febr. He had been one of the leading members of that state until within the last year, since, he has devoted a great deal of his time to the Franklin Athletic Club, a popular organization of Dorchester, of which he was a prominent member.

The **EMBLEM** joins the members in their heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.

Resolutions.

Whereas, our beloved friend and brother, John J. Holloran, answered the call of our Supreme Ruler, and on May 20th, 1910 passed to his eternal reward; in recognition of our loss, therefore be it

RESOLVED; that the Massachusetts Coming Men of America extend to his bereaved family their most heartfelt sympathy, and further be it

RESOLVED; that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our records.

John B. Judkins
George A. Thomson
Ralph H. Bowers

A List of the Members of the I. O. C. M. A.

26 C Hartley Coover	108 Ray Franklin	192 R D Craig	275 D A Grate
27 Welford Rogers	109 T D Garnett	193 Walter C Taylor	276 D S Casan
28 C C Williams	110 Chas Hust	194 M T Crawford	277 J P Bray
29 Alfred Shepherd	111 Emmet Goodrum	195 Y Pinck Taylor	278 J E Bray
30 Chas B Hedrick	112 Roy J Hullbert	196 Lee J Taylor	279 Edwin Backford
31 J R W Madison	113 J J Harbin	197 Bill Perry Qaylor	280 H C Crawford
32 A H Bell	114 John Whitman	198 Emmet T Byrone	281 Norman Henninger
33 O W Bell	115 E G Chaffman	199 E M Branch	282 Louis Chamlers
34 W R Howell	116 R C Simpson	200 A Vernon Crouch	283 Otis D Dickinson
35 C M Browning	117 R L Anderson	201 J Vance Jones	284 Bart Dickinson
36 W W Westerman	118 W N Simpson	202 R E Sweet	285 W L Scheffler
37 Jno T Browning	119 S J Anderson	203 Jack Sweet	286 Oliver G Beardslee
38 A A Johnson	120 Ralph Cant on	204 John P Sexton	287 Perry B Boyd
39 Frank Morris	121 Ralph Downie	205 Ivy Tennell	288 Jackson J Sells
40 Willie E Nobles	122 John C Holan'	206 Charlton Baker	289 A H Long
41 Albert Badgley	123 Clyde R Sumner	207 M L King	290 Louis McKinney
42 Leigh B Jamieson	124 Lester Lafayette	208 G Leonard Robertson	291 Elmer Bigley
43 Harry Pollock	125 Vernon A Benham	209 Russell Hersh	292 Eaxten B Blount Jr
44 Chas E Martin	126 Frank Mitchell	210 Clyde B Weaver	293 Chas W Riddle
45 Oswald R Armstrong	127 D P Granberry	211 Louis L Penland	294 James R Larue,
46 Norman W Sterling	128 Lynn P Merwin	212 A B Cluck	295 Ray Garnet
47 Guy P Cocklin	129 Rolo Cline	213 Frank H Dexter	296 Daniel E Engle
48 Claude C Jamieson	130 Lloyd G Cline	214 Jay M Armstrong	297 Lester H Weikle
49 Lester Brown	131 A D Tompkins	215 A L Emmons	298 Wm P Teel
50 Claude Roberts	132 Julian T Baber	216 Chas S Tippetts	299 Tom Teel
51 Ira S Maines	133 Thos Lee	217 J Walter Garman	300 Shirley Jenkins
52 Walter I Jenkins	134 Willie P Crouch	218 M Minnick	301 Lynn R Finley
53 Ap McFadden	135 Grover C Senft	219 Jas A Simpson	302 Clarence Jones
54 J Wiley Harle	136 Rosco W Speer	220 Pascom Lrad ey	303 Scott W Hickey
55 Marion Harle	137 Wm L Woodburn	221 Homer W Hensley	304 J F Latham
56 Harry W Baker	138 Walter R Ruark	222 Nathan H Patterson	305 Thad D Jaeger
57 Emil M Friedl	139 J Edwin Root Jr	223 Robert D Owen	306 Harold B Nutting
58 Henry B Shea	140 Vinan Fenley	224 G S Yocum	307 W Herb Danbrook
59 Thurman H Hicks	141 Edmund Fenley	225 Alonzo Wise	308 Bernice Sturtevant
60 L Ray Starkweather	142 F Seidel	226 Eurt Foote	309 Perry Eddy
61 Guy Ligett	143 Luther Martin	227 C E Hensarling	310 Augustus Dond
62 Harley Castle	144 Edward Jenkins	228 W A Hensarling	311 Cecil Smith
63 Clate Solomon	145 Gordon Pickles	229 R L Stokes	312 Harold Barrows
64 Freman Hetrick	146 Frank Gowen	230 Frith Powell	313 Harry Green
65 Raymond Laurie	147 Franklin Growarg	231 Fred E Womey	314 E L Anderson
66 Harley Hogue	149 Chatley Morgan	232 T L Livesay	315 A M Anderson
67 H W Farr	150 Arthur Morgan	233 H R Goodwin	316 W F Sweet
68 L J Thraves	151 Leland Douglas	234 A C Caraway	317 J H Sweet
69 W L Clickner	152 Watson Morgan	235 Wm Brister	318 P R Fourthman
70 C F Crimmins	153 Martin F Morgan	236 Guy Parmenter	319 Allan C Hall
71 E E Randall	154 Buce M Fanning	237 J Earl Warren	320 John F Idol
72 J C Browning	155 R H Inman	238 Chas E Ellsworth	321 Virgil C S Cox
73 W D Smith	156 D A Cluck	239 Jay C Welch	322 Rev C T Clark
74 W T Hunt	157 Jno Inman	240 Ralph H Bowers	323 Walter J Zapf
75 R S Caham	158 Eugene Herren	241 De Rye Pitt Atlee	324 Loriston J McCombs
76 E Lee Jarrett	159 W E Loeshman	242 Herman A Pender	325 Josiah O Boileas
77 Thos T Stafford	160 Carl P Roberts	243 J M Freeman	326 Bert Nelson
78 E V Harbin	161 M P Roberts	244 Walter Green	327 Okey H Davis
79 Charley Kay	162 J F Wise Jr	245 Jack H Lichtenstein	328 David E Harrison
80 J M Ramland	163 Pat R Huston	246 H B Carden	329 Ezra D Sargent,
81 J R Simpson	164 Richard E Coleman	247 Attice B Howard	330 Wood Walding
82 S W Anderson	165 Wylie L Houston	248 Joe Statts	331 Grant Laskey
83 Lewis Brooks	166 Oliver G Houston	249 Henry B Wescott	332 Earl East
84 L G Whitman	167 Thos W Lee	250 Lewis B Moore	333 Orin J Bedford
85 P W Anderson	168 Chas B Wav	251 R Lee Padgett	334 Clvde Putnam
86 Robt Houchin	169 William T Way	252 C B Dibble	335 Lee Tater
87 Fred H Schmidt	170 T E Guill	253 G M Keezel	336 Millard Phillips
88 Otto Klein	171 Herman C Babb	254 R H Hodges	337 B H Long
89 Gus Lynch Jr	172 Phillip J Rude	255 Jas H Fisher	338 A L Manney
90 Freddie Klein	173 Edgar J Chamberlin	256 W Warren Harmon	339 Vernon Proctor
91 Alex W Jones	174 Wilbur Chamberlin	257 S W Pentz	340 Tracy Proctor
92 J R Yocum	175 Chas Rude	258 Cyrus H Muir	341 F Y Hamick
93 J T Yocum	176 Joe E Murray	259 John A Gallagher	342 Ralph Randall
94 Arthur W Richardson	177 Capt Wm C Ayers	260 Clarence E Fay	343 W O Nanny
95 Wesley M Mewer	178 Floyd Jones	261 I F Lanham	344 Emile Hampton
96 J Geo Ricker	179 H H Camp	262 R A Grogan	345 Wm B Tippetts
97 Clarence W Hamor	180 R Sandquest	263 Paul W Sisk	346 Thomas Green
98 Henry F Worcester	181 Lee Mann	264 Chas E Petrie	347 Chas L Kerstetter
99 Clifton H Harmon	182 Carl Nordin	265 E J Moffett	348 John Wright Jr
100 Lester L Richardson	183 G A Thomson	266 Herman Good,	349 Wm Stevens
101 Walter H Blum	184 J N Heaberlan	267 L P Oshields,	350 D H Smith
102 H Bishop Rappolee	185 Day Edge	268 C W Klepper	351 Ernest W Crozier
103 Roy Simpson	186 Lattie Faircloth	269 L G Rabson	352 Frank Burns
104 J Hendrick Mitchell	187 Ivey Oneal	270 F W Klepper	353 James Nugent
105 Percy Y Grassham	188 Reedy Oneal	271 O E Brewer	354 Albert Kelly
106 G H Rappolee	189 Frank Barrs	272 E R Brewer	355 Quinn Simpson
107 C R Stevens	190 Parker J Brown	273 O L Oshields	357 Harry E Demeritt
	191 A D Chapman	274 G G Crinshaw	358 Reuben McClanahan

359 Ralph Woolcott
 360 Lester Sanford
 361 Lee Howell
 363 Jno A Lovelady
 364 Leon How
 365 Carl Pain
 366 Homer Cannon
 367 Vernon McKinney
 368 Clyde O Forbes
 369 Emmett Pullen
 370 Sidney Steavens
 371 L E Byrd
 372 Nat L Hardy
 373 B W Hutchison
 374 Tom Lucas
 375 Homer Timmens
 376 Saml F Phillips
 37 R L Turner
 378 Hillard Hall
 379 Claude S Box
 380 L G Dawkins
 381 Lealon Dawkins
 382 Antery Box
 383 W O Pratt
 384 Olen Toler
 385 Frank A Cannon
 386 Ed Oslin Jr
 387 L L Honeycutt
 388 L A Clopton
 389 Harry W Wilson
 390 G H Ferren
 391 J D Clopton, Jr
 392 J Lewis Conner

393 S C Champion
 394 J Aubrey Bunton
 395 R L Hillock
 396 J Smith
 397 Milton Bradford
 398 William Brock
 399 Donald Billings
 400 Leo McQuary
 401 Lee Young
 402 Everett Thompson
 403 Bob C Hanill
 404 G W Dodd Jr
 405 Clyde G Blackwell
 406 Edward A Lifka
 407 Rees Caswell
 408 Clin Britton
 409 Fred Stewart
 410 Toie Sikes
 411 F C Canterbury
 412 Tommy Johnson
 413 Duplas Johnson
 414 R D Switzer
 415 Eddie Taylor
 416 H S Maxwell
 417 Ora Edwards
 418 Hrschal Giles
 419 Fern Caswell
 420 Henry Gothardt
 421 Frank W Harris
 422 Eugene Smith
 423 Earl Porter
 424 Alva Oslin
 425 Berry Lorrett

426 Silas Underwood
 427 Wheeler Baker
 428 Bernard C Lusk
 429 H Guy Kessinger
 430 Lee England
 431 Wm H Jaenicke
 432 Herbert A Werle
 433 William T Wheeler
 434 Duncon Smith
 435 A W Ruter
 436 Autus Mathews
 437 Harry Carlton
 438 Wm Hetrick
 439 Harry Johnson
 440 Alvah Monson
 441 Albert McClanahan
 442 Jacob Ruf Jr
 443 W A Kinnett
 444 Jno Kennedy
 445 Geo Gregson
 447 Walter G Haley
 448 Wm M Haley
 449 W A Free
 450 M A Aulick
 451 C G Warner
 452 Odar Woodruff
 453 M R Yelton
 454 Chas Ruf Jr
 455 A G McClanahan
 456 Algy Arnold
 457 Wm D Knight
 458 Rella R Rickett

459 Abner W Stewart
 460 Jessie Ruter
 461 Bud Lucas
 462 C C Hall
 463 J J Crane
 464 A E Dawkins
 465 Robt H Halm
 466 Arthur Semmler
 467 Clarence H Paris
 468 Chester Parker
 469 Cleve Parker
 470 Frank Woods
 471 Arnet Bartlett
 472 G B Lancaster
 473 J L C Wallace
 474 Verie Smith
 475 Elmer Fletcher
 476 Carl Henson
 477 Charlie Finch
 478 Horac Johnson
 479 Paul D Casey
 480 Charlie R Eanes
 481 R P Eidsen
 482 H Grady Nichols
 483 H Grady Harris
 484 W M Gray
 485 Hal G Bell

(To be Completed
 in the Next Issue)

GLASS TOLD OF DEATH.

Three Times It Cracked, and Each Time a Child Died.

Hospital attendants are not superstitious. This may be because they see death in its multiple forms and therefore become calloused and skeptical. An incident at the city hospital recently, however, will long be a subject for conjecture and discussion, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

On the desk in the receiving ward a water glass, stainless and very heavy, is kept for the use of the employes. To guard against its breakage it is placed in a corner of the desk where nothing can strike it.

One afternoon, when there were no patients in the ward, a sudden click was heard. Archie Miller, an attendant, looked at the glass and noticed a crack about half an inch long in it, which had not been there before. Scarcely ten minutes elapsed when the telegraph instrument announced the death of Louisa Young in the children's ward.

The coincidence might have been forgotten had not 20 minutes later the same click been heard on the desk, when Miller again looked at the glass and noticed a second crack a trifle longer than the first. Again there was a short interval of silence, when the ticker spoke once more, telling of the death of Edith Williams, also in the children's ward. By this time the strange warning became a subject of comment in the ward.

A third time, however, the omen was repeated, the glass sprung another crack, and shortly after the death of Joseph Manning, who lived at 424 West Third street, was announced. "Gee whillikins!" shouted Miller, turning pale. "Say, I'd like to go across the street!" And he did.

EVENING UP SCORES.



The Lady—I gave you a piece of pie last week and now you have been sending your friends over here, ever since.

Weary Bill—Naw, dem wuz me enemies.

Russian Population Grows

The population in Russia is increasing at the rate of 2,500,000 a year.

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT.



He—Darling, I don't know what to say to your father.

She—Just say: "Mr. Munn, I wish to marry your daughter"—then dodge.

Science Ignores the Poles.

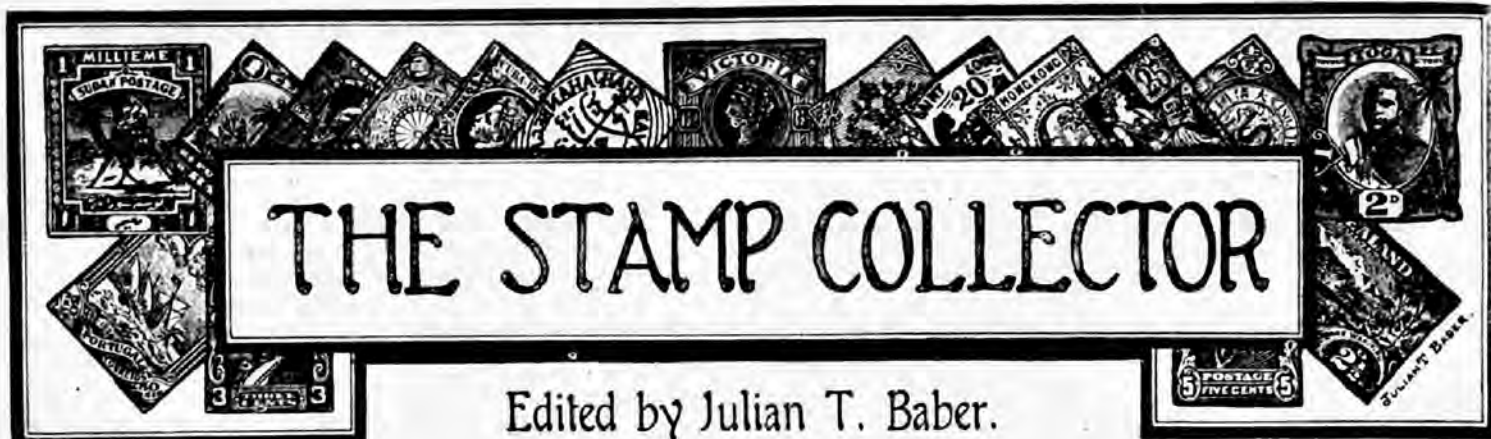
Men of science care less for the finding of the actual poles of the earth's axis than for the exploration of the lands and seas surrounding them.

Magic Lanterns.

Magic lanterns were invented in the seventeenth century.

Patient Doing Well.

"How is your patient coming on?"
 "Very encouragingly. I've been working entirely on his conscience, you know, and yesterday he said he guessed he'd have to pay me some thing on account."—Cleveland Plate Dealer.



THE STAMP COLLECTOR

Edited by Julian T. Baber.



HIS department is conducted by Julian T. Baber, an Associate Editor of this paper, for the benefit of those interested in the collecting of postage stamps.

A packet of stamps will be given to the one who sends me the best article pertaining to stamp collecting, or regarding his own collection. Articles must be restricted to 300 words and must be sent to the editor of this department within ten days after receipt of the EMBLEM. The best article will be published and all contributors names will be put on the roll of honor.

All correspondence regarding this department should be sent to the following address.

Julian T. Baber,
Pocahontas, Va.

Items of Interest.

The St. Louis Special, issued several months ago by the publishers of Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News, is responsible for an interesting war of words between Charles Haviland Mekeel and Henry Flachskamm, manager of the C. E. Hussman Stamp Co. It seems that Mr. Mekeel (who at one time was editor of Mekeel's Weekly and from whom that old philatelic "stand-by" received its name) in a recent number of the "revived" Philatelic Journal of America, made certain remarks concerning Mr. Flachskamm, that were to a great degree extremely injurious. In the January Hussman Bargain List, Flachskamm came back at Mekeel in a way that no doubt made the latter consider seriously his assertions. The outcome of this war will be awaited with much interest in philatelic circles. At this writing we have not seen Mr. Mekeel's reply.

The new series from Portugal, bearing the profile of the youthful sovereign, King Manuel, is a plain and very neat one. The series is surface-printed on a glossy paper, and from present indications will prove a fast seller and be-

come popular with new-issue collectors.

The recent postal ruling has deprived the A. P. S., M. P. A. and many similar societies of a privilege long enjoyed. A paper can serve as official journal, if the member pays the regular price for the subscription. In other words, he must remit for the paper to the publisher and not to the Secretary of the society, who formerly took a certain amount from the annual dues and paid the members' subscription in a lump sum. This custom has been abolished by the Post Office department. The Imperial Philatelic Association, which has for the official paper, the Philatelic Star, will not be affected in the least, inasmuch as the Star is mailed under a one cent stamp. The I. P. A. is growing rapidly. Have you joined? Dues only 25 cents per year, and you get the Star free. Send for an application blank and have your name appear in the next report. Address the editor.

The practice of placing pennies in the letter-boxes on rural routes, for payment of postage on mail deposited was discontinued on Feb. 15. This practice worked well when the carrier could be relied on.

A. C. Roessler, the enterprising New York dealer, recently picked up a block of twelve of the 10c brown Jefferson, unused and with full original gum. From two the secret marks were absent, while ten bore evidence of their existence. The find is very valuable.

Philatelic Flashes now exists in history only. The publisher, Levert L. Dolson, in the January number of the Star Magazine (which he is publishing in its stead) states that with this issue the title is changed from Philatelic Flashes to the Star Magazine. We regret exceedingly this change, and feel that Mr. Dolson has made a great mistake. What was once a promising stamp magazine is now a cheap poultry and farm publication.

S. C. Morgenthau & Co., New York, who are selling at auction the famous Seybold collection, have issued a book,

novel and highly unique to say the least. It is composed in its entirety of illustrations, not one word of reading matter being found within its covers. The illustrations are of some rare stamps in the Seybold collection, are helpful to a great degree to the prospective buyer—those who cannot attend the sales personally. This book makes an interesting souvenir and will be eagerly sought for by those collectors who are aware of its existence.

The Stamp Journal is now holding a great subscription contest, in which \$200 in gold is offered to those securing the largest number of subscriptions by December 31, 1910. In the history of philately this contest is without parallel. This plan should swell the Journal's subscription list considerably and advertise this excellent magazine more extensively.

For the coming A. P. S. election, two names that of W. H. Barnum and Chas. R. Morris have been presented as candidates to succeed Secretary Adair, who refuses re-nomination. These early nominations make plain the fact that the election will not be lacking in interest. Mr. Barnum, a resident of Cleveland, O., is well fitted for the position, and will no doubt hold the winning hand after the votes are cast.

On The Reviewer's Table.

The Stamp Journal, published by the Stamp Journal Publishing Co., edited by Chas. A. Nast. The March number is very attractive and readable. "Canal Zone Stamps" is the title of an interesting serial by Dr. William Evans, commencing with this issue. This article—the leading one in this issue—is written in a style easily understood by any collector and will be found a source of valuable information on the subject treated. Dr. Carroll Chase in "Defining the Terms" substantiates his argument concerning "shifted transfers" and "double impressions." Editor Nast's views concerning these newly invented terms are radically different and somewhat

offset by the explanations of Dr. Chase. A strong editorial from Mr. Nast's pen, throws a "side-light" on an event occurring at the last A. P. S. convention, and concerning which nothing has hitherto appeared in the philatelic press, and which might have still been covered up but for an article that appeared in No. 1 of the A. P. S. Quarterly, in which Mr. Toppan (an extremely important personage) thrusts at Mr. Nast in a very contemptible way. The words penned in Mr. Nast's editorial cannot be misunderstood. Other articles of minor interest are contributed by L. G. Dorpat, R. H. Beatty, Philo, A. M. McNeil, V. E. Sisson and G. V. Meserole.

The Stamp Collector, published by George W. Linn and edited by Paul Mason. It must be admitted that the Stamp Collector is the nearest approach to excellence in philatelic journalism in America, while a better printed and more attractive publication would be hard to find. Editor Mason's Marginalia is indeed witty and to the point. A review of the leading stamp journals both domestic and foreign, is well written and impartial. George K. Smith gets up a splendid New Issue Department. Four pages are taken up in the description of new postal issues, among which is illustrated the heinous stamp issued for Gaboon, a French colony. The Philatelic Literature Dept., edited by the publisher, is wholly taken up with matters concerning the organization of an American Philatelic Literature Society. Reports of the Columbus Collectors Club and the Garfield-Perry Stamp Club aid materially in making the March number one of unusual interest.

Stamp Collectors' Fortnightly, published by Plumridge & Co., London, England, edited by Percy C. Bishop. On March 5th a special Spring number of this popular English journal was published. Being advertised considerably beforehand, this number carries an abundance of ads. The S. C. F. accepts advertisements from reliable dealers and collectors only—a feature that all stamp journals should adopt. An autobiography and photo of some prominent collector appears in each issue. The Postage Stamps of Belgium, by Percy C. Bishop is again continued. Other contributors are Irwin Faris, Senax, A. B. Kay, Olive Woodley, H. Armstrong, Fred W. Edwards and J. Ireland. This English exponent of philately is one of our most valued exchanges.

The Attleboro Philatelist, edited by F. Percy Collingwood, Attleboro, Mass. Marked improvement is shown in each issue of this Bay State paper, the most notable in this issue is that it is

stapled. An article concerning the A. P. S. Secretaryship, supplemented with a picture of Charles R. Morris, an aspirant to that position, occupies the first page. F. B. Eldredge's New Issue Chronicle is as interesting as ever. "Philo" writes on repaired stamps. The Press Review and Query Department are important features. At present no journal devotes as much attention to pre-cancels as does the Attleboro Philatelist.

The Stamp News, published monthly by A. C. Roessler, New York City. The March number of the News is perhaps the newsiest of the eleven numbers issued by Mr. Roessler. Several philatelic poems, together with a very humorous letter make this number spicy with interest. Many attractive offers of this enterprising dealer are interspersed throughout. The Stamp News is the best house-organ that has ever come to our desk.

The Southern Philatelist, published by Leon Carter Grosjean, Shreveport, La., is still holding its own, and gives every indication of proving a success. If our wishes have any weight with its destiny, the Southern Philatelist will continue to appear monthly for years to come. The March number is brimful of interesting items, and has a good story by J. R. Reed.

The following papers though small, give promise of becoming important factors in the circle of philatelic publications:

Empire Philatelist, published by I. S. Donner, 1643 Madison Ave., New York City.

Dixie Philatelist, published by Loyd Comegys, 1305 Fairfield Ave., Shreveport, La.

Michigan Philatelist, published by C. M. Jickling, 607 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Scott's Circular, published by the Scott Stamp and Coin Co., 127 Madison Ave., New York City.

Redfield's Stamp Weekly, edited by L. G. Quackenbush, published by the Redfield Publishing Co., Smethport, Pa. For the month of March, the reading matter contained in this excellent weekly has been of the highest class. Articles that will appeal to the amateur as well as to the advanced collector and specialist, appear in Redfield's. Nothing pretentious and "on the sensational" will be found in its columns. When Editor Quackenbush has written on a subject, you may consider the ground thoroughly covered.

Publication of second series of the Melville Stamp books has commenced, and at this writing two numbers have come to hand. In the initial number

of the second series, Mr. Melville deals with the Embossed Adhesive Stamps of Great Britain. The book is copious in its illustrations, of which the greater part are handsome half-tone plates. Portraits of William Wyon, who engraved the portrait of Queen Victoria on the City Medal of 1837, and of John Dickinson, inventor of the "Dickinson paper," appear within. Also a portrait of Ormond Hill, an engraver of note during the time of England's early postal issuance. The information obtained in reading this book is worth many times the modest sum asked.

The second number of this series treats of United States Postage Stamps, 1870-1893. In all probability, this work of Mr. Melville's will prove more popular and enjoy a greater sale in the states than any of the Melville books, excepting perhaps No. 3 of the first series (U. S. Postage Stamps, 1847-1869.) In our estimation, this book is Mr. Melville's best production—it may be because we are partial to U. S. stamps and therefore more interested in any work concerning them. He has treated the subject in all minor details and has left nothing incomplete. In as much as the stamps are all excellently illustrated, the American philatelist will appreciate the book more. A number of the stamps illustrated, are considerably enlarged, thereby showing the secret marks and re-engraving to a better advantage. The 1873 (or secret mark) issue is treated thoroughly. The entire Columbian issue is illustrated, each stamp described, and the painter's name whose work appears on these commemoratives, is given. This is truly an authoritative work, and should be in the hands of all active collectors. Both books in regard to binding and printing are identically the same as those of the first series. They may be secured for 15 cents each, or by sending \$1.00 to the publisher, the entire series will be sent as soon as published. Address the publisher, Mr. W. H. Peckitt, 47 Strand, London, England.

What The Philatelic Press Say of Us.

We have once or twice before referred to the excellent work being done by Julian T. Baber of Pocahontas, Va., one of our most enthusiastic readers, in his stamp department in the C. M. A. EMBLEM of Alma, Kans.,—a quite pretentious paper devoted to the interests of a secret order called the Coming Men of America. We cannot, however, refrain from again commenting on Mr. Baber's work, which seems to improve month by month; and we do so more readily because we understand it is a labor of love on his

KEEPING HIM GUESSING.



Tim—Would you scream if I kissed you?

Tessie—I suppose you flatter yourself that I'd be speechless with joy!

Olive Oil Sold Cheap.

Olive oil in Madrid costs only one dollar a gallon.

THE TOO ATTENTIVE HUSBAND



"For heaven's sake, George, don't be so attentive; people will begin to think that I am not your wife."

FOR HIS SAKE.



"He hasn't enough sense to get in out of the rain."

"Is that why his wife is so anxious to move to Arizona?"

BRIDEGROOM'S QUESTION.



Clergyman—With all my wordy goods I thee endow.

Prospective Bridegroom—Say, parson, isn't this rather early to award alimony?

IN THE STREET.



Rev. Gooder—I hear you took a little outing last Sunday. I suppose you enjoyed it to the full?

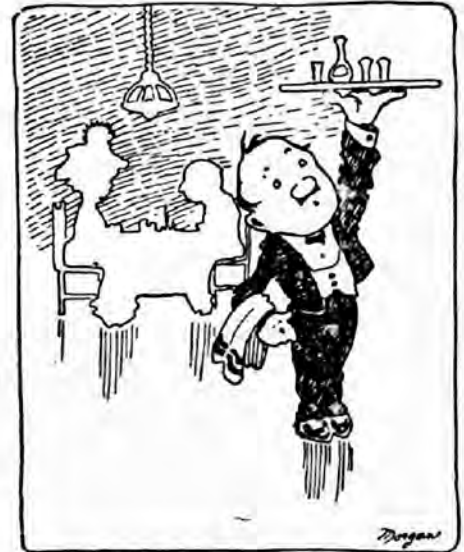
"Well, what of it? I paid my own fine, so it's nobody's business."



"Have a cigar, Henry?"
"What's the matter with it?"

Burden the Farmer Bears.
According to a Cornell university professor, insect pests cost the farmers of the country over \$700,000,000 a year.

THE DIFFERENCE.



Reggie—A person can hardly tell a waiter from a society gentleman sometimes.

Katheryne—Oh! I always thought the waiters owned their dress suits.

WHAT HE FOUND HARD.



"Hit suttinly must be hard, Sambo, stealin' wot you've got!"

"Yass, chile, but chickens is so scarce nowadays, dat de hardest part to have de reputation foah chicken is tryin' ter live up ter dat reputation!"

HIS FIELD IS UNLIMITED.



The same Cupid that officiates in the parlor does business in the kitchen.

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It is the best Fountain Pen made.

MOORE'S NON-LEAKABLE FOUNTAIN PEN

part, undertaken solely for the good of the cause. Departments of this sort in papers of general circulation cannot but be the means of making many new collectors and bringing them in touch with the general world of Philately; especially when conducted along such practical lines as Mr. Baber is following. We wish many other collectors might follow his example—for there are doubtless many other fraternal and class publications that would willingly grant space to a Stamp Department, if supplied gratis.—Redfield's Weekly.

Although this is not a strictly philatelic magazine, it contains a few pages devoted to philately, which does both the publishers and the editor great credit. The Stamp Collector, as the page is called, edited by Julian T. Baber, is conducted in an up-to-date manner, including the latest news of the month, notes on new issues, and a review of the philatelic press. It is certainly worth the subscription price of 50c, and may be had by addressing the publishers, The Emblem Printing Co., Alma, Kansas.—Attleboro Philatelist.

C. M. A. Emblem, Vol. 2, No. 4. This is a boys' paper of 20 pages, well printed, and published at Alma, Kansas. The EMBLEM has every indication of being a thrifty, well paying publication. For its chief recommendation is the very excellent Stamp Collectors Department, edited by Julian T. Baber, of Pocahontas, Va. Mr. Baber has exceptional talent, and gets up a splendid page.—The Stamp Journal.

C. M. A. EMBLEM, December, 1909. As said before we reiterate now, so that the clever editor of the Stamp Department, Mr. Julian T. Baber, may know that we are aware of this paper's existence, that the philatelic part of the paper is splendidly handled. It is better than many stamp papers. Published at Alma, Kansas, etc per year. It is well worth it.—Editor Nast in the Stamp Journal.

C. M. A. EMBLEM, a fraternal journal, contains an excellent stamp department edited by Mr. Julian T. Baber.—Southern Philatelist.

Unparalleled.

There had been a fire in the apartment building, with heavy loss of property and many narrow escapes.

"Were there any acts of conspicuous heroism?" queried the reporters.

"Yes," said one of the victims. "With a self-abnegation never before witnessed in a case of this kind, sir, we all turned in and helped to carry out the piano that was on the second floor."

Cost of Song Birds.

The American consul at Hanover reports it costs \$7,500,000 annually to feed the 5,000,000 canaries in the United States. Returns of the cost of feeding song birds at Rector's are not yet in.—Washington Post.

Wisdom.

"My paw knows everything there is to be known. He's an editor." "Shucks! My paw knows more'n your paw'll ever know. He's a copy reader."—Detroit Free Press.

Interested Party.

Johnny—"Why do you want your father to be a detective?" Freddy—"Because a gumshoe wouldn't hurt so!"—Puck.

Daily Thought.

A man's ideas are often quite independent of his line of conduct; a woman's generally are a reflex of them.—A. Stoddard Walker.

The Cheerful Grabber.

"Are you an optimist?" "I am more than that," answered Mr. Dust-in Stax. "I am not only hoping for the best. I'm making a reach for it."

New York's Consumption of Tea.

A tea merchant said there are sold in New York 360,000 pounds of tea every month in the year.

Spanish Proverb.

You spoil a good dish with ill sauce.

CARTER'S MONTHLY RECORD.

(known as "C.M.R.")

The circulation amongst stamp and Post Card Collectors alone is marvelous of itself, reaching from Sun to Sun. No other British paper published exclusively for Collectors, designed to compete with the "C.M.R." in regard to circulation.

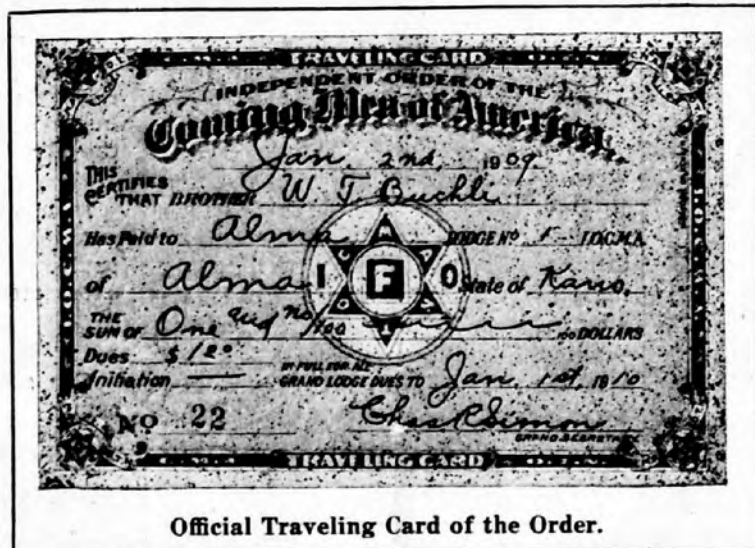
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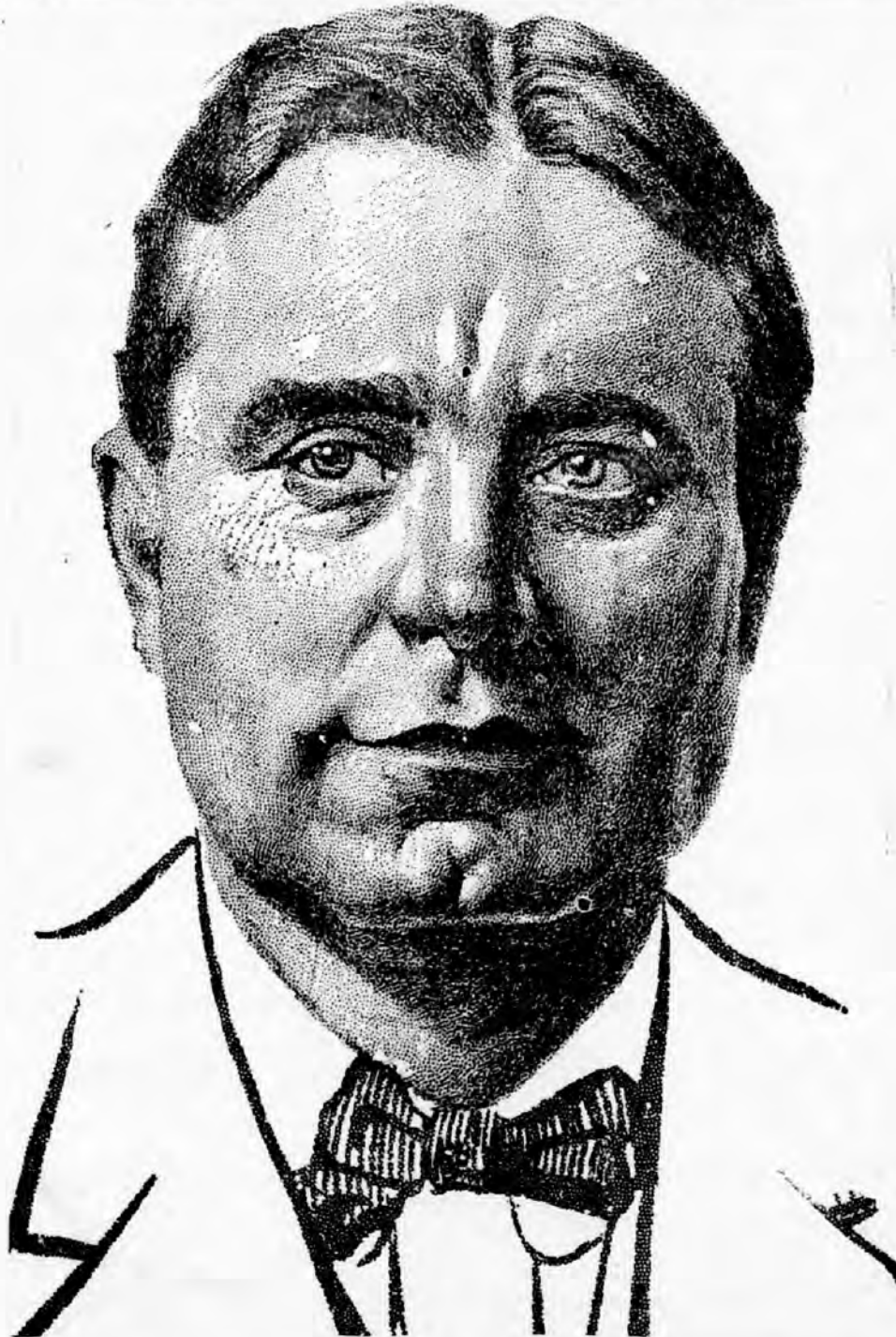
A Thing Every Young Man Should Possess.

The *O.M.A.* EMBLEM

Vol.III. No. 5.

NOVEMBER 1910.

5c PER COPY 50c PER YEAR



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NOVEMBER, 1910.
CONTENTS.

VOLUME
III
NO. 5
PUBLISHED
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Fiction.



At A Musical	- - - - -	Burwell S. Cutler	3
The Little Brown Jug at Kildare	- - - - -	Meredith Nicholson	5



Verse.



You That Are Gone	- - - - -	Wilbur D. Nesbit	4
A Thanksgiving Prayer	- - - - -	- - - - -	8



Our Departments.



Editorial	- - - - -	- - - - -	8
I. O. C. M. A. News and Notes	- - - - -	- - - - -	9
The Stamp Collector	- - - - -	Julian T. Baber	14



Miscellaneous.



The Onlooker	- - - - -	Wilbur D. Nesbit	4
Humorous	- - - - -	- - - - -	4



The C. M. A. Emblem.

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Volume III

NOVEMBER, 1910.

Number 5

AT A MUSICALE

By Burwell S. Cutler

(Copyright, by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

She (laughingly)—Why, how do you do. (She hasn't seen him for a year.) Awfully kind of you to struggle in that crowd. I believe there's been cause to congratulate you since last we met.

He—Not only cause, but reason.

She—Yes, they say you are very happy.

He—Is that an effete way of saying that you think us both utterly miserable?

She—Evidently, in your opinion, to be 'effete' is to be disagreeable. Don't protest. I had to say something; it would be ridiculous to answer your question seriously. (Aside) I wish that woman wouldn't stare at me so. So it is true—

He—That we are happy? That's the impression I want to give.

She—To whom—your wife or to the world?

He—To you.

She—Why to me?

He—I want to make you sorry you didn't marry me.

She—Aren't you happy enough without that?

He—No, indeed. It's part of a bridegroom's happiness to know that his bride is bitterly envied.

She—But you must remember my old conviction: that marriage is an indiscretion no one should commit without an awfully good excuse. As merely a possible excuse you didn't appeal to me—if you'll remember.

He—H'm! Enjoy the music?

She—The selections weren't very good.

He—And the artists?

She—Like all foreign operatic wonders, they look more human in their stage costumes.

He—And the people?

She—Really, their faces haven't ex-

pressed enough emotion to be worth watching.

He—And—myself?

She—If you are trying to regain 'the old power' over me, tiresome.

He (after a long pause)—I do not like blase people—no interest in anything. Why, the most trivial matter can interest me in some way.

She—I can readily understand that.



She.—"I Never Gossip."

He—I thought you would: you're not a bit conceited.

She—You needn't strive to be impertinent, just because—

He—Just because I'm no longer hoping to marry you?

She—Oh, you never were. You only wished me to hope you were.

He (after another pause)—Tell me, how much longer can you keep this up?

She—Keep what up?

He—This laborious, abusive attitude of being tired, surfeited, bored.

She—I feel that I'm beginning to weaken. But it's your own fault. I knew, when I saw you coming

through that crowd, that you were bent on putting me on the defensive, in your old way. And I resolved—

He—You won. Now, I'll give you one minute to recover your strength, and then we'll make our chat a matter of pleasure.

She—I never gossip.

He—No? I dare you to tell me what you think of Miss Inglis over there.

She—She's a very sweet girl and I'm very fond of her. She'd be a tremendous favorite too, if she wasn't so vain and—

He—Have you any more dear friends in the room?

She—I don't see any just this minute. There's one woman in this room—do you see those two over by the door?

He—One of them—

She—Is a fright, I agree with you.

He—Oh, that one.

She—She's been staring at me for a whole half hour. I may as well make up my mind to give away tomorrow this gown I have on. She'll appear next week with an exact copy. Heaven knows I don't blame her, if I do say it myself, for—

He—The thing she has on is a travesty.

She—I wasn't going to say that.

He—I know it.

She—You're right, however. Just see how she has got herself up! It's a shame for me to laugh, but it's awfully funny. Poor woman! What a burden to herself a woman must be who hasn't any taste.

He—No more than an African savage, because he isn't a Christian.

She—Did you see her arrange her skirt then?

He—I was looking the other way.

She—I can always tell a well-bred woman by the way she arranges her skirt; she doesn't make everybody turn and look on with surprise and interest.

He—Isn't she affected, the way she talks with that woman next to her?

She—I should say so! The poor creature probably doesn't get into an affair like this more than once or twice a year, and it has turned her head.

He—Some fat brewer's wife, or a struggling clerk's.

She—Probably a large family of crying children to wash and put to bed.

before coming.

He—Let's make her a shoplifter; that will be even more entertaining.

She—Aren't you ashamed of yourself! She can't possibly be anything like that—unless— Do you really think so?

He (holding desperately to his gravity)—Well, I wouldn't swear to it. At the same time—

She—That gown certainly does look like odds and ends.

He—My, isn't she a giddy old lady!

She—Old? I hadn't noticed that. But, now you speak of it, I do see wrinkles.

He—You must have pretty good eyesight: she's been looking the other way ever since I discovered her. Now she's turning—Heavens, what a sight she is in that purple!

She—Sir!

He (inquiring pleasantly)—Beg pardon?

She—The lady in purple—is my sister.

He (after a time in which horrified confusion is followed by a wild desire to yell with laughter)—The other lady, madam, is my wife.

NOT A VERY JOYOUS MEAL

**Student Took Supper with Professor,
But It Was Rather an In-
hospitable Affair.**

A graduate of Washington and Lee was telling a story of one of the professors of the famous Virginia institution. This particular pedagogue was known as close and crusty, and consequently he did not stand ace high with the students.

One of the features of college life, of course, was seeing that the freshmen did not pine because of monotony. Occasionally the sprouts they were subjected to took the form of bogus invitations to dine with members of the faculty. A member of the baby class who didn't know much about the professors received such a note from the prize tight-wad of the faculty, and accepted it in good faith, says the Louisville Courier-Journal. He turned up at the learned man's home in due season and rang the bell.

"Well, what is it?" growled the professor as he opened the portal about three-eighths of an inch.

"Please, sir, I've come to supper," said the somewhat abashed freshman.

The professor gazed at him a moment in astonishment and then opened the door to allow the unexpected guest to enter.

"If you've come to supper, come on in," he said.

The freshman related that mush and milk composed the menu, and that the sole conversation between him and the unwilling host, who he discovered toward the close of the festivities had not invited him, was the teacher's announcement that he retired early and his acquiescence and consequent departure.

YOU THAT ARE GONE



You that are gone—we know not where,
Save that your eyes were shut in sleep
And that your hands were waxen fair,
Hands whose warm touch we fain
would keep—

You that are gone, this is to say
The hearts you left behind you yearn
And wait all patient, day and day,
For your return.

Who knows what pathway lured your feet?

It may be that 'tis yours to fare
Out where the dawn and twilight meet,
Into a vast, unknown, somewhere—
But this is sure, the home hearts wait
While through the mist of worlds you
roam,
And sigh and say that soon or late
You will come home.

Your chair within the inglenook
Holds still its comfortable space,
Upon its arm your open book
With ribbon left to mark the place;
Your roses burst anew to bloom
And drip their jewelings of dew;
The very air, lush with perfume,
Is awaiting you.

We know not, in the curtained night
Whose every shadow blurs and bars
The far-flung gleaming of the light
That comes from all the time-old stars—
We know not, but we faintly hear
Your step, and we hold silence then,
With faith that ever drawing near
You come again.

They say 'tis done: that we no more
May see you smile or hear you speak,
Or catch your footfall on the floor,
Or trace the roses in your cheek;
But still we blindly send this call
To you, that somewhere you may learn
That hearts and hearth are waiting—all—
For your return.



THE ONLOOKER WILBUR D. NESBIT.

Strange Things.

(Compiled from the occasional remarks of Rebecca Mixgrammar.)

"I saw a little child on the street with his nurse about four years old.

"It seems positively cruel for that grocer boy to gallop down street in that wagon, with that bony horse piled high with packages."

"I was sleeping when he came upstairs like a log."

"Mrs. Brown bought the cutest hat to-day from that fat clerk with plumes and covered with spangles."

"I saw Mr. Hawkins in the car with his wife in a silk taking her to the matinee."

"We saw the mayor go by on a horse with his nose as red as a beet. I think it is an insult to the temperance people."

"Laura Mingle got a chair for her friend with arms bent in that new fangled way."

They got the cutest dog from Mr. Hendricks with the ears chopped off."

"Did you notice the conductor of that trolley car with the celluloid collar?"

"The doctor came to give my husband some medicine in an automobile with a bottle of sirup of something tied up in a paper that he had to take through a glass tube."

A Wail.

Advice from folk who think they're wise
Comes nearly all the time unasked.
Why is it blessings in disguise
So suddenly should be unmasked?

Curve Thinking.

Miss Ivah de Somebody arises to tell women that she is in wrong on the cold cream and cosmetic proposition. Ivah asserts that rubbing cucumber juice on freckles and saying, one, two, three four, and swinging the arms and feet, isn't the real road to beauty. Ivah declares that if woman will only think in curves she will have them.

Well, we hate to disagree with a woman—especially with one who is telling her sisters how to be pretty. But we have seen, in our brief but tempestuous career, no fewer than ten lady baseball teams. And there you are! They think in curves. They've got to. And what has it profited them, though they thought in inshoots and outshoots, and drops and twist-ers? Not a profit. There is your curved thought right down to the last analysis—and if anybody ever saw a pretty woman on a lady ball team, let him hold up his right hand.

Ivah will have to produce affidavits before she pushes the talcum and rouge off the shelf and substitutes bent thinking.

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

The LITTLE BROWN JUG at KILDARE

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS
COPYRIGHT 1908 BY THE BOBBY-MERRILL COMPANY



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Tommy Ardmore, New York millionaire and owner of a great estate in North Carolina, reaches Atlanta in search of a pretty girl who had winked at him as their trains stood opposite each other two days before. His old friend and companion, Henry Griswold, professor of admiralty in the University of Virginia, on his way north from Atlanta, is mistaken for Gov. Osborne of South Carolina, and is threatened with harm if he causes the arrest of Bill Appleweight, a border line desperado, over whom Gov. Osborne of South Carolina and Gov. Dangerfield of North Carolina are at outs. Griswold stops at Columbia, S. C., to warn Osborne.

CHAPTER II.—He finds only the governor's daughter, Barbara, at the capitol, and at her request remains that his services may be at her disposal in the absence of her father.

CHAPTER III.—In the hotel at Atlanta Ardmore meets Billings, his financial agent, who is in search of the governor of North Carolina, and Billings points out to him Miss Jerry Dangerfield, the governor's daughter, who happens to be dining there also. Ardmore recognizes her as the girl who winked at him, and determines to follow her to Raleigh. On the way the train stops at Kildare and a countryman, mistaking Ardmore for the governor's secretary, presents him with a jug of moonshine. A moment later a small boy, taking Ardmore to be the governor, hands him a jug of butter-milk.

CHAPTER IV.—He finds a warning in the stopper of the moonshine jug threatening harm to Gov. Dangerfield if he caused the arrest of any of the Appleweight gang. Ardmore goes to the capitol to tell the governor, finds him absent, and tells the daughter.

CHAPTER V.—Ardmore becomes allied with Jerry Dangerfield in discharging the duties of the governor's office. A scathing telegram is sent to Gov. Osborne. Ardmore undertakes to handle his banker who threatens the state with bankruptcy through bonds upon which he demands payment.

CHAPTER VI.—Griswold becomes adviser to Barbara Osborne, who is attending to her father's duties in South Carolina. Orders are sent to the sheriff to capture Appleweight.

CHAPTER VII.—Griswold gives out a statement, purporting to come from the governor, that steps have been taken to arrest Appleweight and his gang, dead or alive. Valuable papers are missing from Gov. Osborne's office. Griswold confronts Bosworth, the scheming attorney general of South Carolina, and places the theft at his door.

CHAPTER VIII.—Ardmore, in the name of the governor of North Carolina, issues orders to the sheriff of Dilwell county to round up Appleweight and his gang.

CHAPTER IX.—Ardmore charts an engine and a caboose and with a former secret service man, starts for the state border. Jerry meanwhile, is a guest at Ardsley, Ardmore's estate.

CHAPTER X.—Griswold, plotting to the same end as Ardmore, is also scouting the border line with a posse.

CHAPTER XI.—Jerry tells Mrs. Atchison, Ardmore's sister, that the duke of Ballywinkle, brother-in-law of Ardmore, has offered to elope with her. She promises to fix him so he will never again insult an American girl.

CHAPTER XII.—Frank Collins, Atlanta reporter is taken prisoner by Ardmore, but is released to become press agent for the young millionaire's expedition. The duke is properly punished.

CHAPTER XIII.—Griswold and his men by strategy, capture Appleweight. Jerry Dangerfield discovers the captive and leads him to Ardsley, her own prisoner.

CHAPTER XIV.—Griswold is forced to report the loss, very mysterious to him, to Barbara Osborne. They set out to explore the scene of Appleweight's disappearance. While on Ardmore's property they meet Ardmore and Jerry. Griswold refuses to recognize his friend, but Jerry reveals the presence of Appleweight at Ardsley.

CHAPTER XV.—Ardmore finds a man on his property and confines him in a corn-crib. The man says he is the governor of South Carolina, but Ardmore laughs at him. Meanwhile another man is arrested as Appleweight by South Carolina militia.

CHAPTER XI.

Two Ladies on a Balcony.

The outer aspect of Ardsley is, frankly, feudal. The idea of a North Carolina estate had grown out of Ardmore's love of privacy and his wish to get away from New York where his family was all too frequently struck by the spot light. The great tract of land once secured he had not concerned himself about a house, but had thrown together a comfortable bungalow which satisfied him for a year. But Ardmore's gentle heart, inaccessible to demands of many sorts, was a defenseless citadel when appeals were made to his generosity. A poor young architect, lately home from the Ecole des Beaux Arts, with many honors but few friends, fell under Ardmore's eyes. The towers and battlements that soon thereafter crowned the terraced slopes at Ardsley, etching a noble line against the lovely panorama of North Carolina hills, testified at once to the architect's talent for adaptation and Ardmore's diminished balances at the Bronx Loan and Trust Company.

On a balcony that commanded the sunset—a balcony bright with geraniums that hung daringly over a ravine on the west, Mrs. Atchison and Miss

Jerry Dangerfield were cozily taking their tea. Their white gowns, the snowy awning stirring slightly in the hill air, the bright trifles of the tea-table mingled in a picture of charm and contentment.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Atchison abruptly, "where Tommy is."

"I have no definite idea," said Jerry, pouring cream, "but let us hope that he is earning his salary."

"His salary?" and Mrs. Atchison's brows contracted. "Do you mean that my brother is taking pay for this mysterious work he is doing?"

"He shall be paid in money," replied Jerry with decision. "As I have only the barest acquaintance with Mr. Ardmore, never, in fact, having seen him until a few days ago, it would be very improper for me to permit him to serve me except under the rules that govern the relations of employer and employe."

Mrs. Atchison smiled with the wise tolerance of a woman of the world; and she was a lady, it must be said, who had a keen perception of that sane and ample philosophy of life which proceeds, we may say, for the sake of convenience, from the sense of humor. She did not like to be puzzled; and she had never in her life been surprised, least of all by any word or deed of her singular brother Tommy. She liked and even cultivated with daring the inadvertent turns in a day's affairs. The cool fashion in which her brother had placed the daughter of the governor of North Carolina in her hands on board her car at Raleigh had amused her. She had learned nothing from Jerry of the beginnings of that young woman's acquaintance with the master of Ardsley—an acquaintance which seemed to be intimate in certain aspects but amazingly distant and opaque in others. Miss Geraldine Dangerfield, like Mrs. Atchison herself, was difficult to surprise, and Tommy Ardmore's sister admired this in any one and she particularly admired it in Jerry, who was so charming in so many other ways.

"I hope," said Mrs. Atchison, putting down her cup and gazing dreamily into the west, "that you have not given Tommy any commission in which he is likely to fail."

This was, as the lady knew, almost vulgarly leading; but Jerry folded her arms, and spoke out with charming frankness.

"I have heard my father say," said Jerry, "that incapable men often rise to great opportunities when they are pushed. Mr. Ardmore has undertaken to perform for me a service of the greatest delicacy and not unattended with danger. You have been kind to me, Mrs. Atchison, and as you are my chaperon and entitled to my fullest confidence it is right for you to know just how I came here, and why your brother is absent in my service."

For once curiosity bound Mrs. Atchison in chains of steel.

"Tell me nothing, dear, unless you are quite free to do so," she murmured; but her heart skipped a beat as she waited.

"I should not think of doing so except of my own free will," declared Jerry, carelessly following the flight of a hawk that flapped close by toward the neighboring woods. "It may interest you to know that just now your brother, Mr. Thomas Ardmore, is the governor of North Carolina. He does not exactly know it, for at Raleigh I myself was governor of North Carolina at the time we met and I only made Mr. Ardmore my private secretary; but when it became necessary to take the field I placed him in full charge, and he is now not only governor of the Old North State, but also the commander-in-chief of her troops in the field."

Mrs. Atchison moved forward slightly, but evinced no other sign of surprise. The hour, the scene, the girl were all to her liking. She would even prolong the delight of hearing the further history of her brother's amazing elevation to supreme power in an American commonwealth—it was so foreign to all experience, so heavy with possibilities, so delicious in that it had happened to Tommy of all men in the world!

"I trust," she said, smiling a little, "that Tommy will not prove unworthy of the confidence you have reposed in him."

"If he does," said Jerry, slapping her hands together to free them of an imaginary sugar crumb, "I shall never, never marry him."

"I love you more and more! You may tell me anything you like without fear of being misunderstood; but tell me nothing that you prefer to keep to yourself."

"If you were not Mr. Ardmore's sister I should not tell you this; and I shall never tell another soul. I was coming home from a visit in Baltimore and the train stopped somewhere to let another train pass. The two trains stood side by side for a little while and in the window of the sleeper opposite me I saw a young man who seemed very sad. So, just as my train started, at the very last moment that we looked at each other, I winked at that gentleman with, I think, my right eye."

Mrs. Geraldine Dangerfield touched the offending member delicately with her handkerchief.

Mrs. Atchison bent forward and took both the girl's hands.

"And that was Tommy—my brother Tommy?"

"That gentleman has proved to be Mr. Thomas Ardmore. I had not the slightest idea that I should ever in the world see him again. My only hope was that he would go on his way cheered and refreshed by my sign of good-will, though he was either so depressed or so surprised that he made no response. I never expected to see him again in this world; and when I had

almost forgotten all about him he coolly sent in his card to me at the executive mansion in Raleigh. And I was very harsh with him when I learned who he was; for you know the Ardmore estate owns a lot of North Carolina bonds that are due on the first of June, and Mr. Billings had been chasing papa all over the country to know whether they will be paid; and I supposed of course your brother was looking for papa, too, to annoy him about some mere detail of that bond business, for the state treasurer, who does not love papa, has gone away fishing and Mr. Billings is perfectly wild."

"Delicious!" exclaimed Mrs. Atchison. "Perfectly delicious! May I call you Jerry? Thank you, dear. Let me tell you that I am 32 and you are—?"

"Seventeen," supplied Jerry.

"And this is the most amusing, in-



"I Hope That You Have Not Given Tommy Any Commission in Which He Is Likely to Fail."

teresting and exciting thing I have heard in all my life. It might be difficult ordinarily for me to forgive the wink, but your explanation lifts it out of the realm of social impropriety into the sphere of generous benevolence."

"Your brother does not seem particularly proud of his family connection," said Jerry. "He spoke of you in the most beautiful way, but he seems distressed by the actions of some of the others."

Mrs. Atchison sighed.

"Tommy is right about us. We are a sad lot."

"But he is very hard on the duke. Since I came to Ardsley his grace has treated me with the greatest courtesy, and he has spoken to me in the most complimentary terms. He is beyond question a man of kind heart, for he has promised me his mother's pearl necklace, which had been in her family for 400 years."

"I should not hesitate to take the necklace, Jerry, if he really produces it, for my sister, his wife, has never

had the slightest glimpse of it, and it is, I believe, in the hands of certain English trustees for the benefit of the duke's creditors. I dislike to spoil one of his grace's pretty illusions, but unless Mr. Billings softens his heart a great deal toward the duke I fear that you will not get the pearls this summer."

"I must tell you as my chaperon, Mrs. Atchison, that the duke has already offered to elope with me. He told me last night as we were having our coffee on the terrace, that he would gladly give up his wife, meaning, I suppose, your sister, and the Ardmore millions for me; but while I think him fascinating I want you to feel quite safe, for I promise you I shall elope with no one while I am your guest."

Mrs. Atchison's face had grown a little white and she compressed her lips in lines that were the least bit grim.

"The scoundrel!" she exclaimed half under her breath. "To think that he would insult a child like you! He is hanging about us here in the hope of getting more money, while my poor sister, his wife, is in an English sanatorium half crazed by his brutality. If Tommy knew this he would undoubtedly kill him!"

"That would be very unnecessary. A duke, after all, is something, and I should hate to have the poor man killed on my account. And besides, Mrs. Atchison, I am perfectly able to take care of myself."

"I believe you are, Jerry. But it's a terrible thing to have that beast about, and I shall tell him to-night that he must leave this place and the country."

"But first," said Jerry, "I have an engagement to ride with him after dinner to see the moon, and the opportunity of seeing a moon with a duke of ancient family, here on the sacred soil of North Carolina, is something that I cannot lightly put aside."

"You cannot—you must not go!"

"Leave it to me," said Jerry, smiling slightly; "and I promise you that the duke will never again insult an American girl. And now I think I must dress for dinner."

CHAPTER XII.

The Embarrassments of the Duke of Ballywinkle.

Mr. Frank Collins of the Atlanta Palladium trod the ties beyond Kildare with a light heart, gaily swinging a large suit-case. He had walked far, but a narrow-brim straw hat, perched on the back of his head, and the cheery lilt of the waltz he whistled spoke for a jaunty spirit. As his eye ranged the landscape he marked a faint cloud of smoke rising beyond a lonely strip of wood; and coming to a dilapidated piece of track that led vaguely away into the heart of the forest, he again noted the tiny smoke cloud. On such a day the half-gods go and the gods arrive; and

the world that afternoon knew no cheerfuller spirit than the Palladium's agile young commissioner. Mr. Collins was not only in capital health and spirits, but he rejoiced in that delicious titillation of expectancy which is the chief compensation of the journalist's life. His mission was secret, and this in itself gave flavor to his errand; and, moreover, it promised adventures of a kind that were greatly to his liking.

As the woodland closed in about him and the curving spur carried him farther from the main right of way he ceased whistling and his steps became more guarded. Suddenly a man rose from the bushes and leveled a long arm at him detainingly.

"Stop, young man, stop where you are!"

"Hello!" called Collins, pausing. "Well, I'm jiggered, if it ain't old Cooke. I say, old man, is the untaxed juice flowing in the forest primeval or what brings you here?"

Cooke grinned as he recalled the reporter, whom he remembered as a particularly irrepressible specimen of his genus whom he had met while pursuing moonshiners in Georgia. The two shook hands amiably midway of the two streaks of rust.

"Young man, I think I told you once before that your legs were altogether too active. I want you to light right out of here—skip!"

"Not for a million dollars. Our meeting is highly opportune, Cooke. It's not for me to fly in the face of Providence. I'm going to see what's doing down here."

"All right," replied Cooke. "Take it all in and enjoy yourself; but you're my prisoner."

"Oh, that will be all right! So long as I'm with you I can't lose out."

"March!" called Cooke, dropping behind; and thus the two came in a few minutes to the engine, the cars and the caboose. From the locomotive a slight smoke still trailed hazily upward.

Thomas Ardmore, coatless and hatless, sat on the caboose steps writing messages on a board pad, while a telegraph instrument clicked busily within. One of his men had qualified as operator and a pile of messages at his elbow testified to Ardmore's industry. Ardmore clutched in his left hand a message recently caught from the wire which he re-read from time to time with increasing satisfaction. It had been sent from Ardsley and ran:

I shall ride to-night on the road that leads south beyond the red bungalow, and on the bridle-path that climbs the ridge on the west, called Sunset Trall. A certain English gentleman will accompany me. It will be perfectly agreeable to me to come back alone. G. D.

Ardmore was still writing when Cooke stood beneath him under the caboose platform.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ardmore, but this is our first prisoner."

Ardmore signed a dispatch and then looked up and took the pipe from his

mouth. Collins lifted his hat politely.

"Ah, Mr. Ardmore, you see I have taken advantage of your exceedingly kind invitation to look you up in North Carolina."

"He was looking for you very hard when I found him, Mr. Ardmore," interposed Cooke.

"Your appearance delights me," said Ardmore, extending his hand to the reporter. "It was nice of you to walk out here to find me. Wouldn't they put you up at the house?"

"Well, the fact is I didn't stop there. My paper sent me in this general direction on business, but I had every honorable intention of making you that visit after I finished my assignment. But Cooke here says I'm arrested."

"He's a dangerous character and can't be allowed to run loose in these parts. I'm going to tie him up," said Cooke.

"May I ask you, Mr. Collins, just what you are doing here?" inquired Ardmore.

"You may, and I'll bet a boiled goose that Cooke and I are on the same job."

"What are you looking for?" demanded Ardmore's chief of staff.

"It's a big story if I get it, and I have every intention of getting it," said Collins guardedly.

"Out with it!" commanded Ardmore.

"The fact is, then, that I'm looking for a person of importance."

"Go right on, please."

"And that person is the governor of North Carolina, who is mysteriously absent from Raleigh. He attended the Cotton Planters' convention in New Orleans. He got as far as Atlanta on his way home and then disappeared. I need not say to gentlemen of your intelligence that a lost governor is ripe fruit in my business, and I have reason to believe that for some purpose of his own the governor of North Carolina is hiding in this very neighborhood."

Cooke glanced at Ardmore for instructions, but the master of Ardsley preferred to keep the matter in his own hands.

"So you want to find the governor of North Carolina, do you? Well, you shall not be disappointed. You are too able and zealous to be wasted on journalism. I have a feeling that you are destined to higher things. Something told me when we met in Atlanta that fate had set up apart for each other. You came here, Collins, to look for the governor of North Carolina, and your wits and your argus-nose for news have served you well. You have found the governor of North Carolina: I am he!"

Collins had stood during this recital in the middle of the track, with his legs wide apart, calmly fanning himself with his hat; but as Ardmore proceeded the reporter's hand dropped to his side, and a grin that had overspread his face slowly yielded to a blank stare.

"Would you mind repeating those last words?"

"I am the governor of North Carolina, Mr. Collins. The manner in which I attained that high office is not important. It must suffice that I am in sole charge of the affairs of this great state, without relief from valuation or appraisal laws, and without benefit of clergy. And we have much to do here; mere social conversation must await an ampler time. I now appoint you publicity agent to the governor. Your business is to keep the people fooled—all the people all the time. You will begin by sending out word that Gov. Dangerfield has given up all other work at present but the destruction of the Appleweight gang."

"But by the ghost of John C. Calhoun, don't you see that I'm losing the chance of my life in my own profession? There's a story in this that would put me to the top and carry me right into New York," and Collins glanced about for his suit-case, as though meditating flight.

"Your appointment has gone into effect," said Ardmore with finality, "and if you bolt you will be caught and made to walk the plank. And so far as your future is concerned, you shall have a newspaper of your own anywhere you please as soon as this war is over."

The three men adjourned to the caboose, where Ardmore took Collins all that it seemed necessary for the newspaper man to know; and within half an hour the new recruit had entered thoroughly into the spirit of the adventure, though his mirth occasionally got the better of him, and he bowed his head in his hands and surrendered himself to laughter. Thereafter, until the six o'clock supper was ready, he kept the operator occupied. He sent to the Palladium a thoroughly plausible story giving prominence to the Appleweight case and laying stress on Gov. Dangerfield's vigorous personality and high sense of official responsibility. He sent queries to leading journals everywhere, offering exclusive news of the rumored disappearance of North Carolina's governor.

Ardmore took Collins more fully into his confidence during the lingering twilight, and the reporter made many suggestions that were of real value. Meanwhile Cooke's men brought three horses from the depths of the forest and saddled them. Cooke entered the caboose for a final conference with Ardmore and a last look at the maps.

"Too bad," remarked the acting governor, "that we must wait until tomorrow night to pick up the Appleweights, but our present business is more important. It's time to move, Cooke."

They rode off in single file on the faintest of trails through the woods, Cooke leading and Ardmore and Collins following immediately behind him. The great host of summer stars thronged the sky, and the moon sent

Continued on page 12



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The president and the governors of states appoint Thanksgiving day; but each person makes it for himself. It cannot be made in haste. The choicest things of the year must be gathered together in thought and put into it. First are the permanent treasures of life. God is, and is our Father. We have his word and his spirit. We are in his family, not as servants but as sons, and "the son abideth forever." We have, therefore, a future unbounded by time in the father's house. These everlasting values enrich present life beyond limit. The day when men's attention is concentrated upon them becomes Thanksgiving day.

We put into it also what the years have given us—family affections and friendships. Ties suspended by circumstances, not broken, are renewed, as faces of the absent ones reappear in the home.

The blessings of this year must be put into Thanksgiving day. The work that was planned when the winter's shortest days began to lengthen is done. The harvest is completed. We do not count the losses today. We put the disappointments and sorrows out of sight for the present. We are not making a fast but a feast. The tables are loaded with good things, which symbolize the good things of the

year and of all the years and of the eternal life. And how many of them are here with us—the husband, the wife, the children, father and mother, friends at hand and messages from those afar, the home and all it contains. We have a Christian fellowship, a great and prosperous country at peace with the world and with a helpful mission to other nations which is being nobly fulfilled.

But something still is lacking. It is the flavor to the food, the piquancy to the appetite, the flowers to adorn the table. What we give gives value to what we have. "God setteth the solitary in families." If there is a vacant chair at our table some lonely one must be found to fill it. While there are homes unprovided, ours cannot be completely ready for the festival. "Send portions unto him for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord." Thus our table is adorned and its plainest food made rich.

Now the day is made. We unite in thanksgiving and we share the feasts in a happy fellowship surrounded by an uncounted multitude of merry making homes, whose unspoken greeting to one another explains the meaning of our national Thanksgiving day. "For the joy of the Lord is your strength."

No Redress from Uncle Sam.

Injured by a rolling log, mistreated, as he alleges, by a physician under government contract to treat him at the Good Samaritan hospital in Washington state, and claiming reimbursement as the result of such medical mistreatment, Ole B. Susort, an Okanogan reclamation service employe at Concully, Wash., has been advised that he has no redress from the government.

"A person who enters into a contract with the United States provides for the performance of a service by one of its agents must be presumed to do so in recognition of the well-known rule of law that the United States is not liable for the negligence of its employes," holds the comptroller of the treasury.

"The United States does not undertake responsibility for lack of skill or negligence of agents that it employs under the contract. The damages, if any, arising from negligence or lack of skill cannot be paid by the government. The wrong, if any, was committed by the agent of the government and not by the government."

A Thanksgiving Prayer

"I beseech you to cease to regret your lack of prosperity. Thank God you have work and struggle before you.

—John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

*I thank Thee Lord,
That I have not
A golden hoard
In some safe spot,
And don't hold sway
In any state
Where juries may
Investigate.*

*O, I rejoice
At this Great boon;
I lift my voice
In thankful tune
That from my lack
I almost starve,
For canvas back
I cannot carve.*

*I am so glad
Indeed, that I
Have never had
The cash to buy
A palace grand
Or castle great
Or miles of land
For my estate.*

*It is to me
A lasting joy,
One that shall be
Without alloy
That I may jump
Into the ditch
While autos bump
By, with the rich.*

*My heart is thrilled
With gratitude,
My bosom filled
With thankful mood,
Because I'm sure
It now appears,
I shall be poor
Through all my years!*

Tallest Flagpole in World.

What is supposed to be the tallest flagpole in the world is now in Battery park, New York. It is 165 feet high, in two sections, and the lowest part was once the steel mast of the cup defender Constitution.

The Independent Order of the Coming Men of America

The New and Modern Secret Society for the Ambitious Young Men and Boys

This Department Gives News of Interest from Members and Lodges in Every State in the Union



is on Thanksgiving day that most of us, with deliberate intention and perhaps no little effort close the door by which grumbles enter and open the other door that lets in the praise. The members of the I.O.C.M.A. should be thankful that we have been able to save our noble order through the three hard years just passed and that we have an order in which to put our fondest hope for a society that will be helpful to those that will be made to follow in our footsteps, as well as to us, who are now striving to enjoy the fruits of its teachings. For once gratitude has the right of way and we are just a little ashamed to be found in the dull company of complaint. At the Thanksgiving service, if we attend, we give ourselves to deliberate enumeration of our blessings and remember, perhaps, how many there are less favored than ourselves. There is not time for a complete and permanent smoothing out of the wrinkles of care and perplexity before we sit down at the bountifully laden table, but on the whole we are ready to enter into the spirit of the time. Is Thanksgiving, then, a reversal or an occasional accentuation of the proper habit of a Christian's life? If there must be rusty hinges, should they be on the doors of praise, while the other door of grumbling works with constant ease? The undisputed right of way in the Thanksgiving season ought to be the right of way for all our members this year.

Yours ever in "F",

CHAS. R. SIMON, O.T.N.,
Grand Secretary.

Brother J. F. Latham, President of the Oklahoma State I.O.C.M.A. has recently moved from Lone Wolf to Canute.

Brother Oscar Huber of Alma lodge No. 7 has returned to Seneca after a two weeks visit with his home folks and friends in Alma.

Every member should send some I.O.C.M.A. news to the EMBLEM for pub-

lication in its next issue. With the help of every member knowing something for the paper we will make the Emblem the best and newsiest paper ever published for the order.

Brother Roy McMahan of Alma lodge No. 1 is attending the Kansas City Dental college in Kansas City, Mo.

Brother Clyde B. Weaver of Arkansas City, Kansas, has moved to new quarters in that city.

Don't forget to send in some news item for publication in the next issue of this paper.

Brother Irwin Buchli of Topeka, Kansas, is taking his annual vacation from the Santa Fe offices and is visiting his brother in St. Louis, Mo.

Brother Frank H. Dexter of Milan, Mich., is now located at Independence, Mo. Brother Dexter was one of the leaders in the Michigan I.O.C.M.A. and we are in hopes of seeing him stir up something for the order as soon as he gets well enough acquainted in his new home.

Brothers Wm. and Vernon Crouch lately of Crown, Texas, have moved to Austin, Texas. Why not try and start something for the order in that place; it is surely big enough to support a large and thriving local lodge.

Brother Alfred Shepherd of Fairhope, Ala., is another member to reinstate. It had been so long since we had had any word from him that we had begun to fear that he had been lost in the shuffle, and were pleased to hear from him and hope that he will help us in making the order one of the foremost in that state.

G. L. Parsons is another member from the state of Alabama from whom we have heard lately. He says he soon expects to have a thriving lodge going in his town. That is what we want to happen, but don't let it stop there brother carry the good work to surrounding towns and try to put your state to the front in lodge matters.

Prosperous Young Men's Organization

Little is known or heard about an organization of young American men in this city which is fast coming to the front as a fraternal society for the uplift of character and manhood. The Sierra Madre lodge No. 49, I.O.C.M.A. which was organized in this city last July is fast gaining popularity and will no doubt soon have its membership increased considerably with the initiation of some prospective new members.

The Sierra Madre lodge is a branch of the Grand Lodge of the I.O.C.M.A. with headquarters in Alma, Kansas, U. S. A. The officers now presiding in the local lodge are as follows:

Edward A. R. Bushnell, Pres.; P. L. Alderman, V-Pres.; D. P. Atlee, Sec. and Treas.; A. R. Bushnell, Jr., Speaker; B. E. Morgan, Sentinel. These officers were installed recently and have proven their interest in the secret order and have done much to forward its work in this city.

At present plans are being made to inaugurate at an early date a series of entertainments made up entirely of local talent and which will bear the nature of the well known lyceum entertainments in the United States. The lodge hopes to please the American colony of Monterrey in this work and at the same time put itself in public light. The proceeds of these entertainments will be used in fitting up the lodge hall and the purchase of lodge regalia. The proceeds over the amounts necessary for these purposes will be devoted to charitable institutions. It is to be hoped that the efforts of these young men will be duly patronized, as the work will be of a noble nature and will not only prove entertaining but also profitable to those who lend their aid. Suggestions will be gladly received from anyone by any of the officers above mentioned.—Monterrey News, (Mexico).

Brother Gordon Lindsay of South Dakota says that he will have an active lodge in his town before long. We have long been wanting a member of his calibre in that state to stir up matters for the I. O. C. M. A. and predict the state of South Dakota to be a winner in I. O. C. M. A. matters in the future.

FOR reasons that seemed best to me, I have refrained from expressing my views concerning the existing state of C. M. A. affairs, but in justice to Brother Charles R. Simon, I feel called upon to make the following remarks, which are entirely voluntary, I shall quote below, a few lines taken from Bro. Clyde R. Sumner's C. M. A. department in the April National Youth:

"Some people appear to be quite willing to find fault with Chas. R. Simon of the I. O. C. M. A. because the outfits were not sent to the members in January 1909." Now Bro. Simon plainly stated the reasons why this promise was not kept. The outfits were printed wrong, and hence the delay. There is probably no member of the C. M. A. as a whole, who has done so much for the entire C. M. A. as Bro. Simon. He has given up a prosperous mercantile business and entered into the C. M. A. work. He did this at a time when the outlook for the order was very dark, and has been plodding on, doing his best, sending out the EMBLEM each month, which is no small job in itself.

During the past six months the publishers of the EMBLEM have been printing the supplies themselves, instead of ordering, and still not a word of complaint from the Grand Lodge. Let those who are connected with the I. O. C. M. A. in any way try more fully to comprehend what Simon has passed through and the work he has done. It is true he has done very little for consolidation, and has not said that he favored same, but it is equally true that he has done nothing to oppose the movement, nor has he said that the I. O. C. M. A. did not favor it. I heartily believe that there is no one any more anxious to see perfect unity in the C. M. A. than Chas. R. Simon. But he must proceed with care, and when the rest are willing to do the fair thing in regard to uniting, depend upon it the I. O. C. M. A. Grand Secretary will consolidate with no small sense of pleasure for he loves the C. M. A., and is spending his life in her service at a very meager pay."

Brother Sumner's remarks are very sensible indeed. He sees the conditions and considers them in the proper light. Nothing would please me more than to see perfect unity exist in our ranks. When Brother Simon endorses the plan of consolidation, I too will place my signature on the list.

Since May 1908, I have been a Simon supporter, and since then I have had no cause whatever to desert him, who has done more to promote the interests of the C. M. A. since the Hunter failure than any other brother.

Bro. Simon now holds the position to which he was elected fairly and honestly. Inasmuch as I served as one of the three election clerks I know whereof I speak. He has spent time and money to place the order upon the footing that it now rests. He is furnishing us with the EMBLEM, an official organ almost the equal of the Star Monthly.

We cannot expect our present Grand Secretary to make the EMBLEM as good as the Star at the start. It took years for Jos. R. Hunter to make out of his paper what it was when the publishing company failed. Improvement follows experience. Has not the EMBLEM improved wonderfully since the initial number? It has improved to a remarkable degree and we should be proud of it.

Some members have been harping that the official organ does not furnish the order with a sufficient amount of official news. Let me here ask you, how can Bro. Simon publish in the EMBLEM accounts of those affairs and events concerning the order, unless same are sent him by the members. Bro. Simon is too honest a man to "fake" or manufacture news, so brothers do you not think that it is your duty toward the order, to serve as a special correspondent and supply our genial Grand Secretary with whatever news you may know, or think would be of interest to the membership? In a former number of the EMBLEM, Bro. Simon stated that each member should consider himself a reporter.

Brother Simon has supplied the I. O. C. M. A. with a handsome set of secret work, which is far superior to that issued by our friend Hunter. True, the outfits were sent out late but the delay was unavoidable.

It is indeed plainly evident that these several petty orders that have sprung up since the I. O. C. M. A. was organized, cannot exist long. If the members of these minor organizations desire to affiliate with the I. O. C. M. A. let them do so. Thus a consolidation would be effected, but to alter the name, change the officers etc., of the I. O. C. M. A. to overturn the work of Brother Simon, to disrupt the order that has the largest membership and best official organ, just for the consolidation of these smaller "societies" I positively am not in favor of it. If the officers of the I. O. C. M. A. come out for consolidation, it is another question. Until then I shall not favor the plan of consolidation.

I am in no manner connected with the EMBLEM or its publishers, except that I furnish Bro. Simon mss. monthly for the stamp pages of the official organ, and that without remuneration.

The above is written without fear or favor and not to provoke controversy and I believe that the conscientious brother will agree with me in what I have said.

Yours in F,

Julian T. Baber, 5° O.T.N.,
President Va. As'n I. O. C. M. A.

Brother Lewis F. McKinney of Pocahontas, Va., sends in his reinstatement and says he soon expects to put that town on the I. O. C. M. A. map when he reorganizes Laurel lodge. Laurel lodge was a prospering factor in the old C.M.A. and we see no reason why it should not become just as active as ever with the class of members of which it has consisted and with its wide-awake officers. The members no doubt well know that Pocahontas is the home of Brother Baber, the worthy stamp editor of this paper, whose writings have graced the pages of the EMBLEM from its foundation.

Our Habits.

"Let us be to the world what we are to ourselves—just, kind and considerate; meet censure, criticism and opposition with such conduct as will rob venom of its sting, and by so doing we turn the dart aimed at us against the ones that cast it."—*Buchli*.

Help the publishers of the EMBLEM in making it a live paper by sending them some news.

Ralph Smith of Wakemen is a new member to come into the I. O. C. M. A. in the good old "Buckeye" state. Our membership is not very large in a state so well known to the other secret societies, and would like to have the members do a little hustling on behalf of the I. O. C. M. A. interests there. There is no reason why our order should not be as well represented in that state as some of the others.

WANTED!

The Grand Lodge wants ten (10) of the old CMA Lodge Rituals, and kindly ask all members that have any or know of any that are not in use, to send them in to the Grand Secretary at Alma, Ks. who will pay you 15 cents each for them. The local secretaries of lodges that have quit business should look his up and return them at once. Remember that a full set of new I. O. C. M. A. rituals is to be furnished the lodges, free of charge.

Our Desires.

"Our desire and object is to elevate the poor in spirit to the level of the highest, to humble the proud and arrogant and raise them to the same fraternal level."—*Buchli.*

Brother Floyd Jones, President of the Texas I.O.C.M.A. has moved from Kingsbury, Texas, to Lordsbury, New Mexico, where he has a position with the Southern Pacific Railway as seal clerk. Texas loses a good member in his leaving the state and we are looking for something to happen down in New Mexico for the good of the order with a hustler like Brother Jones down there. Judging from his past, we don't think that he will be able to keep still long before his feet will itch to look for some new members for the order.

Brother White Killed By Woman.

Walter L. White of Craig, Colo., familiarly known to his friends as "Chub" died Wednesday, Nov. 9, at Hahn's Peak, where for the past two years he has acted as chief deputy for Marshall Q. Starr, county clerk and recorder.

Death was caused by a gunshot wound inflicted about 5 o'clock Sunday morning by Miss Maud Keller, also a resident of Hahn's Peak. The bullet entered the back just below the right shoulderblade passed through the lung and liver and lodged against the skin in front. Doctors were called to his bedside as quickly as possible, but notwithstanding the splendid constitution of the patient, there was at no time a chance for his recovery.

The tragedy was caused by jealousy, although true facts may never be given to the public. White although he is said to have been engaged to a young lady whose home is at Craig, had recently been paying attention to the young woman who did the shooting.

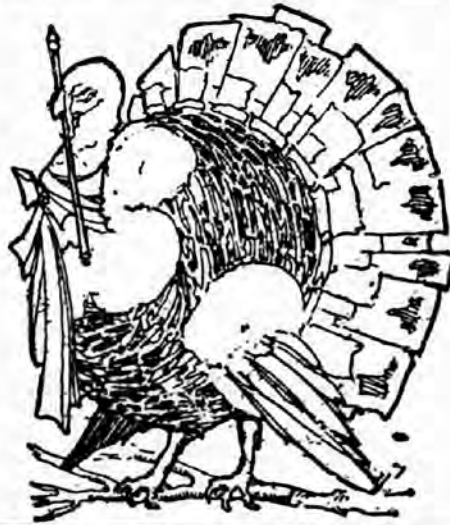
The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the killing was felonious and Miss Keller was immediately arrested.

Deceased was about 26 years of age and had lived with his parents at Craig for many years before going to Hahn's Peak. He was very popular among the young people of both towns and had gained the respect of all who knew of his generous treatment of his mother and brothers, having devoted the greater part of his earnings to the support of his mother and the education of the brothers. The funeral was held at Craig, Sunday, Nov. 13.

The members of the old C.M.A. no doubt well remember Brother White as one of the leaders of the old C.M.A. lodge at Craig about three years ago. While a member of the lodge he held

several athletic records with the C. M.A. team for that part of the country.

Don't forget that the publishers of the paper are busy and hardly have time to write you a personal letter asking you for your news items. You should make a practice of sending in items the members would be interested in. Do it this month and see the difference in the next issue and see how much more you will appreciate it, knowing that you have helped to make it what it is.



There are good prospects for an early organization of a local lodge of the I.O.C.M.A. among the old members in Oklahoma City, Okla. From the letters we are receiving from the old members down there, we think that they will have as large a membership to start in as most of the lodges that have been established for some time.

BESTOGRAPHY

The Order's passwords and secrets are given to the members in Bestography, a secret cypher which is known to the members of the I. O. C. M. A., only.

Password

The password for the month of December is 36 37 40 27 31 35

Brother Otto Theel, a member of Alma lodge No. 1, has been forced to have an operation performed on his knee. Brother Theel injured his leg while playing football with the C.M.A. team four years ago, and has been troubled with it ever since.

The publishers of the EMBLEM wish to state that if any member has failed to receive their paper in the past, and

if they will be sure and give their correct address and number and telling the number of the issues that they have missed, that they will either send the back copies, (if they have any left) or will send them a credit slip good for the number of months dues as they have missed in the paper. We want every subscriber to receive everything that is justly due him, and will do our utmost to see that he gets it. Don't fail to let them know if there is anything wrong with your receiving the paper. Help us keep our lists up to date. It saves the order a lot of money and does away with a lot of grief that should be unnecessary.

Prof. G. A. Coffey has been elected state senator from the 6th district in the state of Oklahoma, on the Democratic ticket. Prof. Coffey is an old C. M.A. member and is going to reinstate in the near future. This goes to prove farther than words the noble teachings of the C.M.A.—C.M.A. Mechanic.

Brother Chas. Palenske of Alma has returned to the Western Dental College at Kansas City to continue his studies for dentistry. He spent his summer vacation in the state of Arkansas. About a year ago the daily papers of Topeka had Brother Palenske a dead one. A man tallying with his description enough to be identified by several Alma parties, was found hanging in an outbuilding on a vacant lot in that city. His friends had grave fears until he was located in Kansas City by telephone. Brother Palenske says that his friends can "bank on it" that whenever he gets ready to take a rest, that it's him for the downy couch in some warm room and not the other.

FRATERNITY

As it is seen by an I. O. C. M. A. Brother.

"Though its beginning was in obscurity, its end can never be until that millennial condition arrives where there is no oppressor, nor oppressed, no classes nor masses, no great to be restrained, no obscure one to be raised. Yea, more, until every sinner becomes a saint and every saint his fraternal brother. Until all this work is done we are still of the earth, earthy, and our mission is not yet ended, nor can it be ended until man is endowed with the divine attribute of universal love."

Special Rates Still Good

The special rates of charging new members only their dues, and sending their outfits free, will remain in force until January 1, 1911.

I'm out on the estate and want to rest. I have the key in my pocket."

As Ardmore's keys jingled in the lock Cooke cried out softly. Their quarry was riding swiftly toward them, and he drew rein before the bungalow as Cooke and Collins rode out to meet him.

"I say," panted the duke.

"You are our prisoner. Dismount and come into this house."

"Prisoner, you fool! I'm a guest at Ardsley and I'm looking for a lady."

"That's a very unlikely story. Collins, help the gentleman down;" and the reporter obeyed instructions with so much zeal that the noble gentleman fell prone, and was assisted to his feet with a fine mockery of helpfulness.

"I tell you I'm looking for a lady whose horse ran away with her! I'm the duke of Ballywinkle and brother-in-law to Mr. Ardmore. I'll have you sent to jail if you stop me here."

"Come along, duke, and we'll see what you look like," said Cooke, leading the way to the bungalow veranda. Within Ardmore was lighting lamps. There was a long room finished in black oak, with a fireplace at one end, and a table in the center. The floors were covered with handsome rugs and the walls were hung with photographs and etchings. Ardmore sat on the back of a leather settee in a pose assumed at the moment of the duke's entrance. It was a pose of entire nonchalance, and Ardmore's cap, perched on the back of his head, and his brown hair ruffled boyishly, added to the general effect of comfort and ease.

The duke blinked for a moment in the lamplight, then he roared out joyously:

"Ardy, old man!" and advanced toward his brother-in-law with outstretched hand.

"Keep him off; he's undoubtedly quite mad," said Ardmore, staring coldly, and bending his riding-crop across his knees. "Collins, please ride on after the lady and bring her back this way"

Cooke had seated the prisoner rather rudely in a chair, and the noble duke, having lost the power of speech in amazement and fright, rubbed his eyes and then fastened them incredulously on Ardmore; but there was no question about it, he had been seized with violence; he had been repudiated by his own brother-in-law—the useless, stupid Tommy Ardmore, who, at best, had only a child's mind for pirate stories and who was indubitably the most negligible of negligible figures in the drama of life as the duke knew it.

"Cooke," began Ardmore, addressing his lieutenant gravely from his perch on the settee, "what is the charge against this person?"

"He says he's a duke," grinned Cooke, taking his cue from Ardmore's manner. "And he says he's visiting at Ardsley."

"That," said Ardmore with decision,

the stuff of shadows made light. Westward, a mile distant, lay Ardsley, only a little below the level of the bridge and touched with a faint purple as of spring twilight.

Ardmore sat his saddle, quietly contemplating the great house that struck him almost for the first time as imposing. He felt, too, a little heart-ache that he did not quite understand.

"We'd better be moving," suggested Cooke. "Look below there!"

Looking off from the ridge they saw a man and a woman riding along a strip of road from which the timber had been cut. The night was so still, the gray light so subdued, that the two figures moved as steadily and softly as shadow pictures on a screen.

The slow even motion of the riders was interrupted suddenly. The man, who was nearer the remote observers, had stopped and bent toward the woman as though to snatch her rein, when her horse threw up its head and fell back on its haunches. Then the woman struck the man a blow with her riding-crop, and galloped swiftly away along the white ribbon-like road. In the perfect night-silence it was like a scene of pantomime.

"That's all right!" cried Cooke. "Come along! We'll cut into that road at the bungalow."

They swung their horses away from the ridge and back into the bridle-path, which once more dipped sharply down into heavy timber. Cooke leading the way, and three of the best hunters known to the Ardsley stables flew down the clear but winding path. The incident which the trio had witnessed required no interpretation; the girl's blow and flight had translated it into language explicit enough.

Ardmore thanked his German forester a thousand times for the admirable bridle-path over which they galloped, with its certain footing beneath and clean sweep from the boughs above. The blood surged hotly through his heart, and he was angry for the first time in his life; but his head was cool, and the damp air of the forest flowing by tranquillized him into a new elation of spirit. Jerry Dangerfield was the dearest and noblest and bravest girl in the world—he knew that; and she was clever and resourceful enough to devise means for preserving her father's official and private honor; and not less quick to defend herself from insult from a titled scoundrel.

The three men rode out into the broad highway at the red bungalow and paused to listen.

"He hasn't got here yet. Only one person has passed and these must be the tracks of the girl's horse," said Cooke, who had dismounted and struck matches, the better to observe the faint hoof-prints in the hard shell road.

"He'll be along in a minute. Let us get into the shadow of the bungalow, and when he comes we'll ride out and nail him. The bungalow's a sort of way house. I often stop here when

its soft effulgence across the night. They presently forded a noisy stream, and while they were seeking the trail again on the farther side an owl hooted a thousand yards up the creek, and while the line re-formed Cooke paused and listened. Then the owl's call was repeated farther off and so faintly that Cooke alone heard it. He laid his hand on Ardmore's rein.

"There's a foot-trail that leads along that creek, and it's very rough and difficult to follow. Half a mile from here there used to be a still, run by one of the Appleweights. We smashed it once, but no doubt they are operating again by this time. That hoot



The Blood Surged Hotly Through His Heart.

of the owl is a warning common among the pickets put out by these people. Wireless telegraphy isn't in it with them. Every Appleweight within 20 miles will know in half an hour how many there are of us and just what direction we are taking. We must not come back here to-night. We must put up on your place somewhere and let them think, if they will, we are guests of yours out for an evening ride."

"That's all right. Unless we complete this job in about two days my administration is a fizzle," said Ardmore, as they resumed their march through the forest. There was a wilder fling to the roll of the land now, but the underbrush was better cleared, and the trail had become a bridle-path that had known man's care.

"This is some of Paul's work," said Ardmore; "and if I am not very much mistaken we are on my land now and headed straight enough for the wagon-road that leads south beyond the red bungalow. These roads in here were planned to give variety, but I never before appreciated how complicated they are."

The path stretched away through the heavy forest, and they climbed to a ridge that commanded a wide region, that lay bathed in silver moonlight, so softly luminous that it seemed of

"is creditable only to the gentleman's romantic imagination. His face is anything but dukely, and there's a red streak across it which points clearly to the recent sharp blow of a weapon; and no one would ever strike a duke. It's utterly incredible," and Ardmore lifted his brows and leaned back with his arms at length and his hands clasping the riding-crop, as he contemplated with supreme satisfaction the tell-tale red line across the duke's cheek.

"For God's sake, Ardy—" howled the duke.

Ardmore drew from his pocket Johnston's "American Politics" with an air of greatest seriousness.

"Cooke," he said, half to himself as he turned the pages, "do you remember just what the constitution says about dukes? Oh, yes; here we are! Now, Mr. Duke of Ballywinkle, listen to what it says here in Section 9 of the Constitution of the United States, which reads exactly as follows in this book: 'No title of nobility shall be granted by the United States: And no person holding any office of profit or trust under them, shall, without the consent of the congress, accept of any present, emolument, office, or title, of any kind whatever, from any king, prince, or foreign state.' And it says in Section 10 that 'No state shall grant any title of nobility.' Now, Mr. Ballywinkle, it is perfectly clear that this government can't recognize anything that it can't create, for that would be foolish. As I, the governor of North Carolina, can't make a duke, I can't see one. You are therefore wholly illegal; it's against the most sacred law of the land for you to be here at all; and, painful though it is to me, it is nevertheless my duty to order you to leave the United States at once, never to return. In fact, if you ever appear in the United States again, I hereby order that you be hanged by the neck until you be dead. One of Mr. Cooke's men will accompany you to New York to-morrow and see to it that you take passage on a steamer bound for a British port. The crime of having insulted a woman will still hang over you until you are well east of Sandy Hook, and I advise you not to risk being tried on that charge in North Carolina, as my people are very impulsive and emotional, and lynchings are not infrequent in our midst. You shall spend to-night in my official caboose some distance from here, and your personal effects will be brought from Ardsley, where, you have said, you are a guest of Mr. Thomas Ardmore, who is officially unknown to me. The supreme court will now adjourn."

Cooke pulled the limp, bewildered duke to his feet, and dragged him from the bungalow.

As they stepped out on the veranda Collins rode up in alarm.

"I followed this road to a cross-road where it became a bridle-path and runs off into the forest. There I lost all trace of the lady, but here is

her riding-crop."

"Cooke, take your prisoner to the caboose; and Collins, come with me," commanded Ardmore; and a moment later he and the reporter rode off furiously in search of Jerry Dangerfield.

CHAPTER XIII.

Miss Dangerfield Takes a Prisoner.

A dozen men carrying rifles across their saddle-bows rode away from Habersham's farm on the outskirts of Turner Court House and struck a rough trail that led a devious course over the hills. At their head rode the guide of the expedition—a long silent man on a mule. Griswold and Habersham followed immediately behind him on horseback. Their plans had been carefully arranged before they left their rendezvous, and save for an occasional brief interchange between the prosecuting attorney and the governor's special representative, the party jogged on in silence. Habersham's recruits were, it may be said, farmers of the border, who had awaited for years just such an opportunity as now offered to avenge themselves upon the insolent Appleweights. Nearly every man of the party had some private score to settle, but they had all been sworn as special constables and were sobered by the knowledge that the power of the state of South Carolina was back of them.

Thus, at the very hour that Mr. Ardmore and his lieutenant rode away from the lonely anchorage of the caboose, Prof. Griswold and his cavalcade set out for Mount Nebo church. When the master of Ardsley was revenging himself upon the duke of Ballywinkle, his dearest friend, against whom he had closed the doors of his house, was losing no time in setting forth upon a mission which, if successful, would seriously interfere with all Mr. Ardmore's hopes and plans.

The guide of the expedition pushed his mule forward at a fast walk, making no excuses to Griswold and Habersham for the roughness of the trails he chose, nor troubling to give warning of sharp turns where a horse, being less wise than a mule, tobogganed madly before finding a foothold. Occasionally a low hanging limb switched the associate professor sharply across the face, but his temper continued serene where the trail was darkest and steepest, and he found himself ignoring Habersham's occasional polite questions about the university in his effort to summon up in memory certain ways of Barbara Osborne which baffled him.

"Check up, cain't you?" snarled the man on the mule, laying hold of Griswold's rein; and thus halted, Griswold found that they had been circling round a curiously symmetrical, thickly wooded hill, and had finally come to a clearing whence they were able to gaze far off toward the north.

"We are almost out of bounds," said

Habersham, pointing. "Over there somewhere, across the hills, lies North Carolina. I am as thoroughly lost as you can possibly be; but these men know where they are. How far is it, Billy"—he addressed the silent guide—"to Mount Nebo?"

"About four mile, and I reckon we'd better let out a liddle now or they'll sing the doxology before we git thar."

"What's that light away off there?" asked Habersham.

The guide paused to examine, and the faint glow far down the vale seemed to perplex him. He spoke to one or two other natives and they viewed the light ruminatively, as is their way.

"Thet must be on Ardmore's land," said the leader finally. "It shoots out all sorts o' ways round hych, and I reckon thet's wher Raccoon creek cuts through."

"That's very likely," said Habersham. "I've seen the plat of what Ardmore owns on this side the border at the courthouse, and I remember that there's a long strip in Mingo county that is Ardsley land. Ardmore has houses of one kind and another scattered all over the estate and those lights may be from one of them. You know the place, don't you?"

"Yes; I've visited there," admitted Griswold. "But we'd better give it a wide berth. The whole estate is simply infested with scarlet fever. They're quarantined."

"I guess that's a joke," said Habersham. "There's a big party on there now, and I have seen some of the guests in Turner's within a day or two."

This interesting story will be continued in the next issue of the EMBLEM. During the year many other stories by prominent writers will appear in the columns of this paper.

If you do not wish to miss reading something that's worthwhile, see that your subscription is paid in advance.

Novelty in Metal Alloy.

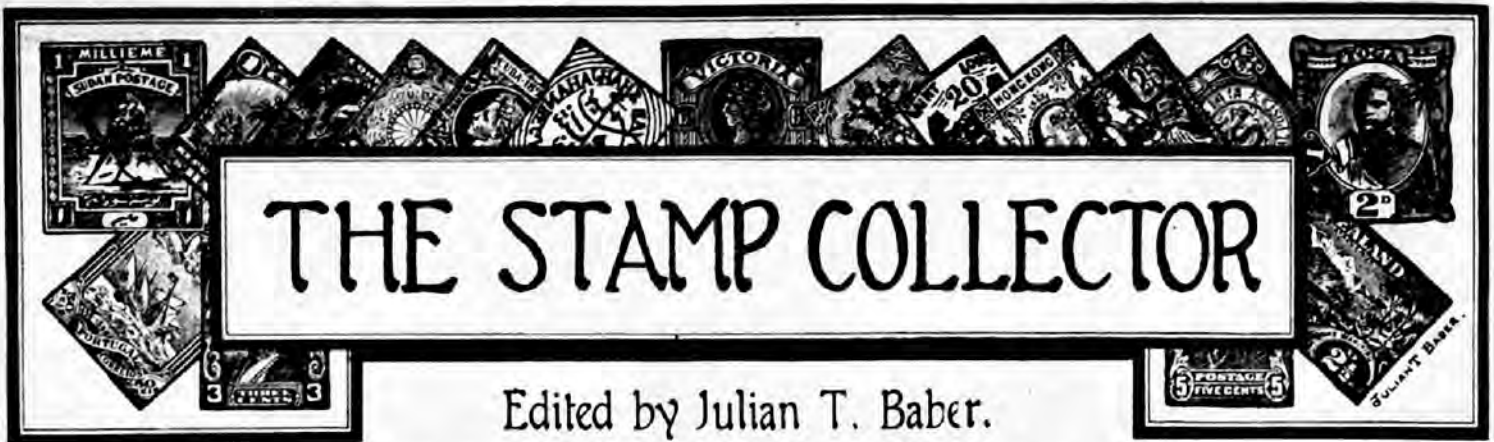
When 70 per cent of cerium is alloyed with 30 per cent of iron the metal thus produced possesses the remarkable property of giving off a shower of sparks when struck lightly by a steel wheel.

Heavy Traffic Loss.

Owing to the competition of electric lines and motor buses, the suburban traffic of the Great Eastern railway of London has fallen off at the enormous rate of 25,000,000 passengers per year.

England's Oldest House.

The oldest house in England stands near St. Alban's abbey, in Hertfordshire, about 20 miles from London. This house is said to be more than 1,000 years old and is still fit for habitation.



Edited by Julian T. Baber.



HIS department is conducted by Julian T. Baber, an Associate Editor of this paper, for the benefit of those interested in the collecting of postage stamps.

A packet of stamps will be given to the one who sends me the best article pertaining to stamp collecting, or regarding his own collection. Articles must be restricted to 300 words and must be sent to the editor of this department within ten days after receipt of the EMBLEM. The best article will be published and all contributors names will be put on the roll of honor.

All correspondence regarding this department should be sent to the following address.

Julian T. Baber,
2231 Parg Ave.,
Lynchburg, Va.

We learn that Mr. Eustace B. Power of the New York branch of Stanley Gibbons, Ind., has sold his grand philatelic library said to be one of the best in the world.

The collection of King George the Fifth of Great Britain is valued at over one-half million dollars. Whether it will be transferred to Buckingham palace is still a matter of conjecture.

That diminutive stamp publication, the Vest Pocket Philatelist, is still in the ring, and is actually enjoying second class rates. Dr. Davis' success with this small monthly has been phenomenal to say the least.

From the Philadelphia Stamp News we glean that Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, is to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of his accession to the throne will have a special series of stamps issued in honor of the event, this time being in August.

The news of the retirement of Mr. C. F. Rothfochs, the prominent dealer of Boston, Mass., was no doubt received with much surprise by his many friends and acquaintances. The Boston

Philatelic Society tendered him a complimentary dinner July 5th—just before he left to take up his residence in Seattle, Wash.,

Has the post office department abandoned the idea of printing the high values of the United States stamps on colored paper? No one seems to know even those in Washington, and yet some papers announce the fact that they will soon be placed on sale. Idle gossip has her way.

The Scott Standard Catalogue for 1911 is now in the printer's hands and will be ready for delivery at the usual time in the fall. This publication has a wonderfully large sale each year, which is indicative of its popularity. No stamp collector who collects with any degree of seriousness, can do without this catalogue. It is as indispensable as an article of any kind could be.

We have seen many instances of free advertising, but none to such an extent as has been given to Mr. H. M. Clark, a prosperous stamp dealer in Chicago. Mr. Clark has been mistaken by many as the Clark connected in the Hobby Club squabble, and has been the recipient of much correspondence in this matter, which was doubtless very annoying. To offset this error Mr. H. M. Clark has published in all the leading stamp publications, a notice to the effect that he was not the Clark he was supposed to be; he had never been in Winnipeg; and that he was in no wise connected with the Hobby Club.

The query is, what has become of Billikin's Philatelic Magazine. Has it taken up with Halley's comet or has it taken a ballon ascension and failed to come down? We miss the humorous writings of the genial editor, and are sadly in need of "The Greatest Living Philatelic Nerve Tonic." Mahap the editor is indisposed. From accounts in several papers we note that Messrs Adair and Linn, prominent philatelists in Columbus, have been quite ill recently. Whether the editor of Billikins is either of these two gentleman is a conundrum that is difficult of solution.

At any rate we hope to see a copy of this philatelic joker's magazine as soon as possible.

The information that Austria will have another set of Jubilee stamps soon, seems to be substantial. This set will be issued to honor the 80th birthday of the Emperor of Austria, who on the 18th of August will have reached the eightieth milestone of his career. The same values will comprise this set as the issue now in use, and will be placed on sale only on the 18th of August.

The controversy that has been going on in the philatelic press concerning Mr. Kendall, publisher of the Hobbyist and H. B. Clark, former manager of the Hobby Club Exchange Department has about subsided, and from what we can learn, Mr. Kendall has acquitted himself admirably and once more has the affairs of the Hobby Club in a promising condition. Many of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the circumstances of the controversy, and more said on this subject would be useless repetition.

Before this accession to the throne of England, George V. was president of the Royal Philatelic Society, of London but now since he has acquired the title of King he has signified his inability to serve the famous society longer. The Vice-President, Earl of Crawford succeeded to the Presidency, while his place was filled by Mr. M. P. Castle. It is indeed pleasing to learn that the English sovereign has not entirely absented himself from the world of Philately, for when he announced his inability to serve in this presidential capacity, he expressed his wish to act as Patron of the Society.

The membership of the American Philatelic Society is fast nearing the 2000 mark, which it is hoped will be obtained before the coming Detroit convention. Secretary Adair in his last report placed the total membership at 1951, with ten applications pending. The Society is justly proud of the showing that it has made within the

last three years. Some members desire the society to publish its own official organ, since the papers are no longer allowed to grant a reduction in rates to society members. This matter will be decided at the convention at Detroit.

In the field today there are many catalogs each possessing excellent quantities; we have perused and carefully studied them all, but for simplicity and practical composition, we place in preference over all foreign catalogs, that compendium issued by W. S. Lincoln.

The young collector will find this catalogue a great help in the arrangement and classification of his stamps, while the more advanced philatelist will reap untold pleasure from studying it. Lincoln's catalogue is larger than either Scott's or Bright's, and is bound in green cloth, overprinted in yellow and red ink. It is in its 15th addition; is illustrated with 4,835 pictures of stamps, innumbrates the dates of issue and names of every stamp, varieties of perforations, watermarks and prices of stamps—used and unused; also historical and geographical notes of interest to philatelists; contains an atlas of sixteen colored maps, specially engraved for this catalogue. Eight pages are devoted to United States stamps, many of which are well illustrated and accurately described. This portion of the catalogue—devoted to U. S. postal issues—will be of utmost value to beginners. The stamps are illustrated—a feature that our American catalogs do not possess. The illustration of U. S. stamps in American catalogs and publications is prohibited by the government.

The price of this catalogue is 85 cents post free, and may be obtained from the publisher, Mr. W. S. Lincoln, 2 Holles St., Oxford St., London, W., England.

To anyone desiring a simplified catalogue we unhesitatingly recommend a Lincolns.

Part III of the Seybold collection which was sold at auction, brought \$6,692.20. This collection was offered for sale in three parts, the first \$16,206.75 and the second, \$10,749.75. The collection was sold in New York, by Messers J. C. Morganthou & Co.

The financial part of the American Philatelic Society is in splendid shape. In a recent number of Mekeel's Weekly, a report by the treasurer of the A. P. S. stated that the society had \$5,342.81 in reserve, of which \$2,730.47 is cash, \$2,612.34 in bonds. With all this in the treasury we see no reason why the A. P. S., the greatest stamp soci-

ety, does not publish its own official organ. But Boston has a grip on the society that won't come off so what is use to cry over spilt milk.

Reitz Bros. of Rochester, N. Y. have published a "Philatelic Fraud Dictionary," which will be very useful to the dealer and exchange, who are always losing selections of stamps by sending them to the unreliable where the parties is not known, a reference should be required, and to send a selection without a reference, and lose the stamps, the sender can only blame himself.

Mr. Hugh M. Clark, of Chicago, Ill., whose name our readers are doubtless familiar with, has purchased the entire stock and business of B. L. Voorhees, an auction specialist of some note. Mr. Clark's business has assumed large proportions, and by combining the Voorhees stock, we predict a much larger business and much success for this young dealer.

The news that Mr. H. B. Clark had severed all connections with the Hobby Club, was received with some little surprise by his friends and Hobby Club members. Why his association with Mr. Kendall was so short, we are unable to state.

The collection of Mr. Thomas T. Doyle, of Jersey City will soon be sold at auction by the Nassau Stamp Co. Selling at auction seems to be the most popular method of disposing of your stamps now.

Through several papers we learn that Mr. Percy McGraw Mann, of Philadelphia, is issuing a weekly stamp paper which we are sure will receive a hearty welcome amongst philatelists. It is called the Philadelphia Stamp News. We have not as yet received a copy of this Journal.

The Onaker Stamp Co., Toledo, O., who have a large approval trade and who are known perhaps to every school boy collector in the United States were deprived of about 300 letters a few weeks ago which should have been delivered to them but were stolen from the mail-wagon before they were delivered. The robbery was a very daring one, and has baffled the P. O. inspectors. The letters were supposed to have contained remittances in stamps etc.

A new paper hails from Roulean, Saskatchewan, and is called the Canadian Philatelist. We have not seen this Canadian Journal, but from different sources, we learn that it is tagged to be with us for some time. Stephen Golden, editor, is a valued contributor to Kendall's Hobbyist.

A set of commemoratives was perhaps killed, for a time at least, when the worlds fair at Winnipeg, Canada, was postponed until 1914.

The Scott Stamp & Coin Co., of N. Y. city is now located at 127 Madison Ave., having moved from 18 E. 23 St., where they conducted their business for many years.

Mekeel's Weekly under date of April 23rd announced the death of Theodore F. Sheekles, of Washington, D. C. Mr. Sheekles was a dealer and conducted a small but profitable business in stamps. He advertised in the Stamp Journal only. His death was due to pneumonia.

That neat little monthly, The Philatelic Star was resold to J. N. Berton, Madison, N. Y. Since changing hands it is an entirely different paper, and cannot equal the Star turned out by Messrs Wahrer & Malmborg.

The New Zealand stamps bear a few likenesses of King Edward VII. The portrait is like King Oscar.

Scott's Circular, under date of April 15th, announces the change in quarters of the Scott Stamp & Coin Co., from 18 E. 23rd St., to 127 Madison Ave., some very interesting reading may be found monthly in this little sheet. On one page, several of the new Cuban stamps are illustrated.

The April number of Stanton's Philatelic Tribune is up to the usual standard—being well printed and of general interest to all collectors of the bits of paper. Mr. Stanton is frank and graceful in his writing, and each issue of his small monthly is a very readable nature. We would like to see the Tribune enjoy second class rates, for it is far more deserving than some publications of than priviledge.

Billikins No. 4 has come to our desk and we are still wearing the smile, occasioned by its reading. American philatelists are fortunate indeed, in having in their number one so philatelicly witty as is the editor of Billikins. From cover to cover, is one flowing stream of laughter that only a collector can enjoy. From the number of adverts carried we must conclude that Bill is making the magazine pap for itself. Come again Bill. To laugh is healthy. Smile on us again.

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